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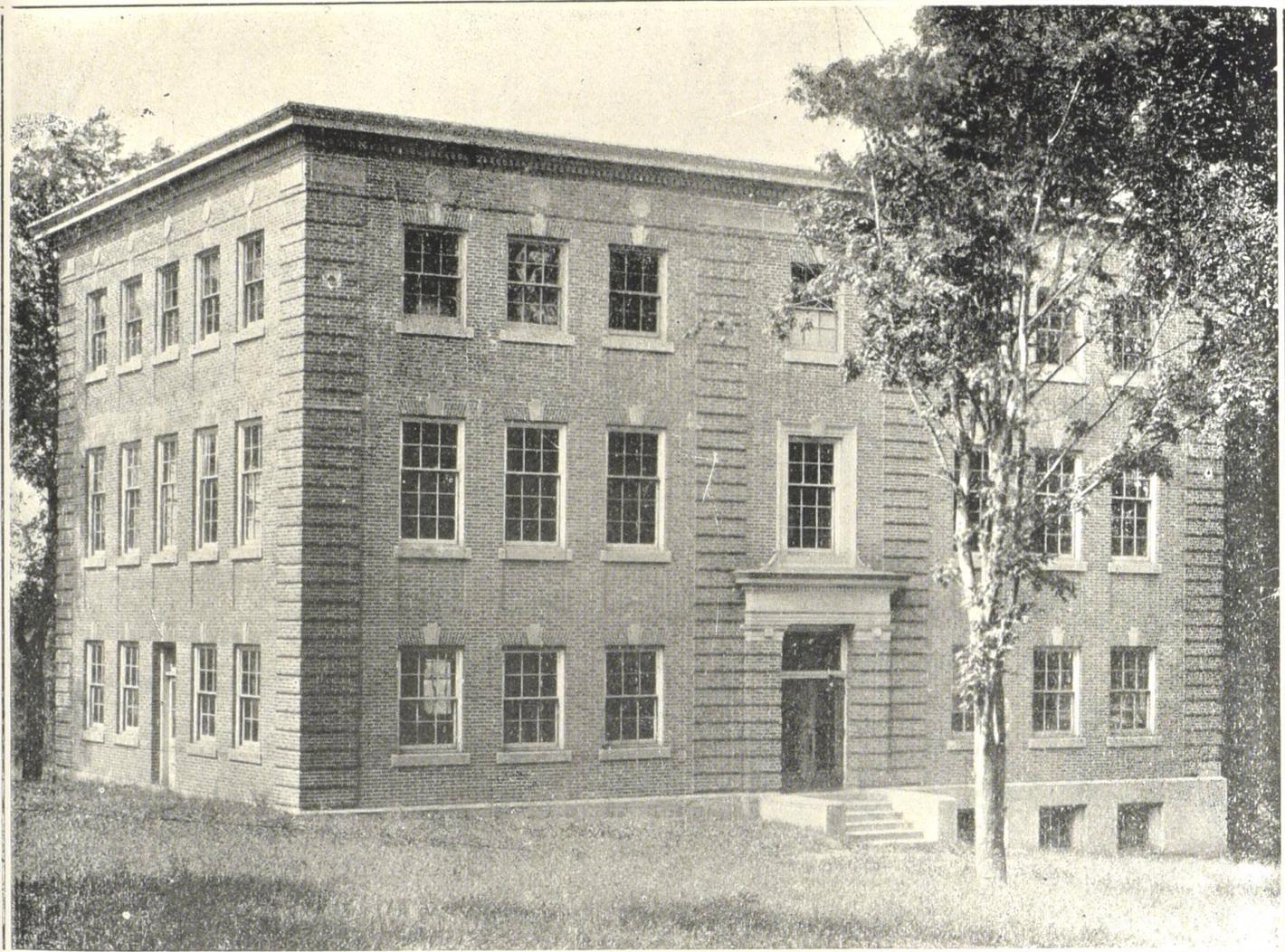
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Rhodes Hall; Acadia University

The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIII

Wolfville, N. S., May, 1927

No. 6

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

- Poetry:—1st, Eileen A. Cameron, '29; 2nd, J. R. Herbin, '30; 3rd, L. H. Jenkins, '28.
- Short Stories:—1st, R. B. Fraser, '28; 2nd, Helen L. Simms, '27, and Eileen A. Cameron, '29.
- Articles:—1st, Helen L. Simms, '27; 2nd, J. R. Herbin, '30.
- Unclassified:—1st, R. B. Fraser, '28; 2nd, L. H. Jenkins, '28.
- Humour:—L. H. Jenkins, '28; and R. B. W. Marven, '27.
- One-Act Play:—R. B. Fraser, '28.
- Science:—1st, R. B. Fraser, '28; 2nd, J. P. Nowlan, '28.
- Athletics:—1st, R. B. W. Marven, '27; 2nd, Elizabeth B. Corey, '28.
- Month:—1st, Eleanor Kerr, '28; 2nd, and Elizabeth B. Corey, '28.
- Exchanges:—L. H. Jenkins, '28; R. B. Fraser, '28; and J. P. Nowlan, '28.
- Personals:—L. H. Jenkins, '28; Eleanor Kerr, '28; and Mary Chase, '29.
- Jokes:—J. P. Nowlan, '28; Eileen A. Cameron, '29; R. B. W. Marven, '27.

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Pennant to the Juniors

Literary "A's" to Ralph B. W. Marven, '27 and
R. Blair Fraser, '28
Poetry Featured

FEAR

My hands reach into darkness;
 The shadows catch and hold,
 They crawl along the floor and wall
 And slowly me enfold;
 The windows creak and groan,
 And something sways with rustling moan;
 The breath of fear that is dead and cold.

My cries are lost in sound
 Of steps that creep across the floor;
 And hands that come from out the dark,
 Beat faintly on my door;
 Ghost dreams reach out to me,
 Their grayness dull as twilight sea,
 And things that live on the empty shore.

E. A. C., '29

THE WORM

Until the June of that momentous year 1815, Jean Lacoste had been a herdsman at the manor of Hougomont. Then, when the English came, and Waterloo plain became an army camp, he was called in from the fields and set to work on the fortifications. But the soldiers beat him, and the lord of the manor was dead—established authority seemed to be at an end, and anarchy was rife. Lacoste took the simplest way out—he ran away.

He had a brother, an innkeeper in the village of Charleroi, twenty miles distant. There he naturally fled, taking with him what few personal belongings he had. It was about dusk when he arrived. The innkeeper was sitting in the doorway, puffing gravely at a long, clay pipe. Toward him the fugitive strode.

"Well, Pierre, how goes it?" he said, with that nonchalant air which men assume when they arrive unexpectedly.

"Eh? Eh?" grunted the landlord, blinking himself awake. "What, Jean! Ah, my brother, it is good to see you again. But what brings you from Hougomont?"

"Oh, those dogs of English. They are drunk always, and they beat me. I have run away."

"Ah, it is terrible since Buonaparte has come back. Nothing but soldiers, soldiers everywhere. They will ruin me, always eating and drinking and never paying a sou."

"This terrible war! I do not understand. Who is this Corsican that he should cause so much trouble? Why could they not have kept him when they had him? Clumsy fools!"

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. The innkeeper rose, shaking his head gloomily.

"Well, it is the will of the good God," he said. "Let us go in, my brother; you will be hungry."

Arm in arm, they entered the tap-room.

"Ho, Françoise!" cried the host. "A good supper instantly—it is my brother Jean from Hougomont."

A pretty little woman appeared from the kitchen, wiping her hands upon her apron.

"Ah, Monsieur Lacoste, you are indeed a stranger," she said,

beaming upon him. "I will have supper in a moment, Pierre; be patient.

Jean settled himself before the fire with a sigh of contentment.

"Ah, how tired I am," he said. "It is good to see you, Pierre; even twenty miles is a long distance when one must work every day."

"That is true," said the landlord, seating himself opposite. "And I cannot leave the inn for long in these times..... *Peste!* What is that?"

A huge clatter had arisen in the courtyard. As Pierre jumped up, the door was kicked open, and a blue-coated cuirassier strode in. He was evidently in a state of drunken rage.

"Devil take that ostler of yours, landlord!" he cried. "One would think that the Emperor's mounts were no better than a damned tradesman's nag, the way he handles them."

"A thousand pardons, Captain D'Arnon," said Lacoste, with a low bow. "He shall be discharged at once. And now, how may I serve you, Monsieur?"

"Dinner for three, and six bottles of your best wine," said D'Arnon. "And mind you be quick about it, or I'll break your stupid head. My friends will be here in a moment.

The frightened innkeeper scuttled hastily to the kitchen, while Jean shrank farther back into his chimney-corner. He had no wish to come under the notice of the drunken officer.

Another clatter was heard in the courtyard and in a moment two more officers entered. They also were cavalrymen, and seemed to be in about the same stage of intoxication as their comrade.

"What, Captain," cried one, "in a tavern, and not drinking? Come, a mug of beer will whet your appetite. Ho, landlord!"

Pierre, in the kitchen, groaned in despair.

"Go in, Françoise, go in," he said. "They will break my head if I appear without the supper."

Françoise hurried into the tap-room.

"Beer, messieurs? Certainly."

She took down three tall mugs from the shelf, filled them, and stepped around the bar.

As he took his cup from the tray, D'Arnon, looked at her with a maudlin leer.

"Your health, my pretty one," he said, lurching to his feet.

"Thank you, sir," answered the mistress. "Is there anything else?"

"But yes, *ma cherie*," cried D'Arnon. "A kiss before you go."

Frightened, the woman tried to back away, but he caught her before she could move.

"Pierre! Help!" she screamed in terror.

The innkeeper, entering that moment with the food, saw only that his wife was being ill-treated. With the courage of blind fury, he sprang over the counter and struck the dragoon full in the face.

The man staggered back, purple with rage. Then, with a half-articulate curse, he jerked a pistol from its holster and fired point blank.

The anger died out of the landlord's face; he stared at his adversary dazedly, stupidly.

"Jean!" he cried, with a queer surprise in his voice. "Jean, I am dead!" And with that he crumpled up. Jean sprang to his side with a cry of horror.

"Pierre! Pierre! Speak to me, my brother—speak to me, my little Pierre!"

He knelt by the body, carressing it with trembling fingers, while the officers stood without a word, sobered and ashamed at the grief they had caused. Then D'Arnon laughed.

As though struck by a whip, Lacoste sprang to his feet, and rushing at the dragoon, clawed for his throat in a frenzy of rage. They rolled together on the floor.

The other two dragged them apart.

"Ah, here is sport," cried one, his drunken gaiety restored by the incident. "You have assaulted an army officer, insolent dog, and must stand trial for your life. Up on the table with you!"

