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March, 1927

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# The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIII

Wolfville, N. S., March, 1927

No. 4

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—Eileen Cameron, '29; Marion C. Smith, '27; Ralph Marven, '27 (one unit each).

One-Act Plays:—1st, M. Grace Perry, '27; 2nd, R. Blair Fraser, '28; 3rd, Donald Wetmore, '29 (special award).

Stories:—1st, Jean Miller, '29; 2nd, Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28.

Articles:—1st, Helen L. Simms, '27; 2nd, Ralph Marven, '27.

Unclassified:—J. Walter Graham, '27; Ralph D. Perry, '27; M. Grace Perry, '27 (one unit each).

Humour—Ralph Marven, '27; J. P. Nowlan, '28 (one unit each).

Science:—1st, A. D. Nickerson, Eng. '27; 2nd R. D. Perry, '27.

Month:—1st, Helen L. Simms, '27; 2nd, No Award.

Athletics—No competition.

Exchange—No competition

Personals—Eleanor Kerr, '28; Elsie Davis, '27 (one unit each).

Jokes:—1st, Irene A. Card, '28; 2nd J. P. Nowlan, '28.

Seniors	18
Juniors	8
Sophomores	4
Engineers	2
Freshmen	0

Pennant to the Seniors.

Literary "A" to M. Grace Perry, '27

One-Act Plays Featured.

**WHITMAN HALL**

Tully Tavern is no more, though the name may abide for a while as a term of affection used by those who have known the old Residence for College Women. At a recent meeting of the Executive of the Governors of the University, and following consultation with the non-resident members, the Residence for University Women was named Whitman Hall, in memory of the late E. C. Whitman, of Canso.

The late Mr. Whitman was for many years one of the most valued of the Governors of Acadia University. The fine qualities of his personality, the breadth of his interests, and the fineness of his sympathies won for him the esteem of all who knew him. His interest in Acadia was deep and intelligent. To such an extent did it have a place in his heart and thought, that in his will the University was named as the residuary legatee of his estate. The amount coming to the University ultimately will be something more than \$100,000.

An oil painting of Mr. Whitman will be hung in the reception room of Whitman Hall, and a stone suitably cut, bearing the name Whitman Hall, will be placed in the wall over the central entrance.

Gifts toward the furnishing of the reception room are being made by Mrs. E. C. Whitman of Canso, Mrs. J. C. Tory of Halifax, and Mrs. W. P. King of Truro.

F. W. PATTERSON,  
President.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW CENTRAL DINING HALL

## THE LETTER

## CHARACTERS

Mr. James Alward

Mrs. James Alward

Carol Alward, their seventeen year old daughter.

## TIME

*Late afternoon of a mid-winter day.*

*(The den of Mr. James Alward. The walls are lined with books except at the centre of the left wall where the fireplace is found. A desk takes up a good deal of room near the right wall. A large study table and several easy chairs around it near the centre of the room, but slightly to the left. The room is quite dark except for the light from the reading lamp on the table. When the curtain rises the room seems to be deserted. But no, curled up in one of the easy chairs between the table and the fireplace we see Carol Alward. She is reading. Silence for a moment, then Mr. Alward enters left.)*

Carol—*(Looking up)*. Hello, Dad.

Mr. Alward—Hello Dear. How's everything?

Carol:—All right. Did you have a good day?

Mr. Alward:—Fairly good, thanks. Where's your mother?

Carol:—At Mrs. Rexton's tea. She ought to be home soon.

Mr. Alward:—What are you reading?

Carol:—*(Buried in the book.)* Oh—just a novel. *(Pause.)*  
Some letters for you on the desk there.

*(Mr. Alward goes to the desk and opens one letter.)*

Mr. Alward:—Carol, you read entirely too much trash—  
Coal bill whew!

Carol:—It is not trash Dad. It's George Eliot. *(Goes on reading.)*

*(Mr. Alward opens another letter and reads it quickly.)*

Mr. Alward:—Aren't there any more?

*(He picks up one in a large envelope.)*

Carol:—*(Looking up.)* No, that big one's for mother.

Mr. Alward:—*(Turning it over casually)* Whose writing is that?

Carol:—*(Impressively.)* That's just what I've been wondering for the last half-hour.

Mr. Alward:—Where'd you put the paper, Carol?

Carol:—Here on the table. But about that letter—?

Mr. Alward—Whereabouts did you say? I see it now. Thank you.

(*He picks the paper off the table, unfolds it and settles down in an arm chair to read. Carol puts her book down and gazes at him.*)

Carol:—Father?

Mr. Alward:—(*From behind the paper.*) U-huh!

Carol:—Father? That's the fifth letter in that writing that mother's had these three weeks since she's been home from Montreal. Moreover it looks very much like a man's writing and the postmark is *Montreal*.

Mr. Alward:—(*Looking over the top edge of the paper.*) Whad,—jou say?

Carol:—Now the only thing I can think of, is that mother is—allowing another man to—to pay attention to her. I just felt I *had* to tell you so—

Mr. Alward:—(*laughing*) You crazy kid!

Carol:—All right. Wait and see. But I've been doing my best. I've had long talks lately with mother, about marriage and —and divorce. We agree that one should be pretty sure before one gets married, and as for divorce—well mother knows that I don't approve.

Mr. Alward:—(*amused in spite of himself.*) Carol Alward, where you get your ideas is beyond me.

(*Enter Mrs. Alward. She is still dressed in her outdoor things and looks very radiant and youthful.*)

Mrs. Alward:—Hello there, you two. (*She goes over to Mr. Alward's chair and sits on the arm of it.*)

Mr. Alward:—Margaret, Carol reads too much, doesn't she?

Mrs. Alward:—Yes indeed. Here mama has been out all the afternoon while daughter has been sitting by the fire like a little old lady.

Carol:—It's a good book. Did you like the tea mother?

Mrs. Alward: (*Unfastening her coat and unloosening her scarf.*) Yes—such good things to eat. I wish you could have

seen them. There must have been a hundred there, too. (*Carol has risen, gone to the desk and returned with the letter.*) Oh, a letter for me? Thank you, Carol dear. (*She gets up from the arm of the chair.*) I must go now and take off my things.

(*She hurriedly goes out left.*)

Carol:—(*After a pause.*) Did you see how excited she was?

Mr. Alward:—(*Growling from behind the paper.*) No, I didn't!

Carol:—I told you so!

(*No answer. After a pause.*)

Father?

(*Grunts from behind the newspaper.*)

Carol:—(*Getting up.*) Men are beasts. Why *can't* you be a little more agreeable? (*She takes the paper away from him.*) No wonder mother gets tired and fed up with you and enjoys getting a little attention from a man in Montreal.

Mr. Alward:—Carol!

Carol:—(*quickly.*) You needn't "Carol" me. Why, when Mother came in you didn't even kiss her. You never thought to tell her how pretty she looked with her cheeks all red from being out-doors. And you didn't even notice her new dress.

Mr. Alward:—No, I'm afraid I didn't.

Carol:—(*resuming the lecture.*) Well, women like such things, especially untra-feminine women like mother. Now I don't care. I'm different and to me men are just—well I have no illusions regarding men.

Mr. Alward:—Might I ask how these illusions have been—er—shattered?

Carol:—(*sighing*) Oh, life in general. (*She resumes her reading.*)

Mr. Alward:—(*Takes up paper again, but stares into space instead of reading.*) Perhaps she is right. (*The clock on the mantle ticks slowly. Otherwise there is absolute silence in the room except when Carol turns a page. More silence. Finally Mrs. Alward re-enters with the letter in her hand.*)

Mrs. Alward:—James I wanted to tell you something.

Mr. Alward:—Yes?

Mrs. Alward—Oh, I didn't see you, Carol. (*Laughing softly.*) You certainly are a quiet little mouse.

Carol:—I'll go mother. I think it would be just as well for you and Father to be alone. (*She leaves the room, book in hand, with the air of a martyr going to the stake.*)

Mrs. Alward:—Thank you dear. (*Laughing again.*) Isn't she the queerest little thing? I can't make her out half the time. She puzzles me terribly. I guess I wasn't meant to be the mother of such a serious young creature. (*Mrs. Alward has again seated herself on the arm of her husband's chair.*)

Mr. Alward:—Well, dear, what was it you wanted me for?

Mrs. Alward:—About this letter.

Mr. Alward:—Yes?

Mrs. Alward:—Well, its quite a long story. I planned to tell you before, but I really couldn't until I could be sure.

Mr. Alward:—(*After a pause.*) Go—ahead—Margaret.

Mrs. Alward:—Did I tell you about meeting Dave Horton again while I was in Montreal?

Mr. Alward:—No you didn't. I can't imagine why not.

Mrs. Alward:—Neither can I. I can't imagine how I forgot. He is such a dear. I can remember years ago I thought a very great deal of Dave. He's a widower now, James. He has such a charming daughter, too. I fell quite in love with her. Laura is a lovely girl, quite unspoiled—just a year older than Carol.

Mr. Alward:—(*Impatiently*) Margaret I wish you'd come back to the point.

Mrs. Alward:—Dave has been writing me ever since I came back. He's going abroad on business in June and wants to take Carol along for company for Laura.

Mr. Alward:—Oh—

Mrs. Alward:—Of course I couldn't think of letting her go, at first, but he's had an answer for all my objections. In tonight's letter he said his sister had finally decided to go too. She's a wonderful woman—I remember her in college, two classes ahead of me. Don't you think it will just be the thing for Carol this summer? We'll let her go, won't we!

*Mr. Alward:*—It certainly is a great chance for the kid. It's worth thinking over, Margaret.

*Mrs. Alward:*—There! At last you've said more than three words. What's been the matter with you to-night. You've looked tired and cross and too serious altogether.

*Mr. Alward:*—I'll answer as Carol does—its just life in general.

*Mrs. Alward:*—It will do Carol so much good to have a friend like Laura all summer. She is such a funny child sometimes. These last two weeks she has done nothing but discuss love, marriage, and divorce with me. Imagine!

*Mr. Alward:*—She does take thinks too seriously.

*Mrs. Alward:*—Shall we keep it a surprise until her birthday?

*Mr. Alward:*—No, lets tell her now. Half the fun for her will be planning to go.

*Mrs. Alward:*—Yes, you're right Jimmie. Shall I call her now?

*Mr. Alward:*—Not for a minute. Wait until I kiss you. (*She slides down neatly from the arm of the chair into his lap. He kisses her.*) Say Margaret that new dress is certainly a peach. You look younger and prettier than Carol.

CURTAIN

## LYRIC

Ever the clinging robes of dawn  
Sweep the shadows of night away,  
Ever the streams of remembered hills  
Echo wakening sobs of day.  
Ever the depths of restless seas  
Haunt the caves on the ocean floor,  
Ever the waves with their throbbing song,  
Breast the crags of a lone bleak shore.

And hills do not come down to earth,  
Nor stars forget, when moonlight calls;  
Nor trees remember forgotten prayers,  
When hushed the silver cadence falls.  
And dreams return not to the hour,  
Nor secrets find their own repose,  
Nor whispers seek the paths of gardens,  
To blend their scarlet with the rose.

E. C., '29

## ONE AFTERNOON

The first week of October had passed, a cold week with a leaden sky often filled with fleeting clouds that seemed to be hurrying by, like cold puritan souls, fearing to linger lest they become too intimate with the earth. But this afternoon was one to be boasted of—even by October, in Wolfville, hazy and blue and gold.

Leslie put the cap on her pen and closed her notebook with a deep sigh of relief. Classes seemed especially dull today. She was first to the door, and first to greet the open air with a suppressed ecstatic shout.

“This week,” thought Leslie, “the world has been dreaming that it was dead and today has awakened to find itself gloriously alive.”

On her way from College Hall to *Tully* she was thinking, “This afternoon I would like to—to write this loveliness down; to do something exquisitely beautiful, or—a hike up on the ridge—alone—to spend an hour or so, luxuriously idle, and watch the sun set on Gaspereau.”

Instead she climbed two flights of stairs in *Tully* to her room, and marching to her book-case with determined steps, selected two or three books and placed them, with a decided thud, on the table (after having relieved that article of furniture of some of its persistent accumulation). Next she placed on the outside of the door a sign which read:

N’entrez pas!

Engaged in Conference with Vergil.

Then, drawing up her chair, she seated herself, with a dissatisfied shrug, at the table—and the books.

A ray of October sunshine peeped timidly in Leslie’s window and then danced boldly in to alight teasingly on her face until, with another rebellious shrug, she jumped up and went over to the window. The soft breeze that blew her hair back from her face rivalled June carresses in delicate warmth. Leslie breathed it in delightedly.

"Gold dust!" she murmured, "whirling invisible flecks of intoxicating gold dust! an—and amethyst powder and, oh, I'll steal a few minutes anyway to let my soul commune with nature and try to find God, as some poet says." She returned to the table for her chair, then back to the window, with her head on the sill, she gazed dreamily out.

It was spring. Birds sang—songs of love. The Sun itself became an amorous lover and wooed the Earth until she threw off her virgin cloak and decked herself in gay colors to greet her ardent lord.

Leslie emerged from a mossy green wood, her own slim figure clothed in soft woodsy green. She carried a basket overflowing with pink blossoms, clusters of blossoms, mayflowers. She was thinking in jerking ecstasy, "Its too beautiful! This day is one of God's masterpieces. Now, I am going to my house on the hill. Today for the first time in all my life, I feel lovely enough to go through the gateway and up the popular path to the white house."

As she neared the gate, a tall young masculine figure, rapidly approached from the opposite direction.

"Leslie," a single, possessive, exultant word.

"Kent," Leslie's voice was sweetly possessive too.

They passed through the gateway and up the poplar path hand in hand.

"Now I know, Leslie," Kent's voice was still exultant.

Leslie understood and remained silent.

"Leslie—our friendship—it has been wonderful, but this is even more so. Say, it's beastly queer, but this path seems to have been made for us and that white house on the hill to be waiting!"

"And the poplars aren't sighing any more!" laughed Leslie gayly.

"And look, sweetheart, at that old vine-covered rustic seat over there beside the pond. See the birch trees—lovers bending over it. At night we shall come out there to sit and watch the moon."

"I think we must have planted those birch trees, Kent, a long time ago—before we remember."

"And I think, sweetheart, God must have made you when he made me."

"See Kent! the door is slightly open! Oh, I have wanted to explore this house so long!"

Kent swung back the door.

