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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LV 53

Wolfville, N. S., January, 1927

No. 3

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—Eileen Cameron, '29; Mary A. Bishop, '27; Ruth A. Hilton, '30 (one unit each).

Articles:—1st, Mary A. Bishop, '27; 2nd, Marion C. Smith, '27.

Stories:—1st, Kenneth V. Kierstead, '28; 2nd, Helen L. Simms, '27.

One-Act Play:—R. Blair Fraser, '28.

Humour:—Meredith A. White, '27; J. P. Nowlan, '28; A. R. Marr, '28 (one unit each).

Science:—Eleanor Kerr, '28; Mary A. Bishop, '27 (two units each); Ralph D. Perry, '27; C. H. Starr, Eng. '28 (one unit each).

Exchanges:—Jack Gunter, '28; Donald Wetmore, '30; Marion C. Smith, '27 (one unit each).

Month:—1st, Margaret Belyea, '27; 2nd, No award.

Athletics:—1st, J. Graham Patriquin, '27; 2nd, No award.

Personals:—1st, Jack Gunter, '28; 2nd, Elsie Davis, '29.

Jokes:—1st, Kenneth V. Kierstead, '28; 2nd, Jack Gunter, '28.

Cartoon:—Jack Gunter.

Juniors 15

Seniors 14

Sophomores 2

Freshmen 2

Engineers 1

Pennant to the Juniors.

Literary "A" to Mary A. Bishop, '27.

Science articles featured.

RECORDS OF THE GRADUATES OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY

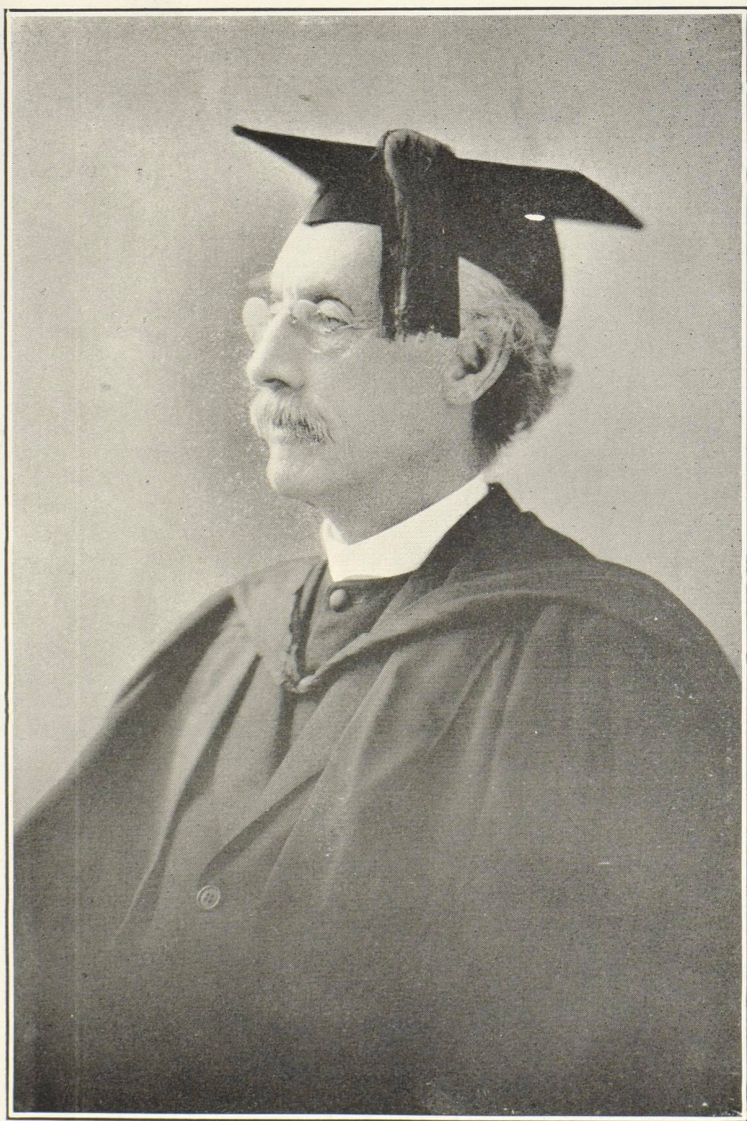
The *Athenaeum* acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a copy of the *Records of the Graduate of Acadia University 1893-1926* revised and enlarged by Rev. A. C. Chute, B. A., D. D. and published by the Associated Alumni.

Besides the records of graduates and a careful index thereto, the volume contains statistical tables and historical memoranda of great interest to all Acadia graduates. Fresh from the press, the records are complete to October 2, 1926 and include the last class graduated by Acadia University, the Class of '26.

We have examined the volume with interest and profit and unhesitatingly recommend it to the student body, to the graduates, and to all those who are interested in Acadia. It is indeed an inspiration to us who come after to read of the success achieved by our predecessors.

To Dr. Chute, great credit is due for his untiring, painstaking efforts to obtain information to supplement the previous volume edited by Rev. R. O. Morse and published in 1908.

Copies of the *Records* may be obtained at one dollar and twenty-five cents each, including postage, by addressing the Registrar, Acadia University.



The REVEREND A. C. CHUTE, B. A., D. D.,
Editor of the recently published Records of the Graduates of
Acadia University.

LYRIC

Night calls;
Her husky voice athrob
Throughout the night; and roses sway,
Like scarlet lips, that closing kiss,
The paling cheek of day.
Twilight dreams on hills afar,
And pagan sunset steals away,
While roses droop o'er garden walls;
Night calls.

E. C., '29

SOMETHING ABOUT VITAMINS

"V-I-T-A-M-I-N-S! V-I-T-A-M-I-N-S!" read the perplexed beginners of the Household Economics Course. "What in the world are they? I have heard several of the Juniors and Seniors speak of Vitamins as if they were great friends. What can they be?" Just then, a Junior, passing by, noticed the bewildered look on the girl's face, and immediately inquired into the reason. "Bad news from home, warnings, or what?"

"Just vitamins," was the reply. "Oh, vitamins! Why they are some of our best friends. Let me tell you about them."

Ever since sailors and explorers sailed away upon strange seas, into strange distant lands, there seemed to follow closely in their wake, that grim companion, scurvy, only waiting the approach of hunger and exhaustion to turn and capture them.

The discovery of a simple cure for scurvy was quite accidental. As early as 1720 a remedy was provided by Kramer, Chief Surgeon with the Austrian Army in Hungary. Without realizing it, he requested his men to eat green vegetables, oranges, and lemons to cure themselves of this dreadful evil. By 1804 this simple remedy had become so popular that the British Navy ordered a daily ration of lemon juice for its sailors, and

with such gratifying results that scurvy became a comparatively rare disease.

Why?

One of the unfortunate by-products of modern civilization has been the growth and spread of the disease Beriberi in the East. The cause of this disease was traced to an excessive rice diet. There was a test in the Japanese Navy which showed one hundred and sixty-nine cases of Beriberi out of two hundred and seventy-six men fed on a regular, excessive rice diet, and only a few cases among the same number of men fed on a well-mixed ration.

Eijkman, a medical officer in a prison in Java, where rice was the chief food, noticed that fowls which fed upon rice suffered from a similar disease. But when he fed the fowls rice husks, they recovered. He found further that when they were fed the entire rice kernel, the disease did not develop.

Later Army Officers working in the Philippines cured Filipinos, suffering from Beriberi, with rice husks. Then the chemists came to the conclusion that this disease was caused by polished rice. Polished rice, as you know, is the interior part of the rice kernel, the husk having been removed in the modern milling process.

Why?

What was in the Filipinos' unpolished rice?

Why did the lemon juice cure the sailors?

In 1911, Dr. Funk isolated from these husks some crystal of a new substance which, being vital to the health, he called "Vitamin." He also called this substance water-soluble B, because it could be obtained in water solution. This vitamin was found in milk, wheat-germ, and yeast, and was found to promote growth, as well as to cure such diseases as beriberi.

For ten years, chemists in their laboratories had been experimenting with our little dumb friends, the guinea pigs and white rats, giving them expensive foods and noting carefully the effect of diet upon them, their growth, and development of disease. When fed upon egg and butterfat they grew rapidly. Others were fed with liver fat, cod-liver oil, and kid-

ney fat, and it was found that they grew even more rapidly than the other group and reproduced at a greater rate.

Dr. MacCallum believed that here was a new Vitamin, and labeled it fat-soluble A. It is now believed that lack of growth, rickets, eye-disease, and other troubles are due to a shortage of Fat-Soluble A. Absence of Fat-Soluble A often leads to the development of an eye disease known as xerophthalmia.

Later an English Chemist, J. C. Drummond, added a third member to this enterprising vitamin family and called it water-soluble C. This vitamin was the rescuer from "the jaws of death" of the sailors in the early days of Columbus. It was the vitamin C in the lemon juice, oranges, and vegetables that lowered the death rate of soldiers and sailors. For this reason vitamin C is known as the Antiscorbutic vitamin.

The year 1920 brought to us a recognition of at least three members of this family. Still more recently another deficiency disease has been under investigation and Hess has found in col-liver-oil a remedy for rickets, that he cannot believe owes its efficiency type to vitamin A. This strange addition to the family is called vitamin D. The youngest member of this family is known as vitamin E.

Now, having told you something of the history of Vitamin, let me tell you about vitamins in relation to our daily food.

Vitamin A is found in the green leaves of plants; the thinner and greener the leaf, the richer it is apt to be in vitamin A. Lettuce, spinach, and dandelion greens furnish goodly amounts of this "essential to life."

Whole wheat is an excellent source of this vitamin. The only meats containing a worthy amount of vitamin A are Kidney and Liver, which are not often enough on our tables. Eggs, butter, and milk are important sources also. A quart of milk a day is not too much for every child.

Vitamin A is not easily destroyed by heat. For example, Vitamin A in milk is not destroyed by pasteurization. A dietary poor in this vitamin causes a weakening of the body and increases its susceptibility to many infectious diseases. A diet insufficient in Vitamin A seriously affects the structure and texture of the teeth and predisposes one's teeth to decay.

Vitamin B is distributed widely in both plant and animal tissue. All organs of plants appear to contain it unless it has been removed by artificial refining processes, as in the milling of grains. Tomatoes, carrots, string-beans, potatoes, and fruits are equally rich in vitamin B.

We are not apt to suffer from vitamin starvation during the summer months. Then it is we indulge in fresh fruits and vegetables from our gardens, but during the winter months certain fruits and vegetables are often unobtainable. Fortunately oranges and apples are easily secured and many winter-kept vegetables, cabbage and spinach especially, are valuable sources of vitamins.

Tomatoes, even canned, are rich in Vitamin A, B, and C. Vitamin B is not destroyed by heat. Tomatoes contain so much of this vitamin that canning does not destroy their antineuritic value. A high temperature when not long continued and especially if the process excludes air, does not seriously affect vitamin A and B. Dried fruits are splendid for winter use in maintaining a high vitamin content in the dietary.

Vitamin C or the Antiscorbutic vitamin is found in fresh green leaves, fresh vegetables, and milk. Vitamin C is volatile, and is best obtainable in uncooked foods. Fresh, raw cabbage is very rich in vitamin C, but when cooked some of the vitamin is lost in the water which is poured off.

Vitamin C is kept in tomatoes and citrous fruits after cooking because of their acid content. Pasteurized milk loses most of its Vitamin C, but preserves practically all of A and B. For the safety of the community, milk must be pasteurized but at a sacrifice of the Vitamin C. The addition of orange or tomato juice to the diet of infants and small children will supply enough of the antiscorbutic vitamin lost by pasteurization. "Eat at least one uncooked vegetable a day" is a wise rule to follow. To quote from the *Gateway to Health*, it might be well to dispense with cooking at one meal in the day, not merely, to ensure obtaining the vitamins but to reduce domestic labor. Salad and fruit should play a considerable part in such a repast.

Experimental work on Vitamin D is so recent that investigators have not had time to prove its presence or absence in

many foods. It is found in egg yolk, butterfat, whole milk, and green vegetables.

Vitamin E is found in milk from cows fed on fresh alfalfa, seeds, and green vegetables and is probably present in some vegetable oils.

Thus, we of the twentieth century must realize that vitamins are an important and ever-increasing factor in our everyday life.

E. K., '28

SUN SHADOWS

Slowly in the eastern sky
The gray is seen to grow less deep,
Palest shadows slowly creep
Where cold the dews of morning lie.

Mellow light floods every glen,
Glorious pathway of the sun,
Flaming beauty now has won;
Dawn is given again to men.
—Morning breaks.