Lacoste cowered back. The fire was gone from his eyes now; he looked at his enemy no longer as man to man, but as slave to master. D'Arnon helped him up on the table.

"Well, prisoner," began the officer, with mock dignity, "what

have you to say for yourself? Who are you, first of all, and where do you come from?"

"Men call me Jean Lacoste, monseigneur," said the peasant, "and I lived till this morning at the farm of Hougomont."

"What?" cried D'Arnon, all the mockery gone from his voice. "Not Hougomont, east of Waterloo plain?"

"I know of no other, monseigneur."

"*Mon Dieu*, we have found a treasure!" exclaimed the captain. "The general's staff has been scouring the village all day for a man who knew well the neighborhood of Waterloo. Come, my lads—to headquarters!"

They hurried out for the horses, dragging Jean with them.

* * * * *

The next morning found the army in motion. Lacoste, still rather dazed, rode with the Emperor's staff—he was now official guide.

Waterloo presented an ugly sight. It had rained all night, and the morning was dull and gray; the field was sodden with water. The English, firmly established on the plateau of Mont St. Jean, had great advantage over the Imperial army, whose heavy cavalry was floundering badly in the marshy plain below. However, Buonaparte was in nowise discouraged. The attack began with great fury and concentrated on the fortified farm of Hougomont. For several hours the issue was in doubt. Hougomont fell about two o'clock. Losses had been heavy on both sides; Napoleon's left was frightfully decimated, but he had been able to carry on without greatly weakening his centre to reinforce either wing. Wellington, on the other hand, had left his centre weak, depending upon his advantage of position, and had massed his cavalry back of Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. With Hougomont down, and La Haye Sainte hard pressed, Napoleon saw an opportunity for a *coup de grace*. A swift charge across the open plain and up the slope of Mont St. Jean would crush the feeble infantry which held the English centre before the cavalry could protect them. Then, ensconced upon the upland, he could drive the divided English cavalry back upon the Forest of Soignes, and completely overwhelm Wellington's defense.

The Emperor took a last glance over the field—all seemed clear. Leaning over, he spoke to the guide.

“Is there any obstacle to a cavalry charge between here and Mont St. Jean?” he asked quickly.

Lacoste blinked, as though just awakened.

“Monseigneur wishes to charge?” he asked stupidly.

“Yes, yes. Be quick!” said the Emperor impatiently.

“Why, Monseigneur—” began the peasant. Then he stopped.

Drawn up in the centre, ready to advance, were Milhaud’s cuirassiers, and in the front rank Jean saw the face of D’Arnon.

When he turned again to Buonaparte, his eyes were no longer dull.

“No, Monseigneur, nothing,” he said in a strained voice. “It is—quite safe.”

The Emperor spoke sharply to his aides. In a few moments, the column began to advance. Majestically, with an ever-quickening movement, the long lines started up the slope of Mont. St. Jean. The English rifle-fire, now feverish in its intensity, made not the slightest impression on the advancing regiments—without a falter they surged forward. Napoleon’s eyes glistened. Suddenly, at the crest of the hill, the front rank stumbled. The even flow of bright arms twisted into a whirlpool; a great cry of fear was heard over the noise of the hoofs. For between the French army and the plateau was a great ditch, a deep, precipitous gully—a grave, hidden behind the top of slope. It was the sunken road of Ohain! The generals spurred hastily toward the hill. The regiments were still moving, but the front did not advance; forced on by the pressure from the rear, line after line fell into the fatal gulch. Napoleon’s attack was broken; Waterloo was to be saved for the English!

Back on the little hillock where the Emperor had stood, Lacoste remained alone, smiling with the foolishly pleased air of a small boy who has succeeded in doing some mischief. For a long minute he stared at the wreck of the French army, then he turned away, without interest.

“Well, it is done. He must be dead,” said the peasant aloud.

His gaze wandered to the ruins of Hougomont, and he stiffened with sudden concern.

"Why, they have destroyed all the fences! The cattle will get loose!" cried the man who had lost the Battle of Waterloo.

R. B. F., '28

SONNET

The calm of nigh descends, with silent wings,
Upon the earth, enclosing it in peace.
The cares and worries of all worldly things
Seem, like the gentle breezes, now to cease.
Afar across the lake, so calm and still,
A late bird calls, and then it speeds away;
And once again is silence. Now a chill,
Vague, keen, expels the final breath of day;
Over the crest of yonder hill, the moon,
Big, red, and smiling, peeps with wary eye,
Casts, golden paths across the blue lagoon,
And then ascends with grace the starlit sky.
What beauty ushers in the magic night!
What wondrous mystery and awesome might!

J. R. H., '30

ACADIA DRAMATICS

Once upon a time not so very long ago, (this sounds like a fairy tale but it isn't), dramatics at Acadia were a very uncertain quantity. Away back in the dark ages of 1910, the college girls decided to show their talents to the world at large. On the evening of December 17, they produced the charming Grecian play *Pygmalion and Galatea*. The writeups concerning it in the *Athenaeum* are most flattering to the performers and it must have been a financial success, for the next year the Acadia Amateur Athletic Association began to place itself on a more stable basis financially by having a play once a year at closing. Often, however, the A. A. A.A. night took the form of a concert, either by local talent or by someone from outside.

During the war years, the interest in dramatics seems to have waned. There were many small entertainments under the auspices of the Athenaeum or Propylaeum Societies, but it was not until 1918 that a full evening play, *Marrying Peggy*, was put on. The *Athenaeum* this time needed monetary assistance and the result was that on March 26, students, faculty, townsfolk, and all turned out in full force to give their support to this worthy undertaking.

A year later, in the spring of 1919, a most unusual performance was given. This was an original play, written by a member of the graduating class, Miss Helen Starr. It was a very clever three act comedy entitled *Spies* which depicted, as the title suggests and the time of presentation hints at, a war circumstance. This was the first production of a play by one of the study-body and the college had a right to be proud of the marked ability shown. The evening's entertainment was under the auspices of the Library Science Class, then a flourishing organization here.

Because of the impetus which this play gave to dramatics and a demand for more of its sort, a desire began to grow for a more organized method of producing plays and developing dramatic ability in college. It seemed unsatisfactory to have a

play produced only when some organization needed a means of raising money.

Accordingly early in the fall of 1919, under the able leadership of Mr. Claude Richardson, its prime organizer and president, the Acadia Dramatic Club was formed to supply this long felt need. It had as its aim the production of two plays a year. But although this was to be the big effort of the year, yet the monthly meetings held were for the purpose of obtaining more definite knowledge about the drama and to study in an informal way its development. This aim has been carried out more or less successfully each year, the success or failure varying, as is true in all societies with the interest shown by the members.

During the gradual growth of the Dramatic Society, plays have taken a more and more prominent part in the life here at Acadia. Now they are beginning to be looked upon as an essential part of a college education.

It stands to reason that students who have the ability to write plays which are required for an English class should not only have the satisfaction of seeing them produced but what is more important, benefit by seeing wherein in actual production a play can be improved upon.

This was one of the objects of the Little Theatre Guild when it was formed here last year. Of course, in New York when the Little Theatre movement started there the main object was to enter a protest against the type of play then being produced and to attempt to raise the standard. Here, it accomplished its purpose in raising the standard of play writing. The evening's entertainment of five original one act plays which the Acadia Little Theatre Guild put on in the fall of 1925 occasioned much favorable comment.

However, only one side of the work is developed in writing and directing plays. Another very important phase is in the actual talent displayed in acting in a play. There is much to be gained by living the characters of great men's minds. To really interpret character so that others seeing may feel the qualities of the character depicted and not the one acting it, is an art. A few from the Dramatic Society set themselves to discover means of developing this art to a greater degree. The

outcome was an Honor Dramatic Fraternity to which a few interested, qualified persons have the honor to belong. An honor society implies what the motto of the fraternity is: "Fellowship and Service." It can retain this co-operation and usefulness best by demanding a high scholastic standing from its members and a keen desire to strive for the highest expression of art for art's sake.

A further reason for more highly concentrated work on the drama is that it may be of assistance to the English department. At Yale University under the exceptional guidance of Dr. Baker, English and its expression in Drama go hand in hand. This could come to pass right here at Acadia.

At any rate, great help could be given first and second year students in gaining an appreciation of English drama by the production of plays read in English courses. After the eye has become accustomed to visualizing what has already been seen it becomes much more pleasant to do. Take for example *The Rivals*. Many students would find it boring to read perhaps, yet after having laughed and grown angry with Sir Anthony or been extremely amused at Mrs. Malaprop, then the reading of *Ralph Roister Doister*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and many others of similar nature will become a delightful recreation instead of an irksome task.

Dramatization is assuming more and more importance in the world to-day. It takes its place in the school curriculum, in religious education programmes and in social service work. It is a very natural growth in the demand today for self-expression. What better way could one learn to express oneself than by losing oneself in the rôle of a famous character.

The production of one of Shakespeare's plays has not yet been attempted by the Society, but it is hoped that many students who have never had the opportunity of seeing the best in English drama will some day have interpreted for them first hand the perfect portrayals of character, the absolute beauty of expressions, the emotional action which can be found in Shakespeare. There would be advantage in it for both actors and audience.

Therefore, to conclude this short treatise on the progress of dramatics at Acadia may the wish be expressed that Acadia dramatics may become such a potent factor in the life of the university that it will first, assist the English department as a laboratory for experiment and increased interest in good literature, secondly, give the students the broadening influence much needed which comes from studying so fascinating an art, and finally, may the art of interpretation, the perfecting of dramatic talent be carried on and held high here at Acadia by those who are following on, and fulfill the ideals of those who have lighted the torch of artistic expression.

H. L. S., '27

AN INCIDENT

The sun was dying in the west—
 The lovely lady wept, and cried,
 "Oh, how I wish that I were dead!"
 Her lover at this strange request,
 Just drew her gently to his side;
 As to a little child, he said:

"Now, weep no more, my dearest one;
 I little dreamt my foolish 'no'
 Would make you cry.
 There is no girl beneath the sun,
 Whose tears could half affect me so—
 You think I lie?

You asked me if I loved you best
 Of all the loves I ever knew—
 Such foolishness!
 What could I think but you did jest;
 For is there any cause but you
 For happiness?

My darling, do you think it right,
To have all loveliness on earth
 Be granted you?
Then think, by some great power, I might
Resist its charms, withstand its worth,
 Or prove untrue?

You sweetly asked, 'Do you love me?'
And laughingly I answered, 'No.'—
 Yet that is true.
A passion so embodies me
I cannot love, but only know
 I worship you!"

Epilogue

The sun had kissed the world goodnight;
And beauty that suffused the sky,
 Reflected in the lady's face,
Had kindled in his eyes a light,
That poets think the reason why
 The gods still love the human race.

