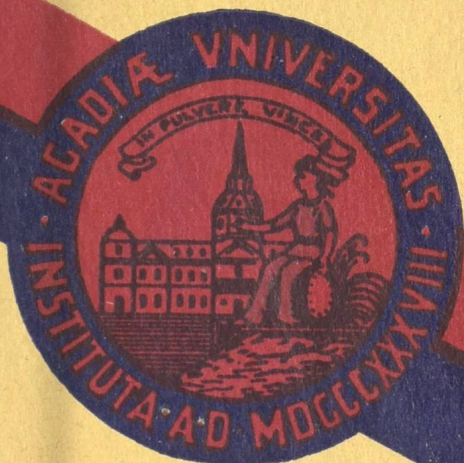


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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., April, 1928

No. 6

ATHENAEUM COMPETITION

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—1st, Melba M. Roop, '28; 2nd, J. R. Herbin, '30;
3rd, Chrystal Osborne, '29.

Short Stories:—1st Olive M. Mackay, '29; 2nd, Eileen Mackay
'29; W. H. Longley, '31, (special award)

One-Act Play:—Donald D. Wetmore, '29.

Articles:—1st, J. R. Herbin, '30; 2nd, No award.

Humor:—Floyd Cleveland, '28.

Unclassified:—1st, Evelyn Jenkins, '31; 2nd, Olive Mackay, '29.

Science:—No award.

Athletics.—J. R. Herbin '30; 2nd, No award.

Exchanges.—Olive MacKay, '29; 2nd, No award.

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

Personals:—1st, Greta Rose, '30; 2nd, no award.

Jokes:—W. H. Longley, '31; 2nd, No award.

Literary "A" to Don Wetmore, '29.

Poetry featured.

THE EARTH'S COMPLAINT

Well, write your poems about the rose,
The lily and its worth—
I wonder how they both would grow,
Without the unpraised earth.

Yes—write about the graceful elm,
And weeping willow tree,
The marvel of the ripened fruit—
Without a thought for me.

Now! go and live on barren rocks!
And what are roses worth?
Wise poet, why not write a poem
About the unpraised earth?

MELBA MAIE ROOP, '28.

LOVE IN A MIST

When Isabel Gordon, the noted Scottish-Canadian singer, retired at the height of her fame, there was wide-spread protest on the part of those who had loved her singing. The reason for her retirement was that her beautiful Mezzo-Soprano voice had become just a trifle harsh, the least bit impaired, following an illness. Those who had been intimately associated with her in her work in New York gave her a reception and ended it with the singing of the song that she herself had so often sung, "Will ye no' Come Back Again?" In a few days, however, she had left for her old home.

Her home was my home also, and she and I had been play-mates until we grew up. Jean—her real name was Jean Mac-Beth—was a strange child. Some of the other children refused to play with her, not because she was mean or catty, but because she simply had to be in the "limelight." When we played "house" she was always the mother; when we played "school," she was always the teacher. She was invariably so sweet-tempered and lovable, so little given to quarreling over anything, that the rest of us were always surprised when we found her secure in the position that we had always wanted. She had that way of getting things without letting it be seen how she got them.

We lived in the country—in the backwoods almost. There was little going on, and as she grew older Jean found less and less opportunity to shine. We rarely missed church: it practically took the place of social gatherings for us. Social gathering—it was our club and our theatre almost. It was Jean who suggested this to me. We used to sit in the body of the church and watch the saintly minister in the pulpit. Jean compared him to the Chief Actor in a play, and the choir to the supporting cast. I think that only when they were singing did Jean forget to watch and comment on them and on the congregation. But when Mr. Campbell gave out the psalm she lifted her glorious voice and sang, shining-eyed. I often amused myself by looking around and watching the others

sing. There was old Dannie Robb who had been precentor before we arrived at such a stage of luxury as to permit of having an organ. He was reputed to have had a fine voice once, but by the time I was in my teens he had not only lost his fine voice, but his hearing as well. Yet he still retained his position as choir-master, totally unable to hear the organ, but willing to set his own time. His voice had lost much in quality, but little in volume. The younger people complained because he roared like Bashan's bull and always sang out of time. Their parents only smiled quietly or reminded them of the time when "the like" of Dannie was not to be found. The women sang for the most part in a high treble. Yet very few of us noticed anything amiss when one of the old psalms was sung. We were all caught by the spirit of it and sang it ourselves without any thought of listening. It was only in a very critical mood that I noticed that the voices did not blend as sweetly as they might have. The psalm that Jean and I loved particularly was the adaptation of the twenty-fourth—"Ye gates, lift your heads on high." Oh, we were not critical when the men boomed out, with Dannie in the lead!

"But who of glory is the King?"

Answered triumphantly by the women.

"The mighty Lord is this."

Then both together,

"Even that same Lord that great in might and strong in battle is."

We often gripped the back of the seat ahead of us when we heard that psalm sung.

When she was fifteen Jean went into the choir herself. The people did not approve of solos, so she never became the leading lady. Poor Jean, trying to suit her voice to Dannie's!

I think it was a surprise to everyone when, just after her eighteenth birthday, Jean married Alan Fraser. The general consensus of opinion was that Jean, restless and flighty as she was, had married Alan solely to break the tedium of her monotonous life. General opinion added furthermore that she had gone out of the frying-pan into the fire.

But I, knowing Jean as I did, also knew that she and Alan

loved each other passionately. Strange how two who love each other can often hurt each other. I believe that Jean and Alan were, on the whole, happy together; and yet they used to quarrel rather terribly sometime. The end came, as I knew it would have to come, one day just about a year after their marriage. I happened to be present at this, their last quarrel, for at the time I was visiting Jean. It arose over an old spinning-wheel that had belonged to Alan's mother, and that had always stood beside the fireplace in the parlor. Jean remarked quite lightly: "Alan, we'll have to put that old spinning-wheel out of the way tomorrow—in the wood-house or somewhere."

Alan merely remarked,

"What's wrong with the spinning-wheel the way it is?"

Jean had recently ordered from town an entire new parlor suite, upholstered in Damask and calculated to delight any young housekeeper's heart. To her the spinning-wheel was an eyesore—an object that ruined the effect of the new suite. I believe that in this case Alan's insistence was as much perversity as anything else, although he probably felt a certain amount of affection for the thing.

Jean said, as if striving for patience, "Alan, it ruins the look of the whole room."

"Since when has a spinning-wheel become such an unsightly object as to ruin the look of a room?" Alan retorted. "The day was when the like of a house without a spinning-wheel was not known."

"That was all right when everybody used them. You know well, Alan, that I can't run a spinning-wheel; so what is the use of it?"

"You should have been made to learn," Alan returned. "Then you wouldn't be so ready to condemn things that your mother and mine were glad to have."

It was from such petty bickering as this that the quarrel started. Every retort made matters worse until each was saying things that neither would have said in a saner moment. They did not seem to be aware of my presence at all; or at least they did not care about it. When Jean finally arose and left the room she was very pale.

It seemed as though Fate had stepped in to take a hand in arranging the affairs of these two people. Just a few days earlier Mrs. MacBeth's brother, the minister of a large church in Toronto, had come to visit his sister for a week. The very evening after she had her quarrel with Alan, Jean went straight to her uncle and asked him to take her back to Toronto with him. Of course she pretended that it was to be for a brief visit. She did not tell either her uncle or her parents that she had quarreled with Alan.

Mr. and Mrs. MacBeth were scandalized. Uncle John, however thought he understood. Jean was young and was tired of household cares. A brief visit would cheer her up, and she would return to her home with a new contentment. He sighed over the fact that her voice had not been trained so that she could act as soloist in his Church during her visit. There was not a voice in his choir equal to hers.

In the end Jean went with him. It was Mr. MacBeth, not Alan, who drove them to the Station. As they drove past our farm they stopped for a few minutes that Jean might say good-bye to me. Whenever I saw her I knew that it was hurting her terribly to leave, and that she had cried her eyes out the night before. Stubbornness, ambition, and pride were all urging her to go, and I suppose Alan would not say "stay."

Several months passed before it became an openly recognized fact that Jean would not return. Dear Mrs. MacBeth would say very little—indeed I think Jean's letters gave her very little to say—but Alan daily became more taciturn and gaunt. He had an aunt of his move in and keep house for him, and together they ran the farm.

Her uncle must have become convinced that Jean had made a very unhappy marriage. At any rate he appeared virtually to have adopted her. She wrote me that she was taking singing lessons from the best teacher in Toronto. Her uncle paid for them, I suppose, and in return she sang in his church. I wondered how that golden-voice would sound, properly trained.

Years passed and I almost got out of touch with Jean as her letters came more and more irregularly. I disliked asking her parents about her, for her absence was evidently a sore

point with them. Then, one day I received a letter from her, and in it a newspaper clipping. Henceforth I would not lose track of her as long as I could read a newspaper. Jean was undertaking a concert tour that would take her into all the larger cities of Canada. She had not yet dropped her own name; that came later, after her first tour had become an established success.

What a voice Jean had! People went wild over it. At twenty-nine she had become renowned all over America as the Scottish-Canadian singer. She had her apartments and her studio in New York, where she tried to persuade her parents to come and live with her. Mr. and Mrs. MacBeth did visit her once, but Jean did not come back to see them at the old home.

Through all the years we had kept up a desultory correspondence. As she waxed famous Jean occasionally asked me to go and visit her, first at her uncle's home, then, after she had acquired it, at her apartment in New York. Ten years after I had said good-bye to her I wrote her that at last I was coming, and she wrote back expressing her delight at the prospect of seeing me again.