"I think—I think Kent, we have been living here for about well a year at least. I'm sure I arranged that bowl of Violets. See! here is a card, 'Love—Kent' it is from you.

Here are our studies, adjoining each other and each marked 'Very private', fancy! And we both have snow-shoes, and we both have guns, and skates and skis! And—but where's the living-room? In it there must be a great brick fire-place with an old oil painting above it and a mantle-clock that chimes and chimes. And a huge window, facing the west looking down into the valley and it must be long and low and have a floor that shines gold around the rugs. Kent! its here, it is here! And, Ohee! there is—there is everything!

Kent look, the tiny kitchen is out here, and all white—perfectly white. See the breakfast nook? Old blue and white china!" She picked the cups up carressingly. "Won't it be delightful having breakfast here? If I open this door, I know I shall find a delightful dining-room. See, I did know, and the sunbeams are just falling all over themselves to get in!"

Kent had opened another door. It revealed a room that smelled delightfully of Old English Lavender.

"My dressing table!" gasped Leslie. "My powders, perfumes, ivory, see? Everything is so delicately tinged with lavender and gold. And see the snowy whiteness of the bed! A real, old-fashioned four poster too! Kent! I am going to put on a mauve gown I know its hanging up in that wardrobe!"

"Then if you banish me I am afraid I shall wake up and discover I have been dreaming, and—"

"Oh, I shan't give you time to wake up!" interrupted Leslie.

"Fortunate I! but if you don't I shall be forced to believe I am dreaming anyway."

"Horrid one!" Leslie made a face at him. "Now you may wait, and wait!"

"Oh, I say!" Kent's voice called to her from somewhere near "*Ma Cherie!*"

Leslie gave her head a riotous shake, until the curls tumbled about delightfully, gave the mauve gown final touches here and there, before she answered, "Coming! where are you?"

He stepped from a room which she had not seen.

"Oh, but say! Sweetheart mine!" Three long strides brought him to her side, and tilting her chin up, he exclaimed, "Now I know why I gave you violets—and I think I shall always be giving you amythests."

He smiled a moment into her eyes, then swinging open the door to the room from which he had just come, he drew her in.

"Its—its, oh Kent!"

His arm slipped around her waist. A paper painted with gay figures, animals, dolls and scenes covered the walls. The small windows were covered with yellow and blue curtains. A tiny bed, on which a teddy-bear sat upright, stood out.

Kent's arm tightened. His other hand tilted her chin again and for a moment his lips rested lightly on hers.

Leslie broke the silence, as they entered the dining room the second time.

"Our maid has tea waiting for us. I must tell her we are ready."

She withdrew into the kitchen and in a moment reappeared.

"Yes, she has. I knew she would have. Everything is perfect here!"

Kent drew out her chair then seated himself.

"Yes, Leslie, somehow even I feel different here. I am not my ordinary self, I am the being I have always wanted to be!"

"And I—oh, Kent wouldn't it be terrible if we could never enter this house again?"

Leslie jumped up with a start. "Five-thirty! the supper bell!" She surveyed her books ruefully, and then looked out the

window at the falling autumn leaves,—then to the mirror to give her hair a bit of attention.

“Oh, darn!” and a little sigh. Opening the door she tore off her “busy” sign.

“Huh! Oh, hullo, ’ullo Marge! I didn’t see you. My Latin all done? Happy Heart! No! It takes such a tremendous time!” and then reflecting a bit, she laughed ruefully.

J. M., '29

---

### DAY-DAWN ON MINAS BASIN

Across the early light, and low,  
A cloud rift hangs, its mystery  
Dispelling paler colors now;  
When opal sky meets opal sea.

The white lighthouse, thick deck’d with gulls,  
The brown barns huddled on the lea,  
Are set against the snow, tinged pink,  
When opal sky meets opal sea.

The stretching line of distant blue,  
The hill-tops dreamy ecstasy,  
Is one with all the fairy view,  
When opal sky meets opal sea.

M. C. S., '27

**THE N. F. C. U. S.**

Each year the contact between students becomes closer. This is as it should be, for, only as we come in close contact with students of other colleges can we really understand them and their own peculiar problems. However, Canada is such a vast country, that the idea of an organized unit seemed rather vague and far distant.

In 1926, when the Imperial Debating Team made its tour through Canada, the very fact that each university across Canada was becoming acquainted with the same Englishmen gave a link in the chain of contact which has been growing ever since. One of the four English gentlemen who comprised the Imperial Team was Mr. Ralph Nunn May, the immediate past president of the National Union of Students in England and Wales.

With the information concerning a Union of Students, its benefits and organizations, which Mr. Nunn May could give to the various universities which he visited, the idea of a similar union in Canada began to grow in the minds of some of the students in more remote universities. Thus steps were taken to gain more information concerning a union, and the peculiar problems of such a union in Canada.

Early in February of last year, a letter was received by the Secretary Treasurer of the Students' Administrative Council in the University of Toronto from the Secretary of the Student-Body in the University of British Columbia asking the opinion of the Students' Council in Toronto with regard to forming a National Union of Students in Canada. On February twenty-five, the University of Manitoba Students Union sent out letters to the various student bodies in Canada asking for their views on the formation of a National Union of Students and stating their favourable attitude towards its formation. On March the first Mr. Percy Davies, President of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta wrote to the Students' Council at Toronto and suggested the holding of a Conference of representatives to discuss thoroughly the possibilities of a National Union. By March twenty-three, the joint executive of the Students' Coun-

cil at Toronto had discussed the value of the proposed organization and had gone on record as being ready to cooperate with any of the universities in the sending of a delegate to a conference to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of such an organization. Letters were sent by the Secretary-Treasurer to all Canadian Universities stating the position taken by the Council at Toronto.

Thus the desire for a closer union among students was growing and spreading through all the universities of Canada each of which had the desire to consider both pros and cons in all fairness. Since each university realized that the quickest and most effective way to come to agreement was through a conference, the plans for such a conference went ahead rapidly, with the result that an invitation together with a suggested agenda was sent out from General Secretary-Treasurer of Students' Council of Toronto for the holding of the Conference in Montreal during the Christmas vacation.

Delegates from twelve Canadian Universities gathered in Montreal and continued in consultation and discussion from December 28 to 31, 1926. They all came with an attitude of willingness to have a careful investigation made into the possibility of a real value being derived from the formation of a national student organization. The report of the conference says, "No one University Student Council appeared to be overly enthusiastic about the formation of such an organization, none appeared to be opposed. All appeared to be willing to consider in the best possible light the results of the conference. With this attitude and in this spirit of investigation, the conference had its inception."

Since this is a brief history of the beginning of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, the next questions to consider are, what benefits will it give to Canadian students which they are not already enjoying? How could such an organization be financed? What organization machinery would be required?

Let us first consider some of the advantages such a union has brought to students in other countries. The Universities of South Africa, because they were formed into a union, were able

to be admitted as such into the International Federation, and recently sent about two hundred students to Europe on a tour. In the national problem of South Africa, the distances and population make the situation quite acute, but it is the hope of the South African Union that the gap between the new Nationals and the old South Africans can be somewhat lessened by this opportunity for better understanding and closer union.

In Switzerland, Mr. Habicht brought in the suggestion of providing for an exchange of scholarships between United States and Switzerland. About ten of these exchanges have already been arranged, the universities involved, forgoing their fees, while the college societies look after the students and acquaint them with the life of the country which they are visiting.

In Great Britain, the Union of Students has been found to be of great advantage in arranging scholars for exchange of debating and athletic teams and scholarships both nationally and internationally.

In Canada up to the present time, any information which has been needed by other countries concerning all the universities of Canada has been obtained through the Student Christian Movement, as this organization has been the only organization which links the students of eastern, central, and western Canada. But this organization, while it must from the very nature of its purpose promote better understanding and fellowship, is first of all a movement to stimulate thought among students concerning the life of Jesus. It would only be adding superstructure to its organization if it had to handle national matters among the universities, having to do with student tours, exchange scholars and scholarships, international relations between students and universities, and so forth. Therefore, it has been felt by those who are promoting the idea of a National Federation of Canadian University Students that this new organization would not be duplicating the work of the S. C. M. but rather supplementing it.

After following the growth of unions in Europe and South Africa, let us see if the same benefits can be applied to Canada. First of all, a union must have certain fundamental things which it should do. These can be divided, as it has been shown

has been done in other countries, into National and International benefits.

In Canada, the great hindrance to a complete Nationalism is the prevalence of sectionalism. The country is divided by racial, geographical, and economic barriers which must be overcome if Canada is to realize itself fully. A union to deal with this situation effectively must be non-sectarian and non-racial.

The broad general aim of such a movement as this federation must be an organization representative of all sections of Canada towards a greater understanding between these sections, and the uniting of Canadian thought into a national consciousness.

But this broad aim must be translated into more concrete terms to be workable. Conditions as they now exist among the universities of Canada are such that they tend to follow the geographical and economic divisions of Canada. On the Pacific coast, the university of British Columbia, cut off to some degree by the mountain range, has but slight contact with the nearest Canadian University, the University of Alberta. East of Edmonton, the student body of the University of British Columbia has little or no contact with the other university student bodies. Alberta and Saskatchewan student bodies enjoy a very close relationship between each other, but little or none with universities in central or eastern Canada.

The universities of central Canada are linked together quite closely by debating and athletic events, as the Maritime Colleges are among themselves, but neither of these sections have relations with the rest of Canada.

It is also a fact that the economic and geographical situation being such as it is in Canada, the natural way to continue communications is to the south rather than east and west. Therefore, two alternatives are very likely to become crystallized within the next few years. Either this tendency to find association with student bodies in universities in the United States south of the Canadian universities will continue and develop into a closer relationship with the United States student bodies and lead to even a lessening of the now little contact between eastern, central, and western Canada; or an all Cana-

dian organization will be formed with the particular aim of ensuring the development of stronger ties and much more frequent contact between each of the Canadian University student bodies.

Keeping all this in view, the committee which drew up the draft constitution has for the object of this N. F. C. U. S., "to promote in every way possible a better understanding among all students, a greater degree of co-operation between all Canadian universities for the promotion of national interests and to provide a means for developing international relations with student groups in other countries."

The methods suggested for carrying out this aim were as follows:

1. By arranging and promoting debating teams and the promotion of exhibitions tours of athletic teams between the various sections of Canada.

2. To investigate the possibilities and feasibility of promoting a Canadian University Newspaper Association which would broaden the attempt now being made for closer contact through the mutual exchange of University periodicals.

3. To collect and arrange information concerning the manner in which each university meets its problems in student administration. This would form the basis for a clearing house of information in student activities.

4. To investigate and make representations to the Government and Board of Railway Commissioners for special consideration in transportation tariffs and return fares, especially in the exchanges which would be arranged.

5. To encourage and arrange for tours of students from Canadian universities to cross Canada during vacation and to investigate the existing system of student tours to Europe, to recommend improvements and if necessary after a few years to take over the promotion of such tours.

6. To investigate any method of co-operative purchasing of student supplies in the various universities and to prepare a report for the information of each of the universities.

7. To investigate the comparative basis of the curricula of the various universities and prepare a report for each univer-

sity for use of students moving from one university to another. Also where necessary to press for changes which will be of general assistance to students.

The international aspect of the Federation arises out of the fact that in view of increasing international communications since the war, co-operation with international movements is **essential** to students. Also, contact with strongly national groups would create an increasing consciousness of a national identity among Canadian students.

There are several minor, practical advantages to be gained such as increased travelling facilities due to cheaper rates; and exchange of staff in some Canadian universities might be followed by exchange of students. The culture and traditions of our country being what they are, probably our closest relations will be with those of English and French speaking countries.

All these advantages would be gained by becoming affiliated with the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants. This would entail no very great financial burden, a yearly fee probably of \$80 or \$100 and the obligation of sending a delegate yearly to the annual conference. In addition, information would have to be supplied to the central office in Brussels concerning living conditions, curricula, etc, to facilitate arrangements for groups of students coming to this country.

This brings up the question of international scholarships. The need for more such scholarships is felt as the student bodies increase and arrangements could be made so much more easily through an affiliation with C. I. E.

Let us now come to the matter of finance. The National Unions of Students in the various countries have as many various ways of managing their finances. In Great Britain, it is done by contributions collected by the executives. In Czecho-Slovakia, the union is supported largely by government aid. The Congress at Warsaw comprised of university students was very largely financed by the Polish Government. The contributions to the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants are on a per capita basis.

The only way in which a Canadian Federation would be effective, have power, the interest of students, and be in a

position to represent student opinion would be to be self-supporting and not dependent on subscriptions; hence the suggestion drawn up in the draft constitution for financing the Federation:

1. The annual affiliation fee for the representative student organization of each university entering the Federation shall be twenty-five dollars. This fee shall exempt one hundred students in each University concerned, from any per capita levy.

2. The remainder of the yearly budget shall be made up by a per capita levy upon the constituent organizations for all students who are members of such organizations with the exception of those students provided for in Section one.

3. The Federation shall be responsible for the expenses of the official representatives to the annual meeting and for such operating expenses as are required by the constitution.

4. The budget as passed by the Annual meeting shall be ratified by at least ten of the constituent organizations before the beginning of the financial year.

The only way an organization of this size can mean anything to students is for them to take hold of it themselves and both finance it and run it. This brings us to our last question. - What organization machinery is required?

In a new organization great precaution must be taken not to have a superstructure with no foundation. The students must be the foundation of this movement if it is to be a success at all, and really function to the advantage of every Canadian university student. Therefore, the Federation to begin with, would have an administration in the hands of an executive council consisting of one official representative from each member university appointed annually by the constituent organization, who shall be a member of said constituent organization. This council shall have power to make all arrangements necessary for carrying into effect the aims and objects of the Federation as set forth in the Constitution. The officers, that is, the President and Vice-president shall come from the Executive, the Secretary-Treasurer may be appointed at the discretion of the Council.

Thus by keeping to very simple organization the main ob-

ject of the whole idea of the N.F.C. U. S. will not be lost sight of, which is the promotion of better understanding among students.

It may be stated here that the Students Union of Acadia University, feeling that the aim of such an organization was a worthy one and warranted a whole hearted support from the students of Canada, added its vote to those of U. B. C., 'Varsity, and McGill in ratifying the draft constitution which was drawn up by the delegates of the conference after much time, thought, and discussion had been put into it.

In this way, Acadia hopes to speed along the endeavor which is being advanced in the world today toward the time

“When the war-drum throbs no longer  
and the battle-flags are furl'd  
In the Parliament of man  
the Federation of the World.”