L. H. J., '28

THE BACHELOR DROP: A FABLE

Once upon a time there was a drop of water. In fact, then as now, there were a great many drops of water—enough to make the mighty ocean and the puddle in front of college steps. But this particular drop was not an ordinary person; he was distinguished from the other drops in his native cloud, for he was a confirmed bachelor.

All his life, he had observed that as soon as the ordinary drop reached a certain size, it fell in love with another drop, and the two became joined together and fell out of the cloud. But our drop was a conservative soul. He had no wish to leave his cloud; it was a comfortable place, and he did not know what might happen if he fell out of it, so he decided to remain single, and stay where he was.

It was a glorious life, he thought, running about the old home cloud, and going off on fog trips and other social functions. All hostesses knew that he could be depended upon to made up a set in a rainbow party, for he could play any color at all; he was noted for his artistic taste in arranging the couples for a cloudy sunset. Altogether, he led a happy and careless existence.

But, as time went on, he found that his old companions were dropping away. Soon the cloud became thin and gauzy; almost all the drops had married and fallen out. He began to reconsider his decision. Should he not marry, after all, as did all his brothers and sisters? It was really becoming quite uncomfortable in the cloud—the climate grew hotter every day. But no! he had always sworn that he would live and die single; he felt that he could not endure the laughter of his old cronies when he dropped down to join them in their mediocre puddle.

So our stubborn drop remained a bachelor. One by one the other drops in the cloud joined together and fell to earth, until at last there was but one left—a homely, ill-formed drop, of shrewish temper, who had remained a wallflower to the last. Again our bachelor felt the urge of nature—the cloud had now completely disappeared and he knew that he must either marry

and fall or set out on his resources. But still his obstinate will prevailed; he rushed away, and floated across the blue sky all alone.

For some time he lived a miserable existence, always exposed to the heat of the sun, withering and wasting away. At last he evaporated utterly, and vanished from sight—but it really made no difference, for his fellow drops, in the lake below, had quite forgotten his existence.

MORAL

“Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.”

—Herrick

R. B. F., '28

PICTORIAL: SEEN AT A MORNING THEATRE

The curtain—fog—hangs low.
A brick church-spire in stately mien
O'erlooks her neighbors;
Dark roofs hunched here and there with snow,
Roofs, hovering, crowding their heads together,
Smoke interswirling, wait;
Aloof, in place reserved, and impudently set,
The light-house, small
And white with the pallor of expectation,
Waits too, but silently;
To the right, and nearer front of stage
Dark barns are huddled in glowering impatience;
They find the air quite chilly, and turn cramped
And wooden faces curtain-wise;
And in the very front, so close
They touch the heavy curtain
And its cold, damp lines
Enfold them, lie the dykes,
Snow-piled and grey.
So waits the audience entire,
Nor turns a head, till with the rustle
Of a fresh-born wind,
A hush prevails,—
And at the cawing of a giant crow,
Announcing usher, enters the sun.
The house is full.
Slowly the curtain rises.

M. C. S., '27

THE RIGHT TO LABOR

JONATHAN BLAKE—*Mill superintendent.*

RONALD BLAKE—*His son.*

JACK KENNEDY—*A labor foreman.*

JOHNNY KEARNS—*One of Kennedy's men.*

The scene is laid in Mr. Blake's office, a plainly furnished business-like room. To the right is a large office-desk, while on the left side is a long desk-table with two clerk's stools. Just now the stools are unoccupied. Mr. Blake is discovered seated at the desk, busy with his morning mail. He is a man of middle age, with a pleasant expression which is marred by the impatient look of the perpetually busy man. After a moment, Ronald Blake enters. He is a healthy-looking boy of nineteen or so, well-dressed in a "collegiate" style. He crosses the room with hand outstretched; evidently he is greeting his father for the first time after a considerable absence.

Ronald. Hullo, Dad.

Mr. Blake (*starting up with a smile*). Well, well! How are you, lad?

Ronald. Never better. How's everything around here?

Mr. Blake. Oh, so-so. Well, I'm glad to see you again, Ronald. Did you just get in?

Ronald. Yes—on the morning train. I decided not to stay for Commencement after all. But what was it you wanted to see me about, Dad? Mother sent me right over here—said you had something important to tell me.

Mr. Blake. Oh, yes. It's about your summer vacation. I have been able to get a job for you, after all.

Ronald (*elated*). Have you? Oh, great! Absolutely great! I'm no hound for hard work, but four months of loafing about is an awful prospect.

Mr. Blake (*smiling proudly*). That's the spirit, boy. Yes, you're to start in on Monday, if you like. Report to

Jack Kennedy at the rail mill. He'll tell you—but wait, I'll call him in now. (*Taking desk phone*). Hello, give me the rail mill, if you please.....Hello, is that you, George? Tell Jack Kennedy to step into the office for a minute, will you? Thanks. (*Puts up receiver, and turns again to Ronald*). He may have to make some arrangements about taking you on. I just spoke to the super at the Employment Office about putting your card through, so Jack may have to make some changes to find room for you.

Ronald. Well, I won't mind a few days' holiday. I've been pretty busy the last two weeks, you know.

Mr. Blake. Sure take a little rest if you like. And I'll tell Jack to let you go easy for the first few days, till you get used to it. You'll probably find it pretty hard for a while you know.

Ronald (*smiling*). Oh, I guess I'll be able to worry along all right. I've been playing ball all spring you know, so I'm in pretty good training.

(*At this point Jack Kennedy enters. He is a powerfully built man, dressed in rough working clothes. He seems much astonished at being called out of the mill—comes in rubbing his hands against his greasy trousers in a nervous manner.*)

Kennedy. You wanted to see me sir?

Mr. Blake. Yes, I want you to meet my son. Ronald, this is Jack Kennedy your boss.

(*They shake hands*).

Kennedy (*surprised*). His boss?

Mr. Blake. Yes, I'm putting him on in the mill. You can find a place for him Monday, can't you, Jack?

Kennedy (*hesitantly*). Why—why—the fact is, sir, I'm pretty full up just now, and Johnny Kearns will be back next week— he's got his discharge from the hospital now.

Mr. Blake. Why, what was the matter with Kearns?

Kennedy. He got hurt a while back—dropped a bar on his foot.

Mr. Blake. What, another accident? I'm getting tired of this! Our accident chart looks like a panic. What do you think our compensation rate will be next year, if this keeps up?

Kennedy (*apologetically*). Well, it wasn't quite his fault, sir. He's a good man, Johnny is.

Mr. Blake. All right, all right. I don't care what you do about him. Better send him down to the General Yard till his foot gets better.

Kennedy. The General Yard? You know damned well—excuse me, sir. I mean, I don't think yard labor would do his foot any good.

Mr. Blake. Well, fix the matter up somehow. I'm leaving it to you. That's all.

(*Kennedy goes out, scratching his head, and scowling over his shoulder at Ronald. The latter has been sitting in the background during this dialogue, he comes forward as Kennedy goes out.*)

Ronald (*clumsily*). Look here, Dad—

Mr. Blake (*not in good humour*). Yes?

Ronald. I—I don't think I ought to be going out to work like this!

Mr. Blake. Like what?

Ronald. Why, when I'm cutting another man out of his job. You know that I won't be worth half as much as he would be.

Mr. Blake. You don't understand, lad. These men aren't workers, they're day-laborers; their life is one long round of five o'clock whistles. You'd be worth two of them, if you take this thing seriously.

Ronald (*dubiously*). Maybe. But how about this Johnny Kearns for instance? Kennedy said he was a good man.

Mr. Blake (*becoming rather impatient*). Sure he's good man—as laborers go. He can stand anything; no matter how drunk he gets on pay-day, he can always work the next day. But he's not a real worker—none of them are.

HAPPINESS

If I could do with life just as I chose,
From every slumbering garden, I would steal
Each ray of sunshine clad in perfumed clothes,
And pack them in a golden box and seal;
Then I'd unpin the stars o'er all the sky
So they would roll into my silver urn;
And lovely medodies that o'er me fly
I'd capture in my sapphire net, in turn;
Then truth, that gorgeous shining light, I'd take
And place within my lantern made of pearl;
And from all wondrous ones that love, I'd make
A scarf of love, and close about me curl.
Oh God! Would that I could have these, none less;
I'd pledge my soul to live in happiness.

M. C., '28

Ronald. Well, even so—

(He is interrupted by the entrance of **Johnny Kearns** himself. He is a big stupid-looking man, with heavy, powerful shoulders and large hands. He walks with a pronounced limp.)

Mr. Blake (angrily to **Kearns**). Well, what do you want? Don't you know this office is private?

Kearns. Excuse me, Mr. Blake. I just got my discharge from the Hospital, and they told me to hand it in to you.

Mr. Blake (taking the card which **Kearns** holds out). Oh, all right. When will you be out again, tomorrow?

Kearns. Monday, I guess, sir. Jack Kennedy told me last night to come out today if I could, but I'm still sort of lame.

Mr. Blake. Well report to McAskill at the General Yard, will you? I've filled your place in the mill.

Kearns (taken back). Me? On the Yard? Lor', sir, I can't work on no Yard. That foot'd play out if I had to walk much.

Mr. Blake. Well then, you'll have to stay off the plant till it's better, that's all.

Kearns (dazedly). All right, sir. (Turns to go).

Mr. Blake. You can talk to Jack Kennedy if you like; maybe he'll drop a man and check you in.

(**Kearns** nods and goes out without speaking. **Ronald** walks over to the window, looks out in silence for a few moments, while **Mr. Blake** returns to his papers.)

Ronald (breaking the silence suddenly). Dad, I can't work in that mill! I won't!

Mr. Blake (utterly astonished). Eh?

Ronald. I can't go out and steal that man's job. He needs it; I don't.

Mr. Blake. You don't! Why, I just finished telling you that you need it as much as he does. Do you realize that if you don't get work this summer, you won't be able to go back next year?

Ronald. I know that all right. But I just *want* the money; that man *needs* it. He's earning his living; I'm just earning an education!

Mr. Blake. Must we go all over that question again? Half of what these men earn is spent on drink; Kearns is drawing compensation every week, which amounts to fifty-five per cent. of his pay. That's enough to keep him going.

Ronald (*hesitating*). Yes—yes. I suppose so.

Mr. Blake (*rather grumpily*). Well, then, don't be foolish. You report to Kennedy, Monday morning. Remember it means your Senior year to you!

(*Silence for a moment. Ronald walks back and forth, his hands shoved deep in his pockets. At last he straightens up and turns to his father.*)

Ronald. No. I can't do it! I can't! That man's holding his job on his own; I'm having it given to me. I can't take it away from him!