In the lowly western sky
The sun sinks slowly to its rest
The Heavens in beauteous robes are
dressed,
A feast of beauty for the eye.

On every forest, wood, and glade,
Is seen the greatest Painter's hand;
Soon tiny shadows fill the land;
The golden light is seen to fade.
—Night has come.

M. A. B., '27

A SURE CURE

A few years ago I was convalescing from an attack of the flu when Mrs. Dolittle came in. She was a down-easter from the State of Maine, typically set as to convictions, spare as to build, and high pitched as to voice. By profession she was a nurse. She had had many strange experiences during her career, and oftentimes after the work of the day was done she would sit before the fire, and tell me some of the incidents of her life.

On this particular evening, the wind was whistling through the trees surrounding the house, as we were gathered around in the sitting-room after our dinner.

"Now listen to that wind," said Mrs. Dolittle. "Who'd think it was April? It's because the house is so high. I remember the winter I was in the lighthouse—"

"Lighthouse!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Were you ever a lighthouse-keeper?"

Her eyes flashed scornfully, "Well I guess you don't know much about lighthouses. I was *housekeeper*."

"And was he young and handsome?" suggested my sister, who always enjoyed hearing a good romance.

"Handsome—he was the most stubborn old cuss that ever set foot on this earth."

"But where was the lighthouse?"

"Ever hear of Scott's Beach up north of Point Mispec? Well I don't know's I wonder. It's a small light, but it stands in a wicked place,"—and then she told us the story.

"Scott's Beach was out about a quarter of a mile from the shore, a sort of island, and on quiet days you could holler across and make them hear you, providin' there was anyone to hear. In the summer time, there was plenty because the Hotel was open.

Sometimes we called across for supplies, but most always for tobacco. Hazel could bring it over. Hazel? His daughter, I was coming to that. Why that man would nearly have a fit if he didn't have tobacco for that pesky old pipe of his. That very Fall we had a storm that kept us on the island for four days, and his tobacco gave out. Then he was most sixty, and, as I says to

him, old enough to use a little self-control. But no siree! He stumped up and down a 'grumblin' and a 'gruntin' as if he were on the quarter-deck of a man-o-war.

Finally, I said, 'Israel Hopkins, I declare if you don't make me sick acting this way. I'd be ashamed,' I says, 'a grey haired man, to be such a slave to habit.'

With that he turned on me and hollered, 'Habit! Slave to habit! You're a slave to soap,' says he, and off he went raving and mumbling that I was always washing where it wasn't necessary.

The sea was still running high under a stiff wind when he made up his mind to go ashore for some tobacco. Hazel and I argued and tried to reason with him, but that only made him want to go that much more. He shoved off into the channel and his frail ship was tossed around for nearly an hour before the captain could make landing. The captain could handle a boat—was skipper of his own barque for years—but then this was a row-boat, and the channel was very rough.

At last we saw him haul the boat well up on the beach, and then make for the store. Bimeby he started back to the boat with his tobacco. Hazel and I were watching him all the time and could see the big breakers come rolling in towards the boat, and then s-w-i-s-h, and the spray would fly all over. After a long time he got over to our side of the channel, and we saw him stand up to take the oars out of the oarlocks.

Just then a big wave came along which almost made the boat stand on end, but in a second it had righted, and drove in towards the shore, but the old Captain lost his balance was thrown across the seats. We managed to drag the cantankerous old cuss into the kitchen, wet from head to foot, beard a-dripping right on my clean kitchen floor. What do you suppose he'd done? Broke four ribs. 'Well Israel Hopkins you've paid for your stubbornness. The Lord hath chastised you with broken bones,' says I.

We got him to bed, and I got out my 'First Aid to the Injured,' and went according to directions. When the doctor came he said he couldn't have fixed the Captain up better himself. He never came but once after, didn't need to; but it

was weeks before the Captain ever tended light again. That was when I tended it myself. I've climbed the tower stairs many a night. They went round and round, and land! wasn't it hot when you got up there. Those lights eat up the air, but the heat wasn't so much from the light as from the lenses. Well, I was going to tell you, all the time the Captain was laid up he was fussing about Hazel. She was awful pretty, had lovely curly hair, sort of light brown, except when she stood in the sun, then it appeared to be full of gold threads. Her eyes were blue, but not like her pa's. His were deep and cold, and always reminded me of the ocean, cold and unfeeling. But Hazel was just the opposite, her hair was soft, and her eyes a beautiful blue, with dark brown lashes that turned up at the end. No wonder Bob was took by her. Robert Fowler his name was (he was the lover). His Ma was a Baptist, same as me.

Israel Hopkins didn't have any use for anyone who was not connected in some way with the sea, but Bob he 'lowed once in Irsael's hearing that he would like to go out west. The Captain was disgusted.

Hazel had been seeing considerable of Bob that summer, because she'd been helping at the Hotel. He didn't come across to the light-house much— Hazel didn't ask him. It put the Captain in the doldrums to see them together, but when the old man was laid up I says to her, 'If you want your beau over for an evening or to supper, have him,' says I, 'like other girls do, I always used to, and besides what some don't know won't hurt them.'

I knew that the captain would be piping mad if he caught on but I was on to his notions. He didn't want Hazel to ever get married, poor thing. because he figured he was getting on and would have to retire on a pension before long. He intended to settle right down at Scott's Beach, and have Hazel keep house for him until he died.

Captain was jealous of anyone who had ever set eyes on his girl, but especially he hated the sight of young Fowler. Bob was always at Hazel to get married, but she had her pa's stubbornness some ways, as well as her ma's loyalty. She loved her

father, cross as he was. Seemed she told Bob she would never marry without his consent.

She kept on seeing Bob just the same though. Whenever her father knew it, he'd about take the poor child's head off. Sometimes when he would get so worked up she would feel sorry for him and say: 'Father, I'll never marry anyone without your consent.' Then she would go to her room as white as chalk.

Well as I started to tell you, the time came when he was up around again. The Hotel was closed since September so Hazel was home most of the time. Bob was in the city, and wasn't home excepting on Sundays. Even at church Hazel didn't get much chance to see Bob, because her father took a pious spell all of a sudden, and went to church every Sunday with her. All the other young men used to be dancing around Hazel like boys around a dog fight, and one of them, a mate on a schooner, her pa favoured more than the rest. Hazel, however, had made her choice.

Finally, I got sick of staying home every Sunday, knowing that Israel just went for spite, so I up and said, 'I'm going to church next Sunday, Captain.'

'I'll go with you,' says he.

'Nonsense! What if it should blow up and we couldn't get back. Hazel can't keep light.'

Upshot was that Hazel and I went after that. We could handle the dory in ordinary weather, or even in a light blow.

One Sunday Bob says, 'Hazel, why can't I come to see you?'

She looked at him hopelessly,—then she straightened up. 'I'll ask father this afternoon.'

With that he kissed her cheek, and came down to help us off. Israel was waiting for us at the boat-house with eyes like ice, but he said nary a word until we got in the house.

Then he turned to Hazel, and such an ugly face, I never did see before. 'Who pushed you off?' he demanded.

She glanced at me, and then answered hastily, 'Robert Fowler.'

'Robert Fowler! What right has that land-lubber's dago-

faced boy talking to a seaman's daughter?' His voice was like thunder, and he was shaking all over.

She bit her lips to keep steady and replied cold as a Nor-easter, 'He has the right because I gave it to him.'

'You!' he bellowed. 'Who are you to be giving right? Who's captain here? Be you commanding this ship or am I?'

And just that way those two lived and growled, and growled and lived, and I must say I was getting about tuckered out listening to it. Well one day my kitchen sink got stopped up, and it was that dark underneath, I couldn't do a thing with it.

'Mother Dolittle,' says the Captain, 'women ain't expected to adjust matters requiring mechanical skill.' With that he pulls off his coat, got out his wrench, and under the sink he goes with matches. He was wringing wet when he got it finished.

I was hanging out the clothes a few minutes later, when he came out of the house white as a ghost, with the drool running out of his mouth.

'Done for Martha,' he mumbles in a thick voice. 'Whole glass of washing fluid, thought I was drinking out of the water jug,' he explained.

My heart stood still for a minute and my eyes swam, then it came to me from the back of my head, what the lessons said. I was making for the egg box, when it flashed through my head that the Lord had sent an answer to my prayers for Hazel.

'Israel Hopkins,' I said, as I poured the white of an egg into him, 'I can save your life, but it is on condition,' I says, 'If you come through this alive, I demand that you give Hazel your consent to marry Bob.'

I was calm by then, and all the time we kept talking I kept pouring white of egg into him. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was fair writhing. When I had give him five, I says, 'Do you give me your solemn promise as a Captain and a sailor.'

He groans and nods, 'Yes.'

He never would have been afraid of going down at sea, but death by poison on land was too much for him. I gave him

all the olive oil, and then I mixed up some mustard and water. When I offered it to him he put it away, and let on he couldn't take anything more. I never argued, but ran down to the sheds. There on the shore was Jim Wilkins, cranking a car. 'Get a Doctor quick, the Captain swallowed poison,' I yells.

Jim didn't lose a minute and soon the Doctor and he climbed into a boat and rowed across. When they got to the kitchen door, there was the poor old captain in agony.

'White of egg,' ordered the Doctor.

'Had five,' said I.

'Oil?' I nodded.

'Mustard water?'

'Ready, but he wouldn't take it.'

'Can't, can't,' whispered the Captain.

The Doctor just took his beard and yanked his mouth open, and down it went. Well it wasn't long before he threw off the poison. Seemed as if he'd turn inside out. Then the Doctor fixed him up and ordered him to bed. While we were undressing him, the Doctor said, 'Israel, Mother Dolittle saved your life to-day, and don't you forget it.'

Hazel was about crazy. She stayed with him all the time.

The next Sunday, who should come rowing across the channel but Bob. No one saw him, but me, until he knocked at the kitchen door. Hazel opened it, and her face was a picture when she saw who it was.

He walked right in, and kissed her before she could say Jack Robinson, and then he remarks offhand like, 'I'd like a few words with Captain Hopkins.'

Captain had heard his voice, and was standing in the sitting room doorway looking like a thunder cloud.

'Captain Hopkins,' said Bob, 'I'll come right to the point. I'm here to ask your consent to marry Hazel three weeks from next Sunday. I've got a good position, and I love her and she loves me. I want to take her west.'

At the word 'west' the Captain nearly exploded. He went out the door and walked round and round the island like a madman.

Bob then turned to Hazel and said, 'If he won't give in,

you're going to come anyway, Hazel. I have made all the arrangements—got the license and our tickets too.'

Hazel was wavering between awe and admiration when the Captain came in. He spoke to Hazel in the gentlest voice I had ever heard him use. 'Hazel,' he said, 'I've been hard and stubborn sometimes, but I loved your ma, and I love you. Circumstances,' he says, with a look at me, 'all seem to point to my giving you to Bob Hastings. God help him if he don't make you happy. Don't ask me to stand up with you—I won't do it, but I give my consent, though I might just as well have died then as now,' he adds, with a black scowl at me as if 'twas all my doings.

Hazel and Bob were so overcome, they didn't hear half what he said. They both thought Bob had scared the old man into it. I never told them it was just the will of the Lord working through Martha Dolittle, as he has many a time. Even Captain took great credit for his kindness and gave them five hundred dollars for a wedding present."

*

*

*

*

Mrs. Dolittle drifted off into oblivion with her memories, and was roused only by my question, "What's become of the Captain?"

"Him! Laws, if he didn't marry Susan Beatteay that very Fall—I'll tell you about it sometime."

K. V. K., '28

THE TREE SWALLOW'S SONG

I saw him in the morning,
—Oh, early in the day!—
He perched upon an apple-limb,
And sang his heart away:
“Come here! Chee-chee-chee! Come here!”

His little back was purple,
His breast of creamy hue,
And he his small importance
And pride could not subdue.
“*I'm* here! Chee-chee-chee! *I'm* here!”

And then I saw another
Wee birdie on the limb,
And, by her coaxing, flirting ways,
She quite attracted him.
“You dear! Chee-chee-chee! You dear!”

He sidled up quite close to her,
Before so very long,
And preened his shining feathers,
And crooned his mating-song:
“Come, dear! Chee-chee-chee! Come dear!”

She turned her back upon him,
And flicked her little tail,
(Which quite astonished and amazed
The overbearing male),
“How queer! Chee-chee-chee! How queer!”

He circled all around her,
Her yellow bill he kissed,
Until, at length, his wooing
She could no more resist.
“Come near! Chee-chee-chee! Come near!”