H. L. S., '27

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### NEAERA GONE

The gull's sad plaint, the crow's cacophony,  
Are all the living sounds upon this isle;  
And even they are but laments for thee  
Who didst entrance them just this little while.  
No more thy youthful voice. Along the shore  
It seems that children prattle at their play;  
Their grand dames scold. Waves, nothing more;  
With thee thy unseen folk all went away.  
Thy burning lips consuming with each breath  
My very soul; thy eyelids drooping low;  
Entwining limbs; embraces firm as death;  
What god from this wild passion made thee go?  
Though I have always wandered far and near,  
I was content, Neaera, to dwell here.

R. M., '27

**LIFE**

I, too, would get away from the Big Things of life. I would float like a feather on the breath of a morning wind or soar into the brilliance of the noonday heat. I would follow always the red-gold path of the sunset trail. I, too, would watch for the great moon with its melody and coolness, or dance a tarentella with the stars. I would hold you in my arms through the slow waltz of the shadows or croon to you the melodies of the sighing pines. I would love you with the vastness of the purpled mountains or with the tenderness of the gently falling snowflake. I, too, would live!

And yet they tell us that this world is the only reality. This mockish world of Big Things,—Wealth, Power, and Fame. For them we strive with all the quarrelsomeness of earth-born deities. We lift our puny hands in supplication to a God, of whom we know naught, that we might become Great, and in our very greatness defy Him. We hear the hoofbeats of the storms; we see the devastation of the floods; but we do not heed the whispering of the raindrops, or the laughing of the mountain brook in the springtime. We must be practical Men—and the Idealist we drive from our doors.

I have struggled with the hords in the battles of life, I have lifted my sweating brow to pray to the Golden Goddess; I have been a Success—and a Failure; I have had the Big Things of Life. But now I am tired and I want to get away from the stern realities and find some of the Little Things I want to hear a song at dusk; I want the eerie tinkling of those temple bells—far, far away. I want the air; the birds, the depths of the sea, the heavens—oh! everything! I want—I do not know—I feel my spirit wafting away from me into an eternity of forgetfulness. Oh temple bells, I hear them, hear them—and you—blue hills—snow, white and soft like your arms—moonlight—sunset—a tarantella with the stars—I want—I want—to—live!

R. D. P., '27

**I WONDER**

When nature dimmed the day,  
And in the quiet evening  
Of that fragrant May,  
We slowly wandered home,  
Beneath the lovely ray  
Of a soft and silver moon.  
Then did you grieve, that soon—  
When I must go away—  
That you would be alone;  
Or did you wonder who,  
Would be there next with you?

L. H. J., '28

## DEUCES WILD

## CHARACTERS

DAVE QUINTAN, *a romantic bookkeeper.*

ROSE QUINTAN, *his equally romantic wife.*

MARION KENT, *queen of the local soda counter.*

JIMMY ANDREWS, *profession unknown.*

*(The scene is laid in the living-room of Dave Quintan's home. The room is furnished cheaply, but there are indications of polish, which show an attempt to be ornate. The chairs are poorly stuffed, but of flamboyant color; the mantel is adorned with tawdry ornaments. It is the room of a would-be rich man. On the table are a desk telephone and a row of shiny volumes between book-ends. Dave is discovered sitting on the sofa with a newspaper before him. He is a small man of about thirty, handsome in a way, but with the petulant expression of the unsuccessful. He sets down his paper and lights a cigarette. Enter Rose, right. She takes off her apron as she comes in, and throws it on the chair.)*

Rose:—Well, thank goodness that's over!

Dave:—*(absently.)* What's over?

Rose:—Those tiresome dishes. How I hate them!

*(Dave grunts vaguely, then, looking up, he notices the discarded apron.)*

Dave:—Rose, how many times must I tell you not to leave your things lying around this room? How can any man be comfortable—

Rose:—Comfortable! It's all very well for you to talk about being comfortable, Dave Quintan, with me slaving away in the kitchen! Comfortable!

Dave:—*(haughtily.)* Rose, will you be kind enough to remove that apron?

Rose:—*(Ditto, with variations.)* Dave, will you be kind enough to do it yourself?

Dave:—Oh, Lord! Anything for peace sake! (*Throws apron into the hall.*) There. Now are you satisfied?

Rose:—As near satisfied as I ever am with you.

(*Sulky silence for a moment, which Rose breaks with another personal question.*)

Rose:—I suppose you're going out to-night—as usual?

Dave:—I'm surprised that you should notice what I usually do.

Rose:—Well, but are you?

Dave:—Yes, I have to go back to work.

Rose:—(*Sceptically.*) Work? H'm! Well, don't labour too hard—the last time you worked late you had such a headache in the morning!

Dave:—Rose! (*Stammers angrily for a moment, then cools suddenly and turns away with withering contempt.*) All right, say what you like. It certainly makes no difference to me.

(*Exit with great dignity. Rose sits still for a moment, then goes softly to the phone and takes down the receiver.*)

Rose:—41-32, please. (*Pause.*) Hello, Jimmy?.....It's all right, Jim, he'll be gone in a few minutes.....Well, I'll let you know .....All right. G'bye.

(*She hangs up the receiver, goes over and sits down with a newspaper. Dave enters again, dressed for the street.*)

Dave:—Well, I guess I'll be going. You needn't wait up for me, Rose.

Rose:—All right. Just a minute, though—look at your coat. (*Takes a whisk from the corner and brushes Dave's sleeve vigorously.*) There, that'll do. Well, good-bye. (*Dave starts toward the door.*)

Rose:—(*Rather shyly.*) And, Dave—

Dave:—Yeah?

Rose:—I—I really am sorry you have to work to-night.

Dave:—(*blushing confusedly.*) Oh—oh, that's all right, Rose. I don't—I won't be working very late.

(*He stands there awkwardly for a moment, then goes over and kisses her with the clumsy self-consciousness of a small boy with his maiden aunt.*)

Rose:—Well, good-bye.

Dave:—Good-bye. (*Goes out rather hurriedly, still with that awkwardness in his manner. Rose stands looking after him, rather puzzled, until the front door slams. Then she steps to the other door and waves through a hypothetical window. Returns to centre stage and sits down. After a brief interval, Jimmy Andrews enters. He is young, handsome in a flashy way, and dresses with the cheap flagrancy of the street-corner sheik.*)

Jimmy:—Hullo, dearie.

Rose:—(*Looking up.*) Hullo, Jim. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Dave didn't get away as quickly as I thought he would.

Jimmy:—Oh, that's all right. I don't mind how long I have to wait—as long as I'm waiting for the right person.

(*Sits down beside her on the sofa.*)

Jimmy:—Well, how's tricks?

Rose:—Oh, just about as usual. Dave had to go back to work again to-night. The poor man does work hard, I must admit.

Jimmy:—(*Rather sceptically.*) Yeah? Too bad. But you're looking a bit "all in" yourself, girlie.

Rose:—Oh, Jim, I am. I—I'm just tired out. My nature's not suited to this kind of life.

Jimmy:—Poor kid! (*Put his arm around her.*) Dave doesn't understand you like I do, Rose.

Rose:—No, that's just it. He isn't—oh, I don't know. Dave is nice enough in his way, but he hasn't any finer sensibilities—he can't understand my nature, Jim.

(*Jimmy seems vastly encouraged; he assumes a fatherly, and even a bit more than fatherly, air.*)

Jimmy:—Why do you want to keep on like this, Rose? You know the way out, dearie; why don't you take it?

Rose:—(*Doubtfully.*) I don't know. (*Meditative pause.*) Of course, I should hate to hurt Dave. But, after all, he hasn't any right to me, has he, Jim—not when I don't love him?

Jimmy:—Not a bit.

Rose:—But I know Dave wouldn't see it that way. Dave is so unromantic.

Jimmy:—What's he got to do with us, anyway?  
Why don't you forget about him?

Rose:—I—I guess there really isn't any reason, Jim.

*(Jimmy leans nearer—evidently he thinks it is time to close the deal.)*

Jimmy:—Rose!

Rose:—Jim!

*(Unfortunately, the conversation is never finished. Dave, thoughtless boar, has forgotten his pocket-book—he enters hurriedly; Rose and Jimmy start to their feet, guilt written all over their faces.)*

Dave:—Why, Rose. What—who—*(Gazes at the pair in bewilderment. As the situation dawns upon him, however, he becomes at once angry and melodramatic.)*

Dave:—Oh, I see! *(Stares at Jimmy with an air of noble rage, then turns to Rose.)* So this is how you spend your evenings! While I'm out, working my fingers off to keep you in comfort! And I never suspected it. Fool that I was!

Rose:—*(Caught on a lee shore for once.)* Dave—I—I—oh, Dave! *(Begins to sob. Jimmy stands without moving, looking as foolish as he feels.)*

Dave:—*(Not to be restrained.)* Don't try to explain. I'm not blind—not now! I've seen this in you for months—I only wonder that I never understood it. My God! And I thought you loved me!

*(He turns away, a la Ramon Novarro, and stands starring at the door—rather enjoying the sensation of being romantically injured. The moment is intensely dramatic—we hate to spoil it. But alas! Without any regard for the fitness of things, Marion Kent enters. She has evidently been waiting for Dave, for she is dressed for the street, and comes in with an air of great impatience.)*

Marion:—What on earth is keeping you, Dave? I'm nearly frozen, and that show will be—

*(Notices Rose for the first time, and is overcome with confusion.)* Oh, I—I'm sorry. I didn't know—

Rose:—*(Bewildered now in her turn.)* Why—why Dave! What—who is that?

(*Dave stands without speaking, glaring at Marion—if looks could kill, this would be a murder plot. Meanwhile Rose is beginning to see light.*)

Rose:—Dave Quintan! So this is how you spend your evenings! While I'm home, working my fingers to the bone for your comfort! Oh, you brute!

Dave:—(*Floundering.*) Rose, let me—let me explain.

Rose:—Explain! I'd like to see you explain this away. Do you think I'm blind? My God! And I thought you loved me!

Jimmy:—(*Cool headed if nothing else.*) But, good Lord, Rose, that's what he just said!

Rose:—(*Brought up in full career.*) What?

Marion:—(*Taking in the situation at last.*) Why, you're just the same as he is, see?

Rose:—(*Uncertain*) Why—why, yes, I suppose I am.

Marion:—(*Taking Dave's arm.*) Well, then, everything's all right, isn't it?

Jimmy —Yes, don't you see, Rose? We've got things just the way we want them.

(*Neither Dave nor Rose pay any attention to this discovery; they stand looking at each other as though they had never met before.*)

Rose:—I—I don't know. (*Suddenly begins to cry.*) Oh Dave, I did think you loved me, really I did!

Dave:—And I thought you loved me!

Both Together:—Can you forgive me?

(*There seems to be no great difficulty; they fall into each other's arms. Marion and Jimmy stand, utterly bewildered, looking at the re-united pair and then at each other.*)

Jimmy:—My Gawd!

CURTAIN.

R. B. F., '28

**A SENIOR'S PREPARATION**

My major's English, but that word  
Means everything once said and heard  
And writ and read since that first guy  
Cohered from raining seminae  
(He named the fish and beasts and peepers  
To help us Christen Pullman Sleepers.

I'll test myself for this exam  
With questions probable, by heck.  
Who overworked soliloquy?  
Whose prose is rated 9.3?  
Is "Chaucer?" interrogative?  
Is Bacon really hogative?  
What made Frank Rabelais so bad?  
Is Don Juan Sir Galahad?  
I know the habits of Sax Rohmer,  
But only guess what blinded Homer.  
The glare of Johnson's ghost is sullen  
At highly-coloured Countee Cullen.  
Sappho leaps from the rock and dies;  
Why are not other lads so wise?  
When did Minerva pose for Gibson?  
Where is the Peer of Henrik Ibsen?  
Shelly's stuff is intermediate;  
Boccaccio's shockingly collegiate;  
Enough to start a censor's war;  
"Heptameron," by Mag Navarre.  
When Jonson's Holeproof socks be on,  
We yearn for Stratford's buskined swan;  
While first to wear the Keltic brogan  
Is our own critic, J. D. Logan.  
Enough! Bring paper by the ream,  
My pen with countless words doth teem.  
But lastly I shall cram a lot  
To see who peopled Camelot.

R. M., '27

### THE SACRIFICE

It was a dirty little out-of-the-way wharf. Beachcombers and other scavengers of the sea sometimes moored their foul crafts to its water-logged piles, but outside of that it was little used.

Harold Morton laughed. What did he care—there was plenty of water.

A huge wharf-rat scampered across the rotten planks. Morton nervously started. Only a rat. Could any living thing exist in this putrid filth. The stench of decayed matter dilated his nostrils. Exist in this? Yet that thing had life. But why be particular? It might not be paradise to live in, but it was good enough for—death! Ugh! What meaning those few letters had when he knew he must die. He could see them emblazoned against the pale blue sky in big red letters. How many nights had he forced himself awake when those odious letters, distorted into hideous shapes, seemed to be pressing down upon him, suffocating him, and squeezing out his life! And how he wished they had—they would have saved him that trouble now.

It was not easy to plan one's own death. When had he first taken out that life insurance policy? Three months ago—three months of looking forward to a time when he should risk the life to come.

Well, he thought sardonically, nature seemed to appreciate his purpose. The wind was beginning to howl ominously, prophesying a storm. Little ripples that before seemed to caress a bit of floating wreckage were now choppy waves that tossed it angrily about.

Flotsam! That was what he was, flotsam on the sea of life—aimless human wreckage.

Yet there had been a time when the ripples of life had also caressed him. He had been a hero then, a disabled hero of the war. In 1918 the arms he had raised to aid suffering humanity had been taken from him. A hero then, by God! But the world had forgotten now, just as he knew then it would. Would

to God that Heinie's shell had burst a little nearer! He would have been saved the stigma of failure; not mercenary failure, he had money, but the failure to live or have the desire to live. War was one kind of a struggle; life was a different kind.

Many a time he had wished he was dead, and had not the courage to die. On the battle-field he could have met death bravely though, for there seemed to be some purpose in dying there. Well, he thought grimly, he had a purpose for death now.