(*He goes out hurriedly. His father stares after him, no longer surprised, but with an air almost of sadness. There is a long pause. Finally Mr. Blake reaches for the telephone with an air of decision.*)

Mr. Blake. The boy's right—and he's plucky. (*He takes down the receiver with an air of resignation.*)

Hello, give me the Royal Bank, will you, please?.... Hello, that you, Mr. Purdie? I'd like to ask for six month's extension on that mortgage. It means keeping my son out of College a year if I have to pay it now!

(CURTAIN)

R. B. F., '28

COMPENSATION

"Hello, hello, is that you, Emma?" came the voice over the telephone wire. "How soon can you be ready? You know there will be an awful crowd at the station and I want to have a good look at him. I've never seen a real live prince, because you remember I was sick abed with the flu' when the Duke of Windsor passed through town. Couldn't raise my head off the pillow I was that sick. So I just made up my mind I was going to see one member of the royal family before I die. They may say they be just like other folk, but then it's sort of fun to really see for yourself. They say the train he arrives on gets in at ten minutes past one. I really shouldn't leave the store then because Ned isn't back from his dinner, but I guess there'll be so many folks over at the train that they won't be wanting to buy shoes this day, so I can leave young Jim in charge. Maybe he'll have a chance to see a prince some other time, but I'm going to get there early this time, so we can have a good look. What time did you say you'd be ready?"

Emma Henderson listened quietly to Mrs. Brown until she had finished. She knew it was useless to interrupt her when she was excited. But now Mrs. Brown was waiting for her answer, so she said in her soft tones, "I'll call for you at your store in half an hour. That will give us plenty of time to walk over, don't you think?"

"Well, maybe you'd better say twenty minutes to be sure. You know the prince is not supposed to be known when he gets off the train, what did the paper say—something like his traveling incognito—but I've seen so many pictures of him I'm sure we can tell him. Then he goes right over from the station to the boat he's sailing to England on. What kind of a car do you 'spose they'll have for him to ride over in? I don't believe there's a real classy car in the city, is there? But they'll have something dandy fixed up. Be sure now, don't forget you said you'd be here in twenty minutes. And you better wear your rubbers even if the sun is shining so bright, its awful slushy

underfoot." Then Mrs. Brown, proprietress and boss of Brown's Shoe Store, put down the receiver.

Mrs. Brown's husband had died shortly after they were married and she was left with the alternative of carrying on his business or of straving. In the characteristic way, she had chosen to carry on, and the little business had flourished until this shoe store was the most attractive one on the street. Although it was not in the best section of the town, she had tried to keep her stock up to date and to make the window displays as artistic and attractive as possible.

"Now, Jimmie, you likely won't have much to do till I get back," said Mrs. Brown as she drew on her gloves, "but mind you be as polite as you know how to anyone who comes in; and, if Ned comes back before I do, you tell him to check over that new spring stock that just arrived. But I don't 'spose he'll come back till he's had a glimpse at the prince. Don't know as I blame him much. We'd all like to see him, but some one has to tend shop. Oh, there you are, Emma, just on time. This is a fine start. Where do you imagine we'll get the best view of him?" chatted Mrs. Brown as the two ladies walked briskly down Water Street toward the station.

Although the movements of the prince, who was travelling incognito, were supposed to be unknown, the report had leaked out that he was to pass from the city station to the ocean liner *Montcalm*, about noon.

For this reason, there was a large crowd gathered in the station when Emma and Mrs. Brown hustled in.

"Now, Emma, you just keep hold of my arm. I'm going to work my way up front of this crowd, for I'm determined I'll see this prince. Nothing's going to cheat me out of a good view this time. Don't mind a little squeezing now and again, that's all part of the game. Can't get what you want in this world without trying for it you know." Mrs. Brown talked on as she gradually made way for both of them up near the front of the crowd.

Then the train whistle blew—the waiting crowd stood on tip toe, all expectancy—some drew back timidly as the great engine came rushing, thundering into the station; but when the

huge locomotive stood silent, they pressed forward eagerly, breathlessly, to see the passengers as they alighted from the cars.

"Is that him? Oh, I'll bet that's him over there. No, it isn't tall enough for him. I've seen his picture in the movies and he's better looking than that. Maybe he was on the last car and hasn't come down the platform yet." So went the comments and question from the expectant bystanders.

"Emma, do you suppose he didn't come? Oh, I shall be so disappointed. But there's no use waiting here any longer for we've seen every last person come off that train, even the baggage is most all off. I just hate to go back to the store without seeing him but I s'pect we must. I s'pose it was sort of mean leaving Jimmie all alone there, but I just couldn't afford to close it, it's been a hard spring and every sale counts nowadays.

When Prince Henry saw what a beautiful spring day it was, he told his escort that he desired to walk to the boat. Knowing that no matter how quiet would be his entrance to the city, there would be a crowd to meet him, Prince Henry and his friend slipped unnoticed from the other side of the train and began their walk toward the dock. The snow was melting fast in the warm sun making the walking very bad. The two had not proceeded far when Prince Henry noticed a shoe store, he and his friend entered Brown's Shoe Store and asked for a pair of galoshes. Jimmie's heart was beating fast for he recognized the prince at once, but he was so dumbfounded he couldn't speak. He merely produced the desired galoshes and awaited the royal approval. When Prince Henry was satisfied, his friend settled with Jimmie and they continued their walk.

Greatly excited, Jimmie hurried into the next store to tell the news. He had waited on a prince! Wasn't it quite thrilling? The news spread rapidly so that when Mrs. Brown and Emma returned there were several excited neighbours talking in the store.

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, "there seems more excitement here than at the station. What's all the fuss?"

Jimmie could hardly wait for her question before he burst out with the astonishing fact. "Prince Henry was in here and

bought a pair of galoshes from *me*. He was just awful nice and smiled and said 'Thank you.' Why, he's just like any other man isn't he?"

"No," said Mrs. Brown succinctly, her brain whirling. Then she walked to the telephone and called Foster's Sign-Painting Company.

In a few days, those passing by paused before the windows of Brown's Shoe Store where was prominently displayed the royal coat of arms with the inscription: *Royal Patronage*.

H. L. S., '27

DREAM POEM

Silk threads of gold on
 Garments of purple;
 Slant eyes and scimitars,
 Odors of mystery.
 Houris with eyes of black—
 Wickedly haunting
 Over the tops of fans—
 Caves of mad death.

Pleasure and painfulness;
 Joy e'en to madness;
 Sorrow now drabs my eyes,
 Cruelly crushing.
 Screaming in deathless pain,
 Writhing in ecstasy,
 Thrills of wild passion weird
 Clutch and depart.

R. B. W. M., '27

THE GRAND PRÉ MEMORIAL PARK

Not many years ago, the beautiful little Memorial Park, on the north side of Grand Pré station, was nothing but a cow-pasture. It had, of course, the familiar row of old willows, the well, and a couple of cellars; but there were no buildings or landmarks such as there are now.

About sixteen or seventeen years ago, the stone cross was erected by the late John F. Herbin, himself a descendant of the Acadians, who then owned the land. This cross marks the site of the Acadian burying-ground from 1675 to 1755, and contains a number of stones taken from what remained of the foundation of the old Church of St. Charles, as well as from a few neighbouring cellars. As this spot was for many years a ploughed field, all apparent traces of the graves, such as the little wooden crosses, were lost; but in digging, many things were brought to light which indicated that it had been a graveyard.

At the time of the erection of the cross, the well was cleaned out, a number of rusty iron implements being found in the bottom of it and a new curb was added. Contrary to tradition, this is not the French or "Evangeline" well, but was dug by Colonel Winslow in 1755 for the use of his English troops which were quartered in the chapelyard.

Since that time, nothing of importance was done until 1920, when the Evangeline statue was erected by the Dominion Atlantic Railway, which company had bought the land the previous year with the purpose of making a park of it. This bronze figure represents Evangeline as taking a farewell look at her beloved country. The singular change of expression in her beautiful face when viewed from different angles is making the statue famous. Philippe Hebert, a descendant of the Acadians from Quebec, started the work; his son, Henri, finished it.

The Railway company deeded to the Acadian National Society 9600 square feet of land, including the sites of the old church and the burying-ground, and in 1922, that society, consisting of descendants of the original Acadians, started a

Memorial Hall or Museum, in the style of architecture of the old church. This Hall has not yet been completed; but in 1923, a beautiful statue, an exact reproduction of Murillo's painting of the Madonna, was set up, with the Acadian flag forming a striking background. This statue, of the finest white Carrara marble, was carved in Italy by a number of the world's best sculptors, and is considered one of the best pieces of art of its kind in America.

About a mile to the east of the park is an iron cross, marking the point of embarkation of the exiled Acadians from the district of Minas.

This Memorial Park has been the scene of several Acadian pilgrimages, chiefly from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec; and is, as shown by the registration books, the stopping-point of over seven thousand tourists every summer.

J. R. H., '30

GRIEF

The bell rings,
With measured swings,
The empty years;
Its dull low sound,
Trembling falls
On crumbling walls,
And mists with tears
The upturned ground.

E. A. C., '29

“WON'T YOU COME TO DINNER?”

Yes, there was Jessup, the corner street-cleaner, being invited to an exclusive dinner by Mrs. Van Shoot. The same Jessup who, every Saturday morning, obtained his meagre cheque at City Hall and stood in line to have it cashed at the Workingman's Bank.

How Jessup had surprised us all! We didn't even know he was invited to this party of Wallet's, given in honor of the exclusive Mrs. Van Shoot. Yet he had entered there with the other guests and immediately became the centre of attraction. Ragmaninoff had just played his famous *Boiler-Rivetter Chorus Blues*. Silence had begun. Suddenly Jessup, servant of his city, leaped to his feet, shouting, "Say, Willet, now watch me perform." All of us, with the exception of Willet, remained dumbfounded. Jessup bowed, straightened up, posed, and began to *whistle*. And such whistling! The *William Tell Overture* burst from his lips in a way we had never heard it before. Jessup whistled the bass tremolos with all the volume of a calliope; he blew out chromatic tenths just for variation; the wood-winds seemed to be shrilling in the very room. We breathlessly awaited the coda. It came, continued, and ended—fairly smothered in a burst of applause. And now, for a reward, Jessup had received the invitation coveted by all present.

Next morning I stopped at the corner to speak to Jessup. "Tell me, Jessup," I inquired, "in what rests the secret of your popularity?"

Jessup ceased his labours, spat, leaned against his pushcart, and slowly—but forcibly—replied, "Simply this: I have taken a correspondence course in *How to Entertain and Climb Both Socially and Intellectually* or *The Art of Whistling Like a Symphony Orchestra*. The whole secret," stated Jessup, "is in the development of the Achilles tendon." He proved this by quoting from Lesson Ten of the course, which I was unable to follow because of its individual technicalities.

"But does it pay you?" I asked. "Does it? I just guess it does?" wittily responded Jessup. "I get invited out to din-

ner every night." Whereupon he, seizing his long-handled brush, resumed work.