I had scarcely travelled at all before this, and the trip to New York was a nightmare rather than a pleasure to me. I was constantly afraid, too, that through some mistake Jean might not meet me. I need not have been afraid. Once arrived in New York I was taken in hand by a gorgeous person—it took me a long time to realize that it was Jean—and was at once tucked away in a motor driven by a liveried chauffeur.

Jean had always been considered nice-looking, but none of us had ever realized what possibilities for beauty lay within her. I thought now that of all the wonderfully dressed, lovely women I had seen during my trip none could surpass Jean. There was an air of luxury about her and a certain aloofness, as though she were one apart. She was beautifully dressed; and her clothes helped to accentuate her own slim dark beauty. I could find in Isabel Gordon scarcely a trace of Jean MacBeth.

"Mary, my dear!" was her exclamation, "how very little

you have changed! Is all the Glen like that—unchanged? Mary, I am so glad to see you.”

I wondered if she would ask about Alan. All the way to her studio we talked, I telling about the people back home, she for the most part leading me on. When we reached the studio I was surprised, for she had it furnished in the style of an early Scotch Settler's house—a spinning-wheel before the fireplace, even.

Only once did she mention Alan. One evening, sitting before the fireplace, we waxed confidential and Jean half opened her heart to me.

“Mary, tell me honestly, do you know how Alan thinks of me now?”

I told her honestly.

“His aunt was wondering, one time, if you would ever come back. He said that if you chose to step down from your lofty position he could not possibly accept your sacrifice.”

From Jean's face I could almost have believed that she had been contemplating returning to him. She was more silent after that, all through my stay. I felt sure that she was not happy. Once, after speaking of our childhood days, she began laughingly to sing the old psalm, “Ye gates lift up your heads on high;” but before she was done I felt sorry for her.

I could only stay two weeks with Jean. School was starting soon, and I had to go back to my work, for since five years I had been teaching at home. I heard from Jean more regularly for a time after my return home. Then during the winter she stopped writing. In the spring she wrote, quite calmly, to tell me that she had—not lost her voice—but it had become impaired so that she could never consider another concert tour. An illness—trouble with her throat—had played havoc with her voice.

In the end Jean came home, looking thinner and more tired, but as wonderful as ever. She explained that with the loss of her voice she was deprived of her means of earning a livelihood, and that she could not consider living on her uncle in idleness.

I do not know just when or where she and Alen met; but

it was certain that never was there a more ardent reconciliation between two people than between those two. Jean insisted that the spinning-wheel stay in the parlor; but Alan insisted that it go to the wood-house—until I told him that after all Jean liked spinning-wheels.

Shortly after Jean had become settled again in her home and Alan's her uncle visited her. The poor man could not cease lamenting at the loss of Jean's voice, even while he rejoiced to see her happy again.

"If she had only taken care of it," he exclaimed. "The doctor told her that the illness need not affect her voice if she would only be careful. But, foolish girl, she would not take care of it, and now she has lost it."

All of which told me something.

OLIVE M. MCKAY, '29.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT

None but the trees to whisper,
None but the flowers to nod,
Only the brooks to chatter,
In this lonely home of God;
The barren road winds ever
To the city that's far away,
And the slowly winding river
Seeks a bleak, throbbing bay.
Dark clouds of the evening
Drift over the trees and part,
A lonely little catbird,
Sings from its lovesick heart;
His carol warbles and quivers
In the sheen of the sunset's gold,
The birch tree trembles and quivers,
With its leaves all silvery cold;
The night wind sobs and listens,
The moon its splendor spills,
The sunset hides its glory
Behind the purple hills;
But never an answer the darkness brings
To the lonely heart of the bird that sings.

C. OSBORNE, '29.

DOUBT

CAST

MARY. —a woman of 30 with a strange, cold beauty.

PAUL AMES. —her cousin.

THE BOY. —her young son, about 10.

ROY PEEL. —the pilot.

SCENE: A hut in Northern Canada. Early in the evening. The curtain rises with all the characters on the stage. The woman and her son are standing by the window at the back watching the blizzard outside. Ames is gazing moodily at the fire on the left. Peel is sitting at the table centre, smoking nervously. With the exception of the child, they all seem to be under a terrific strain. Gusts of wind blow the smoke from the fire into the room and make it stifling. Finally, Peel can no longer stand the intense silence of the situation. He crosses quickly and throws another log by the fire. Ames watches him until he returns to his seat, then speaks slowly.

AMES. It's going good enough.

PEEL. Is it? (There is another long pause, then the child speaks.)

THE BOY. Mother? (His mother does not hear.) Mother? (Pause.)

AMES. Speak to him.

MARY. What?

PEEL. He's calling you.

MARY. Oh! What do you want?

THE BOY. Mother, when are we going to find Dad? (She does not answer and he soon forgets his question.) I'm tired, mother, can't I go to sleep?

MARY. Yes, dear. (But she makes no move. There is another silence.)

PEEL. How much food have we now, Ames?

AMES. (Scarcely moving a muscle.) You know.

PEEL. (blankly) Yes. With fingers shaking he lights another cigarette.)

AMES. I—I suppose we'll just have to keep on waiting.

- MARY. For—poor Carl, I suppose.
PEEL. He's lucky he's dead.
AMES. Shut up, Peel! (*He crosses to Mary and takes her in his arms.*) Dear, hadn't you better lie down for awhile?
- MARY. (*turning to him*) Paul, what is there to live for now? I've come all the way up here to find him, and they—they've got to tell me that he's—
- AMES. Don't think of that, dear. It's been a terrible trip for you and Sonny, and then this blizzard had to force us to land—
- PEEL. You can't run a plane in the face of a storm like this.
- AMES. I'm not condemning you, Peel. You did what was right and it's lucky we found this hut. But it's hard for Mary to be compelled to stay here three days and God knows what prospects ahead.
- PEEL. (*rises and crosses to her*) I know. Mary, you've been a brick, so far. Just keep bucking up like this and you'll—you'll soon forget that your husband—
- MARY. I can't forget! You two know that I never loved him, but it meant so much to the boy, and I—I felt we should go to him.
- AMES. Let's not talk about it.
- PEEL. What else is there to do?
- MARY. (*shaking off her mood*) Oh, a thousand things. Sonny's hungry! (*Pause.*) Well, why don't you answer? (*Pause.*)
- AMES. You know there's—nothing. (*He moves back to the fire.*)
- PEEL. (*moving down to table*) This—this can't go on, Ames!
- AMES. Well, neither of us would dare go up in this storm.
- MARY. (*coming down*) Oh, wouldn't you?
- AMES. There's not a chance of reaching a settlement, Mary, You know that.
- MARY. There's not a chance of our living unless someone does.

- AMES. Perhaps it will clear up to-morrow.
- PEEL. Oh, damn this storm. (*He sits.*)
- THE BOY. (*crossing to his Mother.*) Mother, couldn't I go?
(*His remark is met with silence. Finally Peel is unable to stand it.*)
- PEEL. (*rising quickly.*) Snap out of it, Ames! This can't go on! You know damn well it's got to be one or the other of us—for her sake.
- AMES. (*rising—dazed*) You mean you want me to go?
- PEEL. We—we've got to get somewhere, don't we?
- AMES. I—I suppose—we'll—
- PEEL. Oh, God! (*He flings himself into the chair and buries his head in his arms.*)
- AMES. Mary, I'll—go! But, dear, I don't want to leave you.
- MARY. (*crossing quickly to him.*) Paul!
- AMES. If I go, dear, you'll—remember that—
- MARY. Paul, you love me, I know.
- AMES. Yes, I guess that's why I want to stay.
- MARY. That is why you should go.
- AMES. Peel—worships you. You must realize that. If I go—I may not return. Maybe he'll—
- MARY. I want *you* to go, Paul.
- AMES. You want me to go when you know that I care so much for you?
- MARY. Doesn't *he* care—just as much?
- AMES. But you don't love him?
- MARY. I—I don't know, Paul. I think I could only love the man who saves us.
- AMES. You mean, that, Mary?
- MARY. I've got to mean it.
- AMES. Then—then, I'll go. (*He kisses her.*)
- THE BOY. Is he the man that's going to save us, mother?
- MARY. I—think—so.
- AMES. Yes.
- PEEL. (*suddenly rising.*) No!
- MARY. Roy?

- PEEL. If that's your idea, Mary, it's my cue. Ames, you know well enough that you'd never dare face that storm. Why all this hero stuff?
- AMES. She wants me to go.
- PEEL. Do you, Mary.
- MARY. (*almost hysterical*). I—don't know! I just want to get out of here. I can't stand it—and—(*sinking to the chair by the fire*.) Sonny's hungry! He he's never been hungry before.
- PEEL. (*crossing quickly to her*) Mary, will you stick to what you said a little while ago? If I reach the settlement and brink back food for you and Sonny—will you—(*He pauses*). It doesn't matter—I'm going anyway.
- AMES. Now *you're* the hero. Is that the switch?
- PEEL. Oh, shut up! You couldn't drive a plane in this storm and you know it.
- AMES. I'm going to do my best! (*He crosses for his coat*.)
- PEEL. No you're not! (*He stops him with his fist. Ames drops back to the chair by the table—dazed. Peel crosses and puts on his coat and cap then crosses to Mary*.) God knows what I'm doing, Mary—I don't! I don't know whether I'm going because I love you or because I don't want Paul to go. (*He leans over her*.) Mary? (*She does not raise her head. He kisses her hair, then crosses the room and opens the door. A terrific swirl of snow rushes around him and he falters. The boy runs over to him*.)
- THE BOY. Are you going to save us, Mister?
- PEEL. (*he bends down to him*). I—I hope so—Sonny. (*He exits*.) (*The boy runs over to his mother*.)
- THE BOY. Mother, can I go to sleep now? The big man has gone to save us.
- MARY. (*She does not hear the child but rises and crosses to Ames who is slowly regaining his senses*.) Peel's gone! (*She leans on the table for support*.)
- AMES. (*half rising*). What!