What was it Dora had said? "No, Harold, I love Jake Windsor. We were to be married, but we didn't have the means. Besides, my brother is—is—eccentric. He threatened to kill Jake. He thinks anybody who pays particular attention to me has designs. And he would have killed him," she had said this with a shudder, "I know he would have. I am taking charge of him now; so you see, Harold, the thing you ask is impossible. Oh, if I only had enough money," she had continued unaware that she was paining him poignantly, "I could put my brother John in charge of a doctor and marry Jake!" And her eyes had softened and brightened with love—love for Jake. God! how that hurt. His last ray of sunshine on earth had faded away. She too had spurned his disfiguration.

Come, it was getting dark. It was time to go to his sleep. How ugly the water looked, he thought.

He looked around to see that no one was near, for he had had vague misgivings on the way down that someone was following him. Who? He could not imagine—it was only his fancy.

That water, it fascinated him. It would be hard not to struggle. Now or never though.

The planks of the wharf suddenly creaked. He turned around sharp. An ugly, grizzly, disheveled giant with a revolver in his hand was advancing on him.

"What do you want?" he asked brusquely.

"You," came a hoarse reply.

"What for?"

"I am Dora Kane's brother," said that individual as if that explained everything, "and I am going to kill you!"

"Go ahead and shoot; nothing could please me better."

"What!"

"I never had the courage to do it myself—until tonight, and now I have a purpose." He was thinking of the ten thousand dollar life insurance policy he had made out in favour of this same Dora Kane.

"You harmed my sister."

"You are mistaken. I am the best friend she has on earth; or, rather", with a slight smile "the best friend she has off the earth. Are you going to shoot?"

The lunatic hesitated. This was not exactly what he had expected.

"Come," his victim said, "My death will give ten thousand dollars to your sister." A pause "I knew you wouldn't shoot. You are a coward. You were willing to kill me because you thought I had harmed her, but you are not willing to kill me when my death can help her."

The wretched tatterdemalion's eyes took on a wild look. This man, asking him to kill him, seemed to fascinate him. His finger tightened on the trigger.

"Come on, shoot, I say," Morton hissed.

It seemed to be a defiance.

A shot—a scream—a splash.

Then silence.

L. H. J., '28

**BLIND**

Struck blind! My God, that I should live to be  
A helpless puppet on life's glorious stage—  
That I should sit here, powerless to see  
The very hand that moves across this page.  
Never to read! Never to see again  
Those dear companions of my solitude,  
Save through the dark glass of another brain,  
Or groping through raised lines with fingers rude.  
Never to watch a sunset! Never to wake  
With morning sunlight streaming in my eyes,  
And watch the bare, drab wall before me take  
Reflected roseate color from the skies.  
Always to sit with folded hands, behind  
The lines of this life's battle. Always—blind!

R. B. F., '28

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**REMINISCENCES OF BEE-KEEPING.**

Happening upon a book with the title of *Bee Keeping*, recently, I found a chapter opening as follows: "Many persons begin beekeeping accidentally." Now I agree entirely. That was the way it happened at our house. None of us had conceived an undying passion for bee keeping; none of us had felt that our life would be incomplete without the company of these busy insects; in fact, I can think of nothing more agreeable and self-sufficient than our happy family life, when all of a sudden, as a bolt from the blue, the head of the house was heard to remark one morning, "How would it do if we should keep a bee?" and immediately Jim and Ted and even baby Frank piped up, "Gee, let's Dad! Just think of having honey! It was breakfast time. They rolled their eyes heavenward. For my part, I'm quite content with marmalade and I told them so. (I never *did* like honey. By the way, neither did they, later on—but I mustn't get ahead of my story.)

Aunt Kate had agreed. (How could she stand out against

such a majority?) So we got "a bee". With what awe and rapture we children gazed at that hive,—standing at a respectful distance always,—and watched the bees fly in and out. But this did not last long. Bolder and bolder we grew and every day ventured nearer. It was Ted who finally one day dared Frank to sit on the hive. Jim and I gasped. But Frank was a game little sport. "All right, sir", he said, and proceeded somewhat gingerly to sit on the aforesaid hive. Nothing happened. We couldn't contain our laughter at Frank's ludicrous position, at which he gleefully thumped up and down on the hive several times. Then something *did* happen. It was the bees, and albeit we were farthest away and ran fastest it was Jim and I who got stung. (We found a bee or two in Frank's hair at tea-time, half an hour later, and Aunt Kate picked a couple from the inside of his shirt. He said they were "tickling him", the lucky kid!)

Thus it happened that we had three hives of bees in a thriving state hibernating (I suppose they do) in the wood-shed that winter, not to mention honey for breakfast twice a week and on all high days and holidays. (I still ate marmalade.)

But next summer was the never-to-be forgotten year. (That was the year Uncle Tom got the car too) It must have been a good year for bees, for they multiplied so fast that we had ten hives before we knew it. (They did look rather cute sitting in little rows underneath the clumps of high-bush cranberries). The neighbour kids thought it was wonderful and we were really most popular. They used to play with us every afternoon so that they could lunch at our house on bread and honey. We didn't care, but finally Aunt Kate got disgusted and said we'd have to feed on crackers, for she never knew when she'd have bread enough for supper. She was a brick about the honey, though. We tracked it all over the house and every door-knob was sticky, but she never said much. I suppose she knew it wouldn't do any good.

However, Uncle Tom began to get desperate over the increasing multitudes. I heard him say to Auntie one day, "I don't know what I'll do if they keep on this way." (That was

when we had eight hives) But the day we planned the picnic out at Fraser's brook was the climax. Aunt Kate had the lunch all packed and in the car, Uncle Tom was just giving the old boat a drink, I was just putting in the kettle to boil water for tea and Jim was hunting around for a trowel for his collecting can (Jim's a rising young botanist), when Frank exclaimed, "Dad look at the bees." We all looked. Out of the hives they were swarming by thousands. It looked as if they had *all* decided to break up housekeeping. "Oh, Daddy," wailed Ted, are they swarming? *Why* won't they go up in the supers? " Uncle Tom made an appropriate remark to the effect that he for his part didn't know why they didn't. But the picnic was off for that day. Then what a mad scramble there was to find the straw hat and veil and gloves for Uncle Tom. Strings had to be brought to tie his coat sleeves in tight to his wrists. Old sacks were resurrected from the subterranean depths of the potato cellar and cut into little pieces to provide fuel for the "smoker." Jim and I were commissioned to bring a ladder, which we *did* (as far as the sweet-pea trellis. Frank had to drag it the rest of the way down to the hives. *We* didn't want to get stung.) Then we ran back and stationed ourselves in the pantry window to watch the fun, only emerging to give Frank knives and dishes by the score, (for after the swarms were finally captured and disposed of, Uncle found to his surprise that almost every hive was full of honey, so that had to be removed.) But the worst of it was they brought the honey up onto the back porch, trailing half the bees in its wake. In fact we were like inmates of a besieged castle. We couldn't stir abroad, that whole afternoon, even to play on the side verandah. Some of the bees got in the house. Jim and I finally fled upstairs leaving Aunt Kate and Ted to kill the little pests.

And after that?—"honey to the left of us, honey to the right of us, honey behind us, *sticky* and *goosey*."

We had to borrow an extractor which we set up in the kitchen. You should have seen the place! Every quart sealer poor Auntie had planned to use for canning and pickling was full of extracted honey. For two weeks all the kitchen utensils and

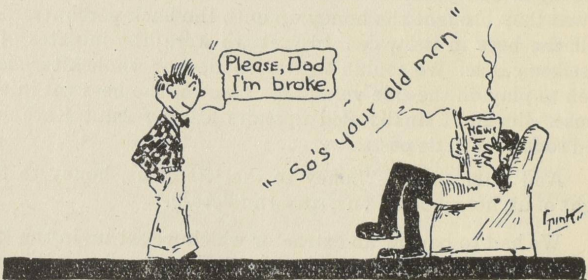
every spoon in the house, *stuck, stuck, stuck* of honey. And the sink! ! ! Words fail me to describe that sink. It took Aunt Kate weeks to pour enough boiling water in it to melt off the beeswax.....

That winter was a hard one. We had honey *every* day for breakfast if we wanted it. Finally even Frank got so he wouldn't eat it. And when spring came, to our great joy we found that, with only one exception, the bees in every hive had died. We were all glad then that it had been a hard winter.

The poor lone little hive of bees lived feebly on that summer like a shadow of departed glory. The third winter *they* expired too. (I'm almost convinced that Uncle Tom rather hoped they would. I'm *sure* about the rest of us.)

But the best thing about our beekeeping days is that we have beeswax enough to wax our skis from now until eternity, even if we lived in the Artic circle and could ski all summer.

M.G.P., '27.



## NOTES FROM OLD ROME

M. Valerius Martialis, Epigrammatist, circa 40-104 A. D.

## TO ONE WHO LOVES ONLY THE CLASSICS

The ancients, only, you revere,  
And praise the poet on his bier;  
I humbly crave your grace, but *I*,  
To win your favor, will not die.

(VIII: 69)

## REPENT AT LEISURE

When we were drinking, yesternight,  
(The tenth cup past, if I'm aright)  
You'll dine with me, I cried, to-morrow —  
But he (a dangerous trick to follow)  
Made haste, the wretch! in black and white  
My wine-befuddled words to write.  
—I hate a man who drinks the night away  
And yet remembers all, the following day.

(I : 27)

## THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Why don't I send *my* works to you?  
For fear you'd send me *your* works too!

(VII : 3)

## A ONE MAN BARBER

The barber shaves my stubby rows,  
And while he shaves a new crop grows.

(VII : 83)

## A ROMAN PUN

You're forever doing business and doing the public, Attalus; whether there's anything to do or not, you're doing it. For fear you run out of something to do, Attalus,—do away with yourself.

(I: 79)

J. W. G., '27

## ISLES UNVISITED

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung"—Lord Byron.

How deplorable a fact that so many university graduates of today are unable to visit the classic isles—not the geologic upheavels situated in the Leucadian waters, but the remote places of refuge in the seas of Literature. We have been accustomed to find in our college curricula a means of exploring these isles, but Materialism has inhibited our very landing on the shore. Science, a jagged reef, has become a strong barrier. Nevertheless, in spite of all these difficulties, we barbarians who venture forth in our fragile barks, are attracted from afar by "the glory that was Greece," and chiefly are we drawn toward Lesbos. And of all the glorious ones upon that isle, we fain would first meet Sappho.

Sappho appeals to us modern barbarians for two main reasons. One of these two reasons is a certain element in all of us, an element aroused by malicious rumors we have heard concerning Sappho's supposedly immoral life. In honesty to ourselves, we cannot pass by this facility of ours to be too easily attracted by scandal. For certainly Sappho has received publicity of a vile sort, from the days of the Greek comic poets to modern French "yellow-backs."

There is but little truth in all these vile tales. We know that Sappho, or Psappha, was of a respectable Greek family. We know she took a great interest in the young girls of her island and that she loved them passionately.

"Girls of mine, who made me great in Lesbos,  
Gifting me with works of their own weaving!" (Leonard)

she writes of them. But we have no reason even as much as hinted at in her extant poetry that her love contained any of the wantonness of the *tribadiste*. In fact, she seems to have been sufficiently moral for our strict moral standards of today.

It was with real regret and sadness she saw her brother Charaxus marry the courtesan Rhodopis or Doricha. She found a pleasing contrast in her youngest brother Larichus, who was chosen for his beauty as cupbearer in the public banquet hall at Mitylene.

Sappho had suitors, not a few. To one she wrote:

“Remain my friend, but seek a younger bride:  
I am too old, and may not mate with thee.” (Davidson.)

Throughout her early life we find her lonely, unsuited with her would-be husbands. It was in this period of her life that she wrote the poem of which we unlettered barbarians can understand only the various translations.

“The moon hath set,  
The Pleiades are gone;  
'Tis midnight, and the time goes by,  
And I—I sleep alone.”

(Davidson.)

“The moon and seven Pleiades have set;  
It is the midnight now; the hours go by;  
And still I'm lying in my bed alone.”

(Wm. Ellery Leonard.)

“The silver moon is set;  
The Pleiades are gone;  
Half the long night is spent, and yet  
I lie alone.”

(J. H. Merivale.)

“The moon is gone  
And the Pleiades set,  
Midnight is nigh;  
Time passes on,  
And passes, yet  
Alone I lie.”

(J. M. Edmonds)

When Alcaeus announced: "Violet-weaving, pure, sweet-smiling Sappho, I wish to say somewhat but shame hinders me", the poetess replied, "Hadst thou any desire of aught good or fair, shame would not have touched thine eyes, but thou wouldst have spoken thereof openly."

Her supposed affair with Phaon has been treated in poetic drama and Sunday newspaper supplements. In poetic drama we have seen her actually leap from the rock in Franz Grillparzer's somewhat sensational *Sappho* of 1819. And although Byron pronounced Guido Sorelli's Italian translation of this German play—or closet drama—"superb and sublime"; we certainly find a restraint and other qualities of the ancient Greek tragedy in our own Marian Osborne's *Sappho and Phaon*. Although the tale of Sappho's quenching her passion for Phaon in the sea has furnished material for many a romantic rendition, nevertheless we also read that Phaon was not beloved by the poetess Sappho, but by a courtesan of the same name.

At any rate, Suidas tells us that Sappho married late in life Cercolas, or Cerylas, a wealthy Andrian. As a result of the union, Sappho had one child—a daughter—who was named after its maternal grandmother, Cleis. The poetess writes of her infant:

"I have a little maid, as fair  
As any golden flower,  
My Cleis dear,  
For whom I would not take all Lydia  
Nor lovely Lesbos here."

also: (Davidson)

"Let me enfold thee, darling mine." (Davidson)

We cannot believe Sappho was coarsely immoral even in those lax days of the seventh century B. C. Rather we feel her to have loved Nature and human beings in general, to have loved the universe with a love for the beautiful. This idea seems to be corroborated by the following fragment:

"I am in love with luxury:  
The love of the sun hath won for me  
The splendid and the beautiful." (Davidson)

Now that we have given ample consideration to the sensational side of Sappho's appeal to us, we may breathe more freely and purely in our attention to the greater element of attraction. This element is Sappho's stanza form.

For just as Sappho invented the plectum or pectis, an instrument for striking the lyre—in fact, the first step in the evolution of our piano from Mercury's discovery—so did she invent, or at least was the first to make peculiar, the strophic structure now given her name. It is this Sapphic stanza with haunting stress and leap and delightful lilt that draws us toward Lesbos.