And so, at last, he won her,
And both flew far away;
But the triumph in his love-song
I heard throughout the day.
“*My dear! Chee-chee-chee! My dear!*”

R. A. H., '30

RECENT EXCAVATIONS

To the lover of history, nothing can be so fascinating as the facts concerning life and customs of ancient people, which are revealed from time to time by excavations made by archeologists over all the world. Within the past few years many such discoveries have been made, and the light which they have thrown on the happenings of long ago makes them very interesting and important.

A discovery which, because of its proximity, is of great interest to us is that made in 1921 by a party under the direction of Dr. Paul Noolund of the National Museum, Copenhagen. This discovery affects the solving of the historic mystery of the white colonists in Greenland. It is well known that Eric the Red discovered and first colonized Greenland, that for about two hundred and fifty years it was an independent state and that it then fell under the rule of the king of Norway. The colonies prospered until the end of the thirteenth century, at which time their prosperity began to decline, and by the end of the fifteenth century it had ceased to exist. It is also known that when Hans Egede, the Danish Lutheran clergyman, went to Greenland in 1721, he found only savage Eskimos. The problem which has puzzled the minds of historians is, “What was the fate of the early white settlers?” This is the question which Dr. Noolund has helped to solve.

The greater part of Dr. Noolund's work consisted of the excavation of a churchyard site, for the work of which he was rewarded by finding coffins, little wooden crosses, and costumes. These discoveries may not seem so important in themselves,

but their importance lies in the fact that the style and cut of many costumes would indicate that they are of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and that the skeletons found in the coffins are very short of stature. The first fact would indicate that the Norsemen were in communication with Europe up to the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, while the second would indicate that they gradually deteriorated in physique.

There is geographical and geological evidence to show that at this time a fatal change of climate occurred in these northern regions. Whereas previous to this time the country had been free from ice all through the summer, it suddenly became blocked throughout the year, thus rendering navigation exceedingly dangerous, if not impossible. At this time, also, a gradual decline in shipping took place. This change in events coupled with the change in climate probably broke off all connections between the colonists and Norway. Thus being cut off from Europe, undernourished, and being called upon to face such hardships of climate, the Norsemen found it impossible to compete with the Eskimos, so well adapted to Arctic conditions, and was only a matter of time until their fate was sealed.

Thus, Dr. Noolund, through his persistent efforts has succeeded in adding another chapter to history.

Leaving Greenland and travelling many, many miles one arrives at a place whose very name suggests thrilling discoveries. Corinth, "wealthy Corinth," of great political, industrial, and artistic importance in antiquity. The American School of Classical Studies at Athens has from time to time carried on archeological explorations on this site since 1896. In 1925, however, under the direction of Dr. B. H. Hill, Director of the School, some important discoveries were made. The task to which Dr. Hill set himself, and in which he was successful, was that of clearing the great theatre. Because of the method which he used, the task was a slow and arduous one, but the carefulness with which he worked had its abundant reward when, some twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground, part of a large scale painting was revealed, and before the end of the season a length of forty-five feet of painted wall was revealed.

The front of the wall is covered with stucco on which are

painted groups of life size figures engaged in combats with lions. The background and borders of this part of the wall are done in blues, yellow, pale pink, and dark red. On the left wall is a group of two gladiators fighting a lion, and a man facing a lion in the attitude of one poised with a spear. The man is clad in a long purple garment and a white cloak that is fastened by a rosette on the left knee. The painting of the man is splendidly done, depicting his confidence in his weapon, his tense muscles, and his attitude of being about to hurl his own lance at the beast. The right section of the wall is also of two gladiators and a lion, but the figures are in different positions.

The importance of this discovery is contained in the fact that the painted structure is built on the lines of the ancient Greek, and thus its history may be tentatively suggested.

Another important discovery at this time was that of a magnificent Roman villa, which adds to our knowledge concerning ancient Roman life. Five rooms of the villa were uncovered, and all had mosaic floors of beautiful and intricate patterns. Every room was magnificent both in decoration and furnishing, but perhaps the most splendid of them all is the one at the end of the house, the atrium, a large room twenty-three feet square, in the centre of which is a square impluvium, having at each corner a column base. The impluvium is a cement-lined pool, about a foot deep, which is open to the sky. A roof, supported by four columns, protects the rest of the room, and around the room are hung many magnificent pictures.

One of the most interesting discoveries of recent years is that of the palace of Minos at Knossos, Crete. About three years ago Sir Arthur Evans published a volume telling of this and other discoveries. The interesting thing is that this is the palace of which we have long heard—the palace from which Theseus rescued Ariadne, the Labyrinth of the Minotaur.

Especially interesting attaches to the great corridor of the store-room in the palace of Knossos, the center of Minoan civilization. Describing this part of the palace, a recent writer says: "Quite near the entrance of the palace there is a large gallery,

or corridor, running north and south. On one side is a series of openings, leading to what were magazines or store-rooms. The steward of Minas had placed in these magazines big jars of clay ornamented with zig-zag patterns and simple bands placed horizontally. They are of unusual size, some of them attaining two meters (6 1-2 ft.) in height. They were used to keep oil and grain....The decoration of the corridor consists in a painted frieze representing a procession of tax-payers loaded with divers provisions. One sees, also, a pyramidal candelabrum and many different marks of the masons, made to enable them to join together the different-shaped stones. Frequent among these marks is the double axe, which seems to have been the most popular sign. There is, perhaps, a reason for that, the double axe being a symbol of the religion of Crete.... It may be this symbol which gave the famous name of 'Labyrinth' to the palace of Knossos; for the cult of the double axe was kept all through the classical epoch in the Asiatic provinces of Caria, where in the dialect of the country, the word 'labys' means the 'double-edged axe.' It was only later that the name 'labyrinth' was given to a puzzling disposition of roads or passages."

Thus, gradually the secrets of the ancient Minoan civilization are being uncovered.

Carthage, too, is not without her secrets, and she, as well as others, is being made to give them up. Among the recent discoveries in this place are Arab tombs, a Christian chapel, Roman cisterns, Byzantine relics of variety, marvellous mosaic floors, and under them Punic tombs dating back to 700 B. C. However, the most sensational discovery recently was the Temple of Tanit where human sacrifices were offered by the Carthaginians to the goddess of that name and to Baal Ammon. Literally hundreds of little urns were found, and in them the bones of children from four to twelve years of age who had been burned alive. The urns about twelve inches high, were of red or white terra cotta and on this appeared the name of the child sacrificed.

An interesting discovery of a different character was found in the ruins on the Hill of Juno. It was a vaulted chamber

which is thought to have been the boudoir of a Carthaginian lady and in which were found perfume bottles, bracelets of gold, ivory hair-pins, bronze mirrors, nail scissors, ivory eye-brow sticks, and much iridescent glass. This discovery brings to our attention, with somewhat of a shock, the realization that these vanities of woman are thousands of years old.

Although these old countries and cities continue to closely guard their secrets, yet we of the present time are slowly forcing them to reveal the fascinating stories that they hold.

M. A. B., '27.

HIS FIRST FIDDLE

A lonely little figure wended his way through the streets. Paul stopped. The haunting strains of a violin came floating out of a window near by. Softly now, then louder, richer, fuller, the tones seemed to float out, filling him with wonder and delight. Oh, could anything be more exquisite! His very soul was thrilled. Forgotten were the errands Dad had sent him on; forgotten the ragged clothes and worn shoes that worried him in school. Here was something to satisfy his longing heart. But even while he exulted in the harmonies—the music ceased.

Realities again—and still the spell held him. If only Dad could understand. He hurried home, his mind all aglow with this one desire,—he *must* have a violin.

“Dad, if I work awful hard for weeks and weeks running errands can I have a violin?” so the anxious, pleading voice of Paul greeted his father.

“What do you want such a useless bit of wood for?” asked the father by way of answer.

“Oh, Dad, the music from them seems to tell me beautiful stories. I should like to try to tell them, too. Can’t you know, Daddy, how awfully much I want to hold one close and have it sing lovely songs of birds and trees and—oh, just everything?”

“Well, I can’t see where the money would come from to buy it. We have a hard enough time now to make ends meet

without buying things we don't need," and with this the father turned away to more important matters, as he thought.

Once more bitter disappointment and lack of sympathy. How could he stand it much longer? Paul and his father lived alone in the poorer section of the town. Somehow Paul was different from the other boys on his street. He did not care for their rough and coarse games. He craved beauty and found it hard to discover in the section where he lived. Because it was so hard to find, he had learned to look in unexpected places for it. Especially at this time when he needed understanding and sympathy, he knew where his beauty spot was. It was in the large, human heart of Sam.

Sam was the shoe-maker who lived around the corner on Fourth Street. Most folk thought him a little queer but Paul knew him for a real friend. When things went wrong at home, Paul would slip around to Sam's and sit watching him mending and stitching, while he chatted about everything under the sun.

Now he sought his usual place of solace. Sam looked up as he saw the dejected form of his little friend appear on the threshold.

"Well, and what's pertic'lar the matter today, sonny? Haint had a fight with Tommy again, hev ye?"

"No, Sam, I wish it were only that, I might fix that up all right. It's just—oh Sam, how can I tell you—the pain in here that keeps pressing and pressing—it almost seems to choke me. I can't tell you in words what I mean—it seems all crowded up inside me—I feel I'll burst soon if I don't have some way to let me tell about it. I can hear a brook babbling over rocks—like I heard at Grandpa's once. I can hear the soft patter of rain in the trees, yes, and I can hear the wind as it howls just before a storm. But I want other people to hear them as I do. Tell me, oh, do tell me where I can get money enough to buy a violin."

"Well, now, that's a pretty big order, me lad, fer money's kinda scarce around these parts o' town. But if you want a violin as bad as you seem to, we'll have to see what we ken do. Let me think." The bent old man sitting on his low stool frowned in deep perplexity. He loved this boy who came to

him for comfort and his one great desire was to provide this lonely little heart with solace and understanding.

Suddenly, a smile broke over his lined face, "I'll tell ye, laddie, I ain't much on carpenter work and I dont know much about music but we jest got to have a fiddle fer ya, somehow. Next time ya come over, bring a cigar box with ye. Now don't be askin' questions—jest ya leave it to old Sam."

The next day Paul rushed home from school, hardly taking time for breath as he hurried over to Sam's with the requested cigar box.

"Didn't take ya long to find one so I notice," said Sam with his eyes twinkling, as Paul handed him the box.

"Now I'm tellin' ye to clear out fer a few days, I'll be busy."

With infinite care and ingenuity Sam fashioned a crude violin from the cigar box.

"There now, 'praps 'taint very grand—but maybe he can play a tune on it, bless his heart," mumbled the old man to himself as he put the final touches to his handicraft.

During these three days of enforced absence from Sam, Paul began to realize how much the old man meant to his happiness. His father was interested in nothing but getting enough money to live on and so had no time to share his son's desires and longings with him.

Being lonely these days, he found himself often, wondering near the "house of melodies". Sometimes he was lucky for clear and melodious, with delicate harmony came the tones of the violin to him. Then he was transported to another world where there was laughter of children, bird's singing, brooks murmuring sweet messages to the flowers along their banks. But it could not play on forever and, when it ceased, a great longing seized him, a passionate desire to be able to give a great message to lonely souls through the violin.

"Come in, Paul me boy, and see what I've got fer ye," came the cheerful voice of the cobbler as Paul came to the door—half reluctant—half eager.

"There now's a fiddle worth havin', to my way o' thinkin'. 'Taint classy enough to call a violin but I reckon it might do fer a starter. What are ye standing so still fer? Here, take it—

I can't play it, 'tis fer ye." Thus proudly, did Sam hold out his labor of love.

"But—but, how can a cigar box turn into a fiddle?" asked the amazed young boy, too overjoyed to really think about taking it.

"Don't ask foolish questions, lad, but jest play us some of them tunes ya got tucked away in yer head."

Slowly Paul drew the bow over the strings of his little fiddle. He was trembling all over as he drew a deep sigh of satisfaction. The tones could not be called rich but he at least had something on which to practise and perhaps—some day—.

He dared not take his treasure home. Dad didn't understand. But Sam knew what this boy wanted most of all, understanding love. So every afternoon when chores were done Paul sought his two friends.

* * * * *

Six thousand people listened with bated breath till the last sweet notes had faded away forever. The huge auditorium was hushed to a deathly calm. Paul Govana stood with mussed hair, head thrown back, his bow poised in air above his Stradivari violin. Could it be that he had failed? Was he still alone and lonely for sympathy and with no Sam to turn to, now, for comfort? He had tried to put his whole soul into his masterpiece—longing and sympathy, pathos and love—could it be that—

No! They had caught his message. The long withheld applause broke forth now in an ovation.

That night in his room—alone—Paul caressed with loving fingers the "cigar box fiddle"—his first, made by understanding hands so many years ago.