- MARY. He's going to save us and you wouldn't, see!
- AMES. My God!
- MARY. I wanted *you* to go.
- AMES. Because you loved me?
- MARY. (*slowly*). No—because I—love—him.
(*Ames stares at her in silence. The storm is heard. More fiercely than before. In a minute the door is flung open. Peel is standing there.*)
- PEEL. (*enters.*) I—I can't do it! There's not a chance in the world. I—guess, Mary—I've failed you. Oh God, I'm just a damn, plain coward. (*He crosses to the fire and sits with his head in his hands.*). (*There is no word spoken by any. The boy runs to his mother and cries softly. She continues staring vacantly ahead of her. Ames rises and slowly crosses to the door and exits. There is a long silence,—then, above the roar of the storm is heard the action of an aeroplane. The woman suddenly becomes conscious of it. She crosses to the window seeking to pierce through the swirling snow. Peel hears it and stiffens. There is a moment of intense quiet. Suddenly, above the storm, is heard a terrific crash. Peel stands upright. The woman starts. With a gasp she crosses to the door and tries to open it. Quickly Peel crosses to her and takes her hands.*)
- PEEL. It's no use! He—didn't make it.
- MARY. (*She draws away and runs to the boy.*) Don't come near us, Peel!
- THE BOY. Mother, aren't we going to be saved?
- MARY. I—I—guess not, Sonny.

The Curtain Falls slowly.

D. D. WETMORE, '29.

FRIDAY THE 13th.

It was a hot, sultry July afternoon. The sun beamed down upon San Francisco's darktown and caused a general drowsiness to prevail. Only a few people were on the street and these only because they could not help it.

Messieurs Nemesis De Fray and Geoffrey Napoleon Alexander White stood reading a large poster which announced to all and sundry that Mr. Cyclone Williams was looking for trouble. Indeed, he was challenging anyone who felt adept at wrestling to come and argue the matter out at the Arena on Friday, the thirteenth, one week away. It was evident that Mr. Williams did not believe in astrology or any of the kindred sciences, but depended upon himself to win.

"Jeff, d'you remember dat boy us was in Lost Angeles las' week?"

"Yeh."

"Reckon us could git dat boy to come up an trim' dis feller up good?"

"Whaffo?"

"Git us some money I reckon. Figure dat boy could lick dis Cyclone Williams with one han'. I seen Cyclone workin' out yestiddy, an' he ain't no betteh'n dat Lost Angeles boy. He might be a li'l heavier, but he aint as fas'."

"Le's go down an' watch dis heah Cyclone a while."

"Le's go. You aint goin' to see much nohow."

At the gymnasium they found Mr. Williams exercising and were impressed by the ease with which he seemed to take life. Nemesis remarked to Jeff that he must put his faith in weight instead of speed. And, certainly, he did only what he was built for. Large, long-armed, and brawny—he weighed a hundred and seventy—he looked able to throw an ox. Jeff was not taken by the idea of bringing such a little wrestler as Aleurone Vincent to fight Cyclone. Besides that, since it was premeditated, it would be first degree murder to do such a thing. And public opinion was strongly against murder. He had no wish to take the consequences; so he tried to persuade

Nemesis to take his view of the matter. Nemesis was not to be persuaded on such principles, however.

"I'se tellin' you dat Aleurone is so fas' dat Cyclone aint got a chance. He's so big he caint git aroun' like dis Aleurone feller."

"But—"

"Hush up Jeff, lissen at me an' don' git so amphibious Ise tellin' you dat Aleurone kin lick anything fo' speed, lessen it's got wings."

"Yeh,—he'll be wearin' wings does he eveh meet up wif Cyclone! He dont need to be fas'. All he is got to do is git caught once, an' de doctehs 'll do de rest."

"Foolishment whut you talks. Le's us go down to Lost Angeles an' see him 'bout it. Ramble on,—I buys de tickets."

At Los Angeles the pair had no trouble finding Mr. Vincent who proudly proclaimed himself to be the fastest colored wrestler in the State, and declared himself ready to prove it at any time. Very well pleased with his success, Nemesis suggested that the trio spend the time before the contest in Szn Francisco so that Aleurone might have a chance to prepare himself. On the way back, Aleurone spent his time convincing Jeff that he was going to clean up on Mr. Williams and that he expected to have no difficulty in doing it. He so far convinced his auditors that as soon as San Francisco was reached, Jeff went down to the Arena with a pocket full of money.

Standing beside the Cyclone's manager, he eyed the wrestler critically.

"Reckon de Cyclone's pretty good, but he is got too go some to lick dat otheh boy Friday night."

"Whut otheh boy?" queried the manager.

"Dat Lost Angeles champeen."

"Humph,—Fumadiddles. Reckon he wont give no trouble."

"He sho' is good, an' I think he is a li'l betteh dan de Cyclone."

"Money talks boy—"

"Right heah, boss man, fifty dolluhs dat Cyclone loses."

The news that Jeff was betting against Cyclone went all

over town. Before night he had placed his entire capital, two hundred dollars, out at two to one. He was already counting, ecstatically, the four hundred dollars that he was due to take in. Bubbles burst, and so did Mr. White's golden one. That evening Aleurone came in looking like despair itself. Old Man Trouble had heaped misery and wretchedness upon him until he was staggering under the weight of it. A look of concern came over the faces of his supporters.

"Whut's de matteh, big boy? Was you aimin' to commit ma'iage you couldn' look no mo' deciduous. Whut's done expi'uhed?"

"I jes' finished meetin' dat Cyclone Williams—"

"Uh-huh."

"An' I don' think I kin lick him."

"Wha-at!—You tol' us you was de fastest' wrassluh in California. How come he done changed yo' min' so fas'?"

"How come you neveh said he was de boy you wanted me to ruckus wif? I met dat Cyclone in Kansas City, two yeahs ago. Dat Cyclone is so fas' he jes' looks like a streak of light. You'd neveh know it was him. Co'se I'm betteh now'n I was den, but when it comes to cleanin' up, Cyclone aint goin' do nothin' else, but I neveh knew he was 'roun'."

"Boy—I suttinly wish you had did yo' findin' out befo' us put all 'at cash up!"

"How'd you esspek me to know when I neveh seen him? Ans'uh me dat! Brains is de one thing you aint got, an' was I you, I'd git 'at money back f'um dem fellers."

"Boy, Ise gwine!"

Success in that line, however, was as small as their hopes of Aleurone's winning. Time flew dizzily by for them and they apathetically saw the approach of Friday the 13th in the same light as the condemned prisoner awaits the day of release from the death-cell. At last came the twelfth. Only one more day, and then,—ruin! The pair went to the Arena to watch the wrestlers in their daily workouts. Aleurone looked superb in his black tights, with a blue ribbon at his waist. His muscles fairly seemed to flow in ripples under the suit. He certainly was in fine condition. But so was the Cyclone. He

was able to throw his opponents as though they were matchsticks. His muscles made Aleurone's look sick. He knew it, and plainly thought the bout was as good as won.

Suddenly a gleam came into Nemesis' eye. He thought a moment,—then his face broke into a radiant smile.

"Hot dam! Jeff. I guess us don't lose no money nonow. I has schum us a scheme!"

"Boy, elucidate yo'self! Does you save ouah money I gives you half!"

"Jes' wait a minnit. Hol' yo'se'f in there, an' don' ask me no fool questions. I is got biz'ness to do. Jes' lemme be."

Nemesis left Jeff wondering what would happen next and hoping for the best. On his way home, he stopped for a little conference at the druggist's, from which he came away wearing a satisfied grin on his face. That evening Nemesis found life worth living once more. He felt at peace with the world and the Cyclone. He went to bed early and slept off some of the weariness which the worrying of the last week had left him.

The next day, Friday, was the great day. Nemesis went down to the Arena early that morning and went to Aleurone's dressing-room. It was empty. Neither Aleurone nor the Cyclone were there then. They were resting for the big event that night. Nemesis left the dressing-room, five minutes later, rubbing his hands and trying to calm his grin down a bit before he reached the street. He only partially succeeded, for, when he closed the outside door and looked up and down the avenue, he still carried that satisfied look which is indicative of one who has recently been remembered in a rich uncle's will. No one was in sight. Mentally commenting on his good fortune, Nemesis congratulated himself and went seeking Jeff.

At five minutes to eight that night the Arena was crowded. Over three hundred of darktown's elite had clamored before the gates before they were opened. Nemesis and Jeff, in ring-side seats, anxiously waited for the program to start. First, there was to be a preliminary; "Kid" Johnson vs. "Strangler" Wills. Both of these were good; it was expected to be a worthy preliminary to the main attraction. The preliminary was to

be just one fall, while the main bout was to be the best two out of three.

At last, the introductions of "Kid" Johnson and the Strangler" were over and the entertainment was on. The two struggled for ten minutes—minutes that seemed ages to Nemesis and Jeff—before the "Strangler" finally floored Mr. Johnson. A few handclappings was all the applause the victor received. Evidently the crowd was saving all its cheering for the Cyclone and Aleurone. Nemesis fidgeted around in his seat and looked nervously over at the Cyclone's manager. That gentleman was in his shirtsleeves, puffing away at a black cigar, and coolly looking the crowd over and calculating the winner's share of the receipts.

A burst of applause brought the pair's attention back to the business in hand.

" 'I wish dey'd git dem 'traductions oveh with. Dis heah layin' 'roun' aint goin' do us no good. Might jes' as well git it oveh with.' "

"Yeah?—Whut kin' of suppo't is dat to give to a frien' which aims to increase yo' wealth by fo' hund'ed dolluhs? I reckon comfidence in me is whut you aint got."