A joyous thing, the Sapphic stanza. Its structure is not superfluously complicated. The strophe is made up of three lines of five feet each, and a final adonic. The metrical scheme of each line is: trochee, spondee, dactyl, trochee, and spondee. It is for unlettered ones to regret that we cannot catch at the same time both swing and meaning of the original poetry. It can come to us only through translation. As for translation, critics tell us that Dante Gabriel Rossetti who caught so well the spirit of Francois Villon and other continental poets, could never quite do Sappho justice. Here are two fragments translated by Rossetti:

“Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the top-  
most bough,  
A-top on the top-most twig—which the pickers for-  
got, somehow,—  
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get  
it till now.”

“Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is  
found,  
Which the passing feet of the Shepherds forever tear,  
and wound,  
Until the purple blossom is trodden in the ground.”

Exquisite reflections in the Grecian deep, but not the isles  
themselves!

The above fragments, we notice, were not written in Sapphic metre, and we here call attention to the fact that Sappho employed at least nine metres, a roll being given to each. To-day, as a result of a medieval religious destruction of the poetess's works, we have only two long poems and about one hundred and seventy fragments.

Of these gems we shall confine ourselves only to those translatable into the Sapphic strophe. The extant Ode to Aphrodite was written in this metre. Thomas Davidson translates it thus:

“Thou of the throne of many-changing hues,  
Immortal Venus, artful child of Jove,—  
Forsake me not, O Queen, I pray! nor bruise  
My heart with pain of love.” Etc. etc.

It is given us in the original metre by William Ellery Leonard:

“Deathless Aphrodite throned in flowers  
Daughter of Zeus, O terrible enchantress,  
With this sorrow, with this anguish, break my spirit,  
Lady, not longer!

Hear anew the voice! O hear and listen!  
Come, as in that island dawn thou camest,  
Billowing in that yoked car to Sappho  
Forth from thy father's

Golden house in pity!..... I remember;  
Fleet and fair thy sparrows drew thee, beating  
Fast their wings above the dusky harvests,  
Down the pale heavens,

Lighting anon! And thou, O blest and brightest,  
Smiling with immortal eyelids, asked me:  
‘Maiden, what betideth thee? Or wherefore  
Callest upon me?

What is here the longing more than other,  
Here in this mad heart? And who the lovely  
One beloved thou wouldst lure to loving?

Sappho, who wrongs thee?

See, if now she flies, she soon must follow;  
Yes, if spurning gifts, she soon must offer;  
Yes, if loving not, she soon must love thee,  
Howso unwilling .....

Come again to me! O now! Release me!  
End the great pang! And all my heart desiteth  
Now of fulfilment, fulfil! O Aphrodite,  
Fight by my shoulder!"

Our Canadian poet, James Harold Manning, has rendered it:

"Golden-throned, immortal, O Aphrodite,  
Queen of love, contriver of wiles, I beg thee  
Do not thus with raving and utter madness  
Chasten my spirit." Etc., etc.

There follow partially and completely some translation of the other long poems, long only by comparison:

"I hold him as the gods above,  
The man who sits before they feet,  
And, near thee, hears thee whisper sweet,  
And brighten with the smiles of love." (Davidson).

"Peer of the golden gods is he to Sappho,  
He, the happy man who sits beside thee,  
Heark'ning so divinely close thy lovely  
Speech and dear laughter." (Leonard)

"Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful  
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,  
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee  
Silverly speaking,

Laughing love's low laughter. Oh this, this only  
 Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!  
 For should I but see thee a little moment,  
 Straight is my voice hushed;

Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through  
 me  
 'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;  
 Nothing see my eyes, and a noise of roaring  
 Waves in my ear sounds;

Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes  
 All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,  
 Caught by pains of manacing death, I falter,  
 Lost in the love-trance."

(John Addington Symonds.)

This metre is not particularly well adapted to the English language, largely due to our paucity of words that are natural spondees. German seems to be the only modern language in which real success has been obtained in translation. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* refers to the works of Voss, Klopstock, Plater, Hammerling, and Geibel, all either translators or imitators of the Sapphic stanza.

Swinburne has given us a successful Sapphic sequence, from which we quote:

"All night sleep came not upon my eyelids,  
 Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a feather,  
 Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of iron  
 Stood and beheld me."

Lampman's imitations, according to J. D. Logan, have also caught the Greek spirit. Here are two of Lampman's stanzas:

"Clothed in splendour, beautifully sad and silent,  
 Comes the autumn over the woods and highlands,  
 Golden, rose-red, full of divine remembrance  
 Full of foreboding.

Soon the maples, soon will the glowing birches,  
Stripped of all that summer and love have dowered  
them,  
Dream, sad-limbed, beholding their pomp and treasure  
Ruthlessly scattered." etc. etc.

Marian Osborne, mentioned above, has prefixed her poetic drama with several imitations, the following of which we quote:

"Clad in rainbow clouds, and with loosened tresses,  
Golden is thy belt, wrought by Love and gem-starred,  
Through thy close drawn veil gleam thine eyes mysterious,  
Deep with enchantment."

Yet those who have been on the isles, those learned ones, tell us that we barbarians can never obtain the original beauty of the classic lyrics. Disconsolate, the barbarian can only reply, "Round many western islands have I been, yet let me learn how to approach the shore, and in the groves of Sappho learn her songs."

R. M., '27

**A TALE WITH A MORAL**

This is a tale which deserves a Latin name, but, perforce, the author knowing only English, French, and German, and very little of them, the story must be satisfied with a good old English name.

My story begins in the good old days before prohibition, when beer was five cents a glass, and men were men when drunk and wanted to be men when sober.


A young man came reeling along the dimly lighted street, distress showing in every line of his countenance, in every stitch of his clothes. His hand clutched grimly in his pocket at his sole remaining nickel. The remainder of his money had been squandered and he was reduced to this last coin.

In front of the town restaurant he paused, gazing longingly at the huge oval shaped bowl displayed therein. Should he or should he not? One could read the struggle against temptation, plainly outlined in the nervous motions of his mouth and throat. He started on, resolved to retain his nickel, but temptation overcame him. Life was short; it might just as well be sweet. With a reckless abandon, he walked into the shop. His eyes still followed the coin as he laid it on the counter, but there was no visible tremor in his voice as he said in a distinct, well-modulated voice, "Give me one cupful," and pointed to the bowl.


As the clerk lifted the little door and allowed the stream to flow into the cup, his lips moved as if in entreaty, but it was too late. Once more his appetite had overcome him.

The clerk handed him the cupful. He poured some out into his mouth, and then crunched them greedily. After all, salted peanuts were good, and there would probably be a cheque from home to-morrow, which he resolved not to waste on women but to use for payment of his college bills.

J. N. P., '28



## Science



### EDITORIAL

Paris announces that chemists of the National Research Society have produced an artificial petroleum. The process is still a secret, but it is said that the synthetic liquid, which can be refined to produce gasoline, can be derived either from coal or from wood. This should be of interest to the owners of our campus Lizzies out for bigger mileage at smaller expense.

With the actual arrival of satisfactory radiophone whereby President Coolidge in Washington can ask central to give him London that he might talk with Sir Austen Chamberlain on renewed naval disarmament, we are tempted to throw up our hands and say, "What is there left for Science to do? Surely the world will come to an end soon; we have conquered everything."

Far from it. Science has yet to accomplish much, such as the harnessing of the tides for power, and the transformation of power from the sun into generators to heat our homes and run our machinery. But already Science promises in the near future:

A Diesel engine for use in automobiles.

A contrivance for registering the human voice on the silver sheet.

An invisible light ray so that one may see in the dark.

A device to broadcast pictures in connection with radio programmes.

A television projector so that one can see across a continent or an ocean.

Many more would readily suggest themselves if, like Tenyson, we

".....dipped into the future far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be."

G. D. H. H.

## THE WONDERS OF HIGH FREQUENCY CURRENTS

In these days when scientific research is being carried on in so many different fields it is impossible for one to keep in touch with them all. Of the many fields in which discoveries are being made, one of the most interesting, yet little known, is that of high frequency alternating currents.

We all know that an alternating current is one which changes its direction of flow a certain number of times per second. The commercial currents which light our homes, do our work, and operate our factories, alternate about one hundred and twenty times per second. Such currents are spoken of as sixty cycle; a cycle consisting of two complete alternations. The properties of such currents, which are usually at a potential of one hundred and ten volts, are well known; e. g. their heating and magnetic effects, and their harmful effects on the human body, especially if the latter be damp. If, however, we take such currents and by some means raise their frequency to a million or more alternations per second, we have entered a new field, and the currents take on many new and strange characteristics.

Such high frequency currents may be produced in a number of ways. For experimental purposes the popular method is by means of suitable induction coils and condensers, whereas for commercial purposes a high frequency generator or a vacuum tube is employed.

Wireless communication had its beginning in the early days of experimentation with high frequency currents, and our whole present day radio system employs such currents at a very high voltage. Maxwell, from mathematical considerations, first predicted that a circuit in which high frequency electric currents travel would be found to radiate electromagnetic waves which would travel with the velocity of light. Several years later (about 1888) Hertz was able to produce and detect such waves. The present day methods of radio communication are based upon his work.

Hertz, Marconi, and others in their early experiments em-

ployed currents with frequencies ranging from fifteen thousand to two hundred thousand alternations per second. Practically all of the present day broadcasting stations use currents whose frequencies lie between one-half million and one and a half million (600-200 meters wave length) alternations per second. Many amateurs and experimenters are employing frequencies as high as sixty million or more alternations per second. Results seem to indicate that sending stations using the very high frequencies can be heard over greater distances and with less expenditure of energy than those using lower ones. Lack of sufficient experimental evidence, however, forbids any definite conclusions.

While communication without wires is common knowledge, yet many startling effects may be produced with currents of high potential and frequency which are not generally known. Such currents may be made to leap across a gap several feet in length, producing a crashing violet flame, which is almost as harmless to our bodies as the foods we eat. Instead of giving us a shock, they produce a mild, pleasant sensation which some scientists claim is beneficial to the system. Such a flame as mentioned produces a weird sight, assuming the form of hundreds of whirling, writhing, leaping tongues of violet flame. The same voltage at lower frequencies would give no such spectacular results and would kill us instantly.

Various theories have been advanced to explain this lack of physiological effects at high frequencies. One of these is that the nerve action, rapid as it is, is not quick enough to respond to the alternations. Another is that since high frequency currents tend to travel only on the surface of a conductor, they never penetrate the skin deep enough to affect the nerves.

If one electrode of a high frequency coil be held in one hand and an ordinary sixty watt bulb in the other be brought near the second electrode, a spark will jump the gap lighting the bulb brilliantly. Two persons may stand on two insulated stools, each holding an electrode in one hand and a candle in the other. When the candles are brought within a few feet of each other, they will be lighted by the spark which passes. A spoon placed in the mouth forms an excellent junction for cur-

rents to enter the body, and with it such stunts may be performed as, causing a metal button to become red hot, igniting a stick of wood, lighting a gas jet, etc. If a sheet of glass be placed in the path of a high frequency discharge, the spark will appear to pass through it; yet, when it is removed, no hole can be found. The only precaution needed with such high frequencies is that the current shall enter the body through a fairly large metallic contact (such as a metal rod held in one hand.) If the current enters only at one point, a burn may result.

After many years of discussion, scientists and physicians agree today that electricity may be usefully employed for healing various parts of the body. In the form of high frequency currents it is applied to the body by means of various shaped electrodes. Different types of electrodes and different frequencies are used in various parts of the body. By their peculiar nature high frequency currents, properly applied, will relax and contract any of the internal muscles—either voluntary or involuntary ones—thus exercising them and aiding their healthy growth. The high frequencies can also be made to stimulate the blood circulation.

There can be little doubt that, as the properties of high frequency currents are further investigated, they will be employed a great deal more than at present. To an experimenter or scientist, they offer one of the most varied and interesting of all fields.

A. D. N., Eng. '27.

## THE HIGHER FATTY ACIDS AND THEIR DERIVATIVES

The so-called higher fatty acids are complex organic acids of definite composition which may be most easily obtained by hydrolysis of the fats. This reaction is carried out by heating the fat with super-heated steam in the presence of sulfuric acid or certain, more complex, aromatic sulphonic acids. This reaction will produce three particularly important fatty acids, namely palmitic acid, stearic acid, and oleic acid.

The glyceryl esters of these three acids, namely glyceryl tripalmitate, glyceryl tristearate, and glyceryl trioleate are the chief constituents of all fats. Beef fat is about 75% tristearate and tripalmitate and 25% trioleate. Ordinary lard is nearly 60% trioleate. When we consider that the tristearate and tripalmitate are solid at ordinary temperatures while the trioleate is liquid, this accounts for the solid state of beef-fat, and the semi-fluid state of lard.

Olive-oil is about 75% trioleate, and cotton-seed oil has about the same percentage of the liquid ester. Chemists, after discovering the composition of these three esters, set about to devise a way by which the liquid trioleate could be made to combine with enough hydrogen to produce the more valuable tristearate. In this way the apparently useless cotton-seed oil could be transformed into a suitable fat for use in cooking and such purposes.

In practice this is carried out by passing hydrogen into the cotton seed oil, kept at a suitable temperature, in the presence of a catalyst. The catalyst used is either finely divided nickel on "infusorial earth", or the more expensive platinum. The process is known as hydrogenation and is the commercial method for preparing "Crisco" and such lard substitutes.

Butter is much the same in composition as beef-fat but

contains in addition about 6% of glyceryl tributyrate and other substances which give it its distinctive flavor.

Another important class of derivatives of the higher fatty acids is soaps. Soap is made by the decomposition of an ester by an alkali, the process being known as saponification. The hard soaps are made by using Na OH for the alkali. Floating varieties of soap are made by introducing minute air bubbles through beating, while the addition of alcohol, glycerine, or sugar produces "transparent soaps".

An important by-product, both in the hydrolysis of the fats to give fatty acids, and also in the making of soaps, is glycerol. This is particularly useful in the manufacture of the powerful explosive nitro-glycerine.

R. D.P., '27

# The Acadia Athenaeum

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No. 4

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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



The recent visit of Mr. Harry Irvine, eminent Shakespearean actor, was an event which will linger long in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to attend his recitals in University Hall. His masterly interpretations of Shakespeare and Browning awakened in many of his audience an interest in these two great poets and in others intensified their appreciation of these masters of the difficult dramatic art.