I walked to my office, pondering ponderously.

* * * * *

A week later, I arose from my desk, adjusted my necktie, blew my nose, and went towards the boss's mahogany panelled offices. Cutely sticking my head round the corner of the door, I softly whistled, *Outside of Old Jerusalem*: Working my Achilles tendon up and down, I added to my selection the effect of the seven-stick roll. But, before I had half finished, the boss, with eleven huge tears furrowing and harrowing his cheeks, had grasped my hands and was inviting me to dinner.

Jessup and I are both asked out to dinner every night.

Do you want to get free meals? If so, send \$16.47 a month for thirty-eight months to the

Hamelin Whistling School

—ADVT.

R. B. W. M., '27

REMEMBRANCE

The years have passed since I last saw you, dear,
 The long, long years; but I remember yet
 The willows by the water where we met
 To watch the sunset woo the river near.
 And in the dim half-darkness we could hear
 The little hill-side spring, where we would get
 Wild mint that grew along the path, all wet,
 Before it reached the spring, so cold and clear.
 Ah, I remember your beloved face
 And your dear voice that spoke to me those days,
 Those summer days—none lovelier before,
 When we two saw the young moon's slender grace
 Sink in western clouds of darkening haze.
 And now—they say you've gone, forevermore.

M. G. P., '27

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

"I wouldn't if I were you."

For an instant startled gray eyes looked deep into brown, and then away again to the dark waters that flowed silently beneath the bridge.

"I don't care, now." Infinite weariness shadowed the young voice and drooped the silken-clad shoulders. All at once she seemed aware of the man's hand upon her arm. Swiftly she pulled away.

"Let me go! You are just like the others—a rat." Gone were the soft accents, and in their place a tense harshness that caught at the man's heart.

"Please, little girl, we are not all—rats. I understand everything, even the river—but you can't go for help there. God won't allow you."

The girl's body swayed against him and he reached out to her. This time she did not draw back.

"God! God!" A tiny mad laugh flowed behind the words, leaving with the man a sense of utter helplessness. Manlike he seized upon his remedy for all ills.

"You are hungry. We will find a place to eat and talk. You can tell me all about it—if you wish. Perhaps I can help."

His voice carried a note of hushed tenderness to the girl and for a brief moment she hesitated. Then—"Yes, I'll go."

They found an Italian restaurant still open and took a secluded table. While waiting for their order, neither of them spoke. Under the shaded light, he had an opportunity of viewing her. Queer what an impression she had made on his mind. What was she anyway? Surprise at himself and his action beclouded his mind, but this faded before the light of her eyes.

"Tell me why you were going to do this thing, will you?"

The girl's eyes met his across the table and then dropped with a certain wistfulness.

"Well, it's like a good many stories that end like mine. I can't seem to keep a job? Why? No kisses, no pay basis is the

cause of it all. I couldn't go on pretending any longer." She looked at him strangely for a minute. "All the benefit I received is a knowledge of men!"

The man's eyes understood. The pouting red mouth and the softness of her arm were temptations. Queer though how these girls minded such things.

"I am glad you have told me, for I can help. I'll get you a job and lend you some money. With no strings attached," he hastened to add, as the girl half rose from her chair.

He drew a note-book and some bills from his pocket. Writing an address on a slip of paper, he folded several bills inside and passed the whole to her.

"I can't take it! I can't! You're too good." Her voice broke in a sob, and she pushed the folded paper across the table.

"Don't be foolish. You can pay me back."

Slowly she took the bills and placed them in her pocket. His thanks were from her eyes alone, but that, to him, was reward enough.

Soon they finished their meal and the man rose to leave. Somehow he felt she wanted to be alone. Then, there was always tomorrow.

After he had left, she waited for a few minutes before leaving the restaurant. Her ultimate destination proved to be a large house in the better part of the town.

"Gil, where have you been?"

From the dimly lit hall, a querulous voice flung the question at her. "And how much did you make?"

"Sixty dollars. Aren't men the dumb fools!"

•E. A. C., '29

THE VANITY OF A ROSEBUD

There was a rosebud on a bush,
The bud was brightest red,
It was but one out of six buds,
And this is what it said,

“My sisters five, I want to tell
You why I’m so admired,
And why you are quite overlooked
By all the handsome sires.

When I behold a handsome man
Come walking down this way,
I lift my pretty face upward,
And look the best I may.

I also scatter far and wide
My perfume fresh and sweet,
Then all the people stop and look
At such a marvellous treat.

My sisters, you just droop your heads,
And never show your beauty,
You hide your petals under leaves,
And do not do your duty.”

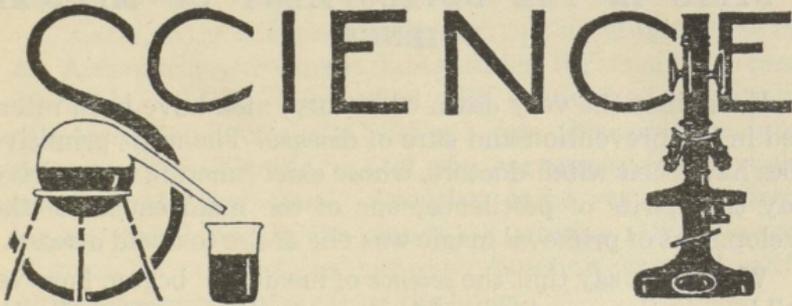
O. C., '28

OMELET

(With Apologies to Shakespeare and Artie)

To eat or not to eat—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The pains and longings of a foodless night,
Or to take sustenance against the gnawing pangs
And by eating end them? To eat? Or sleep?
No more—for in a sleep to say we end
The stomach-ache and all the natural desires
That we are subject to, it is a hope
Not to be fulfilled. To eat? Or sleep?
To sleep! perhaps to dream! ah, there's the catch,
For in that sleep of ours what dreams may come
When we have subdued our appetites
Must give us pause. Perchance a feast,
With vain profusions of the best to eat,
Will rise, forever unattainable.
With morning's beams the hunger's gone; ah, yes;
But yet tonight deep emptiness is here.
But, with regard to currency, a pauper
Should not borrow from his roommate;
And when he owes too much for woeful want,
He must be content to bear the ills he has,
Than have his sins remembered for a week
Until his papa furnish him the coin.
But on the other hand, the pangs grow worse.
This is an enterprise of weight and moment
Demanding instant action. Oh, Heck!
I guess I'll go to Artie's after all.

L. H. J., '28



EDITORIAL

Nova Scotia is certainly before the public eye these days. Hard upon the Duncan report comes a headline from New York proclaiming the invention by E. M. (Bert) Fraser, former Nova Scotian boy from Pictou County, of a new electric drive for motor vehicles—both trucks and automobiles. The invention is of such revolutionary importance that the well-recognised *Motor Magazine* devoted four pages to an article on the new device. To quote:

“By controlling both engine speed and generator out-put, the current supplied to the motor may be so varied as to give any drive-shaft torque from zero, as required with the vehicle standing still, to the maximum required when climbing a hill.”

The new drive has “a large initial weight saving which is secured by combining generator and motor in one unit. . . . The drive shaft runs at 3 times engine speed and the motor produces 1-3 as much torque as the engine. This figure, however, may be varied in the design of the machine to meet the operating requirements.” A small fraction of current produced in the generator is sent to the battery.

Bert Fraser first invented a new style of motor for little freight and passenger elevators, to which device he recently sold all his rights for a large sum to further the development of this new contrivance.

G. D. H. H.

STEPS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEDICAL SCIENCE

Ever since the very dawn of history, men have been interested in the prevention and cure of disease. The most primitive tribes have their witch-doctors, whose chief function is to drive away the spirits of pestilence; one of the main causes of the development of primeval magic was the desire to avoid disease.

We cannot say that the *science* of medicine began, however until its practice was divorced from superstition. The Egyptians, for instance, discovered many valuable facts, and made considerable progress in surgery, but they believed that the position of the stars had more influence on a patient's welfare than any medical treatment. The first rational, scientific physicians were the Greeks of the age of Pericles.

Without the microscope, and with no knowledge of chemistry, they could not go far in their search for the specific causes of disease. But at least they went about their investigations in a scientific manner. Their remedies were based not on superstitious beliefs, but on observation; they had no doubt that illness sprang from physical causes, although their deductions concerning these causes were often sadly astray.

One curious example of the mistakes into which their crude methods led them was their notion concerning pus formation, a misconception which persisted well down into the Middle Ages. Almost all wounds became somewhat infected in those times, for sanitation was unknown. The old physicians noticed that when the pus did not run freely, the wound was often infected internally, and gangrene would set in. On the other hand, freely running pus usually meant that the trouble was superficial, and the wound would readily heal. Hence they reasoned that a flow of pus was a healthy sign, and often they deliberately befouled a wound to promote the excretion. This doctrine must have cost thousands of lives.

In spite of their disadvantages, however, they made surprising advances. Even before the end of the Periclean Age,

anatomists had discovered the true function of the brain, and had acquired a considerable knowledge of body structure.

Later, in the Alexandrian period, further progress was made. At Alexandria were great laboratories for medical research, which the Ptolemies furnished with condemned criminals for purposes of vivisection. Cruel as it was, this practice brought great results. The function of the nervous system was understood for the first time. Scientists came very near discovering the circulation of the blood; the arteries were the subject of much learned dispute, but their function was still confused with the carrying of air from the lungs.

After the fall of the Alexandrian Empire, little more was done in any science. During the earlier period of the Roman Empire, the discoveries of the Greeks were at least preserved, but by the time of the later Caesars, the influence of tradition and superstition had utterly corrupted the spirit of scientific investigation.

To Rome, however, we must give the credit of the first attempts at public sanitation. Here for the first time we find legal ordinances for the enforcement of cleanliness, and public works of a hygienic nature.

When the barbarian invasion destroyed the Roman civilization, the scholarly world fell into a state of chaos. Learned men no longer tried to be original, but prided themselves on their knowledge of ancient writings. This parasitism, beginning, about the fifth century A. D., persisted with few exceptions until the dawn of the Renaissance.

The only great advance in medicine during the Mediaeval Age was the discovery of the mercury treatment for syphilis, developed by French surgeons about 1400. They established with certainty the venereal cause of the disease, and made considerable progress toward curing it.

The revival which came with the Renaissance brought the discovery of the microscope, and the beginnings of scientific chemistry. Again the practice of medicine was placed on a rational basis, and medical science began a truly constructive period which has lasted till the present day.

Interest was first concentrated upon pure science. The structure of the human body was again investigated; for the first time, attention was directed to *comparative* anatomy. Francis Bacon and René Descartes were pioneers in this study.