"Boy, was I outen 'is mess, de mostes' thing I would leave bettin' is alone."

"Gawn,—git away f'um heah wi' dat speechifyin'. You done said dat so many times it's gettin' to be a habit. Does you win dis time an' you puts up mo' de nex' time."

"Yeah?—you th—"

"Ladies an' Gemmun!—I wishes to interduce Mistuh Cyclone Williams. Dis is him on my right,—"

Applause.

"An' dis heah, on my lef', is Aleurone Vincent."

Demonstrations of great approbation from two ringside seats.

The first fall came quickly. The Cyclone floored Aleurone before two minutes had passed. This was what the crowd had not been expecting. They thought that Aleurone could put up some resistance; so they were somewhat disappointed, although the Cyclone's supporters showed their immense ap-

proval plainly. On the other hand, Nemesis looked puzzled, while Jeff seemed to have just had an extremely personal and discouraging interview with Old Man Trouble.

After a brief period of rest, the two started again. This time Aleurone was more wary, and kept out of reach of the Cyclone, waiting.

"Wheah does 'at scheme you has schum commence at, Nemesis? 'Peahs like you has lef' a hitch in it somewheahs."

"Nemmine 'at scheme now, theah dey goes into a clinch again. Ef dat Aleurone kin stan' up w'ile I bets you he wins dat Cyclone dis time.—Hey!—theah he goes now!—hol' him boy!! Hot diggety dawg!—didn' I tol' you he was goin' to win dis time?"

"Don' you fool yo'se'f, Nemesis. He slipped. I sawn him. Dat's whut he done! Den Aleurone jumped him an' helt him down befo' he could git up again. Dat aint goin' happen twice, you jes' watch dat Cyclone 'is time!"

Indeed, the Cyclone had slipped, and Aleurone had pinned him down before he recovered himself. The expressions of the two wrestlers were indicative of their thoughts. The Cyclone looked determined that he would avenge himself copiously upon his opponent, while Aleurone wore a queer, puzzled expression in which joy, determination to make good his good fortune, and the knowledge that his recent success was due to an accident, each struggled for supremacy. The contest so far had been far from strenuous, so that neither the Cyclone nor Aleurone had perspired very much.

"Nemesis, does you want yo' man to win dis wrassellin' match, I suggests dat you betteh get yo' cha'hm a goin', wuz I you, when I'd did it would've been de fust of de act 'stead of de las'. Theah dey goes again. I 'speek us hunts us a job o' work tomo'ow 'lessen dat boy gits yo' inspiration."

"Shet yo' mouf an' give yo' jaw a res'. De mostes' thing you eveh do is talk 'thout meanin' nothin'. D'you 'speek he's aimin' to th'ow de fight? Co'se he aint! Now shet up, I tells you, an' let yo' eyes ramble on dem boys up yondeh."

By this time the two in the ring had clinched. Each was straining to bring the other down, but neither had a very good

hold. Suddenly Mr. Vincent stiffened, a look of agony came into his eyes, and he let out a howl of pain. The first thing that Cyclone knew, he had hold of a howling, panting demon who seemed bent on destruction. Aleurone writhed, wriggled, yelled, and fought Cyclone like a madman. He seemed to be suffering the tortures of the damned. Little fires were burning him all over. By Herculean exertions he managed at last to get rid of his enemy. He threw the Cyclone to the ground, jumped on him with both feet, and rushed off to his dressing-room.

"Hot dam! Jeff, aint I tol' you he would win! Whut you think 'bout my p'ocrastinatin' now, huh? Ans'uh me dat! Reckon dat oil ob mustu'd stuff spread 'roun' done us good dis time!"

"Whut dat oil of mustu'd got to do wif us?"

"I done sprinkled a few spots on dem tights ob Aleurone's, an' when him an' Cyclone wuz wrassellin' up theah, he got sweated up an' it bu'hnt his hide a li'l. Thas all. I reckon he needed it."

W. H. LONGLEY, '31.

THE STORM

A little lighthouse on a high, bare bluff—
A rock-strewn shore that fronts an angry sea—
Waves that in fury, foaming, towering, rough,
Break with incessant lashing, fiendish glee,
Upon the jutting crags—A wind that bites,
Howling through space, felling with rending crash
The lofty pines that guard the rugged heights—
A driving rain—a sudden lightning flash—
A murderous thunder clap that from the skies,
With distant rumbling echoes, bursts and roars,
Fades to a growl, and snarling, slowly dies,—
These fighters rage outside the lighthouse doors.
Within, the keeper and his fair-haired Bess,
Before an open fire, play at chess.

J. ROBERT HERBIN, '30.

THE FIRE OF LIFE

It was late in the September afternoon and chill enough for a small woodfire in the drawing-room. From the bay window facing east one saw the early splendors of autumn which had already been fleeing over the landscape.

Valancy Kingston shivered; and because she did not know why, she shivered again. Her fine brow wrinkled in annoyance and she thrust out a small foot to kick an ember back into the glow of the fire. Before resuming her position she regarded her foot critically for a moment. Had it lost any of its symmetry and daintiness through the years? She satisfied herself that it had not, and after sweeping her long black skirt aside for a reassuring glimpse of a still graceful ankle she leaned back again into the shadows of her chair.

It was like honey to her lips, this knowledge that she still retained many of the graces which had distinguished her fifty years ago. The dainty foot and ankle, a fine, slender hand, and a beautiful mass of now snowy hair—what mattered while she still could claim these? She glanced out the window and took in the familiar and lovely scene with a flush of kinship, for she had become a part of this autumn glory through long association. How many more would she see? The question flashed into her mind suddenly. Never before had her mortality itself thrust upon her like this. Could it mean she was nearing her end? She essayed to throw the disturbing suggestion from her with a shrug of her shoulders. Her black taffeta rustled impatiently and she settled into her high old chair imperturbably once more. Restlessness was a characteristic of Valancy Kingston, and this new quirk of her fancy did not disturb her long.

The shadows of the room deepened and lengthened to incircle the three seated around the fire. Jess Callahan bent her face nearer the book on her knees as the long dusky fingers of the dark reached her. Her great aunt Leslie had laid aside her reading some time earlier and had fallen into the thoughtful

silence of Valancy. Leslie Hale's serene and gentle face appeared like a benediction in the fire-light.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait," thought Valancy watching her. Did Leslie ever do anything but serenely fold her hands and wait? This was absurd when one considered the active efficiency of Leslie, but mentally, morally, all her life she had waited. "All things come to those who wait"—"Ridiculous," sniffed Valancy Kingston propping her feet on the fender, "what had ever come to her for her waiting!" An empty heart and an empty home, a placid uninteresting old age to end a placid uninteresting life. *She*, now, had not done so.

Valancy checked her train of thought and brought it to things earthly again. Jess had thrown herself to the floor before the grate and propped on her elbows was straining to read her book in the fire-light.

"Jess", called Valancy sharply, "put up your book until after tea, you will ruin your eyes."

"In a minute, grandma," returned the girl, "I'm reading my English lesson. I love the way some of the poets seem to say the right thing. Listen—" she threw back her hair and read aloud in the shadowy silence of the room:

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature Art;
I warmed both hands before the Fire of Life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.'

"That's what I want to do while I live, warm *both* hands before the Fire of Life, warm them good and hot!" Jess lifted her eager young face into the firelight, her eyes shining brightly.

"Fire can burn, my dear," spoke Leslie slowly," and the Fire of Life burns deeply. Warm your hands, if you will, but not at the brightest flames; they can easily reach your heart." She seemed to be speaking within herself, but Jess was following the thought keenly.

"What if it did burn? Would I mind a little blister or two to know and feel *Life*? Then let it sink, and I won't whine."

Valancy's heart was throbbing exultantly. It seemed

as thought they came from her own lips. She longed to add in a voice pulsating with feeling like young Jess."

"I have! I have! The Fire of Life is not cruel if you do not fear it! Warm both hands, you who have yet to live! You will find a balm for the paltry burns of Life. Old age will be a warm reality, not a chilled, drawn-out stupor ending like a failing pulse. I tell you because I know."

She caught her breath with a sudden fear that she had spoken aloud, but the calm, even silence reassured her that her thoughts had not been voiced. She spread her hands before her and stared at them fiercely. Did they not still reflect a faint rosy tint of the Fire which they had felt so long? In the glow of the wood fire before her she saw as spectres in the flames the figures of earlier days. The days of youth colored by the rose spectacles of old age were reincarnated in her memory, and she was again consorting with friends that were gone in scenes that were forgotten. There she was, a gay little figure with the same dash and daring that had ruled her all her life. There were father and mother, only dim memories now, and there was Leslie, the sister she had wronged so deeply in their early womanhood. Remorse swept over Valancy as she thought of the placid little Leslie of long ago and glanced at the placid old Leslie by her side. There was little difference; one would not think she had felt the fire of Love. A wave of impatient disgust for the gentle indifference with which Leslie had ignored the vital injury done her fifty years ago drove out all other emotion.

"Tame-cat!" The word sprang to her lips but she checked it before it escaped—to call a tame-cat one whose forgiveness had been so full and unquestioning when her help was needed.

"She must have known that that would be the hardest thing for me, her forgiveness. They said I broke her heart, but I didn't. I saved her from a greater tragedy, I saved her from herself. Lindsay was meant for me, nor for Leslie's mild, passionless adoration."