Mr. Irvine's visit was made possible through the establishment of a very reasonable fine arts fee which has been collected from each student this year. This innovation has provided a number of excellent programmes which by their wide variety have appealed, we believe, to the majority of the student body. The large audiences which have greeted the various attractions and the many enthusiastic comments heard from students and town-folk alike have already attested to the intrinsic worth of the programmes thus far presented; but, on behalf of the stu-

dent-body, we would like to take this opportunity of expressing to those who have sponsored the scheme our very real appreciation of the efforts made on our behalf.

We regret that there are some among our number who have not availed themselves of this opportunity to come in contact with the cultural element and we trust that their absence signifies an over-emphasis upon their class-work, for we feel assured that they are not dead to the value of the purely cultural. Surely, if a university is to fulfil its function, it should train useful and cultured members of society. If this is to be accomplished, college life must be rich in experience and not confined solely to class-room and athletic activities. The innovation of the fine arts fee is an attempt to supply a very necessary element and those of the student-body who fail to avail themselves to the fullest of the opportunities it offers are deliberately ignoring a most important factor in their development. Most especially is this true of those whose experience to date has been limited to the smaller towns of these Maritime Provinces where programmes such as are being offered us are not possible and where even libraries are non-existent.

A little serious consideration of the matter will surely awaken such of our number to the realization of the gap in their lives which these programmes are designed to fill. In this day of radios, phonographs, libraries, and art galleries, an acquaintance with music, literature, and the other fine arts is expected of those who move in cultured circles and an ignorance of the fine arts on the part of a university graduate cannot be tolerated. Let us then avail ourselves of every opportunity to increase our acquaintance with and our appreciation of the fine arts.

Here at Acadia we have opportunities denied to students in many of our smaller universities. We are offered a comprehensive programme of music, literature, and the other fine arts; and we are fortunate in having at our disposal a very excellent library—one of the finest in the Maritime provinces. If then we go forth from Acadia without a proper appreciation of the cultural each of us can only exclaim, "*Mea culpa!*"

As we have been frequently criticised, both by our exchanges and by members of the alumni, because we have not included more illustrations in our pages, we have been endeavoring this year to secure as many cuts as our very limited finances would permit. A recent appeal to the Senior and Freshman Classes for assistance in this matter has met with the most gratifying cooperation and, consequently, we are able this month to include pictures of three inter-class championship teams. To the classes which have displayed such fine spirit and such interest in the *Athenaeum*, we extend our most sincere thanks. At this time, we would also like to thank *Tidings*, the Associated Alumni, and the University for the use of cuts kindly loaned to us. We trust that continued cooperation will enable us to make illustrations a regular feature of our college monthly.

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From time to time, as the field of contributions has widened, it has been necessary to add new departments to the *Athenaeum*. At the beginning of the present college year, a floating unit was placed at the disposal of the Literary Editor, but this was not sufficient to care for the situation which rapidly developed; consequently, this month, we announce some changes in the make-up of the *Athenaeum* which the growth of competition has necessitated. The units in Humor will in the future be awarded only for short prose sketches or for verse of a humorous nature. Long humor articles, familiar essays, sketches of a more serious nature, "prose-poems," translations, and the like will be grouped for the present into an Unclassified Department in which three units may be awarded at the discretion of the Editor. It is hoped to draw into the *Athenaeum* material which has until now either been entirely neglected or published without award.

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We extend our congratulations to Miss M. Grace Perry, '27, Editor of the Month Department, who this month wins her Literary "A." Miss Perry has been one of the outstanding contributors to the *Athenaeum* and her delightful stories and sparkling humor will be missed indeed from our pages.

## THE ACADIA ATHENAEUM: FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH.

### THINGS ABOUT HOME

“Purp” is the latest endearing epithet for room-mate.

The College Calendar for 76-77 is out. Now fetch along your 7 cents.

The 22nd ult. was day of prayer for Colleges, and we rejoiced in the blessing of a holiday, as well as a holy day.

When, a few days ago, our Math. Professor, whom we had expected to be absent, took the chair as usual, and somebody suggested that we were agreeably disappointed, it would have taken all the gladness out of life to see the ghastly apology for a smile that crept around the benches.

That Sem—the one that rejoices in a gorgeous blue cloud, who went down to the 7 a. m. train the other morning to see the Shubenacadie Prep. off, evidently feels with the poet, that “On some fond breast the Parting Prep. relies,” and acts up to her sentiments.

There was a student here not long ago who used to say that if he could only teach us to smoke he would consider that his four years at Acadia had not been spent in vain.

### Funnyisms?

Why is the moustache of a Soph. like a baseball nine? Three out, all out!

(From the *Athenaeum* of March, 1877.)

 **Horton Academy Notes** 

Burns's birthday was fittingly observed during morning chapel by the following program:

Opening Song—Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

Address — Burns's Contribution to Life and Letters—Principal Robinson.

Piano Solo—Tam o'Shanter —Florence Davidson.

Reading—A Man's a Man for a' That—Samuel Wilson.

Vocal Solo—Robin Adair—Miss Metcalfe of the School of Household Science and Fine Arts.

School Choruses—Coming Through the Rye, Auld Lang Syne.

God Save the King.

A joint meeting of the girls and boys of the Lyceum Society was held at the School of Household Science and Fine Arts, when a two-fold program was put on by the English and the French departments respectively. At 7.30 the school, grouped in classes, competed for a prize, given by Wilson MacDonald—one of his own poems beautifully engraved and designed for the purpose and inscribed thus: Engraved from original drawing by Wilson MacDonald and presented as a prize to winner of the literature contest arranged by the author—by writing down, within five minutes, the names of Canadian poets. Owing to the good work of Evelyn Jenkins (Charlottetown) and Gordon Hamilton (Saint John), the coveted prize went to the Seniors.

Violin Solo—Miss Kathleen Bancroft; Reading—Constance Hagen; Vocal Solo—Miss Robbins; Reading—Gordon McClare; Mixed Quartette—Mary Newson, Florence Davidson, Gordon Hamilton, Hugh Bishop; Reading—Olive Saunders; Reading—Samuel Wilson; Vocal Solo—Miss Moffatt; Reading—Evelyn Jenkins; Reading—Charles Underwood; Piano Duet—Misses Card and Poole.

The school then adjourned to the Gymnasium where Mademoiselle Gascard had prepared the following program of three French Plays, written by herself:

*Frere Jacques*—Played by the First Years.

*La Soutis*—The Seniors.

*Romeo et Juliette*—An original setting—Helen Blaikie, of the School of Fine Arts and Reginald Bishop, Senior. The plays from a standpoint of beauty and form in conception, of practical benefit, and of cleverness in execution deserved high praise. Those visiting the performance for the first time wished that the doors might have been open to a larger audience.

After the serving of refreshments and the singing of popular airs the students dispersed, having added another bright memory to happy school days, memories that will live long after the knowledge gained from mere text books shall have faded into its proper oblivion.

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On February 9, the Academy met the Kentville Commercials in a hard and fast game which ended 3-2 in favor of the latter.

The line-up:

Academy—Defence, Weaver, Cohen; Centre, Libbey; forwards, Wry, Groom; goal, Ross; subs. Cossaboom, Hewitt.

Kentville Comm.—Defence, Patterson, Walsh; Centre, Killcup; forwards, Oyler, Perrier; goal, Redden; subs. Neary, McNarara, Spinney.

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The Academy second team played the local High School on February 10 at a very interesting game of hockey. The score ended 5-4 in favor of the Academy.

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Colchester Academy met our Academy team in basketball on Tuesday afternoon, February 1st. Splendid team work on both sides tied the score 18-18 at the first half. During the second period, the visitors met their Waterloo, however, and went down to defeat in spite of violent scoring—29 to 47.

Dr. D. G. Davis of the University gave a very fine address to the boys at their weekly Y. M. C. A. meeting on Wednesday night.

Mr. Good of the Truro Colchester Academy visited the Horton Academy classrooms in the spare hours before the game on Tuesday.

On February 9, Dr. Mason, superintendent of the Home Mission Board, gave the boys of Horton Academy a very interesting lecture at their weekly Y. M. C. A. meeting.





Our exchange shelf this month is filled almost to overflowing with exchanges from our Canadian universities as well as with a few from the universities to the south of us.

A great majority of the papers and magazines contain splendid literary work; and practically all of them depict the life of the university which they represent as being crowded with every variety of activity—debating teams are being chosen, casts for plays are being selected and different kinds of dramatic productions are in the making, basketball games are being played, and student bodies are rejoicing and despairing in the victories and defeats of their hockey teams.

To read these exchanges, an outsider would wonder when university students have time to indulge in that good old-fashioned activity known as *study*.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

The Red and White—St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Managra—Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

Oakwood Oracle—Oakwood College Institute, Toronto.

Vox Collegii—Whitby.

McMaster Monthly—Toronto

The Trinity University Review—Toronto, Ontario.

Vox Lycei—Central Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.

The Minnesota Quarterly—University of Minnesota.

The McGill Daily—Montreal.

The Argosy Weekly—Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.

The Gateway—University of Alberta.

The Black and Gold—St. John's College School, Winnipeg.

St. Andrew's College Review—Toronto.

Minnesota Technolog—University of Minnesota.

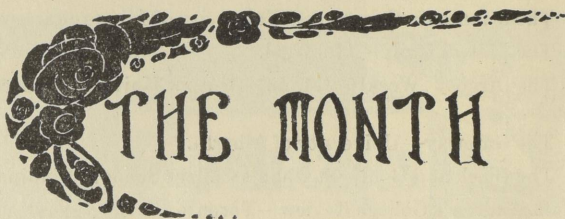
Dalhousie Gazette—Halifax, N. S.

The Ubyyssey—University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.

The Xaverian Weekly—St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, N. S.

Western U. Gazette—London, Canada.

The Brandon College Quill—Brandon, Ont.

A decorative floral ornament featuring a large rose on the left, with smaller flowers and leaves trailing to the right, framing the title.

# THE MONTH

Since the last number of the *Athenaeum*, two big events have happened; one extremely glad the other extremely sad. In other words, both the Christmas holidays and Mid-Years are a thing of the past. Now everyone is ready to indulge in games, hockey or basketball, either from the sidelines or in the thick of the fray. Each class vies with the others in the best class party and the faculty, not to be outdone, provide many instructive Fine Arts programmes.

## FINE ARTS PROGRAMME

The Acadia Choral Club under the direction of Mr. Carl Farnsworth assisted by the Acadia Orchestra under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley gave a very fine production of *The Messiah*. This has now become an annual treat. The solos by William A. Jones, tenor; Mrs. Evelyn Eaton, contralto; and Miss Gertrude Metcalf, soprano were rendered in a truly artistic style lending much richness to the whole performance. David Maneely was at the organ and by his assistance gave a full-toned effect to the choruses which showed polish and fine interpretation.

The Acadia Choral Club was greatly assisted by those from Kentville who, under the direction of Mr. Burpee Bishop, cooperated with the Club in the presentation of *The Messiah*.

It was most appropriate that this oratorio should be given on December 16 near the time that everyone is thinking of the

Christmas message, which can never be told more beautifully than by exquisite music.

The Acadia Orchestra of over fifty pieces gave their first concert of the season in December, under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley. The Orchestra was assisted by the musical appreciation class from Horton Academy and Miss Irene Card, pianist. After an old English *Hunting Song*, the first number by the Orchestra, a string group rendered Mozart's *Sinfonietta*. Chorus songs by the music appreciation class were followed by the *Overture to Figaros Wedding* by Mozart. Miss Card played Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in G Minor* after which several numbers by the strings and piano were played, including several Swedish dances. A selection from Beethoven's *First Symphony* by the orchestra and further chorus songs completed the programme.

One of the greatest treats which has come to an Acadia audience for some time was the visit of Harry Irvine, President of the Shakespeare Association of America who gave us a new insight into the life and works of William Shakespeare and Robert Browning.

On the evening of January 12, the subject of Mr. Irvine's address was *An Evening with Will Shakespeare*. It was well named, for those who heard it felt that Shakespeare was indeed a friend. Moreover the beauty of his lines was shown to complete advantage in the very finished interpretation of the selections notably "All the World's a stage" from *As You Like It*.

The students again met Shakespeare through Mr. Irvine on Thursday morning at the Chapel period when a large part of *Hamlet* was given with artistry and fine interpretation.

The masterly way in which Mr. Irvine handled the subject of *Robert Browning*, *Humanist* showed intimate knowledge of the poet, charm of personality, and exceptional ability.

The Auditorium of University Hall was well filled on the evening of January 20 when Wilson MacDonald, one of the

younger Canadian poets, read many of his poems and again on February 3 when music lovers were delighted to welcome Miss Jean Wood, a graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, in a piano recital. The programme which consisted of seven numbers was beautifully rendered and showed much variety in interpretation, theme, style, and technique. Altogether Miss Wood's performance was most enjoyable.

On Tuesday evening, January 25, a recital was given in University Hall to a small but appreciative audience. The opening number, *Trio in C Minor Op 1, No. 3* by Beethoven was given by Miss Beatrice Langley, violinist; Miss Annie Webber, 'cellist; and Miss Miriam Bancroft, pianiste. The brilliant passages in the piano part were executed with fine artistry while Miss Langley and Miss Webber played in their usual sympathetic and truly musical manner. Of the four movements of this selection, the second (*Andante Cantabile con Variazioni*) could be chosen perhaps as especially beautiful.

Miss Metcalfe, soprano, sang for her first numbers *Care Selve* by Handel and *Una Voce poco fa* (*Barber of Seville*) by Rossini.

The *Pianoforte Quartette* in *G. Minor* by Mozart was next rendered by the three artists of the trio and Miss Kathleen Bancroft, viola.

Miss Metcalfe concluded the programme with a group of songs from which one might select *The Star* by Rogers and *Prelude* by Ronald as being rendered exceptionally well.

Mr. Carl Farnsworth accompanied Miss Metcalfe.

## PROPYLAEUM

The regular meeting of the Propylaeum Society was held in A4 of University Hall on Monday, January 10, the programme being the oft-postponed Sophette-Freshette debate. The subject was "Resolved that women are vainer than men," and the affirmative of the resolution was upheld by the Sophette debaters, Jean Miller, Eileen Cameron, and Virginia McLean. The debaters for the Freshettes were Frances Sanford,

Evelyn Powell, and Jean Shaw. The decision was given to the affirmative.

Whether it was on account of the triviality of the subject or the poor delivery, or both, the correspondent in the *Blue and Garnet* writes, "The situation in which the matter of girls' debating finds itself is really alarming when one realizes that next year three intercollegiate debaters will have to be chosen from the three lower classes." Perhaps there is more food for thought in this than we realize.