But the greatest contribution to medicine of the Renaissance period came in 1628, with the publication of Harvey's *True Theory of the Heart and Blood in Animals*. This marks one of the greatest discoveries in medical history. Now, for the first time, amputation was possible; the excessive bleeding had previously made such operations almost certainly fatal. The importance of the pulse rate in illness began to be understood. Altogether, medical practice was almost revolutionized.

After Harvey, the next outstanding name is that of Doctor Jenner, the inventor of vaccination. He noticed that the skin disease known as "cow-pox", usually contracted in milking cows, was popularly supposed to be a protection against small-pox. Knowing that a person who had once had small pox was usually immune from another attack, he conceived the idea that cow-pox, which was an exceedingly slight disease and which seemed to bring about the same immunity, might be artificially induced. He made a study of the matter, and finally succeeded in perfecting the vaccination process, which has reduced smallpox from a terrible scourge to a comparatively rare disease.

Jenner died about 1820. After his death, and all through the first part of the nineteenth century, progress in medicine seemed to be at a standstill. The hospitals of Europe had become decadent; inefficiency and unsanitary conditions made them purveyors of death rather than life.

But this darkness heralded the dawn of the greatest period in medical history—the later nineteenth century. In that brief space, as much progress has been made as there had been in all the eighteen centuries since the Greek times.

First in time; and perhaps in importance, comes Louis Pasteur with his work on bacteria. He succeeded in isolating the germs of several prevalent diseases, notably that of tuber-

culosis, while his studies of sterilization laid the foundation for Lister's work, thirty years later.

Then, in 1847, James Simpson opened new fields for surgery with his discovery of the anaesthetic properties of chloroform. Until then, serious operation had been almost impossible owing to the danger from shock. Now it was possible for the surgeon to work without constant attention to the sufferings of the patient; pain was practically conquered.

But the use of chloroform brought other results which were not so happy. The idea of being operated upon without pain was so enthusiastically received, both by the profession and by the public, that operations became a fad; doctors seemed to be obsessed with the notion that the knife could cure any ailment. Soon a new and dreadful illness, known as "hospital fever," became prevalent; and alarming percentage of surgical operations, apparently successful, resulted in death from this cause. Doctors were in a panic; all kinds of wildcat schemes were suggested for the prevention of this dreadful disease. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, was even in favor of burning all the hospitals and building new ones.

To meet this crisis came a Scotch surgeon named Lister. He had read with interest of Pasteur's discoveries concerning bacteria and had done considerable work in that field himself. He believed that the influence of these tiny organisms was wider than anyone dreamed, and he set to work to discover some means of sterilization other than intense heat. After several years of research, he found that carbolic acid had antiseptic properties. He was now ready to cope with the problem of "hospital fever." Taking charge of several serious operations, he tried out his carbolic acid treatment, with great success; the wounds healed more slowly, it is true, but the usual complication did not set in. Lister proved that the so-called "hospital fever" was really a form of gangrene, and that sanitary precautions were all that was necessary to avoid it.

The discovery of antiseptics marked a revolution in medical practice. Operations could now be carried on without great danger either from shock or infection, and there began a period of advancement such as the world had never seen. Now, after

less than fifty years, surgeons are able to operate upon the heart and brain, to graft new skin upon the body—even actual transference of organs has been attempted.

Knowledge of bacteriology has also brought in a wonderful improvement in sanitation and preventive medicine. Most diseases of the plague type have been almost entirely stamped out by proper hygienic precautions.

The use of vaccines, too, has been very much broadened. We may now protect ourselves even against the “common or garden” cold by this method.

But our knowledge is still very far from perfect. We are yet ignorant of the nature of cancer. Tuberculosis remains the “White Plague” of the world. Our knowledge of many other diseases is fragmentary and unsatisfactory. As for surgery, new advances are being made every year. Who can tell what wonders the future may bring forth?

R. B. F., '28

The Acadia Athenaeum

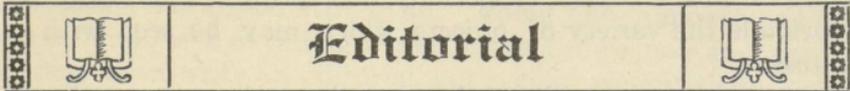
Vol. LIII

Wolfville, N. S., May, 1927

No. 6

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Beryl DeWolfe, '27, Staff Artist		James Wilson, '29, Circulation Man.
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As has been intimated in one of our previous issues, the *Athenaeum* is very desirous of building up a science department of an original nature, that is, one in which the articles shall be based upon the research and investigation of undergraduates at Acadia. Heretofore, science articles have been to a very great extent culled from other scientific papers. While we do not directly censure this practice, we feel that the opportunities here at Acadia for research work are very numerous; we know that a considerable amount of such work is continually going on; and we wish to encourage the investigators to submit reports of their findings to the science department of this magazine. Furthermore, it may be said that all such original reports will receive a decided preference over those, which are condensed excerpts from other periodicals.

It is a well known fact that, at Acadia, a very large proportion of our students are majoring in the sciences, and that

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

many more are extremely interested in these studies. Therefore, the material for publication should be fairly plentiful. In Biology alone, several rather interesting phenomena have been reported by Acadia students this year both in the botanical and zoological departments. Admittedly these phenomena are not new to the scientific world, but they were noted during the research work carried on by our students here.

Chemistry and Physics also offer excellent opportunities for work of this sort. We have excellently equipped laboratories in which to work and we feel sure that the ambition among the students is not lacking. Geology offers an especially fertile field inasmuch as we are very conveniently situated with regard to geological formations. Blomidon, Horton Bluffs, and the Gaspereaux Valley all are widely known and widely cited evidences of geological formations.

May we also extend a very cordial invitation to the engineering department. Its members also have made many observations this year—especially this spring. It is really remarkable the variety of objects which may be seen with a transit.

May we repeat—let us have a science department that is original.

We were pleased to note that in the *Blue and Garnet* for April 5 there occurred an article entitled *Think It Over*. This article set forth a plan for the amalgamation of the *Athenaeum* and a weekly newspaper to be published by the students of the university. As the editor of the *Blue and Garnet* says, there is undoubtedly a place for a weekly newspaper at Acadia, and it is a place which should be filled. During the past year the *Blue and Garnet*, considering the fact that it was an original and independent venture, did excellent work in this line and all credit is due to its staff for their efforts.

We would like to make some suggestions along a similar line, not, however in a spirit of adverse criticism. In the first place, it is absolutely essential that in order to work effectively the business organization must not be too cumbersome. The *Blue and Garnet* offers a very good idea for the business depart-

ment, namely a Managing Editor, a monthly and a weekly Business Manager and a Circulation Manger. Perhaps one Business Manager could handle the affairs of the two publications, at any rate, we would suggest that both Business Managers be from the Junior Class, inasmuch as both those positions are of a highly responsible nature and require perhaps more experience than the average Sophomore possesses. The method of succession to the position of Business Editor might be settled by vote of the staff or of the union as a whole. It is absolutely essential that the Circulation Manager be a Sophomore. For a Freshman, immediately upon his entry into college, to be given charge of the combined circulations of a monthly magazine and a weekly paper is out of the question.

In regard to the editorial department, it seems that an Editor-in-Chief is superfluous in view of the fact that a Managing Editor who would occupy practically the same position, is provided for. The present Managing Editor of the *Athenaeum* has all too little to do. About once a month he has the difficult task of calling a meeting and once, now and again he may even write an editorial, but even in view of these facts he is not greatly overworked. Therefore to create two such officers when one is sufficient is hardly necessary. Moreover to have an Editor-in-chief elected by the Union would not insure the selection of one thoroughly familiar with the organization of the papers.

The *Blue and Garnet* suggests that the literary department of the *Athenaeum* could be enlarged to make room for familiar essays and other material of this sort. We might point out that such an enlargement has already taken place.

It is the financial question which, though almost disregarded in the suggestions made by the Editor of the weekly paper, offers the greatest difficulty. It would be impossible to effect such a union of the papers without an increase in the subscription rates of at least one dollar. Certainly the weekly would lessen the cost of publication of the monthly to a certain extent, but the decrease would not be sufficient to finance the newspaper. A fortnightly paper might be successful on the basis of the present subscription, but even that is doubtful.

This matter of a union is one which should be thoroughly investigated, preferably by a joint committee composed of members of the staff of the *Blue and Garnet* and of the *Athenaeum*. We hope that such an investigation may be made and its findings reported to the Union.

The unhappy attempt on the part of the Board of Governors to reestablish compulsory chapel attendance has developed a situation within the University that is highly regrettable.

Compulsory chapel attendance was customary at Acadia until the old College Hall was destroyed by fire in 1920. For the next five years, chapel services were held only once a week, instead of daily as had been customary, because the gymnasium was the only available meeting-place and its somewhat removed location forbade daily services. With the opening of the new Hall, last year, daily chapel services again became possible. For some reason, compulsory attendance was not instituted at once. Nevertheless, attendance was large and discipline all that could be desired. The student-body seemed to enjoy the services and to realize that they satisfied a definitely felt need. This year, however, compulsory attendance was reestablished through the action of the Board of Governors, we understand. Monitors were appointed to take attendance and edicts were issued regarding "skips," with expulsion as the penalty for "over-skipping." Purple curtains were hung in Convocation Hall behind which the unwary might not sit—on pain of being marked absent.

The result? Well, what else could be expected! The student-body began to kick against the goad. Attendance was nearly one hundred per cent. perfect, but discipline dropped to a minus quantity. Chapel services no longer ministered to a well-felt need, but were endured as a necessary evil. Things went from bad to worse; until, finally the conviction began to grow that this highly regrettable situation was largely the result of coercion.

In those six years that followed the destruction of the old

Hall, the membership of the student-body had entirely changed: a generation had arisen that knew not the old order.

The final outcome was that the Students' Council was instructed to draw up and present to the Board of Governors a petition asking that compulsory chapel attendance be abolished. At a meeting of the Council on April first, the following petition was formed:

"The Students' Council has been authorized by the Students' Union of Acadia University to present the following petition:

'Whereas, we, the members of the Students' Union of Acadia University, unanimously agree that compulsory chapel attendance militates against the purpose for which we believe chapel is intended, namely, religious worship, we respectfully request that the regulation requiring such compulsory attendance be cancelled.'

This petition was presented to the President of the University to be brought before the Board of Governors at the earliest possible date.

We wish the situation to be clearly understood by all readers of the *Athenaeum*. The student-body does not wish to have chapel abolished. What we ask is that a system of compulsory attendance, which is contrary to the very tenets of the Baptist denomination, be forever abolished.

We quote in closing from an editorial reference to this problem of compulsory chapel attendance which appeared in a recent number of the *McMaster University Monthly*, the publication of the students of another university maintained by the Baptist denomination:

"After two hundred and twenty-five years of compulsory chapel, Yale University, in response of the votes of the undergraduates, has inaugurated the practice of voluntary attendance at morning prayers. At the first service under the new system, there were no vacant seats in the historic hall—an evidence that the new policy did not begin as a failure.