It had begun when she and Lindsay Kingston as boy and girl had planned their life together. A wild adventure was designed, a runaway and subsequent joining of a pirate band

or circus troupe, and early one morning a start was made. Parental justice, however, was swift in overtaking them and Valancy was sent abroad to a school in France where she could grow up to behave like a lady. Before she left she and Lindsay one evening swore a solemn vow to each other. Valancy would return as soon as possible and Lindsay would wait for her. The years passed quickly and in spite of the repressions of the French school she managed several clandestine love-affairs which while harmless were very interesting and made her the heroine of the other girls. It was when she was nineteen that she met Count Chateau-Briand. Valancy had thought that only in story books one met French counts with passionate dark eyes and a very old name. The affair progressed magically under the ardor of the Count and in an incredibly short time she found herself engaged secretly to her fairy tale prince. Then all romantic plans for the future were shattered when Valancy was ordered home to attend the wedding of her sister Leslie and Lindsay Kingston. A twinge of pain like the throb of an old wound stirred her when she learned that Leslie was to marry Lindsay Kingston. It could not be jealousy because was not she engaged to the most wonderful man in the world. Thus Valancy came home after an absence of eight years changed not at all except in external appearance in which respect she was more lovely than her childhood's friends had prophesied.

At first she missed the Count sadly, and then she met Lindsay for the first time since her return. She tried to fight against it but it was like the return of an old spell creeping over her, the sudden love that sprang up in her for him. When she learned that her love was returned she dared not trust herself near him. The end came when she was forced go ride with him alone to the neighbouring city to meet Leslie who was returning from a final shopping expedition. They never reached the city and Leslie, when she tired of waiting, came home to ease a heart-break among memories. Valancy and Lindsay sent brief bulletins of their doings from time to time, their marriage, the birth of a daughter, Lindsay's business adventures, without asking or expecting forgiveness. Leslie returned

no answer until a short, curt note came telling of the sudden death of Lindsay, nine years after the elopement. Valancy came home at the urgent request of Leslie with her little six-year-old daughter to live at home.

* * * * *

The room was now quite dark except where the dying fire threw bright, momentary flashes of light which revealed the three about it. Leslie's eyes were shut in contentment, her hands still folded in her lap. Young Jess was lying with her head against the fender weaving dreams in the spell of the flickering blaze. It was the fire which held Valancy's gaze the longest. It was fading slowly with an occasional flash to show the brave, bright blaze it once had been. Now the dusky shadows came stealing from the corners of the room like some dark animal waiting for the last frail spark to be extinguished to fall upon its prey. To Valancy it was as if something was clutching at her throat. The dark gathering around her seemed not the friendly twilight she knew so well but a cloud about to cut her off from it all. The fire flickered more feebly.

"It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Suddenly she felt that she must leave the room before the fire fell yet lower and was out. The thought of the blackness of night came as a great fear. She rose unsteadily from her chair to go. Jess raised her head at the rustle of taffeta and started at the pallor of her grandmother's face in the dim light.

"Grandma, are you not well?" she cried drawing herself up to her knees.

Leslie opened her eyes and peered sharply at the pair. Valancy's face was now in the shadow and she saw nothing amiss.

"Are you going now, Valancy?" she enquired pleasantly, "Let us ring for tea."

Valancy shivered and drew her shawl close about her with a restless movement.

"I'm going to my room for a while. The fire is dying and it grows cold here. Do not wait tea for me. Stir the fire, Jess, so that it will not go quite out, yet."

Jess stooped to do as she was bid. Valancy went slowly to the door and opened it. She turned to look once more over the room; Leslie, placidly dozing in her chair again, at the fire a figure stirring it briskly as she had seen another stir it each night for so many years. Her hand went to her heart and gripped there tightly.

"Lindsay, my dear, my dear!"

* * * * *

The tall old clock struck the half-hour before Leslie moved to ring for tea. She felt conscience-smitten that she had forgotten for a moment this daily duty. Jess raised her eyes from the grate and looked at her great-aunt inquiringly.

"I'm sorry, my dear," said Leslie, "I was dozing and neglected to call tea. I'm getting old and forgetful, and you were as still as a mouse."

"It's alright, auntie," returned Jess, "I was watching the fire dying. It made me fancy all sorts of things."

"Stir it up, dear. The room is becoming too cool."

"It's too late, auntie, for it's quite out. It just died this moment. Poor bright flame! Nothing but ashes left now." She paused a moment pensively. "I think I'll go for grand-ma. I haven't heard a sound from her so long. Did she strike you as being quite herself today, Aunt Leslie? I'm worried about her."

"Go and bring her down, dear, and then tea will be ready," said Leslie folding her knitting slowly preparatory to rising.

She just put on the lights in time to see the frightened white face of Jess who burst into the room again breathlessly.

"Aunt Leslie, Grannie's dead! She's lying on her bed with Grandfather's picture in her arms. Oh, come quickly!"

Tremblingly Leslie hastened to the room above. Jess had spoken truly. The last brave spark had indeed gone out a brief moment before.

EILEEN MCKAY, '29.

THE KING OF DREAMLAND

I will not come in the moonlight,
When passion draws a sigh,
Nor in the sweet, warm summer,
Not then will I pass by;
But in the cool of the morning,
With heaven's gates ajar,
When the dreamy moon has fallen
And gone is each radiant star;
When no tear shines on her eyelids,
And no dream troubles her heart,
I will come with Cupids bow in my hand,
And Cupid's fiery dart;
Yes, when spring winds are singing,
So young and cool and sweet,
Then will I come and scatter
Wild flowers at her feet.

I, the Dream of Dreamers,
Will come to my Lady Fair,
By a gurgling, lispng brooklet,
In the cool of the morning air;
There she will stand with the Sunrise
In her dreamy eyes retold,
Like a daisy by dewdrops gently kissed,
Dazzling in white and gold;
When the rest of the world is sleeping,
I will whisper a song in her ear,
I, the great king of Dreamland,
Will stand in the shadow near;
Yes, Wandering Love, in the springtime,
When the morning breeze is sweet,
I will come from my dream-girt caverns,
And lay my dreams at your feet.

C. O. '29.

THOUGHTS OF SILVER

I seek eternal loveliness and flee
From my dull cage into divinity.

When evening falls, rose red and cool with wind, and the pine wood murmurs black against the sky, the inhabitants of Fairyland happily complete their tasks. One night the rain was coming down in long lines, and dripping softly from the fir-boughs. The work was done, and Tissa, queen of fairies, blew loudly and solemnly through her delicate horn of pale pink sea-shell. Slowly came the fairies, pixies, and brownies, and huddled down close under the Central Mushroom. Perched gracefully on a moist, cool blade of grass was Shawn. She was very tired. Rainy days meant hard work, for to her fell the task of closing the flowers. How often she wished Tissa would promote her to mixing the paints and tinting the dawn, or to placing the drops of dew on each slim blade of grass. But now she listened to what Tissa was saying. A party for everyone—everyone to be costumed differently—Tissa, herself, was wearing a creation of veiling and brocaded grey silk, pinned with little yellow water-lilies—what were the rest wearing?

"Im' dressing in purple pansies," said Velvet.

"And the nicest daffodill frill for me," said Tinkle.

"A gown of sea-green mist, and tiny stars to tangle in my hair," said Shimmer.

"And I shall wear a single moonbeam," said Sparkle.

And so on, till only Shawn was left.

"And you, Shawn?" asked Tissa kindly. "You cannot come, unless costumed differently."

"I'll think, sweet Tissa," whispered Shawn as she looked at Mellow, her lover, as he sat there looking so wizened and wet and old, and lanky and limp and grey, "of a gown that will be envied by even the sudden dancing dust-clouds in the sun."

The party was the following night, and, as yet, Shawn had not thought of a costume. Mellow had shown bitter disappointment, and partly intimated that he should take Shimmer to the party. Shawn wandered out across the glen where

the summer evening was dancing blue along the maple-wooded hills. The flowers were telling the bees of how they felt to have their petals spun. The brook was singing of how it hated to freeze, and laughed as the pebbles tickled it. The wind was telling the trees of dives he dared and races won, and all the open air-sweet land he sees.

"Oh, Mellow, I am so lonely," sighed Shawn. Under the silver maple tree the ground was covered with delicate grey-white leaves. They had been patted down all winter by the rains, and were thin as tissue paper. They looked like real lace.

"Oh! it is made for me," Shawn whispered.

Later, Mellow came, and peeped with his small, pale-brown face over the other side of the log. There stood the fairy, clapping her hands and laughing. She had made herself a dress out of a lacey leaf, with baby-blue bells for a trimming.

"You are silver-green with cool austerity, lovely with reticence sheathing a silver thought," said Mellow reverently.

"Oh!" sobbed Shawn, and made as if to flee.

"Sweet Shawn, do not go," Mellow said, "for I have brought you a parasol, made of spider web which is tinted with color stolen from the lake when it was troubled by the moon, and knew not whether to be gold or silver.

"It is very beautiful," breathed Shawn.

"And see, an evening wrap, which you may wear, all made of pussy willows. My Shawn is happy now?"

"Life is sweet," sighed Shawn.

"Life is a livid light set in a shapeless dark where we must find our way about," said Mellow, as he solemnly folded Shawn's wings and picked her up in his arms. "The moon is up."

"I love the moon," dreamed Shawn. "She is like a flower grey with dew."

"She is like a pleasant mystery," answered Mellow, "or like a lady with shining eyes.

"Or a silver lower lip that smiles in the sky."

The brook laughed on, and soon rose cricket music, weirdly sweet. While the moon looked down, seeing only the ultimate beyond the altar candles of the future.'

EVELYN M. JENKINS, '31.