### HONOR DRAMATIC FRATERNITY

The Honor Dramatic Fraternity has had several meetings since Mid-Years at one of which the officers for the new term were appointed. They were:

Director—Harold Sipprell.

Stage Manager—Mary Bishop.

Business Manager—W. T. Taylor.

At a later meeting it was decided to produce *Lady Windermere's Fan* under the direction of C. D. H. Hatfield, '27. This production will be presented some time in March with the following cast:

Lord Windermere—J. A. Wardrope, '28.

Lord Darlington—H. F. Sipprell, '27.

Lord Augustus Lorton—D. D. Wetmore, '29.

Mr. Cecil Graham—A. J. Findley, '28.

Mr. Dumby—L. H. Jenkins, '28.

Mr. Hopper—W. T. Taylor, '28.

Parker, the butler—E. A. Chesnutt, '29.

Lady Windermere—Nita O. Trethewey, '27.

The Duchess of Berwick—M. Grace Perry, '27.

Lady Agatha Carlisle—Elsie C. Davis, '27.

Lady Plymdale—Helen L. Simms, '27.

Lady Jedburgh—Constance I. Hayward, '27.

Lady Stutfield—Marion C. Smith, '27.

Mrs. Cowper-Cowper—Mary A. Bishop, '27.

Mrs. Erlynne—Marion O. Reade, '28.

Rosalie, maid—E. Louise Fritz, '27.

## DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Acadia Dramatic Society held a business meeting on February 4 at which an amendment to the constitution, providing for special credit to be given those who play difficult minor parts, was passed. A committee has been appointed to consider plays for the final performance at the end of the year.

## GIRLS' S. C. A.

The regular Sunday evening meetings have been held each week in Whitman Hall Clubroom but the most outstanding event of the month was a C. G. I. T. conference which was held over the week-end of February 6. Miss Marjorie Trotter, who stayed in residence with us, conducted the conference. About forty girls interested in C. G. I. T. work attended all the meetings, the first of which was Friday evening, when Miss Trotter gave a talk on the purpose of C. G. I. T. The sessions on Saturday and Sunday were mainly discussions and information but the high light of it all was the vesper service in the Reception Room, when C. G. I. T. hymns were sung; Helen Simms sang *Follow the Gleam*, a favorite song with C. G. I. T. folk and then Miss Trotter gave us one of her beautiful talks.

Mary McLeod was elected president of the conference and Annie McLaughlin secretary. It is felt that much mutual benefit was derived from Miss Trotter's visit.

## JOINT S. C. A.

Since the twelve delegates to the conference at Ste. Anne de Bellevue have returned, there has been a marked impetus given to the work of the S. C. A. The discussions held on two Wednesday nights have been enthusiastic and helpful. Reports from the conference have given the general idea that it was very worth while and that its influence will be felt among students for some time.

**CLASS OFFICERS****Second Term 1926-1927****Senior Class**

President	R. Benjamin Gullison
Vice-President	Mary A. Bishop
Treasurer	J. Graham Patriquin
Secretary	Mildred McCutcheon.

**Junior Class**

President	Elbert Paul
Vice-President	Miriam Coit
Treasurer	Hollice Spinney
Secretary	Lena Kears.

**Sophomore Class**

President	G. W. Titus
Vice-President	Dorothy Powell
Treasurer	Fred Munro
Secretary	Eileen Cameron

**Freshman Class**

President	Bancroft Davis
Vice President	Mae Robbins
Treasurer	Erick Found
Secretary	Marguerite Baird

**Engineers**

President	Alan Foulis
Vice-President	Charlie McIntyre.
Secretary-Treasurer	Alan Nickerson.

## SENIORS

The first event after the strenuous two weeks of Mid-Year was the Senior class theatre party on January 31. The picture *Sweet! Daddies* proved just the sort of light recreation needed and many good laughs were enjoyed. Afterwards, the class gathered in the reception room of Whitman Hall where, with bright music and conversation, the time went all too quickly. Mr. and Mrs. Mollins and Mr. and Mrs. Staves played the dual role of class members and chaperons. Of course the delicious refreshments made the evening complete and with Class '27's doxology the enjoyable evening came to a close.

On Thursday evening of the same week, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Cowie were joint hostesses to the Senior class at Mrs. Shaw's home. The whole evening was most delightful from start to finish, "homey" atmosphere, all too rare in college life, put every one at his ease and games and dancing were heartily enjoyed. Professor and Mrs. Merle Bancroft were also guests at the party. Dainty refreshments were served and the party broke up with college songs and a hearty cheer for our hostesses for "they were jolly, good fellows."

The Senior girls were very pleasantly entertained on Saturday afternoon, February 12, by Mrs. Ford who was *At Home* to them from four until six. A very enjoyable social time was spent and the delicious refreshments added much to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

## JUNIOR PARTY

Many happy and hungry Juniors took the traditional and time-honored "sleigh-drive to Kentville" on Wednesday evening, February 9, where their happiness was increased and their hunger abated by a dinner at the Cornwallis Inn. Following this, a varied programme was presented which consisted of a few words by the President, a humorous address by Doctor Hancock, humorous readings by J. W. Findley and Archie Black, piano selections by Irene Card and Freda Smofsky, and a vocal solo by Marion Reade.

After enjoying this delightful programme, the Jolly Juniors retired to the dining room where they sang college songs. Miss Metcalfe, by her splendid rendering of several humorous songs, contributed greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

Dr. and Mrs. Hancock, Miss Metcalfe, and Professor Ondis were the chaperons.

### SOPHOMORE PARTY

The Sophomore class, not to be outdone by the Jolly Juniors, held their sleigh drive on the next night. After the enjoyable drive to Kentville, a dinner was held at the Cornwallis Inn. President Titus, Major Howald, Professor Small, and "Vin" White were the speakers of the evening. After the dinner, the class divided, some going to the theatre and others to the rink. Professor and Mrs. Small, Miss Chisholm, and Major Howald were the chaperons. Finally, amid class songs and yells, the "gay young Sophomores" returned to Wolfville.

### FRESHMAN DEBATE

Two teams from the Freshman Class held a debate in B<sup>1</sup>, University Hall on Saturday evening, February 5. The subject: "Resolved that Canada and the United States should have mutual free trade" while rather heavy for a trial debate, gave a promise of debating ability on the part of the Freshmen. The decision was in favor of the affirmative. Those taking part in the debate were: Affirmative; J. Scott (leader), H. Miller, C. Stultz. Negative; J. R. Keith (leader), M. Kitaeff, E. MacFarlane.

### LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

The first social meeting of the French Club was held on Monday evening, February 14, in the Reception Room of Whitman Hall. The homey atmosphere created by numerous shaded lamps added much to the feeling of gaiety. After a short business meeting, a game of French conundrums was

played, the prizes being won by Miss Marion McDonald and Mr. Arol Estey. Much fun was enjoyed in the Promenade de Paris when interrupted French conversations were carried on by new partners.

Delicious refreshments were served later in the evening by *Mesdemoiselles garcons* who looked very *chic* in white ducks and blue coats.

Miss Miriam Coit added much to the evening's programme by her generous response with piano selections. The party came to a close with the singing of *La Marseilles*.

### ENGINEERS' THEATRE-PARTY TO THE UNIVERSITY

On Wednesday evening, February 16, the Engineers gave a theatre-party to the "Faculty of the University, the girls of the University and Academy and the *boys who accompany girls*." Thus read the blue-prints which attracted everyone's notice for a week before the event, and thus it happened.

The Orpheum had been hired by the Engineers for the evening. The "rollicking Engineers" themselves and their "fair ones" occupied the balcony. The members of the faculty and their wives were given the best seats on the ground floor and the other guests managed to fill the rest of the space. Several attractive young ladies (?) who appeared with college men seemed to be quite unknown in college circles in their new guise, but added to the gaiety of the occasion.

Mr. Alan Foulis on behalf of the Engineers welcomed all those present, after which Harry Mollins sang *On the Road to Mandalay*. Then came the picture itself, *On the Road to Mandalay* featuring Lon Chaney and followed by a comedy.

A great deal was added to the enjoyment of the picture by the music furnished by a jazz orchestra composed of Don Wetmore, '29, piano; Lloyd Jenkins, '28, violin; Stuart Ralston, '30, saxophone; Harold MacLaughlin, traps.

The entire University extend their appreciation to the Engineers for their novel way of entertaining and are loud in their praises of the way everything was "engineered." But

what with its being a glorious winter night with the moon at the full, plus the clause requiring no man to appear without a girl (and hearing rumors of several former women-haters who actually allowed themselves to be provided with "women") there is really no knowing what havoc the Engineers may have caused in young hearts. The "match factory" of Acadia may have to work overtime for a season.

### ACADIAN SODALITY

A group of students interested in the writing of verse has organized a society under the name of the Acadian Sodality—"to study the works and methods of the greater poets and to encourage by friendly criticism the writing of original verse."

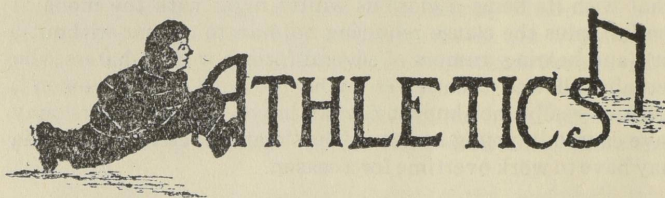
Officers have been elected as follows:

President—Harold F. Sipprell, '27.

Treasurer—Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28.

Secretary—Eileen Cameron, '29.

At a meeting held in B<sup>2</sup>, February 19, the constitution was adopted and plans were made for the activities of the Sodality. Meetings are to be held fortnightly. Membership is limited to those students who show interest and ability in the writing of verse as evidenced by their contributions to the *Athenaeum*. It is hoped that an organization will ultimately be developed that will be of very real significance both to the members themselves and to the university as a whole.



The hockey season is drawing to its close, and despite the fact that Acadia has felt the drawback of being out of inter-collegiate sports, Manager Gordon has arranged a very good programme of games for his squad. Several home games have given the students here a good chance to see their team in action, while the trip to Mount Allison and Charlottetown gave the boys two good games with the Abbies in which they held that superior team to a draw in the first game and a 5-3 score in the second. At Mt. Allison, Acadia was defeated 1-0, this being the return game of the one played here, in which the Mounties also captured the honors. Finally Acadia was defeated by St. Francis Xavier on the 18th of this month 3-1. In this game the Garnet and Blue showed their possibilities and most of those who watched the game agree that, if Acadia had not had the misfortune to lose her two best forward players, Barteaux and Eaton, on account of injuries received at practice, there would be an entirely different tale to tell.

In this issue we are publishing three cuts of the inter-class champions in soccer and basketball. The Senior soccer team, winners of the inter-class soccer league last fall, won their title through winning their section of the league and defeating the Sophomores 3-0 in the play-off. The following are the games played by the winners:

Seniors 0	Sophomores 0
Seniors 1	Engineers 0
Seniors 3	Freshmen 0
Seniors 3	Sophomores 0



FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM—INTER-CLASS CHAMPIONS

Line-up: J. G. Patriquin, goal; W. D. Close, R. D. Johnson, full-backs; C. G. Langille, A. J. Brady, G. C. Munro, N. H. Grant, half-backs; G. H. Mersereau, J. D. Wright, W. A. Stultz, H. W. Hill (Capt.), R. B. Eaton, W. L. Barteaux, forwards.

The Senior girls, winners of the interclass basketball league, played the following games:

Seniors 60	Horton Academy 2
Seniors 31	Freshettes 20
Seniors 30	Sophettes 20
Seniors 38	Juniors 16

The team:

Beryl DeWolfe, Janet Murray, forwards; Elisabeth Ford, Glenora McCallum, Margaret Brown, centres; Marion Smith, Mildred McCutcheon, guards.

The Freshmen boys, undefeated champions of this year's basketball league, will also appear in this number of the *Atheneum*.

Freshmen 98	Juniors 13
Freshmen 40	Horton Academy 34
Freshmen 51	Sophomores 32
Freshmen 52	Engineers 37
Freshmen 34	Seniors 23

Line-up:

H. Matthews, W. Matthews, Goudey, forwards; Dougan, centre; McKenzie, R. Davis, B. Davis, guards.

### HOCKEY

Mt. Allison defeated Acadia at the Evangeline Rink on January 30th by a 3-1 score. The Garnet and Gold were fresh from their victories over Kings and Dalhousie and the Acadia team put up a fine exhibition of hockey which made the game all that could be expected for a water-covered ice-surface. Bill Miller, former Acadia Academy star, was perhaps the most effective man on the visitors forward line, while Barteaux and Eaton were consistently brilliant throughout and a source of constant worry to Bartlett, the Mount Allison goalie.

Ray Smith put Mount A in the lead, with a shot from left wing, early in the first period. In the second, Acadia made the first goal to be scored against Mount Allison this season when Barteaux drove R. D. Johnson's pass into the twine. McLellan and McLean both added another to the visitors total before the second period ended. The third was a poor exhibition of hockey and the way in which the Mount A players stalled for time, was, to say the least, disappointing. The game ended 3-1. Archie Nicholson refereed.

Mt. Allison: Bartlett, goal; White, MacLean, defence; MacLellan, Smith, Miller, forwards; Oliver, Rowley, Vincent, subs.

Acadia: McKenna, goal; R. D. Johnson, Elderkin, defence; J. Johnson, Barteaux, Eaton, forwards; Brady, Matthews, Payzant, McPherson, Ferguson, subs.

In the first game played by the Acadia Hockey team on their recent Maritime tour, they held the Charlottetown Abegweits, the crack team of the Island to a 2-2 score. A second game played against the same team resulted in a 5-3 victory for the Islanders. The members of the team are loud in their praises of the treatment they received and it is hoped that this first trip of Acadia to Prince Edward Island will be followed by many others in the years to come.

Mount Allison defeated Acadia a second time at Sackville by a 1-0 score on February 10th. The Garnet and Blue were playing their third game in as many days, but nevertheless their effective checking and speedy stickhandling won the praises of all who saw the game. Bill Miller scored the only tally of the encounter in the second frame on a wicked shot, which no goalie could be blamed for missing. Acadia had the better of the territory throughout and kept Bartlett busy from gong to gong. The teams were the same as those in the first game with Mt. Allison, except that Thompson was substituted for McLellan on the Mounties' defence.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM—INTER-CLASS CHAMPIONS



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM—INTER-CLASS CHAMPIONS

## BASKETBALL

The Acadia quintette won the only game which they have played so far this season when N. S. Tech held them to the narrow margin of 41-36. While the game might not be called a steliar exhibition of basketball the fluctuating score kept the crowded gallery in continual excitement. Matthews and Goudey divided the scoring honors for Acadia with 15 points each, but Hewatt, centre for the visitors easily led their column with 16 points. Prof. Osborne refereed.