Here at McMaster voluntary chapel has always been the custom, and never in the history of the University has that custom vindicated itself more fully than during the present session. The attendance this year has been uniformly large, even larger than in past years, an evidence that our simple chapel service offers something that satisfies the need of the undergraduates."

Literary distinctions have this month been awarded to Ralph B. W. Marven, '27 and R. Blair Fraser, '28. ¶

Mr. Marven's contributions have been mainly to the Humour and Joke departments, where his "quips" and "quid-dities" have scintillated to the delight of the readers of the *Athenaeum*. His charming lyrics will also be missed from our pages.

Mr. Fraser is the first member of the present Junior Class to win his Literary "A." He came to Acadia as a Freshie-Soph. and has established an enviable record in winning his distinction before the end of his second year. He has contributed to nearly every department, but has won special honors in the Short-Story and One Act Play departments.

To both of these successful contestants, we extend our heartiest congratulations.



Boys' Residence, Horton Academy of Acadia University



Horton Academy Notes



Dr. Johnson gave very interesting talks at the Academy Chapel services on the fourth, sixth, and eighth of April. He also spoke at the Academy Boys Y. M. C. A. meeting and visited their home several times.

An open discussion was held in the chapel service Thursday, April 7, by the Second Year Class, under the direction of Miss Archibald. The subject was: "Resolved that slang should be ruled out of the English language." The decision was in favor of the negative.

The Academy Boys won a decisive victory over the Yarmouth Academy Boys on April 2, by a score of 44-20.

Athletic distinctions are being awarded to twenty Academy boys, and eight girls.



ATHLETICS

The past month has been signallized by two very important events in the Acadia sport calendar. First, the defeat of the co-eds' basket-ball team on the home floor by the Dalhousie girls, who eventually won the Girls' Maritime Inter-collegiate Title; this was followed by a generally unexpected victory of the boys' quintette over the Dalhousie Tigers, likewise on the home court. The Varsity Five's win brought the Nova Scotia Championship home to Acadia for the first time in three seasons. By its victory, the Acadia squad of floormen demonstrated that it is supreme in Nova Scotia basket-ball circles; and it received the undivided support of the local sporting public. The Acadia student body proved that it can support a team which deserves the backing of a sport-loving university crowd. Only the structural steel framework of the Memorial Gymnasium saved that edifice from complete destruction by the sound waves emanating from a frenzied gallery of supporters.

At present, the squad is trying to bring to Acadia the Maritime basket-ball title and is engaged in a two-game series with the Trojans of Saint John, New Brunswick champions.

Seniors won the inter-class hockey title, as usual, without any great difficulty. The inter-class hockey committee extended the league to include Horton Academy, and it was the Academy team which almost proved a stumbling-block to the Senior Super-Six in their quest of the small but historic trophy.

With the advent of spring weather, track and baseball will be in the fore-front. The Bulmer Race, long-postponed, is now a certainty, while Ralph Perry, newly elected manager of the tennis team is already having the courts put in shape for the only inter-sex sport of the campus.

BASKETBALL

ACADIA 38—DALHOUSIE 21

Contrary to the expectations of outside sport followers Acadia overcame the lead established by Dalhousie's Tigers in the first game of the N. S. finals at Halifax on March 19, when they defeated the Black and Gold outfit, 38-21, and won the series by the grand total of 63-52.

The Acadia boys showed up in their usual fine, clean style. Every man was in A1 condition. "Squank" shot steadily from centre floor, and was ably supported in his forward work by Raymond and Matthews.

Langstroth, Cox, and D. Smith held equal honors in the Dal forward plays. Especially in the last end of the second period did they show ability for swift, accurate passes. But it was Brown, who began Dalhousie's scoring who starred for his university throught the entire game.

The defense of both teams was particularly effective, considering the speed and peppiness of the contest. While Acadia continues to play such clean, hard basketball with men the type of "Squank" Dougan and Jim Baker, she need never lack the whole-hearted support of those to whom athletics is the best thing in a university education.

Players: Dalhousie—Cox, 4; Langstroth, 2; Brown, 8; D. Smith, 7; Moore; A. Smith; McLeod; Sherry; Harrison.

Acadia—Raymond, 10; Matthews, 11; Dougan, 13; McKenzie, 2; Baker; Lane.

Referees: Lucas and Stevenson.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

DALHOUSIE 24—ACADIA 16

Dalhousie defense proved too much for the Acadia co-eds in the Memorial Gymnasium on March 18. Beginning with a free shot, Dalhousie had the lead, ending the first period 11-8.

In spite of Dalhousie's excellent guarding, the local girls ran up a score of sixteen points, most of the contributions being made by Captain Janet Murray. M. Duffey's defense work was worthy of very favourable comment.

Alice Atherton and A. McCurdy made wonderful shots for the visitors, whose basket was so ably protected by Gertrude Phinney and Helen Robertson.

Allan Lucas, who refereed, did not hesitate to call attention to the fouls, of which there were apparently several. In fact, nearly every player had several personals.

The players with their scores were:

Dalhousie—Forwards: A. Atherton, 14; B. Freeman; A. McCurdy, 10.

Centres: M. Borden, capt; M. Thompson.

Guards: G. Phinney; H. Robertson; R. Eder.

Acadia—Forwards: Janet Murray, capt., 12; F. Parlee, 4;

Centres: F. Tory; E. Bradshaw; E. Corey.

Guards: M. Duffey; K. McLean; G. McCallum.

SWIMMING MEET

A swimming meet was held in the Memorial Gymnasium on March 4, between Acadia and Halifax "Y". The Halifax team consisted of only four men, while Acadia used twelve. Burchell and Marshall of Halifax and Williams of Acadia were the highest individual scorers, with 12, 11, 10 points respectively.

Acadia won the meet with a total score of 59 points over against 31 points won by Halifax Y. M. C. A.

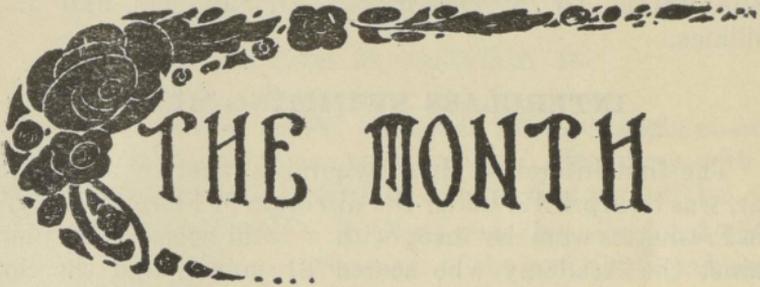
W. T. Osborne was the starter, and the judges were Dr. Leslie Eaton, Dr. A. DeWitt, M. G. Saunders, and J. W. Williams.

INTERCLASS SWIMMING MEET

The first interclass girls' swimming meet to be held this year, was on April 12, under the direction of Florence Tory, '27. The Freshettes won the meet with a total score of 62 points, against the Academy who scored 61 points, and the Sophettes whose score was 53. The highest individual scorers were Annie Fitch, Virginia McLean, and Rena Estherbrooks with 29, 28, 27 points respectively.

TUMBLING CLUB

Miss Cook has organized a Tumbling Club of sixteen girls, which meets Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. A demonstration will be given at closing.



THE MONTH

April has been here fooling us with her caprices of weather. The month has been filled to the brim with out-side activities and athletics (and when we get time we are *supposed* to study). The Seniors have safely plunged through the awful tide of Major examinations and now have nothing much to do (?) until March practice begins.

A special feature of the month has been the services conducted in the church and University Hall by Dr. Herbert Johnson of Boston assisted by Miss Flora MacDonald his evangelistic singer.

SPECIAL SERVICES

Dr. Johnson and Miss Flora MacDonald, have been conducting a series of revival meetings for over a period of ten days. His central theme was *The Bonds of Liberty*. Miss MacDonald's contribution to the services, through her gospel songs, was very effective. Dr. Johnson spoke in chapel on April 5, and 7, in addition to his regular evening services.

On Saturday evening, March 9, Miss MacDonald gave a recital in University Hall, which was very enjoyable. Dr. Johnson spoke on Czecho-Slovakia, giving an account of his experiences in that country as a Red Cross commissioner during the Great War.

The following Sunday evening, March 10, Dr. Johnson gave his final address to a large audience in University Hall.

MT. ALLISON—ACADIA DEBATE

Mt. Allison debaters received the unanimous decision of the judges in the intercollegiate debate with Acadia in University Hall, March 24, 1927. The subject for discussion was: "Resolved that the failure of the Maritime Provinces to keep pace economically with other provinces of Canada is chiefly due to causes other than geographical position, soil, climate, and natural resources." Mt. A. supported the negative. The debaters for Mt. A., were A. W. Trueman, leader, C. T. Bruce, and Kenneth Parker. Acadia's debaters, Elbert Paul, '28, leader, R. T. Steeves, '27 and Gordon Ross, '29 supported the negative.

The judges were Dr. H. P. MacPherson of St. Francis Xavier, Dr. F. H. Sexton of the Nova Scotia Technical College, and Dr. S. H. Prince, Professor of Sociology at King's University. Dr. Spidle, chairman of the evening, introduced the debaters.

MOCK PARLIAMENT

The fourth mock Parliament of Acadia was opened on April 2, in the Memorial Gymnasium. Carl Messenger, leader of the Liberal Party, was Premier, Gordon Potter, chief of the Conservative group, being leader of the Opposition. George Nowlan acted as Speaker of the House. Dr. J. H. MacDonald, Governor-General for the evening was solemnly ushered into the Senate Chamber in an improvised sedan (or was it a wheelbarrow?) and escorted by a guard of honor.

The Speech from the Throne stated some very constructive legislation; such as the founding of a cat ranch; the establishment of Greek letter fraternities as the Tappa Kegga Beera and Delta Handa Poka; the construction of a railroad to the Ridge; the extension of the Department of Household Science to include courses in the selection of husbands, etc.

The House adjourned, following the defeat of the motion to accept the speech from the Throne.

ELECTION

After much propaganda in the form of very clever cartoons had been put forward to influence this broad-minded and enlightened student body, elections were held on Saturday afternoon, April 9 with the result that Premier Messenger went down to defeat and the Conservatives under Gordon Potter came into power. Their platform which provided for Retrogression, Anarchy, and several other Boshevik tendencies had certainly impressed the voting constituency (then too, the boys resented the liberal idea of a rat-ranch in Willett Hall) at Acadia. Parliament will probably not reassemble this year.