HENRIK IBSEN

1928 is the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henrik Ibsen, the pioneer of modern drama, and probably the greatest dramatist of modern times. He was born at Skien, Norway, and first began to write plays, chiefly poetic, dealing with historical and legendary subjects, when he entered the University of Christiania in 1850. During his life he travelled extensively in Denmark, Germany, and Italy, residing for short periods in Germany, and was always connected in some way with great theatres of his time. In 1891 he returned to the city of Christiania, where he died in 1906.

Writing over a period of fifty years, Ibsen produced in all twenty-eight plays, the first of these being of a Romantic character, receiving their themes from the past by means of ballads and sagas. Following these early plays were those of his "preparatory period," among which were three of truly epic dimensions: *Brand*, the tragedy of a priest who still clings to an impossible and mistaken ideal after many distressing circumstances in a world of compromise; *Peer Gynt*, the tragic-comedy of a compromising adventurer, who, determined to remain himself, by so trying, extinguishes the little flame of self, and becomes a mere leaf tossed by the winds; *Emperor and Galilean*, dealing with the conflict between Christianity and Paganism, and the tragedy of a self-doubter.

Experiments in a new type, the perfecting of which occupied the remainder of Ibsen's life, and for which he has become famous, produced the realistic, satirical, and modern plays, *The Comedy of Love* and *The League of Youth*. The first assails the hypocrisy of marriage; the second, political hypocrisy. The next great play was *The Pillars of Society*, which appeared in 1877. From then on Ibsen devoted his life to writing and developing plays of a similar nature, all dealing with contemporary Norwegian life, but of the individual in conflict with the institutions, rather than of the home and of politics. All the plays are alike in their solid and compact

form, their briefness, and their few but very vivid and real characters. They are written in prose.

At the appearance of these family-like plays, Ibsen was severely criticized, but he was undoubtedly the paver of the way for later dramatists. Because he did not try to convert his audience by preaching to them,—for certainly he had a program of reform which he might have preached—but rather by appealing to their reason through the heart, and by arousing their emotions, he has been called a stimulator and an awakener. Above all, he was a thinker, and as such he may be considered under three different aspects: as a satirist, as an individualist, and as a “subjectivist.”

He does not satirize men and their manners, but rather their ideals, which he considers are unreal and lead to hypocrisy and compromise. If Ibsen hated anything, it was hypocrisy and compromise. His message was: “Be truthful! Be free! Above all, be yourself!” By thus satirizing, however, he was not a pessimist, for he was convinced that the world could be bettered.

His insistence upon the higher self is characteristic of Ibsen’s individualism, opposing, as he did, the uniformity of society, and furthering the cause of free individuals. He claimed that by regenerating the individuals, society or the combination of individuals, would follow along the same lines. “So to conduct one’s life as to realize one’s self,” he has written, “thus is the loftiest attainment of man.” This, of course, would do away with compromise; the two cannot exist together. Ibsen realized, however, that there are bounds, that sheer individualism defeats itself; but with growing moral responsibility the will becomes a renouncing will, and not one like that of the selfish animal.

Regarding the inner self as of prime importance, Ibsen is a “subjectivist.” Too closely following set prescriptions and formulas of external life, the soul becomes a slave to them. Show truth to the self, and let the inner convictions and individual judgment govern the actions. Disregard formulas.

In the following out of all these new and radical ideas, Ibsen admirably adapted his stories and plots to them, and,

although he has been the leader of countless disciples, this art of his has never been equalled. His ideas have been grasped, but his skill in portraying them remains supreme.

All of Ibsen's plays have been translated into English. Besides the ones mentioned, a few more are: *The Pretenders*, *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Master Builder*, and *When We Dead Awaken*, his last play.

As a fitting memorial to this great man, this year, the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth, many theatres throughout the world are reviving his plays, and keen interest in all parts is being taken in their production. Surely this ardent reformer of our social life, this founder of our modern drama, and this father of our modern dramatists, is worthy of such a small honor and such a slight remembrance!

J. ROBERT HERBIN, '30.

UNE TRAGEDIE

It was all decided, they both agreed,
The little one musn't remain;
It hadn't been wanted anyway,
But in spite of all—it came.

Oh, callous crime, oh, turpid thought,
But, God, it must be done!
They bundled the baby, got into the car,
And set out at setting sun.

Through the deep, dark depths of descending night,
The swaying car swept on,
Across rushing rills, over high, steep hills,
They sped towards the dawn.

Bright tears flowed down her tense, set face,
And never a word said she,
But clasped the baby close to her breast,
As they tore on towards the sea.

His jaws were clamped on an unlit pipe,
There were no tears on his face;
His knuckles showed white as he gripped the wheel,
In the furious headlong pace.

At last came the whisper of washing waves,
The silence seemed more strained,
She cuddled the infant closer still,
Ah God!—but her heart was pained.

For after all it had a right to live,
Like all others of its kind—
He stopped the car on the silvery sands
And before she could change her mind,

He snatched the bundle from clinging arms,
Ran down to the wave-swept shore;
The sound of the breakers drowned the splash,
And the kitten was no more.

FLOYD M. CLEVELAND, '28.

JUST DOG

Yes, Sir, when things look bad, and it seems as though the world had given you a knock-down blow, and you can't see things clearly any more for a black cloud that is covering your very soul, a dog is the best companion every time. Unless you can find somebody—and they're pretty rare—who has gone through something of what you're going through, and is more or less spiritually attuned to you into the bargain, you need a dog. Dogs don't come in when you're feeling badly, and say "Well, well, what's the matter? Cheer up, smile again." People not only do this, but they rave about what a bright and beautiful place the world is. They tell you how many people are worse off than you are. They dig you in the ribs; they crack jokes; they cheer you up to such an extent that you decide you don't want to die after all—you want to live to commit murder. A dog looks at you with his beautiful brown eyes, and you know that he knows. Sometimes he looks at you until you cry out, "You dam' brute, you know too much about me," and kick him. He doesn't say a word, but just goes off and lies down; and you know that all the time he is hurt. Then if you're a man you cuss softly, and if you're a woman you cry. You make up with the dog—he never refuses to—and things are a lot better.

Of course you could do this to a friend. Some people do. But you don't want to, because for some strange reason the Almighty made people to be above animals.

OLIVE M. MCKAY '29

TO A MAYFLOWER

Would that you might linger, lovely bloom,
Would this world had charm to make you stay;
Flushed with joy you waken from your dream,
Paler grow with every passing day.

Warmer shines the sun from azure skies,
Sweeter sing the birds, they love you so;
Lower droops the head they long to raise,
Sleep reclaims her captive—and you go.

Sleep then, lovely flower, sleep and dream,
Nature will protect you all the while;
Long the watch, but sweet reward is sure—
May will come again, and bring your smile.

MELBA MAIE ROOP, '28.

The Acadia Athenaeum

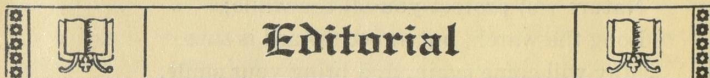
Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., April, 1928

No. 6

W. T. Taylor, '28	-	-	Managing Editor
R. B. Fraser, '28	-	-	Literary Editor
L. H. Jenkins, '28, Science			Don Wetmore, '29, Exchanges
K. V. Keirstead, '28, Athletics			Eileen McKay, '29, Month
Eleanor Kerr, '28, Personals			Elizabeth Corey, '28, Jokes
H. Miller, '30, Staff Artist			S. B. Davis, '30, Circulation Man.
James Wilson, '29	-		Business Manager

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During the past month, things dramatic have occupied the limelight almost exclusively at Acadia. First came *The Merchant of Venice*, the Dramatic Society's long-contemplated attempt to produce Shakespeare, then the French plays, then the pantomime of the *Resurrection*, and lastly, the Fraternity play, *Buddies*. Following the tide of times, the editorial pen proceeds to trail in the rear of the histrionic band wagon.

First let us say a word about the development of the idea of Shakespeare production. Probably the first movement in this direction came in 1925-26. A few members of the Dramatic Society, notably Doane Hatfield, Ralph Marven, and Harold Sipprell, of the Class of '27, began to consider ways and means. The first suggestion was that those members of the Dramatic Society who were majoring in English should get together and make the attempt. The society had then almost no stage equipment, but Mr. Hatfield suggested that the play

be produced just as the Elizabethans would have done it, without any scenery whatever.

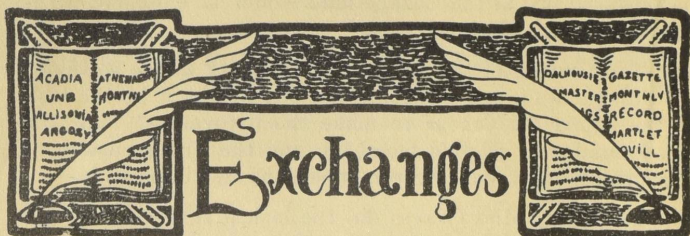
The forming of the Dramatic Fraternity in the spring of '26 brought up a new possibility. Why not let it be the task of the Alpha Psi Omega to make the innovation? But the small number of eligible members, and the Frat's custom of using its own amateur directors, made the task impossible.

This year, Miss Graves did the logical thing—made it a Dramatic Society play. Only from the entire society could we hope to recruit the large cast required; to make it an exclusive affair would have been ridiculous.

Well, the ambition has been filled. Now the question is, what does the student body think of it? Do they prefer stately iambics to comic wise-cracks, or do they want more action and less heavy drama? The *Athenaeum* would be glad to publish letters on the subject from either Faculty members or students. Certainly it would be well to find out the opinion of the audiences now, rather than find it out too late by the box office receipts.

It is our privilege this month to congratulate Don Wetmore, '29, on winning his Literary "A." Mr. Wetmore's short-stories and articles have added much to our paper this year, while his one-act plays have been the mainstay of that oft-neglected department.