N. S. Tech: Morrison 6, Crombie 4, Boutilier 4, forwards; Hewatt 16, centre; McKenzie 3, Allen 3, Horne, guards.

Acadia: Matthews 15, Goudey 15, forwards; Dougan 10, Morse, centres; Baker 1, Lane, Davis, McKenzie, guards.

Acadia Co-eds basketball team won their first game of the season from Saint John Y. W. C. A. 39-15. In the first half, played according to girls' rules the Acadia co-eds had a much greater edge than in the second, played under boys rules, to which the visitors were accustomed. Fran Parlee and Elizabeth Corey were the star players for Acadia, while M. Henderson and D. Stewart played good basketball for the visitors.

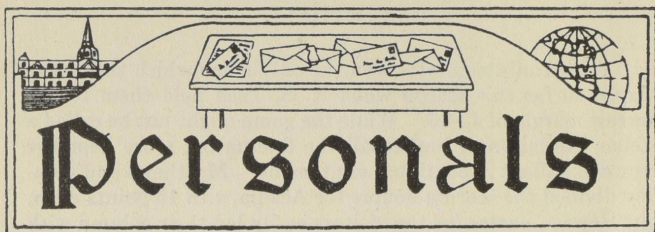
Y. W. C. A.: M. Henderson, D. Stewart, forwards; Mrs. A. Clark, F. Barnes, J. Angus, centres; A. Beattie, R. Harrison, guards.

Acadia: F. Parlee, J. Murray, forwards; E. Ford, E. Corey, F. Tory, centres; G. McCallum, K. MacLean, guards.

The Acadia Co-eds met their first defeat of the season at the hands of the Ex-Dal basketball team on February 11th. The visiting girls had a snappy aggregation and outclassed the locals in all departments of the game. Miss DeWolf was the best scorer for Acadia, while for Ex-Dal, Miss Campbell and Miss Hawkins were the finest forwards seen here in some time.

Ex-Dal.—Campbell, Hawkins, forwards; Kennedy, Clancy, centres; H. Marshall, M. Marshall, B. MacPhail, guards.

Acadia—DeWolf, Murray, V. MacLean, forwards; Ford, Corey, Tory, Bradshaw, centres; K. MacLean, Wallace, Duffy, guards.



Dr. E. M. Kierstead delivered an address to the student body on *Literature and Life* during Chapel period, February 3.

Dr. Davis was one of the speakers at the S. C. A. conference, held in Ste. Anne de Belleveau. Miss Sharman was also in attendance.

'95—Helena Blackadar, on her way to Canada from India this Spring, will tour the Holy Land.

'98—Dr. and Mrs. Cutten are in Bermuda.

'98—J. A. Glendenning will leave India this Spring on furlough, which he plans to spend with his family in Wolfville, N. S.

'98—Dr. C. W. Rose has accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Kentville, N. S.

'05—The *Athenaeum* extends its most sincere sympathy to Dr. F. E. Wheelock on the death of his mother.

'08—The *Athenaeum* extends its most sincere sympathy to Mrs. R. M. Elliot (nee Jean Haley) on the death of her mother.

'14—Dr. P. B. Eaton, who has been a medical missionary

in India the last seven years, is returning to Canada on furlough this spring.

'17—Roy L. Caldwell is principal of the High School at Canso, N. S.

Eng. '17—C. D. Whitman has been appointed chief engineer of the Lawrencetown Power Co., East Harrington, Quebec.

'20—Charles Corey is employed by a private banking firm in Detroit, Mich.

'20—Harry Bill has a position in Detroit, Mich.

'20—Carrol Clarke is working in Bear River, N. S.

'21—L. A. Meister is Pastor of the Baptist Church, Clark's Harbour, N. S.

Ex '22—H. V. Corkum is principal of the Port Maitland school.

Ex '22—Wylie E. Poole is supervising Principal of Schools at New Waterford, B. C.

'22—Harry Atkinson is preaching at Livermore Falls, Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson are to be congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

'23—Hilda Johnson is taking the degree course in Household Economics at MacDonald College.

'24—"Sleep" McLean spent the Christmas holidays in Wolfville, N. S.

A. L. S. '25—Emily Kelley is continuing her studies at Simmons.

A. L. S. '25—Florence MacDonald is at her home in Sydney.

A. L. S. '25—Doris Leard has taken a position in Battlecreek, Alta.

A. L. S. '25—Erna Hamilton is studying Dietetics at the Waltham Hospital, Mass.

A. L. S. '25—Christine Cavanagh has taken the position of Dietician at the Glace Bay General Hospital.

'26—Byrns Curry spent a few days of the Christmas vacation in Wolfville.

'26—Gerald Eaton, who is attending Mass. Tech. was in Wolfville a few days in January.

'26—Elizabeth Murray, who is a member of the faculty at Western University, attended the Second National Conference of the S. C. A. held in Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q.

Eng. '26—Clarence Dunlop is attending Nova Scotia Technical College.

A. C. A. '26—Mable Marshail has accepted a position as stenographer with the Bank of Nova Scotia, Digby, N. S.

A. C. A. '26—Pauline Blackadar has accepted a position as stenographer with the Royal Bank of Canada at Weymouth, N. S.

Ex '27—Ethel Schurman is studying Household Administration at MacDonald College, Ste. Anne.

Ex '27—Mary MacPhail is continuing her studies at MacDonald.

Ex. Eng. '27—K. C. MacWha is at his home in St. Stephen.

Ex. Eng. '27—Randolph McLeod is working in Saint John, N. B.

'27—Gordon Potter, Harry Jenkins, Carl Messenger, Mary Bishop, and Helen Simms attended the S. C. A. Conference held in Ste. Anne during the Christmas holidays.

'28—Blair Fraser and Eleanor Kerr were in attendance at the S. C. A. conference held in Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q.

'28—The *Athenaeum* extends its deepest sympathy to Archie Black on the death of his father.

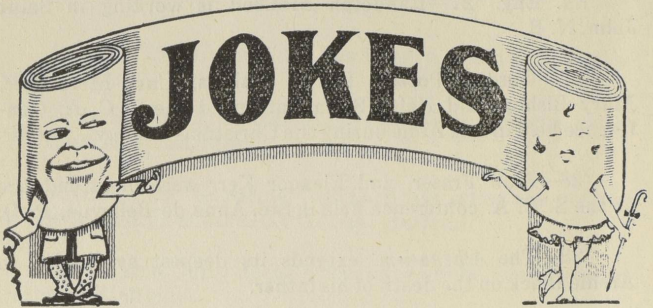
Ex '29—John Peck is working in Moncton, N. B.

Ex '29—Ernest Foote is continuing his studies at Dalhousie University.

Ex '29—Oz Le Furgey has been playing great hockey for Dartmouth this winter.

'30—S. B. Davis was to Ste. Anne during the Christmas vacation, attending the S. C. A. conference.

'30—The *Athenaeum* extends sincere sympathy to Annie Fitch on the death of her mother.



*George '29: (To Jerry who has just drunk his fifth cup of coffee): You must be fond of coffee.*

*Jerry '29: If I weren't I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little.*

---

*Louise '29: He says he thinks I am the nicest girl in the college. Hadn't I better tell him to call?*

*Sadie, '29. No, dear, let him keep on thinking so.*

---

*Blair, '28. I'm suffering so much I want to die.*

*The Doc. You did just right to call me in, then.*

---

*Whitney, '29. Lend me a fiver, will you Coy, and I shall be everlastingly indebted to you.*

*Coy, '29. That's just what I'm afraid of, old man.*

---

*Maid. The garbage man is here, sir.*

*Dr. Thompson (Aroused from a reverie.) My, my, tell him we don't want any to-day.*

---

*Hoyt, '28. They say people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages.*

*Weagle, '28. Yes, that's why I'm looking for a girl with money.*

*Prof. Rogers.* Mr. Giberson do you think that Henry VIII was really a Protestant?

*Giberson, '30.* Yes, sir, he believed in divorce.

---

*Davis, '30.* When I borrow money I always go to a pessimist.

*T'Other Davis, '30.* How come?

*First Ditto.* A pessimist never expects to get it back.

---

*Mary, '27.* Does this new windbreaker do me justice?

*Punk, '27.* I'll say it does. Justice without mercy.

---

It always makes me laugh,  
So wonderful a treat,  
To see an athlete run a mile,  
And only move two feet.

---

*Kay, '29.* But, Elsie, you know late hours are not good for one.

*Elsie, '27.* But fine for two.

---

*Eleanor, '28.* Hello, Todd, how is the world treating you?

*Todd, '28.* Very seldom.

---

*Chipman, '28.* (*Entering a barber shop*). How long before I can have a shave?

*Barber.* Well, you might be able to start in a year or so.

---

*Stub says.* There's nothing like having a will of your own, unless you can have one of a rich uncle.

---

*Hal, '30.* I've never kissed a girl; er-may I kiss you?

*Emma, '30.* What do you think I am, an experimental station?

---

*Peg, '29.* He says I'm one girl in a thousand.

*Louise, '29.* What a hopeless minority!

*Tommy, Eng. '27 (In a hotel in Truro).* Say Hellish did you read this sign, "Have you left anything?"

*Hellish, Eng. '27.* That's right, we might as well take the lamp shade.

---

*Prof. (In Drawing IV, reading the new roll-call)* Baker, Berry Brehaut—

*Baker.* With-pleasure, sir.

---

*Emma, '30.* Did Helen do well in her exams?

*Constance, '30.* I don't know, but she has been Grimmer, ever since.

---

*Pete, Eng. '27.* Why is getting up at 6.30 a. m. like a pig's tail?

*Lloyd, Eng. '27.* Don't know.

*Pete.* It is twirly.

---

*Agnes, '28.* That senior just called me an old cat.

*Emily, '28.* Why, Agnes you are not old.

---

*Greta, H. Ec., '29.* Oh, I wish these recipes would be more definite.

*Doris, '29.* What's the matter?

*Greia.* This one tells how to use up old potatoes, but it doesn't say how old they must be.

---

*Brooks, Eng. '27.* Would you oblige me with a match?

*Bishop, '28. (Just finished winning his fight in a boxing tournament).* Sure, see my manager.

---

*Spinney, '28.* What do you mean, my girl reminds you of an ancient city?

*Marr, '28.* Babble-on, my boy, Babble-on.

---

*English Prof.* Have you done any outside reading?

*Crandall '28.* No, Sir, it's been too cold to do any reading outside.

*Doc.* '27. How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?

*Prosser*, '27. Any given number.

---

*Jack.* Would you marry a man to reform him?

*Jill.* I suppose I'll have to—there aren't any men that suit me as they are.

---

*Black*, '28. Gunter burned a hole in his pants.

*Paul*, '28. Did he have any insurance?

*Black.* No, his coat-tail covered the loss.

---

*Dr. Spidle.* A good example of involuntary action is a wink of the eye.

*Blair*, '28. I beg to differ, sir, isn't it voluntary?

*Dr. Spidle.* Well, bless your heart, I guess you're right.

---

*Percy says:* My only books were women's looks, and folly's all they've taught me.

---

*Dr. Hancock:* Is there any sign of mental deficiency among your pupils?

*Dr. Roscoe:* Well, one asked me the other day if Flora and Fauna were a vaudeville team.

---

*Received at the midyear examination.* Elocution is used in some countries as a means of capital punishment.

---

*Goodman*, '30. (*To Natica at the piano*). Do you know, *You've Got the Sweetest Little Baby Face*?

*Natica*, '30. (*Quite pleased.*) Oh, everyone says I look much younger with my hair bobbed.

---

*Prof. Spidle.* (*In Ethics.*) Mr. Short, what is "will"?

*Short*, '29. A part of the verb "to be", sir.

---

*Freshette.* Ross is wonderful, he talks like a book.

*Another.* Yes, I know, but can you shut him up as easily?

*Goudey*, '30. I never heard so much swearing since the day I was born.

*Blair*, '28. Yes, I suppose there was a lot when you were born.

---

*Higgins*, '28. Hudson is sick in bed, I hear.

*Rupert*, '29. Yes, he smoked a cigarette from his bumper's pocket by mistake.

---

*Referee*. (*To whom Matthews has been giving lip.*) Look here, do you know I've been watching you for the last ten minutes?

*Matthews*, '30. I knew darn well you weren't watching the game.

---

*Father*. (*Over long-distance*). Hello, son, what has been the matter with your grades?

*Allister*, '28. Can't hear you, father.

*F*. I say why weren't your marks better?

*A*. Really, I can't hear a word you say.

*F*. I say, do you need any money?

*A*. Oh, yes, about \$50, Dad.

---

*Nita*, '27. Do you and Doc ever quarrel?

*Mary*, '27. Oh, no, I always agree with him when he agrees with me.

---

*Don*, '29. The amount of money a fellow's father has doesn't cut much ice here.

*Torchy*, '28. No, it's the amount of the father's money the fellow has that counts.

---

Said the college man to the protoplasm,  
 "Twixt you and me is a mighty chasm;  
 We represent extremes, my friend,  
 You are the beginning, and I the end."

The protoplasm made reply,  
 As he winked his embryonic eye,  
 "Well, when I look at you, old man,  
 I'm truly sorry I began."

*White*, '29. I hear that Eileen Cameron has money to burn.

*Baker*, '29. So that's why she's hunting for a match.

*Janet*, '27. May I borrow your beaded belt?

*Glen*, '27. Certainly, but why all the formality of asking permission?

*Janet*. I can't find it.

*Mellish*, '27. I met my fiancee in a department store.

*Ed*. '28. That's where Adam met Eve.

*Mellish*. Don't be foolish.

*Ed*. That's not foolish. Didn't Adam meet Eve at a ribbon counter?

*George*, '29. There has been something trembling on my lips for weeks.

*Audrey*, '29. Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?

*Howard*, '27. What's the difference between betting and bluffing?

*Torchy*, '28. A good deal.

*Bishop*, '28. I've a cold or something in my head.

*Ned*, '28. Undoubtedly a cold.

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