H. L. S., '27

NIGHT

Just a lingering silver twilight,
Just a hint of sunset gold,
Just the wee birds' vesper service,
Just a call of night-hawk bold,
Just a sway of slumbering branches,
Just a nod of sleepy flowers,
Just a south breeze gently rocking
 Leafy cradles of the bowers.
Just the sun departing westward
 Till the dusky curtains fall,
Just the shadows penetrating
 Till the day is lost to all,
Just a little straying moon-beam,
Just a feeble twinkling light,
Just the quietude of nature—
 Then 'tis night.

G. L. R., '30

SUGGESTIVE ONE-ACT PLAY

Because the play which have been written recently show very clearly the need of a manual to teach students and other amateur authors the correct method of play writing, I have decided to publish this little manual of play-writing, which I hope, will be an inspiration to many a struggling genius.

One-act plays can generally be classed in one or more of the following six types, viz:

Sentimental
Bloody
Humorous
Spiritual
Ethereal
Literal

These have been named in the approximate order of their occurrence, not in the order of their popularity. I shall now endeavor to inculcate an appreciation of these plays in every reader's mind by giving scenarios of each.

The sentimental type is very common. It usually consists of three scenes.

Scene I. They meet as boy and girl. In other words, they hug.

Scene II. They are older. They embrace.

Scene III. They break the engagement and commit suicide. (Note: The actors may either follow the suicide suggestion literally or resign themselves to being slaughtered after the play by the audience.)

The bloodthirsty type is getting out of date. It consists of two scenes.

Scene I. The villain murders the hero.

Scene II. The hero comes to life, slays the villain, and marries the woman (if he can find one). This type provides an unpleasant thrill for the author.

The humorous type is very easy to reproduce. Whether the play be funny or not is immaterial, provided the actors make good targets for the missiles of the audience. We suggest that

the actors be painted with concentric rings with a score on each ring. This will make it as interesting as possible.

The spiritual type of play is very popular and is becoming common. Four scenes are the usual number although two will serve the purpose.

Scene I (1910) Two men in a cellar drinking.

Scene II (1926) Two men, in the same cellar, finishing the pre-war stuff.

Scene III (1926) Two men in a cellar drinking out of a bottle labelled "Genuine Scotch."

Scene IV. Two men in a coffin (two may be used) not drinking.

Let the audience decide where the spirits come in.

The ethereal type is very easy to produce and does not require much attention here.

Scene I. A miser counts his money.

Scene II. A spirit slips in. The miser puts his hands over his face. The spirit takes the money and slips out.

Scene III. The burglar pulls off his sheet and climbs on an east-bound freight. (A west-bound one will do, but does not sound as well.)

The sixth and last type is called the literal type. Two scenes cover this.

Scene I. The hero decides to commit suicide because his woman is out with another fellow.

Scene II. Decides to live as he has just received a fifty-dollar check from home.

Please report any omissions from this list to the author for he is making an intensive study of the one-act play.

J. P. N., '28

SLANG

The word "slang" is related to the Norwegian *sleng*, a slinging device, and to *slengja kjeften*, to sling the jaw. Slang has been defined as "Language of a highly colloquial type, considered as below the level of standard educated speech and consisting either of new words or of current words employed in some special sense." The invention of slang has many deep rooted causes, chief among which are hatred of repetition, desire for vividness, and, in our own country, the fact that there were pioneer conditions which we had to overcome; this made us inventive and independent, which condition had one of its results in the manufacture of new words.

A writer in a recent current magazine has classified the way in which slang words come into the language into six main divisions. The first class of words which he considers are those which become slang by metonymy, that is by being used in a sense not strictly their own. An example of this is the word "juice", a word now applied to power. Other words of this class are "fag" for cigarette, a "park" of vehicles. "Park" is now extensively used as a verb as well as a noun, especially in university circles. One often hears, "I have to park right in the front row."

Then there is metaphorical slang, which is often very descriptive. No one can deny that "tin Lizzie" gives a vivid image of the Ford Car. "Bit of fluff" may not, at the present time, give as true a picture of what it stands for as it formerly did, but it is a good example of slang which has arisen in this way.

Other ways in which slang has grown up are through onomatopoeia, that is through imitating the sound made by the object to which the name is given, through making words from abbreviations, and through corruption of words of foreign origin.

Thus slang has had its origin and now almost every new invention, every great event, and every profession adds to the list of slang words in the average person's vocabulary.

During the war, the soldiers came very near creating a language of their own. Much of the language formed by them at that time has remained and as a result we now have lists such as the following published as supplements to dictionaries:

Old bean—old fellow
 Brass hat—staff officer
 Clobben—clothing
 Cushy—good job, good pay with little to do
 Fed up—to have nothing to do
 Wind up—to get nervous and excited
 Eyewash—humbug
 Funkhole—government job
 Umpteen—any number
 Napoo—nothing doing
 Wash out—failure

Many words and phrases have been added to the language since the coming of the motor-car; the era of motor-cars bringing in a vocabulary which is now applied to almost every kind of situation. A person who formerly failed, now "skids", and a person who is heard making a great noise is said to be "using his cut-out," and it is immediately decided that he needs a "muffler". Anyone who is doing well is described as "hitting on all six," while a person who is vague and has little point to what he says has "a miss or knock in his engine" or "has a screw loose." A man of great mind is "12 cylinder," and if he has a lack of directing power he has "a powerful engine but bum steering gear." A dull and unenthusiastic person has a "dead battery" and if you wish him to hurry, you should address him, "step on 'er."

There can be no doubt that the language is greatly enriched by such euphonious words as "fliver", "lizzie", and "Henry."

We find that the professions increase our slang vocabularies to a great extent. Consider the words and phrases, given us by the stage and the movies: "getting it across", "in the lime-light," "slow music", "playing to the gallery," "close-up", and "sob-stuff."

In all probability, the majority of people on the American

continent do not realize the extent to which they depend on slang words and phrases. The number of people who use slang is steadily increasing, and persons who use pure English are becoming more and more rare. A typical instance of this is given by the story of a young American who attempted to make a living by writing. "He had a fairly good common-school education, and wrote with much care. He failed and his failure made him even more careful. He still failed until one day his wife said to him, 'Why not write as you talk?'"

Now it chanced that in his daily life he was what is termed in the American language, 'a regular guy'. He mingled with all sorts and conditions of people, particularly with sporting characters. And so, without more ado, he sat down, and wrote a story in the 'lingo' that he knew. He wrote what he heard, recreating if for his purpose by a spontaneous talent, which, up to that time had been dormant. His story was immediately successful." It was not of his own choice that this young American indulged in slang; he was forced to it in order to earn a livelihood, and he is only one of many such. What does this tell us but that the majority of readers prefer the slangily expressed narrative to that written in pure English.

The degree to which we on this continent resort to slang is well revealed by a careful consideration of the subtitles of American films. Although we may not realize it, a great part of the subtitles is slang; so much so, says a London paper, that many films when the subtitles are written in pure English, lose their point, and thus, if this were to be done, the whole production of the film, in the majority of cases, would have to be changed.

Thus slang is obtaining a stronger and stronger grip on the people of this continent. Fashionable slang is said to change completely every three months in America. Hear the challenge and keep in style or you will be "a back number!"

M. A. B., '27

"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS—"

When the last dressing has been removed, when the last doctor's bill has been paid, when you are able to pass a drug store window displaying adhesive tape without squirming, you can talk about an operation with ease.

How well you remember the pain which quite overcame you! It wandered about your abdomen like a lost soul. When the doctor arrived, he thumped and pounded you in a very ruthless fashion, and then, because you winced and squirmed, he insisted that you have an operation at once.

Immediately, you were taken to the hospital, and placed in a small white room. They said that the room was "private," but you soon found that a hospital patient has about as much privacy as a goldfish. A very pert little nurse came in, and asked your name, your age, your religion, and some very personal questions. A young interne came in and administered a hypodermic, a supervisor came to ask more questions, and finally the surgeon made his examination.

Then, quite regardless of your own wishes, indeed without consulting you in the matter, they brought in a stretcher, and placed you upon it. They covered you with a sheet, just as one covers a cold Sunday dinner with a table cloth. You were taken to the elevator, and rushed to the top floor. How quickly the destination was reached! If you could have had your way, that elevator boy would have been arrested for speeding. In an incredibly short time, you found yourself in a small white room on the tenth floor. There, strapped to a long white table, you were obliged to inhale, through a large white cone, some drug, the odor of which was most disgusting.

The dazzling whiteness about you became transformed into the soft whiteness of the clouds of a June day. You were sailing into the midst of them. What a glorious sensation of boundless freedom! You were as free as a bird. There were no more assignments, no more tests, no more warnings. What could be more delightful than that care-free life among the clouds?

You decided to travel on into space. How far away the world seemed!

Then, all at once something snapped. You lost your balance and began to fall. A few minutes later, you awakened to the stern reality of life. Then you began to realize that you were a changed being. In fact, you had quite lost your individuality. The pain was so intense that you could not move; you could not eat; you could not laugh; you could not even cry. Lying in speechless agony, you tried to think of more pleasant experiences, but

“Of a truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,”
and this only increased your misery.

However, there is an end to everything, and after a time, your suffering came to an end. At length, the doctor said that “the patient might have something to eat.” (It is annoying to be called a patient, when you feel most impatient.) How anxiously you watched and waited, longing for your first dinner to arrive! You had bright visions of chicken à la king with French peas, meringue glace with black coffee, and all sorts of good things. Great was your dismay when the nurse entered with a small bowl of custard for your dinner, and greater was your disgust at having to lie in bed and be fed like a ten-months-old infant. The whole thing was almost intolerable.

A few days later, you were allowed to sit up, and upon taking the four steps necessary to get from the bed to the chair, you felt like a baby again, for you could scarcely walk.

But you did learn to feed yourself eventually, and even learned to walk, without support, for a few steps. Then, one glorious day, you left the hospital; you emerged from the gloom of helplessness and suffering into the light of the outside world. And now, when operations are discussed, you can always contribute your share of the conversation, by saying, “Well, speaking of operations—”

M. A. W., '27

CELLULOSE

Yes, this is cellulose. This paper upon which we write is cellulose. The whole magazine is a fairly pure sample of cellulose except for the carbon which we call "printer's ink." Paper is, with a few obvious exceptions, one of the most common substances which the individual sees. It is on the street, and we call it rubbish; it is in our homes, and we read the symbols printed upon it; it is almost everywhere. Even in the forest we have, not paper, but the cellulose from which it is made. Yet very few of us ever consider the importance of cellulose and its products in our every day life, and still fewer of us have imagination enough to conceive of ourselves as a part of a civilization without paper.

It was not so many centuries ago that there was a period in the world's history commonly known as the Dark Ages. We all know that this decline of culture followed two great civilizations, the Grecian and the Roman. Moreover, we have all read lengthy dissertations by eminent historians in which much was said regarding the causes for this, but did we ever think of paper—or rather the lack of it as one of the causes of the Dark Ages?

Paper is perhaps one of the best known forms of cellulose. For the manufacture of it millions of acres of forest are cut down each year so that at present we are using up this natural resource at an alarming rate. One newspaper in New York uses approximately two thousand acres of forest annually in providing newsprint for its presses. Consider too, the enormous number of books and magazines printed in a single year. Even the so-called "sheepskin" upon which diplomas, treaties, and other documents, prolific with Latin words, are written, is usually made from sulfated cellulose. Is it any wonder that the Romans were unable to transmit their culture to the people of the Middle Ages when they had no mechanical way of printing, and only either the perishable wax tablets of Greece, the cumbersome clay tablets of Babylonia, the frail papyrus of Egypt, or the expensive parchment upon which to write?

There are several processes now used in the manufacture of the pulp from which paper is made. As wood has quite a large proportion of lignin in it, as well as the cellulose, and as this lignin is worse than useless in paper and indeed destroys the quality of the product, we find that the various manufacturing processes in pulp-making are but different ways of getting rid of the undesirable lignin. The first process from which the so-called "sulphite pulp" is made consists theoretically in digesting the wood (hemlock or spruce) with calcium bisulphite. The lignin is mostly dissolved and the remaining cellulose bleached with hypochlorous acid to give it the whiteness which we desire in our finer papers. From this pulp, book-paper, writing paper and other higher grades are made. Newsprint is about twenty per cent. sulphite pulp and eighty per cent. ground wood, and hence contains a large percentage of lignin.

Pulp made by dissolving the lignin in sodium hydroxide is known as "soda pulp" and gives a tougher and coarser paper used in making paper bags, wrapping paper, et cetera. "Sulphite pulp" made from sodium hydroxide and sodium sulphide is still tougher and heavier. This gives a brown-colored paper which may not be bleached economically and is mainly used in making paper boxes.