Mr. Wetmore has also won his Dramatic "A" during this month. We congratulate him warmly on both honors.



THE RED AND WHITE

One thing we like about the *Red and White* is its seasonableness. The magazine, too, has apparently set up a high literary standard and is living up to it. Thanks for the appreciative things said about our own *Athenaeum*. So certain jokes offended! We believe that we could explain quite satisfactorily one at least, which has a reference understood only by Acadia students themselves.

We congratulate you on your well-conducted exchange department. For real, helpful criticism it is the best that we have seen. We shall consider the hint regarding ours.

THE MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

This is a clever magazine that we are always glad to welcome. The articles are invariably worth-while reading, and are decidedly informational. The cut of the \$2000 class-room, in the March issue, is clever.

THE LANTERN

This is a magazine that is new to our shelf, and one that we have been asked to comment on. The *Lantern*, which is a collegiate production, would decidedly do credit to a university. It seems to contain less literary material than the usual college

magazine. We should like to see it develop somewhat along this line. An abundance of cuts help to make the magazine attractive. We note that the *Lantern* advocates more cartoons in the exchanges—perhaps because its own are so good. Welcome, *Lantern*, and come again.

KINGS COLLEGE RECORD

The February number of the *Kings College Record* contains an abundance of well-written articles. We noted just one poem and no stories. Don't you think there is room for improvement here? We liked the editorial, which was to the point.

THE ARGOSY WEEKLY

The staff of the *Argosy* are to be congratulated on their success in putting out a weekly paper that has a decided interest for outsiders. All the college activities are well written up. Then too, the *Argosy* is not only a good newspaper, but it contains on nearly every page other worth-while material. We are always glad to welcome the *Argosy*.

THE COLLEGE TIMES

The *College Times* contains plenty of humor, and the jokes are really funny. We should like to see a much greater diversity of material. However, the *Times* is always an interesting magazine.

THE BRUNSWICKIAN

We are always glad to welcome the *Brunswickian* to our shelf. It contains a high grade of literary material that it is always a pleasure to read. Then too, it is one of the comparatively few magazines that conduct an exchange department. We believe, *Brunswickian*, that your stories and poems are appreciated by Acadians as a whole.

THE MacMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

The *MacMaster University Monthly* is perhaps the literary magazine par excellence that comes to our shelf. The material is all in a style that sets it apart from the amateur. Indeed, we can say this about many of our college magazines. There is a certain finished quality about nearly all the articles that appear in the *MacMaster Monthly*. The March number is up to the usual high standard.



The Month

The most important thing in the month just gone has been the Easter vacation and with that over we are left face to face with the unpleasant fact that there is only one more month before we find ourselves passing through the gruelling experience known as "finals", and that shortly we must bid farewell to the Class of '28. These unwelcome realizations are forced upon us by the fact that March practice for the Seniors has begun, and certain ominous reminders that a good stiff bit of study is going to be necessary before the month is out. We settle down with the best of resolutions which if carried out would make a D—an unknown quantity at Acadia, but alas for good intentions, when such a multitude of events must somehow be crowded into the remaining days.

FACULTY RECITAL

A very enjoyable recital was given in University Hall on Thursday, April 12, 1928, by the Faculty of the School of Music.

The following was the program presented.

1. String Quartett in G. Haydn.
Allegro con spirito
Adagio sostenuto
Menuetto
Allegro Ma non troppo.
Misses Langley, Perry, K. Bancroft and E. Watkins.

2. Songs.....Schubert
 Heiden-Roslein
 Ungeduld
 Miss Metcalfe
3. Piano Solo.....Chopin
 Ballade No. 3 in A Flat.
 Mr. Collins.
4. SongGounod
 "Cavatina" (Faust)
 Mr. Newnham
5. Piano SoloMozart
 Pastorale
 Miss M. Bancroft
- Short Interval
6. Pianoforte Quartett in G Minor.....Brahms
 (First Movement)
 Misses M. Bancroft, Langley, K. Bancroft and Watkins.
7. Three Hebridean Love Lilt.....Kennedy Fraser
 An Eriskay Love Lilt
 Pulling the Sea-Dulse.
 The Road to the Isles.
 Mr. Newnham.
8. Violoncello SoloHorrocks
 Irish Air
 Miss Watkins
9. AirHaydn
 With Verdure Clad (Creation).
 Miss Metcalfe
10. Symphonic Variations.....C. Franck
 Mr. Collins—Solo Pianoforte.
 Miss M. Bancroft—Second Piano.
 Miss Watkins—'Cello.
 Mr. Newnham—Organ.

GIRL'S DEBATING

The Acadia Girls' Debating Team, consisting of Lena Keans, Marjorie Bell and Elizabeth Corey, met with a defeat at U. N. B. on March 16. They supported the affirmative side of the resolution: Resolved that the Maritime Provinces should enter into a Legislative Union; and they put up good arguments.

U. N. B. was represented by Misses Katherine Cox, Marjorie Graves and Mildred O'Brien.

The judges were Dr. H. V. Bridges and Rev. G. C. Warren of Fredericton, and Dr. R. B. Libby of Mt. Allison.

GRADUATION RECITAL

On Thursday evening, March 15, Miss Irene A. Card gave her graduating recital for the degree of Bachelor of Music. In all the selections rendered, Miss Card ably demonstrated her understanding, control, and memory of the most difficult passages, and by her unique interpretation of feeling and rhythm she captivated the large audience. Miss Card was assisted by Miss Kathleen Bancroft (Violinist) and Miss Melba Roop (Soprano).

The following programme was presented:

1. Sonata Op. 10, No. 3.....Beethoven
 Presto
 Largo e mesto
 Menuetto
 Rondo
2. Violin Soli. (a) AllegroFiocco
 (b) BoleroBohm
3. Prelude and Fugue in B flatBach
 Moment Lyrique in E flat minorBlumenfeld
 PassepiedDelibes
4. Soprano Solo. A PastoraleVeracini
5. Concerto in A minor. (first movement)Schumann
 Second Piano—Mr. E. A. Collins.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

BOYS' DEBATING

By a vote of 2-1 the Acadia Second Debating Team lost the debate with the Nova Scotia Agricultural College in Truro on March 22. They supported the negative of the following: Resolved that the Completion of the Proposed St. Lawrence Waterways for Ocean-going Vessels from the Great Lakes to the Sea would be to the Economic Advantage of Canada.

Acadia—Rizley (leader), Atwood, Westcott.

N. S. A. C.—Harrison (leader), McLeod, Webber.

FINE ARTS

An interesting address on "The Times, Past and Present," by a co-owner of that greatest of all newspapers, and a direct descendant of the original founder of it, Mr. John Walter, M. A. (Oxon.), was given in University Hall on the evening of Monday, March 19. Mr. Walter dealt chiefly with the Times' most famous foreign correspondent, Sir William Howard Russell.

Seated on the platform were Mrs. Walter, Miss Blair, and Dr. J. H. MacDonald, who, in introducing the speaker, brought home to the audience the fact that over 25,000 Canadian soldiers enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Walter's beautiful home during the Great War.

UNIVERSITY GIRLS' PARTY

On Saturday evening, March 24, what had hitherto been "Tully" party but which this year was extended to include all the university girls in the residences, was held in the gymnasium. This year the party took the form of a country fair gay with many booths and suitable decorations. There were the usual "topics" and an entertaining program was furnished by the girls. The "eats" were delightful, which with everything else, made it possible for everyone to report a good time.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC RECITAL

An excellent programme of choral, orchestral and chamber music was presented by the School of Music in University Hall,

Friday evening, March 23. The group and solo selections were equally well rendered, and much praise is due the instructors and students alike.

The following was the programme:

Choral: "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"	Bach
Symphony: "Jupiter"	
(Menuetto-Allegro Vivace)	Mozart
Baritone Solo: "Prologue" (Pagliacci)	Leoncavallo
Mr. F. L. Newnham	
String Quartett: C major	
(Adagio-Allegro)	Mozart
Miss Langley	Miss K. Bancroft
Miss Perry	Miss Watkins
Chorus: "Song of Fate"	Brahms
Overture: in D major	Bach
Gavotte 1 and 2	
Bourree	
Gigue	
Piano Sonata: "Moonlight" (Finale)	Beethoven
Miss M. Morse	
Part Song: "Full Fathom Five"	Charles Wood
Waltz: "Gaiete"	Waldeufel

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

What was probably the Seniors' final class party was held in the form of a banquet in the dining room of the Evangelle Inn, Wednesday, March 28. All present enjoyed the delightful dinner, which was followed by suitable toasts to the King, the Chaperones, and the University, as well as the piano solo by Irene Card and the clever impersonation by Archie Black.

College songs and yells, ending with A-C-A-D-I-A, broke up the party, which will long remain unsurpassed in the way of a successful class function.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

The Dramatic Society of Acadia presented Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* in University Hall on March 31, 1928. The cast had been admirably selected and a good performance was anticipated. The large audience was not disappointed but were agreeably surprised to see how greatly the production surpassed their expectations. The acting continued to excel itself throughout the play and the final scenes were triumphs. Special mention should be made of the court-room scene where the performance attained real greatness. The work of Henry Habel in the role of Shylock was true artistry which won the sympathy of the audience for the seeming heartless Jew. Virginia MacLean as Portia was excellent as were also the other members of the cast. The success of the play was largely due to the capable direction of Miss Graves.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Cast of Characters

Shylock.....	Henry Habel
Duke of Venice.....	Adelbert Chipman
Prince of Morocco.....	Theodore Taylor
Antonio.....	Don Wetmore
Bassanio.....	Blair Fraser
Salanio	Archibald Black
Salarino.....	Gordon Ross
Gratiano.....	Vincent White
Lorenzo.....	Hinson Jones
Tubal.....	Carrol Snell
Launcelot Gobbo.....	Gloriana MacNeill
Old Gobbo.....	Jean Miller
Gaoler	Mary Chase
Leonardo.....	William MacLean
Balthazar.....	Eleanor Kerr
Stephano.....	Elizabeth Corey
Clerk of the Court.....	Lloyd Jenkins
Serenader.....	Donald Davidson

Attendants.....	{ Henry Whitney Fenton Elliot
Portia.....	Virginia MacLean
Nerissa.....	Natalie Cox
Jessica	Margaret Porter
Gentlewomen.....	{ Gertrude Metcalfe Emma Bradshaw

Music between acts was furnished by the Acadia Orchestra, under Miss Beatrice Langley's direction.