Cellulose is not found in wood only, however, and many substances such as cotton are largely cellulose. Indeed it has been described as "the framework of the vegetable kingdom." Cotton has been manufactured from its natural source for many years, but in 1844 John Mercer, a calico printer of Lancaster, discovered that if cotton cloth or yarn is pressed through a cold solution of caustic soda, the fiber is shortened and strengthened. Little attention was paid to this discovery until it was found, about fifty years afterwards, that if the material after being treated was stretched so that it could not shrink on drying, the twisted fibres became smooth, glossy cylinders, like those in silk, and hence our mercerized cotton.

Cross of London made another step towards progress when he discovered that certain chemicals would dissolve mercerized cotton. When the solution was acidified, the cotton was pre-

cipitated in long silky fibers. So, by squirting the dissolved cellulose through minute holes into acidulated water, artificial silk was made. This product looks as well as natural silk but it is not as strong, especially when wet.

Another use of cellulose is in the manufacture of alcohol, by changing the substance first into dextrose. So even saw-dust has its possibilities these "dry" days.

So much for cellulose itself; but there are several important compounds worthy of mention. Cellulose acetate is used in making a lacquer for brass fittings and aeroplane wings. In the latter use it makes the wings waterproof and gives a non-resisting smooth surface. It is also used in making moving picture films.

Cellulose, treated with sulfuric and nitric acids, gives nitrates of varying composition, depending upon the conditions under which the process is carried out. The higher nitrates known as "gun-cotton" are highly explosive and are used in torpedoes, mines, and other places where a powerful, non-propellent explosive is required. The lower nitrates are known as "pyroxylin" and are less explosive though very inflammable. When dissolved in ether and alcohol, pyroxylin gives "collodion" which is used as an artificial skin covering for cuts and wounds. This is sold under trade-names such as "Nu-Skin".

Thus we have seen how important cellulose and its products are, from the books we read to the clothes we wear; how cellulose nitrates are used both to give wounds and to heal them; and how modern chemistry can utilize scrap-wood for the by-products made in several processes.

R. D. P., '27

AY MY WASHING

(With Apologies)

When I consider how my life is spent,
O'er half my hours in cellar damp and drear,
And that one labor which my heart doth sear
Lodged with me always, though my soul more bent
To read, perchance, a paper, and present
A good excuse, my room-mate drawing near.
"Do you expect good washing, coal-dust here?"
I loudly ask. But roomie, to prevent
A quarrel soon replies: "I sure do need
A good washing, that is, the clothes, not I.
But never mind, a youth in your dumb state
Is blameless. Come, let's have a little speed.
Be careful, lest some soap enter mine eye.
I also serve who only stand and wait."

A. R. M., '28

PIEZOELECTRIC FREQUENCY STANDARDS

Certain crystals, notably Rochelle salt and quartz, when cut along the proper optical axes and subject to stress, will exhibit electrical charges on their surfaces. Conversely, if an electric potential difference be applied across two surfaces, the crystal will be elongated very slightly. This effect is called piezoelectricity.

If a plate cut from one of these crystals is placed between two metal sheets and the metal sheets connected to the grid of a suitable electron tube circuit, the circuit may be made to oscillate at a frequency determined entirely by the dimensions of the plate.

If a metal plate be freely suspended and struck with a hammer the plate will give out a ringing sound due to the alternate expanding and contracting of the plate. This expanding and contracting, or vibrating, takes place at a frequency of 800 times per second or thereabouts, depending upon the thickness of the plate, etc. In the case of the crystal plate the action is much the same, except that the vibration is started, and kept up, by means of an alternating electric potential difference applied to opposite faces of the plate, and that the plate may be made to vibrate at a frequency as high as 15,000,000 per second. It is seen that this latter property will enable the crystal plate to be used as a standard of radio frequency or wavelength, provided the natural frequency of the plate is not affected by temperature changes or the like.

Although Rochelle salt has the greatest piezoelectric effect, quartz is the only suitable crystal for use as a frequency standard. Its mechanical properties are similar to those of glass whereas Rochelle salt is very fragile and is affected by moisture. If an oscillator plate is cut along the proper optical axes of a quartz crystal there will be no changes in the frequency of oscillation of the plate due to changes in its temperature. The natural period of oscillation of the plate is therefore determined solely by its dimensions. The frequency being roughly 2,850,000 cycles per second per millimeter of thickness. It is possible

to grind one of these plates to better than one part in 1,000,000 of a desired frequency. A number of standardizing laboratories will calibrate a quartz plate to an accuracy of two one-hundredths of one per cent., while the National Physical Laboratory at London will make a calibration to an accuracy of one one-thousandth of one per cent. of absolute frequency.

In addition to furnishing standards of comparison, quartz crystal oscillators may also be used to directly set and hold constant the frequency of a radio transmitter. They are becoming very widely used in this latter capacity. When suitably ground they may be used as standards of audio, or telephonic frequency.

Considering the large number of radio stations working at the present time and the extreme accuracy required in short wave work, frequency standardization is of very great importance in order to avoid serious congestion of the ether.

C. H. S., Eng. '28

BRUTUS' SON

Characters: Rev. Thomas Allen, a successful clergyman.

Jack, his son.

Mary, a niece of Mr. Allen.

Scene: The curtain rises on Mr. Allen's study. A desk with study-lamp stands back, left; two or three straight-backed chairs are placed against the wall; and there is one comfortable arm-chair. The furniture is arranged in a stiff, orderly fashion, and the books on the desk are neatly piled; nothing is out of place. In the centre of the room, Jack and Mary are playing chess at a small table. They are both young, and both good-looking, although Jack has a sullen, discontented expression which seems to be habitual.

Mary:—(moving a piece). Check, Jack.

Jack:—Where. I don't—oh, yes. (He moves a piece carelessly.) All right.

Mary:—(laughing). Oh, you goose! Check-mate!

Jack:—(rising to his feet). All right, all right. I don't want to play any more, anyway; I'm sick of the confounded game.

(He walks over to the desk, and stands there for a moment, scowling at the smug, fat books and the smug, fat faces in the pictures on the top.)

Jack:—(breaking the silence with a marked explosion) Oh, hell!

Mary:—(immeasurably shocked). Jack Allan! What did you say? (Notices his angry face.) Why, Jack, what's the matter? You aren't cross because you lost, are you?

Jack:—Lost? Lost what? Oh, the game. No of course not. It's just—oh, nothing much.

Mary:—(getting up and going over to him). What is it, Jack? Tell me.

Jack:—Well, I suppose I'm just sulky because Dad wouldn't let me go out tonight. I hate to be herded around like a prize eifer.

Mary:—It's more than that. What is it that's made you so sour-looking for the last few months?

Jack:—Why—why—oh, nothing. Nothing at all.

Mary:—Jack! *Do* tell me. I won't say a word about it. Please tell me.

Jack:—Well—oh, Mary, I'm sick of this whole life. Sick of being "President of the Young People's Society", and of coming in early every night, and—and not doing all the things I want to do. Sick of the damned saintliness of this place!

Mary:—(still shocked, but interested). Why,—why, you shouldn't object because this is a Christian home, Jack. You know—

Jack:—Christian home! In all my life I've never seen a Christian in this home. "Scribes and Pharisees", that's all. And my own father is the worst of all!

Mary:—(flaring up). He isn't! You know he isn't. Didn't he take me in when mother died? Hasn't he cared for me as though I were his own daughter? How *can* you say such things!

Jack:—Yes, I know all that, Mary. But that was fourteen years ago—Dad wasn't *successful* then. That success has frozen all the Christianity out of him.

Mary:—(subdued, but far from convinced). Does Uncle Tom—have you ever said anything—

Jack:—What, talk to Dad? You know him better than that! All I'd get would be a shower of texts, and my pocket money stopped for a week. Dad wouldn't hear of—

Mary:—S-sh! Here he comes now.

(Mr. Allen enters carrying a couple of newspapers and some letters. He is a stout, middle-aged man, smooth-shaven, slightly bald, and rather pompous in manner. Sits down in the armchair.)

Mr. Allen:—Oh, good-evening, John; good-evening, Mary. Been playing chess, I see.

(Jack grunts affirmatively; Mary rather fears that her uncle will notice his sour manner, so she breaks in.)

Mary:—Oh, yes. I beat Jack all hollow, and now he's sulky about it. (Laughing).

Mr. Allen:—Pooh, Pooh! Mustn't get angry over small

things, my boy. In the years to come you will find it hard enough to stand the big things.

Mary (helpful soul). I suppose you have such matters cropping up every day, don't you, Uncle Tom?

Mr. Allen:—Why-ah-yes. Mary, I wish you would not abbreviate my Christian name in that vulgar fashion. Yes, of course I do. Something of the sort is going on right now; I confess it annoys me. Home Mission work, you know.

Mary:—Why, has something happened to the poor souls, Uncle Tom-er-Thomas?

Mr. Allen:—Well, I don't know that it is new. I have only taken hold of this work just lately. It may have been going on for some time.

Mary:—Living conditions, I suppose.

Mr. Allen:—No—no, not precisely. Their living conditions are fairly well suited to their—ah—position in life. But they seem to have picked up some very trashy ideas.

Mary:—Ideas! (giggling) Why, Uncle Thomas, I've often heard you say that the proletariat in general never had any ideas.

Mr. Allen:—(condescending to smile). Well, well, perhaps they are degenerating. From no ideas at all the ridiculous borrowed ones! Ha-ha!

(Mary smiles politely. Jack comes back from the desk, where he has been standing, and shows an interest in the conversation for the first time.)

Jack:—What sort of ideas do you mean, sir?

Mr. Allen:—Why, the Hyde Park type. Socialism—and worse.

Mary:—(shocked, it seems, we don't know why). Worse!

Jack:—(not shocked, but sceptical). Worse? What do you mean, sir?

Mr. Allen:—(warming to a pulpit manner). Aye, worse! Heresy, sir! Agnosticism, sir! *Atheism*, sir! Vile, seditious doctrines! I don't see why the police haven't—

Jack:—(contemptuously). Police! What right have the police to interfere? That's *your* business!

Mary:—(sympathetically). Yes, I should think that the

church ought to attend to such things. That's what it's for, isn't it, Uncle Tom?

(The "Tom" goes unnoticed this time; Mr. Allen is becoming heated.)

Mr. Allen:—The Church! What can the church do! Can we prevent these vile pamphleteers, these grub street artists, these twopenny scientists, from publishing their abominable views?

Jack:—(more quietly). I should think it might refute them, sir.

Mr. Allen:—(hotter than ever). Refute sir! Is the church a confounded attorney-at-law, then? Must we stand on street-conners and debate? The church demands *faith*, sir—*absolute* faith! What business have these people to require arguments? By Heaven, I believe we were better off in the Middle Ages, when we might have whipped them at the cart's tail!

Mary:—Oh, Uncle Tom! You don't mean that!

Mr. Allen:—(cooling down). Why—ah—no, of course not. I was a bit warm, that was all.—By the way, Mary, how often must I tell you not to use that silly nickname?—But it is enough to anger any sturdy follower of God.

(He sits down and begins to read his newspaper.)

Jack:—But, Dad, did you ever think—

(Mary makes a warning gesture, evidently meaning "Keep quiet," but it is too late. Mr. Allen starts off again.)

Mr. Allen:—Think! I've thought of nothing else these two months. Don't talk to me; I know what is happening better than you do, sir.

(Jack subsides unwillingly; it seems as though calm is restored once more. Unfortunately, Mr. Allen feels for his handkerchief, and in doing so draws a small printed paper out of his pocket. The sight recalls his indignation.)

Mr. Allen:—Here's a specimen of the stuff we have to contend with. "Capitalism, the War Lord of the Present." Can you imagine a more inflammatory article?

Jack:—(glancing at it). It seems to be written in a fairly reserved manner, sir.

Mr. Allen:—(paying no attention). And here's another, even worse. It's called "Wholesale Charity." This paper has caused more trouble to our social workers than all their other difficulties put together.

Jack:—(thoroughly roused now, in spite of Mary's frantic signals). Yes, I judge it would. That's what it's for! Something had to be done to prevent the interference of these confounded snobs in the life of the working-people.

Mr. Allen:—What's this, boy? You seem uncommonly interested all of a sudden. Have you, too, been infected with the germ?

Jack:—(quietly), Perhaps I have, sir. (Pauses a moment, then:) It might interest you to know, father, that I wrote that pamphlet.

(A horrified silence descends on the room. Mr. Allen turns red, splutters, then bethinks himself of his dignity. He rises with an awful solemnity.)

Mr. Allen:—Have I heard you aright, John? Did you—*you* of all people—write such a thing as this?

Jack:—You heard me, sir.

(The reverend gentleman's manner begins to savor of the judge's bench.)

Mr. Allen:—You will make a public apology before the congregation to-morrow morning. You will spend your evenings during the next three weeks in Bible study. And you will be without pocket-money for a month. You hear me, sir?

Jack:—(still quietly). And if not?

Mr. Allen (forgetting the lordly air). And if not, you leave this house! Foolish, irresponsible boy! I wash my hands of you!

(Jack picks up his hat from the rear table and walks to the door.)

Jack:—Good-bye, Mary.

Mary:—Jack! Wait! You must not go—he didn't mean it!

Jack:—(turning to his father). Your descision was final, was it not, sir?

Mr. Allen:—(the clerical dignity again established). You have had your chance, rash boy! In my position it is impossible for me to do otherwise.

(Jack goes out without speaking.)

Mary:—(hysterically). Jack! (No answer.) He's gone! Oh, Uncle Tom!

She drops into a chair, sobbing. Mr. Allen stands without moving, staring at the door, while

The Curtain Falls.

6

The Acadia Athenaeum

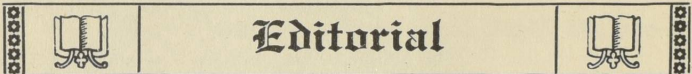
Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., January, 1927

No. 3

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The student-body and especially the Senior and Engineering classes are faced with a very real problem this semester. Next May, the Eighty-ninth Convocation of Acadia University will see the conferring of degrees and certificates upon eighty or more graduates. It is customary at Acadia as at most universities for the graduates to appear upon this occasion clad in the academic costume—cap and gown. How many of our Senior and Engineering classes possess cap and gown? For that matter, how many caps and gowns can be found in the entire student-body? Last year, when the graduating class numbered less than sixty with only five Engineers, difficulty was experienced in locating the requisite number of gowns. When we consider that the number of available gowns was materially lessened by the exodus of the Class of '26, many of whom took their gowns with them, we feel that the situation this year is indeed acute.

Last November, the Senior and Junior girls debated the

resolution, "Resolved that gowns should be worn to classes by the students of Acadia University." Despite the fact that a two to one decision in favor of the affirmative was given by the judges, the subject was dropped without any definite action being taken by the student-body. It is surely not necessary to dwell here upon the significance of the gown or upon its value in the development of the "We-feeling" and in matters of discipline, for, we believe that that side of the question is familiar to all who give the matter any serious consideration although some may hesitate to urge openly the restoration of the gown at Acadia.

The gown was worn at all classes in this university until the destruction of College Hall by fire in 1920. In that disaster most of the gowns owned by the students and faculty were destroyed. Since then the student body has not been required to wear the academic costume at classes because of the lack of proper accommodation. However, with the opening of the new College Hall last year, the last excuse for further dallying in this matter vanished. Consequently, it was with considerable surprise that we read in the University Calendar for 1926-1927, "College gowns *may* be worn by all students in class." Until this year, that section of the regulations had read "*Shall* be worn." Although we admire that desire for a truthful statement of conditions as they exist in this university today which is implied in the changed wording, we cannot but regret that the truth was not reached through the enforcement of the older regulation.

That the student-body still admits the value of the gown is shown by the fact that it is regularly worn upon what may be called all formal occasions. For instance, debaters, whether in the intercollegiate or the interclass leagues, regularly appear in academic costume. Again, ushers at college functions are gowned as are also the majority of the students who take part in the Chapel services. Then there remains the fact that, at Convocation, all the graduates must appear in cap and gown. In previous years, it was also customary for the co-eds to appear at church service in academic costume. That this custom has been forgone this year is due largely, we believe, to the fact

that there are not a sufficient number of gowns to meet the demand.

That the faculty also recognizes the importance and value of the college gown, despite the change in the regulations, is shown by the fact that, this year, they appear at the daily chapel service in academic costume.

The argument has been advanced that the gown "is going out of style." This may be the truth as regards the American universities, but, we are citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations and, if we must look for an example in this matter, surely we could with greater fitness cast our eyes upon the great universities of the Motherland where the gown is still very much in evidence. For those of our readers who are too anti-imperialistic to appreciate the above, we would offer the example of McGill. As readers of the *McGill Daily* already know, the members of the Senior Class at that great Canadian university have voted to wear gowns, and the opinion is freely expressed that, before long, the entire student body will once more be garbed in the academic costume.

The familiar argument that the gown is an unnecessary expense really carries but little weight. Aside from its value as a uniform, the gown has an actual financial value upon which it is always possible to realize easily. The suggestion has even been advanced that, in event of the restoration of the academic costume at Acadia, the members of the Freshman Class might not be permitted to wear cap and gown during their first year. This would ensure a market for the gowns of the Seniors after graduation. Of course, there is actually no need for any such regulation. Either the college office or the Students' Union might handle the gowns without any very great difficulty.

At any rate, we would commend the matter of academic costume to the very serious consideration of the student body. Whatever conclusion is reached, the fact remains that a number of gowns will have to be purchased this semester if the graduating Seniors and Engineers are to appear at Convocation in academic costume.

To Miss Mary A. Bishop, '27, who this month wins her Literary "A", we extend our congratulations. She has been a consistent contributor to the *Athenaeum* since she first entered competition and her clear, direct, and well arranged articles will be missed indeed from our pages. She has been one of the big winners of units for the Senior Class this year and her withdrawal from competition will be, consequently, a very real loss to her class.



MISS E. B. LOCKHART, B. A.

Miss Bessie Lockhart, '16, the Acadia Missionary, has returned to her work at Samalkot, India, after a two year furlough during which she won her way to the hearts of all those who were privileged to meet her.

Miss Lockhart is one of the most enthusiastic of Acadia graduates. While a student here, she threw herself wholeheartedly into University life and gave of her best to all student activities. Of particular interest to readers of the *Athenaeum* is the fact that she was the first co-ed to win a Literary "A."

After her graduation, Miss Lockhart went to India under the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board and engaged in women's work at Waltair and Vuyyuru. In her chosen work, she has been unusually successful and her sunny disposition has won for her the title of "the lovely, laughing lady."

To us in the homeland, she is affectionately known as the Acadia Missionary because of her very real enthusiasm for her Alma Mater. During her recent furlough, Miss Lockhart made several visits to the University and played an important part in the U. B. W. M. U. Campaign for Acadia.

On behalf of the student body, the *Athenaeum* extends to Miss Lockhart every good wish for her personal health and happiness and for the continued success of her labours in distant India.





The exchange department, we believe, is one of the most important features of a college magazine. If we were to concern ourselves with the affairs of our own college only, our vision would be very narrow and our interests limited. Moreover, constructive criticism received through the various publications of other colleges is also of great value. However, just here, we might say that we can scarcely see the justification for the remarks made by our sister paper, the *King's College Record*, concerning our short stories. Our short stories may not be perfect, however, we consider them to be very good indeed, in view of the fact that our paper is a strictly undergraduate publication. We think that if *King's College Record* will stop for a few minutes to consider the fact that our material is never compiled by graduates of our university, they will feel that their remarks were very ill-advised.

THE BLUE AND GARNET

Come on little brother. It is a great feeling to be proud of the family as we are.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the *King's College Record*. A super-abundance of well-written articles makes your magazine a success from the research point of view. We would like to see in your succeeding numbers more original student material, if not an attempt at the short story, then some

original philosophizing. The *Brunswickan* is well started in this respect.

The poem entitled "Oil of Gladness" is lovely especially in word coloring, may we quote:

"Life as gay as red cliffs flung
Into seas of bluest blue.
As wild as black pines
Against a primrose sky.....
The gay adventure of a troubadour
Who sings, in scarlet clad."

THE TECHFLASH

Your last cover is a "flash"—and is indeed worthy of highest comment. It gives your paper individuality—that which every one looks for in anything. Your work under "Static" is well selected, and we will look forward to seeing more in your further issues. The joke pages cry out loud in their superfluity, and much hard work can be seen behind them as few papers seem to be able to collect such a number. You devote many lines to reviews of your great personages, wise and otherwise, and we can see that the world will soon be run by a push button on account of their abilities. They are real imaginative and make interesting reading as well as giving us a sketch of many of your student body, but would not a few more articles, scientific or literary, make a more complete paper? Our criticism is but constructive and your paper is always read with delight and interest, especially by the Engineers. We anxiously await your next *Flash*.

THE COLLEGE TIMES

To start a college magazine again after a lapse of a year was a great difficulty confronting the editors. We realize this and furthermore we feel that their efforts have been appreciated as they trusted. We feel sure, however, that this "adolescent" magazine will not fear criticism. It certainly is a good indication of what you are doing at Prince of Wales, but should not a magazine have more? We noticed on your cover "Hic et Ubi-

que." It was printed in Old English letters so we presume it was a motto. Why not follow it more closely and give us articles on the outside world in addition to those on your college.

THE BRUNSWICKAN

This month the *Brunswickan* brings to our shelves a good example of a well-rounded out college magazine. Your literary section is good, perhaps a trifle too philosophical, at any rate both prose and verse show well selected talent. "It Isn't Fair" strikes a minor chord in literary expression, but it is of sufficient strength and brevity to remedy this.

We commend especially the handling of the department given over to forestry and engineering. It seems to us highly laudable, that where these departments exist in a university a part of the college magazine should be rightfully theirs.

On the whole, the *Brunswickan* shows as usual, well compiled and well balanced material.

Thanks for the publication of and the nice things said about the poem of H. F. Sipprell which appeared in a recent *Athenaeum*.

McGILL DAILY

This is one of our most interesting and well written papers, and it is well worthy of such an institution. Here we find a wealth of news, and a picture of the progress of McGill day by day. It is full of articles and write-ups of particular interest to the students, giving advice for their enlightenment and aid. Although we cannot always grasp its significance, yet we realize it must be indispensable to the student body. The articles are timely and exceedingly interesting, and always greatly enjoyed here.

We should like to take this opportunity of saying that we appreciate your recognition of the literary ability of one of our fellow-students, G. D. H. Hatfield. We must say that your write-up gave us a feeling of satisfaction.

THE MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

"Fancies" is, perhaps, the most exquisite sample of spon-

taneous verse we have seen for a long while. The three poems by A. J. Smith were, in truth, "Something Apart". Your poetry department is to be congratulated, and may your next issue be equally as meritorious. As a "Journal of Literature and Student Opinion," you are turning out an excellent paper.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

We like your idea of a frontispiece, and "Early Snow" keeps us in touch with the season all right.

Your literary material is good, but why do you make the rest of your magazine so much of "a task that is done." This after-effect clings to us, it seems that there could be possibly a greater variety somewhere.

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

This is one paper we always await with expectancy for its literary articles. "Deep Seas" deserves special comment, as well as "The Soup Eater" for its well written dialect. The arrangement of "Napoleon and Grouchy After Waterloo" is quite the "count." We like your orderly arrangement of material and its wide spread variety, which makes it of particular interest to all.

Success to you in the New Year.

THE WESTERN U. GAZETTE

We glanced at your newsy first page with its well-balanced items, and we incidentally took note of your quite complete Sports Page; but we were particularly concerned with your Literary Page. Unfortunately, the greater part of this was taken up with informing us that the Parisian Steam Laundry cleaned rugs, and that since "absence makes the heart grow fonder" the folks at home should have a picture of us taken at Darragh's Studio. Don't you think this could be rectified? The little bit of literary material which was evidently possessed good calibre. Why not enlarge it? It was quite enjoyable.

THE SHEAF

Your paper is real "peppy" and expresses college spirit. The language used breathes "college," and we like this kind of writing as it breaks away from the monotony that many papers tend to fall into. The editorials are "snappy" and timely. Containing events athletic, social, literary, and otherwise, it gives us an idea of what you are doing about your campus. Your "Campus Cow" is worthy of comment and we hope you will keep it within your pasture. We hesitate to criticise but, perhaps a little more "stuff" along literary lines might mean even a worthier paper than you have. Yours is one of our most looked for papers, and we await with expectation our next copy.

THE GATEWAY

Another paper from one of our colleges in the West. This paper is quite given over to the news element. The events of the college are discussed in full, while scattered here and there among the pages are various articles of scientific nature and others. Your sport page is excellent and the "Casserole" brings more than a grin. We notice the absence of cartoons for which you surely must have talent, but in this line we must not criticise. However, we might suggest a larger number of literary articles. The "White Monkey" calls for comment as it is well worth praise.