LOWELL THOMAS

Two very interesting and instructive lectures were given by Lowell Thomas in University Hall on Wednesday April 4.

In the afternoon his subject was *With Lawrence in Arabia*; in the evening *Through Romantic India and Forbidden Afganistan*. Both lectures were illustrated with lantern slides and motion pictures.

THE RESURRECTION

The Theological Club presented *The Resurrection* in University Hall on Sunday evening April 15, under the direction of Miss Graves.

Mr. E. A. Collins was in charge of the music.

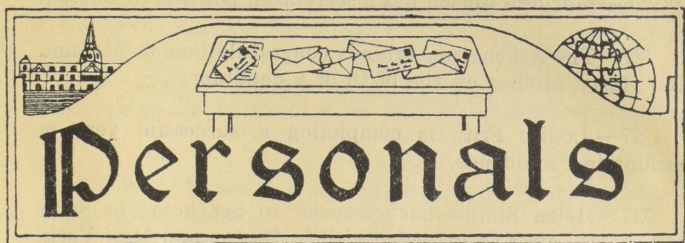
The following is the cast of the characters:

Pilate	Murray Armstrong
Roman Soldiers.....	{ Raymond Tingley Horace Morgan
The Centurian.....	Andrew Denny
Joseph of Arimathaea.....	Roland Dickinson
Chief Priests.....	{ Gordon Ross Harry Denton
Pharisees.....	{ Harold Comeau Lyall Stevens Raymond Keith

Mary, Mother of James.....	Mary Chase
Salome	Audrey Gregg
Mary Magdalene.....	Virginia MacLean
Two Angels.....	{ Byron Linton Frank Sinnott
Two Disciples	{ Gordon Lantz Arnold Westcott
Reader.....	Henry Habel
Scenes:	

Prelude—The Crucifixion.

- I. Audience chamber of Pontius.
- II. The guard at the sepulchre.
- III. The women at the sepulchre.
- IV. The disciples at the sepulchre.



'89—Dr. J. H. MacDonald recently addressed the Kentville Rotary Club on "Inter-Community Spirit."

'01—Mr. Garfield White of Sussex spent several weeks in Wolfville recently.

'03.—Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Tedford, Missionaries to India, returned to Canada owing to the ill health of Mr. Tedford. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

'22—Prof. Donald D. Cameron, M. A., Ph. D., of Yale, will spend the summer visiting the libraries of Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Italy, and on his return will take a new position at the University of California.

'24—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ladd (nee Eldred Bridges) of Island Pond, Vermont, spent the Easter season with the latter's parents at Gagetown, N. B.

'25—T. W. Cook who is studying at Yale, has received the position of Research Assistant in the Department of Psychology at that University for the coming year.

'25—Dora Baker was a recent visitor in Wolfville.

'26—Arnold Noble, former Acadia Rugby star, is a member of the Edinburgh University football team, an honour won only by one other Nova Scotian, Dr. Paul Tingley.

'26—Marjorie Mason has a secretarial position in Boston.

'27—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mollins on the birth of a daughter.

'27—Louise Fritz is completing a successful year of teaching in Providence, R. I.

'27—Helen Simms has returned to her home in Saint John, N. B., after an extended visit in Boston and New York.

'27—Grace Perry has accepted a position on the teaching staff of Branksome Hall, for the remainder of the term.

'27—R. W. Johnson has received the position of assistant principal of the Wolfville High School for the coming year.

'27—Harry Jenkins has been awarded a research fellowship in Economics from the University of Chicago.

'27—Marion Smith, who is teaching in Bridgetown, spent the Easter holidays in Wolfville.

'27—Doane Hatfield has spent a very successful year as a teacher in St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.

'27—J. Walter Graham is acting as substitute for Dr. Thompson during his illness.

'28—R. W. Longley has been awarded a scholarship in Mathematics at Harvard, where he plans to pursue post-graduate work.

'28—Vivian Waldron has received her appointment for missionary service in India under the United Baptist Women's Missionary Board.

'28—Margaret Gallagher has accepted a teaching position in Kentville for the coming year.

'28—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to Elizabeth Corey in the death of her father.

'28—Lena Keans sails on the 21st of September 1928 for India where she will resume her missionary work at Narsaravupet.

Ex '28—Miriam Coit has returned to her home in Boston on account of illness.

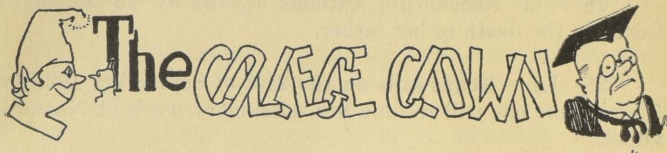
'29—The many friends of Marian Dixon are glad to see her around the campus again.

Ex '29—Florence Tory recently gave a recital at her home in Wainwright, Alberta.

Ex '29—Mary Stultz has returned home from the Yale Nursing School owing to ill-health.

Ex '29—Miss Lavina Wilson has entered the Digby Hospital for treatment.

A. L. S. '24—Margaret M. Cochrane has the distinction of introducing a new method of piano instruction into the West, known as "The Melody Way."



Contributor: Are my jokes alright?

Joke Ed.: Some of them I've seen before, some I can't see yet.

Bus-driver: "I say,—lend us your wrench a minute."

Harris '31: "Not much—that's how I got it!"

Dickinson '28: "How's your cold, Denny?"

Denny '31: "Very obstinate."

Dickinson: "And how's your wife?"

Denny: "About the same."

Risley Eng. '30: "Did you ever row a bicycle?"

Tibbetts Eng. '30: "Gwan!—you don't row a bicycle!"

Risley: "That's funny—I rode one."

Edith '31: "Oh Bill, I'm sorry I called you Jimmy. I was thinking this was Thursday."

Glutzer Eng. '30: "Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?"

Jean '29: "But Sam, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?"

McDormand '29: "There are two sides to every question, you know."

Paul '28: "Yes, and there are two sides to a sheet of fly paper, but it makes a mighty big difference which side he chooses."

Dougan '30: "I've got a girl who owns a swell car. Do you love anyone who owns a car?"

Matthews '30: "Anyone."

Insulted Maiden: "Oh sir! catch that man! He tried to kiss me!"

Genial Passerby: "That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute."

Ollie '31: (boredly) "What shall we do?"

Cleveland '28 (gallantly) "Anything you wish."

Ollie: (coily) "If you do I'll scream!"

And thus a pleasant evening passed quickly.

Doc. Spidle: Mr. Cleveland, what is the difference between character and reputation?

Clevie '28: Character is what you are; reputation is what people think you are.

Coy '29 (calling in town): You seem rather distant this evening.

Freshette: Well, your chair isn't nailed to the floor, is it?

Prof.: Alcohol is your biggest enemy.

The accused: But the Bible tells us to love our enemies.

Trout '29: What, I let my moustache and beard grow, and I wear glasses, but still you recognize me?

Jones '29: Yes, by the hat.

Ted '28 (Eloquently): Breathes there the man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said

When he stubbed his toe, or bumped his head:

* * * !!! ? * * ?—! !—

Prof. Bayne: We have several flowers and plants named with the prefix 'dog'— for example—the dogrose, the dog-tooth violet. Does anyone know any others?

Audrey '29: Yes, sir, "Collie flowers."

Ted Richards '28: I did not know profanity was so common until I began to drive a car.

Ed. Creelman: Do you hear much on the road?

Ted: Yep. Everyone I bump into swears like the devil.

Torchie (in French restaurant): "Je desire de-du-lait et du pain, toot-sweet.

Waiter: Me no speak de Engleesh, I call ze manageer.

Estey (philosophizing): The laziest woman in the world is one who puts popcorn in her pancakes so they'll turn over by themselves.

Duncan MacKenzie, after being shown to his room at Barteaux, looked from the window and noticed the clock on the post-office. He stopped his watch. Who says Dunky isn't Scotch?

Moving Pictures And Our Reminders

The Big Parade—Graduation.

Slide, Kelly, Slide—Kelly

Don Juan—Don Grant.

Mr. Wu—Vin White.

The Student Prince—Bernie Cross.

Smile, Brother, Smile—Blair Fraser.

Silk Stockings—Co-eds.

Man-Crazy—Freshettes.

Finders Keepers—Tully Tavern.

Rookies—North Section.

Girl Shy—Bill Atkinson.

We Moderns—Emma, Cons, Ev, Marion and Eva.

Room mate (Spring cleaning): Gee, I wish I were dead.
Win Emerson: I don't, I get too much fun out of Eatin' and sleepin.'

Popular Songs and Their Reminders

Where did you get those eyes? Arl Wry.
Me and my shadow — Grimmer and Helen, Ken and Marion.

Five feet two, eyes of blue—Grace MacPherson.

Poor Papa!—Pa Wheelock.

Up in the clouds—Marion Read.

Shiek of Araby—John Peck.

Drifting and Dreaming—Jack Gunter.

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