THE UBYSSEY

Plays, clubs, debates, everything from badminton to rowing and ice hockey, the *Ubyyssey* fairly teems with the most interesting notes of college affairs; and all while our soccer and "grass" hockey, which to us is plain "ground", have given way to really truly ice hockey. The Ubyyssey holds one of the most popular places on our exchange shelf.

THE RECTANGLE

When we read in "The Tents of Elcanisla" how "Cross

Minas Meadows, the Fundy fogs break over Blomidon" we felt kind of—well, nice. We are proud of Blomidon and we are always glad when it comes in for a little deserving praise. Two excellent stories coupled with some splendid poetry made us realize that here was a magazine which could well be enlarged. Indeed, the smallness of it was perhaps its only detrimental feature.

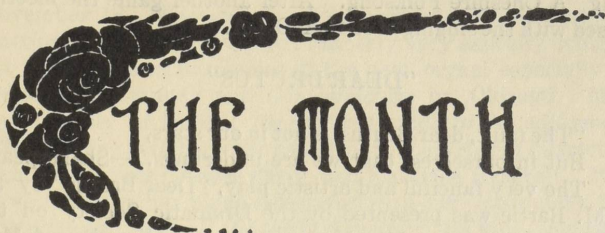
THE WILLOW PATH

Before we opened this, we saw not only an enticing illustration of the willow path, but we were almost positive we saw many delightful things huddled together away down at the end of it. We were right. We were first presented with a frontispiece which we liked very much. We were going to say it was "highly decorative" but decided we liked it more than that—one of those sea sketches, you know, resembling an illustration to Capt. Dingle's *Saturday Evening Post* stories. From there, however, we passed to "Gethsemane," a poignant struggle in an artist's soul. It reminded us somewhat of Gautier's "Fleece of Gold" with a different climax. We thought the poetry, however, of a considerably lower standard than we had expected and the humor of "The Scoop", a one-act play, a little lacking. Yet taking the magazine as a whole, it was really a worthwhile booklet with some interesting short stories, and, above all, an artistic atmosphere.

THE MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

This is a truly "professional" magazine. An article, "Illustrations and their Manufacture" was well written. We were very glad to know something about such a commonly used, yet commonly unnoticed, aspect of art. To comment on the freely written article "Chains" is needless. The delightful mood and style in which it is written is amply caught in the "epigraph":—

But of all the lives I know of,
The life that is for mine
Is to eat like a hog and sleep like a log
On the gosh darn survey line.



THE MONTH

During this month, emphasis has been decidedly placed upon Athletics. The basket-ball games were on for two weeks. And all the Seniors who expect to teach next year and who have not their Physical Training Certificates must take an hour's drill every day. It is no unusual sight now to see the Senior girls going to both meals and classes in middy and bloomers, since Psychology VIII. has been changed from a three to a nine-unit course (if not at the Office, at least on the schedules. —ask any of the Seniors!)

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

On November 19, the Dramatic Society held the first party of the year in Tully club-room. Several amusing games were played as well as "Tucker." The feature of the evening, however, was the one-act play *Which* by Mrs. F. F. Williams. Mary Bishop directed it very successfully. The cast was:

Geoffrey Hazard	Kenneth Kierstead, '28.
Enid Parr	Ila Freeman, '27.
The Pagan	Constance Hayward, '27.
The Philosopher	Annie MacLachlan, '28.
The Humanitarian	Irene Card, '28.
The Nice Girl	Marion Smith, '27.
The Puritan	Margaret Brown, '27.
The Domestic Serf	Greta Shaw, '27.
The Cave-Woman	Marion Read, '28.

After the refreshments, Janet Murray and Grace Perry

sang "A Cheshire Folksong." After another game the meeting closed with the singing of A-C-A-D-I-A.

"DEAR BRUTUS"

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."—Shakespeare.

The very fanciful and artistic play, "Dear Brutus" by Sir J. M. Barrie was presented by the Dramatic Society on the evening of December 14. Under the capable direction of Miss M. E. Graves, the very difficult interpretation of this play was given in a style befitting professionals. Especial mention should be made of the part taken by Ralph Marven. The scene by moonlight in the wood in the Second Act was most impressive and the undercurrent of the fanciful was well brought out.

The cast was as follows:

Mr. Dearth	E. A. Chesnutt, '29.
Mrs. Dearth	K. C. MacLean, '28.
Mr. Purdie	H. F. Sipprell, '27.
Mrs. Purdie	M. C. Porter, '29.
Mr. Coade	D. D. Wetmore, '30.
Mrs. Coade	H. L. Simms, '27.
Lob	R. B. W. Marven, '27.
Matey	W. T. Taylor, '28.
Joanna Trout	E. C. Davis, '29.
Lady Caroline Laney	F. M. Tory, '29.
Margaret	N. O. C. Trethewey, '27.

The efficient executive staff who did the work behind the scenes quietly but effectively contributed much to the success of the production.

Music during the evening was given by the Acadia Orchestra under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley.

FINE ARTS

A very enjoyable concert was held in University Hall on

November 16. The variety of instrumental music lent distinction to the program. Mr. Maneely very skilfully brought out the tones and harmonies of the new organ, especially in *Berceuse* by Spinney and *Contemplation* by Oldroyd. Miss Annie Weber of Halifax contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening with her 'cello as well as in the stringed quartettes with Miss Langley, Grace Perry, and Kathleen Bancroft. Miss Poole rendered her piano selections with her customary fine technique and feeling. As the first recital of its kind this year, it was delightful and it is hoped others of the same kind will follow.

Owing to the unfavorable weather, only a small crowd heard the recital by Mr. David Maneely, assisted by Mr. W. A. Jones, on November 30. They presented the following program:

Organ—Sonata in C minor	Mendelssohn
Grave	
Adagio	
Allegro	
Organ—Andante grazioso	Corri
Hymn of Nuns	Wely
Tenor—Every Valley shall be Exalted	Handel
Organ—Prelude and Fugue in E Minor	Bach.
Cradle Song	Bartlett
March	Pinto
Tenor—The Carnival	Molloy
Life	Speaks
Baner Ein Gwlad	Parry
Organ—Allegro	Westbrook
God Save the King.	

There is no need to mention any of the numbers especially All numbers showed the skill of the performer.

PROPYLAEUM SOCIETY

Sophette Propylaeum was held on November 22. The programs were in the forms of ice-cream freezers:

- Helping I.—A. B. C. Love-Lyrics.
Helping II.—Reading by Elsie Davis.
Helping III.—Solo by Hazel Moffatt.
Helping IV.—Synopsis by Nancy Bowden.
Helping V.—Lemon Crushes.

The last number caused the greatest amount of merriment since it consisted of a great many illustrations of the "mirrored self". It was very instructive to the Freshettes as well as amusing to the rest of the audience.

"Freddie" Gates read a very witty critic's report.

CHRISTMAS PROPYLAEUM

Christmas Propylaeum was held on December 15. The programs were in the form of chimneys out of which St. Nicholas was appearing with his pack on his back. The program was:

- I.—Synopsis by Henrietta Herkes.
II.—Violin Duet by Grace Perry and Elisabeth Ford.
III.—Reading by Virginia MacLean.
IV.—Carols.
V.—Christmas Tree.

Ethelyn Osborne read a very appreciative critic's report.

STUDENTS' UNION

A few very short meetings of the Students' Union were called for very unimportant business but one meeting was called on November 26 to consider what should be done about the rink. The matter was referred to a committee to interview the faculty and, later, it was announced that the Governors had consented to take the rink over. It is hoped that it will be in condition for skating when the Christmas vacation has ended.

HONORARY DRAMATIC FRATERNITY

On November 20, the Honorary Dramatic Fraternity held a meeting at the home of Doane Hatfield.

On November 24, they hired a bus and went to Halifax to see *A Midsummer-night's Dream*, returning to Wolfville in the wee sma' hours.

JOINT S. C. A.

The only Wednesday evening meeting which has been held this month was addressed by Captain Brace on November 24. His subject was "International Problems", interpreted in the light of practical Christianity. He introduced his subject by reading a paraphrasing of a portion of "The Sermon on the Mount."

The Students going to National Conference have formed a study-group to study the different problems which they must consider at the Conference. This group meets several times a week.

On December 15, a number from the S. C. A. took gifts and Santa Claus out to Morine Mountain, giving an entertainment and Christmas tree to the children there.

The Study Group on international affairs meets every Sunday morning in Tully club-room, studying the different "Faiths of Mankind." The devotional period is taken by one of the members. The following have taken them this month—Walter Stultz, May Glendenning, Margaret Belyea, and Harold Stultz.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN PARTY

On November 25, the gay young Sophomores and the verdant Freshmen "buried the hatchet", and staged a joint theatre party. All enjoyed the picture *Lady Windermere's Fan*, after which they went to the gymnasium, where the Freshman Orchestra furnished excellent music for "Tucker". Refreshments were followed by the class yells and the singing of the National Anthem. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft made charming chaperons.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The classical Society held its regular meeting at Dr. Thompson's home on November 25. Mr. Havelock had charge of the program for the evening and read a paper on "The effect of Classics on Life."

On December 9, the meeting was held in Tully reception-room and the members were entertained by the three of their number who live in Tully. Margaret Hutchins read a paper on "Lucretius and his Theory."

THEOLOGICAL CLUB

On December 3 the Theological Club were fortunate in having for the speaker, Dr. E. M. Keirstead, late Professor at McMaster University, and one time professor at Acadia. Dr. Keirstead gave the Club a splendid address on the call to and the work of the Christian Ministry, and he received a hearty vote of thanks from the members.

At the meeting on December 10, the club began their series of discussions on "The Manhood of the Master", led by Dr. H. T. DeWolfe. The discussion proved very interesting and helpful.

SUNDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

The meetings on Sunday night have been held regularly this month with the program divided between students and faculty. We were especially fortunate in having Captain A. J. Brace, general secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, address us on China one evening. The other speakers this month were Dr. Hancock, Dr. Hutchins, and Dr. Archibald.

GIRLS' UNIT OF THE S. C. A.

The meeting was cancelled on November 21 because of the fact that a large attendance was desired at the meeting at University Hall addressed by Mr. Brace. The other meetings have been held regularly.

Mrs. MacLean addressed the meeting on November 28 on "Associations". This talk proved very interesting as well as beneficial.

On December 5, the boys were invited by the girls' unit to a "sing" in Tully Reception-room. The special features were a solo by Hazel Moffatt, duet by Hazel Cochrane and Mae Robbins, and a reading by Florence Tory.

The missionary meeting on December 12 was led by Lena Keans and addressed by Mrs. West, returned Missionary from India. Her talk was very interesting to all.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY

Following the precedent of last year, the Juniors again had a party in A4 University Hall with a Christmas tree. There was a very elaborate program as follows:—

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Grand March | 6. Gipsy Dance. |
| 2. Irish Dance | 7. Tucker |
| 3. One Act Play | 8. Santa Claus |
| 4. Tucker | 9. Refreshments. |
| 5. Trio | 10. Yell. |

From all reports, "a good time was had by all"

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

On Saturday evening, Nov. 27, the first class party was held in Tully Reception Room. The Seniors had the honor of the formal opening and, with them, the Chaperons—Mrs. MacLean, Miss Cruise, Dr. Fansler, and Dr. Davis.

Besides games, the program included a piano duet by Mary Bishop and Louise Fritz, a violin duet by Grace Perry and Saidee Newcombe, as well as a selection from "Dumbells", rendered by Messrs. Barteaux, Tingley, Patriquin, and Gordon.

Everyone agreed that the reception-room had had a very enjoyable opening. The Freshman Orchestra proved a great addition to the program.

ENGINEERS' PARTY

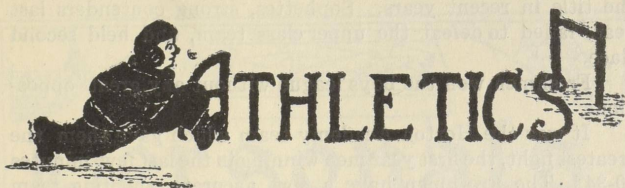
On November 17, the Engineers and their Enginettes attended the Orpheum to see *O! What a Nurse*. After enjoying the picture, they went to A4, University Hall where they played "Tucker" and had refreshments in the form of pie and—something strange happened the ice-cream, we are told.

CAPTAIN BRACE'S ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

Captain Brace spent several days with us, addressing the Student Volunteer Band, members of the Baptist Church, the Students in their Sunday night service, the S. C. A., and others but, he was enjoyed no more at any of these than at the illustrated lecture on China. The slides were well chosen and both interesting and instructive. This lecture was held under the auspices of the Student Volunteer Band.

ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

A meeting of the Athenaeum Society was held on November 20, the program being the Sophomore Freshman debate, which was: "Resolved that school is a preparation for life." The Freshman team, composed of Goudy, McIsaac, and Morgan supported the affirmative of the resolution, while the negative was upheld by Ross, Henson, and MacDormand for the Sophomores. After forcible arguments and still more forcible rebuttals, the decision was given in favor of the Sophomores. A critic's report was given by Paul, '28 which, while humorous, gave some very helpful pointers to the debaters.



December is an off-month in Athletics. Practically the only activities of any importance during the past month have been the interclass basketball games. These contests have been exceptionally interesting, and from all appearances, we should have a greatly improved quintette on the floor this season. There are five or more new players of superior ability in attendance this year, and it is improbable that the team will be seriously affected by the exodus of '26.

Hockey is "just around the corner," and, although there are seriously unsettled conditions in Maritime hockey today, it is undoubtedly the time for Acadia to start building a team of which we shall be proud. We have just as many potential hockey players as any other college in the Maritimes. What we need is proper training and cooperation among the members of the squad.

Manager D. H. Gordon has secured a splendid coach, Mr. Fred Kelley, of Charlottetown, a former Captain of the famous Abegweit hockey team which held the Maritime championship in 1923.

With five regulars from last year and about ten more players of good ability to contest positions on the team, we should get results worthwhile.

BASKETBALL

The Senior girls, after fighting consistently for three years to capture the interclass championship, won the title for 1926 from a strong field of competitors. Much of the credit for their victory is due to their coach, who made a shake-up in positions, and produced one of the best balanced teams that has won

the title in recent years. Sophettes, strong contenders last year, failed to defeat the upper class team, and held second place.

Freshmen won the boys league without any great opposition.

It was the Horton Academy team which gave them the greatest fight, the first year men winning in the last few minutes 40-34. The Freshmen have a fast, accurate shooting team and were favored from the first to win.

The line-up of the champion teams:

Senior Coeds: Janet Murray, Beryl DeWolfe, forwards; Elisabeth Ford, Glenora McCallum (Captain), centres; Marion Smith, Mildred McCutcheon, guards; Margaret Brown, sub.

Freshmen: William Matthews, Robert Goudey, forwards; Travis Dougan, centre; Duncan McKenzie (Captain), Bancroft Davis, guards; Joe Margolian, Burnell Davis, subs.

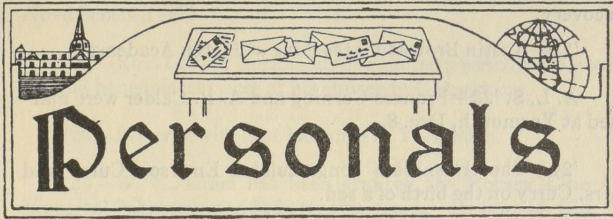
The league standing ended:

Girls:

	Won	Lost
Seniors	4	0
Sophettes	3	1
Juniors	2	2
Freshettes	1	3
Horton Academy	0	4

Boys:

	Won	Lost
Freshmen	5	0
Sophomores	4	1
Engineers	2	3
Seniors	2	3
Juniors	1	4
Horton Academy	1	4



Dr. E. M. Kierstead, late professor at MacMaster University, and one time professor at Acadia, recently addressed the Theological Club.

The *Athenaeum* wishes Professor Sutherland a speedy recovery from his illness. We are glad to note that he has greatly improved since our last issue.

'93—The *Athenaeum* extends its best wishes to Rev. L. H. Wallace for a speedy recovery from his illness. Mr. Wallace is at present in the Sanitorium, Kentville, N. S.

'93—Rev. Clyde W. Robbins has resigned his pastorate of the Roslindale Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., to become assistant pastor at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, New York.

'15—Rev. G. D. Hudson has taken up the pastorate of Glace Bay, having resigned that of Canard last summer.

'16—The *Athenaeum* congratulates Prof. and Mrs. Norman Rogers on the birth of a son.

'20—The *Athenaeum* extends its deepest sympathy to Angela Herbin Clark on the death of her infant son.

'21.—The many friends of Prof. R. L. Jeffrey will regret to hear that he has been confined to Westwood Hospital, Wolf-

ville, N. S. The *Athenaeum* extends every wish for his speedy recovery.

'22—Austin Brownell is teaching at Pictou Academy.

A. L. S. '23—Frances Corning and A. B. Calder were married at Yarmouth, Dec. 8.

'24—The *Athenaeum* congratulates Emerson Curry and Mrs. Curry on the birth of a son.

'24—Gordon MacLeod is teaching school in Quebec.

'24—"Aldie " Clark has been elected President of the Fredericton Hockey Club.

A. L. S. '24—Alice Davis is teaching household science in Yarmouth.

'25—Lee Martin is teaching school in Quebec city.

'25—A. D. Flowers is taking advanced work in psychology at Acadia.

'25—Vernon Shaffner is studying medicine at McGill University.

A. C. A. '25—Harold Schurman is in business with his father in Summerside, P. E. I.

A. L. S. '25—Beulah Wry is at her home in Sackville, N. B.

A. L. S. '25—Margaret Barnaby and Cecelia Bradshaw are resuming their studies at Acadia.

'25—W. Preston Warren has been awarded a William H. Fogg Scholarship for the current year in the Yale Divinity School on the basis of high standing in the studies of the second term of the academic year 1925-26.

Eng. '26—Raymond Wetmore is continuing his studies at Nova Scotia Tech.

'26—Rev. Gerald Guriou has conducted a series of interesting and beneficial services at his church in Gaspereaux.

'26—Robert Swim is at his home in Yarmouth.

'26—W. E. Israel has been granted the Rotary Club of Montreal Scholarship of \$150 for two years. He is at McGill.

'26—Anna MacKinnon is teaching school in Brenton, Yarmouth Co.

A. L. S. '26—Jewell Henderson is teaching piano in New Waterford, C. B.

A. L. S. '26—Frances Whitman is teaching piano in Lawrencetown, N. S.

A. L. S. '26—Lorena Slack is at her home in Windsor, N. S.

A. L. S. '26—Vera MacEacheron is teaching piano in New-castle Bridge, N. B.

A. L. S. Ex. '26—Vera Olts is at her home in Fredericton, N. B.

A. L. S. '26—Elsie Barnes is at her home in Halifax.

Ex '26—Gordon Higgins has resumed his studies at Acadia and has joined the class of '28.

Ex '27—P. B. Bishop spent a few days with friends in Wolfville before the Christmas recess.

Ex. 27—Harold Chambers is a reporter for the *Montreal Star*.

Ex '27—"Poodle" MacDonald is employed with Price Bros., River Bend, P. Q.

Ex. Eng. '27—Freddie Smith is working at Chichoutimi, P. Q.

Ex. '28—A. Arthurs is working in Saint John.

'28—Congratulations to Ted Taylor on winning the coveted Dramatic "A".

Ex '28—Andrew Leslie is taking a course in Forestry at Toronto University.

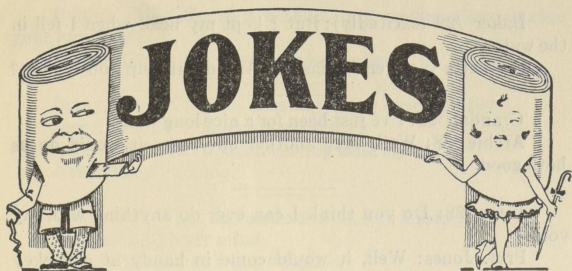
Ex '28—Walter Pick is at his home in Wolfville.

Ex '28—Howard MacDonald is working in Cenogomie, Quebec.

Ex '28—Ronald Shaffner is at his home in Lawrencetown, N. S.

'29—The *Athenaeum* wishes Vincent White a speedy recovery from his injured knee.

Ex '29—O. Lefurgey is attending Dalhousie.



Freida '28: Why do you theologues wear those funny looking high collars?

Paul '28: To rest our jaws on when they get tired answering foolish questions.

Prof. Saunders: Come Mr. Goodwin take four out of five and what do you have?

Goodwin (just waking up): Pyorrhoea, sir.

When Noah sailed the well known blue
He had his troubles as well as you
For days and days he drove the ark
Before he found a place to park.

White '29 (in chemistry class): May I be excused? I feel sick.

Chem. Prof: Where do you feel sickest?

White: In chemistry.

Hudson '29: I was just admiring Audrey's hair. Isn't it beautiful?

Peg '29 (jealously): She has some prettier than that home.

Torchy '28: I see that Blair has sworn off smoking.

Don '29: His friends will certainly be able to save some money now.

Baker '29 (excitedly): But I kept my head when I fell in the water.

Freshette (very enthusiastic): And did it help you to float?

Crandall '28: I've just been for a nice long walk.

Archie '28: Well, take another one now—it would do us both good.

Irene '28: Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?

Prof. Jones: Well, it would come in handy at a hockey game.

Payzant '29: Isn't there some fable about an ass disguising himself with a lion's skin?

Ross '29: Yes, and now the colleges do it with a sheepskin.

Bishop '28: Which way do you shave, up or down?

Chipman '28: I shave *down*.

Berry, Eng. '27 (in drawing): Any darn fool can draw that.

Brehaut, Eng. '27: That's where you have the advantage of me.

Nicholson '28 (in the library): Can I have a copy of Othello, please?

Librarian (returning after a few minutes): I can't find any. What did Othello write?

Hogan '29 (commenting on a quotation from Browning): That sounds like DeQuincey.

Fulton '29: Who's he—a Freshman?

Now Exams are Coming.

Late to bed and early to rise makes a college boy sleepy but wise.

Collins, Eng. '27: Do you know that wearing gloves makes your hands soft?

Potter '27: Do you wear your hat to bed?

Betty, Cad, '27: What does an itching nose signify?

Jerry, Cad '27: Somebody's coming.

Betty: And what does an itching head signify?

Jerry: They've come.

Connie '27: What do you do when a boy kisses you?

Marion '27: Never mind.

Connie '27: That's what I did too.

Brady '27: What colour is best for a bride?

Gordon '27: I prefer a white one myself.

Baker, Eng. '26: And that deer was so big—I don't believe I ever saw one so big.

Bentley '27: No, I don't believe you did either.

Prosser '27 (preparing for *Dear Brutus*): You are to be property man, Williams.

Williams, Eng. '27 (to Coy): What 's a property man, Coy?

Coy '29: Oh, don't be such a dumbell. Why he is a real estate dealer of course.

Pat '27: Have you told your woman yet that you are going to take her to the play?

Punk '27: No, I thought I would wait and surprise her.

Don '29 (refusing to laugh): Aw, I heard that joke months ago.

Higgins '28 (piqued): Well, you should be able to see it by now.

Blair '28 (in the dining hall): Is there any more meat?

Elliot, Eng. '27: No, the meat is all gone.

Blair: What's the matter, don't the cows die fast enough?

Prof. Hutchins: We will now consider Deborah's song.
Siki '27: Who was he?

Doc '27: Was Hudson in bed all day?

Rupert '29: No.

Doc: Well, who tore his bed up, then?

Rupert: Oh, he usually takes most of it with him every evening.

Jim '27 (on the road to Halifax): What graveyard is that we are passing now?

Ted '28 (stepping on still more): Use your eyes, man. Those aren't tombstones, they're milestones.

These are indeed precarious times. One has to be a mud-turtle to get from Willet Hall to Tully, and a fish to get into South Section.

Tat '28: Gosh, I'm c-c-cold.

Marion '28: You shouldn't be, you've got a good ward-rob (p) e.

Shorty '28: I see they have a new name for the Sems now.

Chip '28: What's that?

Shorty: Cad-ets.

Bishop '28: I'm going to get you a snappy present for Christmas.

Brooks, Eng. '27: What's that?

Bishop: An elastic band.

Prof. Hill: What steps would you take to prevent death by poisonous gases?

Bishop '28: The longest ones possible, sir.

Tommy, Eng. '27 (after Engineers party): Where's Bud? In bed?

Mellish, Eng. '27: Yes, he's all Tuckered out.

Mary '28: What's Yarmouth noted for?

Irene '28: I don't know—ask Freida.

Torchy says: "Silence is golden, but too many people have silver tongues."

Natalie, '29: Is it true that a boy's arm is the same length as the distance around a girl's waist?

Jim, '29: Let's get a string and find out.

Wilson '29 (during an English test): Great Scott! I've forgotten who wrote *Ivanhoe*.

Titus '29: I'll tell you, if you tell me who the Dickens wrote *The Tale of Two Cities*.

K. C., Eng. '26: Why do you always say that a little learning is a dangerous thing?

Janet '27: If you ever get any you'll know.

Connie '30: Are you majoring in English, Yank?

Yank, Eng. '27: No, Geology.

Connie '30: Why did I see "Eng." after your name then?

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