PROPYLAEUM

The Junior-Sophette debate was held on March 16th in A4. The subject: "Resolved that the opportunities for a useful and happy life in the Maritime Provinces are as advantageous as they are in the New England States" was upheld by the Sophettes. However the Juniors led by Jean Wyse with May Glendenning and Marion Harlow won the decision of the judges. The affirmative debaters were Nancy Bowden (leader), Sadie Hogan, and Mary Chase. At the close of the debate Iona Olding, '27 gave a clever critic's report.

The Regular meeting of the Propylaeum Society was held in Whitman Hall Reception Room on Monday April 4, 1927. The Juniors had charge of the program and according to the ancient and honorable custom "took off" the Seniors. The privilege of "seeing ourselves as others see us" was greatly enjoyed by the Seniors and was made all the more realistic to them by seeing their own clothes appear. (In fact no Senior was sure of finding just the dress or coat she wanted to wear that day). 'Twas for three long years the Juniors had waited to show the mighty Seniors their little habits in return for *their* accurate portrayal of the members of the class of '28 away back in the fall of '24. We hesitate to say who enjoyed themselves more, the Juniors or Seniors. The critics report was given by Eileen Cameron, '29.

The Senior-Freshette debate has been called off. According to tradition, the Seniors have forfeited the debate to the Freshettes. This is rather a sad state of affairs, when one remembers that next year three intercollegiate debaters will have to be chosen from the underclasses. The enthusiasm of the Freshettes shown in gathering the material for this debate was very encouraging, and to have them thus disappointed is very disastrous to future debating among the women. In the immortal words of a 19th century critic, "This will never do."

TULLY PARTY

The annual Tully Party held in "Tully Tavern" (may we use this phrase for the last time?) on Saturday, March 19, was the "best yet." The party this year was of an Irish nature. The room was very charmingly decorated in St. Patrick's Day style, and gaily colored balloons scattered here and there added greatly to the attractiveness of the room. During the evening the Irish atmosphere was further created by the green hats worn by the guests.

The program opened with the grand march, which was followed by a beautiful pantomime *The Fairy Piper*. Included in this pantomime were several delightful interpretive dances. The next number, in keeping with the Irish theme, was *Bridget MacKew* sung by Janet Murray and acted in pantomime by Fran Parlee and Cora Davis. Perhaps the outstanding feature of the program was the one-act play entitled *Spreading the News* in which a number of gentlemen (?) were prominent. The Irish Folk Dance was decidedly "Erinesque", while an interesting and delightful evening was brought to a close by some startling prognostications and divinations of a witch most mysterious and alluring. Refreshments were served by quaint little Irish colleens.

Very reluctantly the party broke up. This Tully party was especially significant, because it will be the last "Tully" party,—so called. Tully Tavern is no more. The Women's Residence has now the name of Whitman Hall, and on account of the increasing number of co-eds the reception room is not

large enough to accomodate them all. That the last Tully party was a great success,—well, just ask anyone who was there!

S. C. A.

Miss Crutchfield, secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke in chapel on March 15. She held several meetings during her short visit of two days, with the aim of interesting the students in Missions.

Miss Rutherford, the secretary of the S. C. A., spent the week-end of March 27 here. She was the speaker at the 8.15 meeting on Sunday March 26, which was held in University Hall. Those who heard her last year were especially glad to have an opportunity to do so again.

GIRLS S. C. A.

The Girl's Unit of the S. C. A., which meets every Sunday night immediately after supper, has had a very successful month. Miss Sharman gave an interesting and instructive talk to the girls on *Economics and Life*. On Sunday, March 20, Miss Gertrude Rutherford, the General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement, was the guest of the girls. Miss Rutherford's visits are very helpful and through her a large number of girls are stimulated to greater efforts. She talked a great deal about the Spring Conference at Deep Brook and also taught us a number of new songs. On April 3, Marion Harlow led a very interesting meeting on *Missions*. May Glendenning gave a summary of the caste system in India; Elizabeth Corey told the story of a Bible woman in India; and Alice Longley read a paper on Bolivia.

Dr. Johnson gave an inspiring address on Sunday, April 10, to a large number of girls. Miss MacDonald sang several beautiful songs at the close of Dr. Johnson's address.

ACADIAN SODALITY

The Acadia Sodality entertained Charles T. Bruce, a member of the Mt. Allison debating team, on Thursday afternoon, March 24, in Whitman Hall Reception Room. An interesting hour was spent in discussion of poets and their works, while delicious refreshments were served by the ladies. Mr. Bruce read for the members of the Sodality his *Song of the Snow*, an autographed copy of which he presented to each member of the society. Mr. Bruce's poetry has attracted considerable attention and the Acadia Sodality were proud of the opportunity to entertain this rising young poet.

THE THEOLOGICAL CLUB

The Sin of Ahab, a Biblical drama in one act, was presented in University Hall, on Sunday evening, March 27, by the members of the Theological Club, assisted by Natalie Cox, '29 and Virginia MacLean, '29. The play was under the direction of Miss M. E. Graves.

The cast was as follows:

King Ahab	Harry Mollins, '27
Jezebel	Natalie Cox, '29
Jonas	Virginia MacLean, '29
Naboth	T. B. MacDormand, '29
Obadiah	Raymond Short, '29
Elijah	R. T. Steeves, '27

All the characters played their rôles exceptionally well. The Club are to be congratulated on their splendid method of presenting to the public the life stories of some famous Biblical characters.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Acadia Dramatic Society have chosen A. L. Martin's *Smilin' Through* for their spring play. This production will be under the direction of Don Wetmore, '29 assisted by G. D. H. Hatfield, '27.

The cast is as follows:

Willie Ainley	W. M. MacLean, '29
Kenneth Wayne	J. A. Wardrope, '27
John	R. B. Fraser, '28
Dr. Owen Harding	R. W. Marven, '27
Kathleen Dungannon	Kathl'n MacLean, '28
Ellen	Jean Miller, '29
Sarah Wayne	Marion Read, '28
Mary Dungannon	Helen Simms, '27
Jeremiah Wayne	J. W. B. Findlay, '28
Moonyeen	Florence Tory, '29
1st Woman	Mary Bishop, '27
2nd Woman	Constance Hayward, '27
3d Woman	Eleanor Kerr, '28
1st Man	Gordon Ross, '29
2nd Man	Lloyd Jenkins, '28
3rd Man	Archibald Black, '28

HONOR DRAMATIC FRATERNITY

The Honor Dramatic Fraternity presented *Lady Windermere's Fan* to a large audience in University Hall on Tuesday evening, March 29, 1927. The play was directed by G. D. H. Hatfield, President of the Dramatic Society.

The part of Lady Windermere played by Nita Trethewey showed a sweet character who nevertheless had a firmness of purpose and high ideals of life. J. A. Wardrope played the part of Lord Windermere a typical English gentlemen who idolized his wife.

Mrs. Erlynne, perhaps the most outstanding character, was played by Marion Read in a truly admirable manner. She is the type who suddenly discovers she has a heart a fact which enables her to make a great sacrifice.

H. F. Sipprell, as the "trivial Lord Darlington" who likes to play at being a villain, was in his element

The part of Lord Augustus Lorton was admirably played by Donald Wetmore. A dapper vain old English gentleman, he nevertheless won the hearts of all.

The résumé would not be complete without mention of Grace Perry as the Duchess of Berwick, "the *dear* Duchess". In this character, Miss Perry had the most mirth provoking part of the evening. The contrast of her vigorous personality with that of her monosyllabic daughter Lady Agatha, was one of the best touches of the play. Elsie Davis very ably played the rôle of Lady Agatha.

The others taking part were as follows:— Helen Simms, Evelyn Hatfield, Mary Bishop, Grace Nelson, Louise Fritz, Constance Hayward, Margaret Brown, Earl Chesnutt, Lloyd Jenkins, Blair Fraser, Theodore Taylor, Warren Findlay, William MacLean.

Between acts a fine musical program was furnished by the Acadia Orchestra under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley:

- | | | |
|---------|---|-----------|
| I. | Overture—Freischutz | Weber |
| II. (a) | Andante | Pleyel |
| | (b) Rondo | |
| III. | Ase's Death and Anitra's Dance (from Peer Gynt Suite) | Grieg |
| IV. | Finale from Fifth Symphony | Beethoven |

FINE ARTS

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the famous medical missionary of Labrador, gave an illustrated lecture of his work in that country, on March 21, in University Hall. The lecture was intensely interesting as well as instructive, and Dr. Grenfell's winning personality added greatly to the enjoyment of the audience.

WILLIAM HEUGHAN

Music lovers of Acadia University had a rare treat on Friday evening, April 1, 1927, when William Heughan, "Scotland's incomparable actor singer," gave a superb display of vocal and dramatic art. He is an artist, who has a record of

achievement that is hard to beat. His performance at Acadia was the 641st of his tour around the world.

Miss Gladys Sayer, graduate of Brussels Conservatoire, accompanied him in a sympathetic manner, and also gave several delightful piano selections.

The following are some of the selections from Mr. Heugan's enormous repertoire that he sang to his Acadia Audience:

Scots' Wha Ha'e	Frewin
Green Grow the Rashes O	Moffatt
My Heart's in the Highlands	Sayer
The Laird of Cockpen	Moffatt
The Skye Boat Song	Lawson
Mull Fisher's Love Song	K. Fraser
The Road to The Isles	K. Fraser
Si, tru i ceppi	Handel
Se il Rigor	Haleny
Death and the Maiden	Schubert
The Trumpeter	Airlie Dix
Waiata Poi	Hill
Dashing Away with the Smoothing Iron	Sayer
Widdicombe Fair	Sayer
Oh, no John	Saylon
Zummerzetshire	Newton
John Peel	Sayer
Kitty of Coleraine	Sayer
On the Bridge of Avignon	Granville Ban- tock
Auld Lang Syne	Sayer

God Save the King

BEETHOVEN CENTENARY CONCERT

A Beethoven Centenary Concert was held in University Hall on Tuesday evening, April 19th, 1927. It was given by the Acadia Orchestra of over fifty pieces, the Acadia String Quartette, Miss Gertrude Metcalf, Soprano and Miss Kathleen Bancroft, Violiniste.

The program was as follows:

1. Symphony No. 5 in C minor—Beethoven.
1st Movement; Allegro con brio
2. Aria from *Il Re Pastore* Mozart
Miss Metcalf.
3. String quartette in C minor Op 18 Beethoven
Allegro ma non tanto
Scherzo-andante scherzoso quasi allegretto
Menuetto-allegretto
Allegro
Violin: Miss Langley, Miss Perry
Viola: Miss Bancroft, 'Cello: Miss Webber
4. Spring Song from *Shanewis* Cadman
Miss Metcalf
5. Romance in F major Op 50 Beethoven
Miss Bancroft
(Orchestral accompaniment)
6. Ase's Death Grieg
Anitra's Dance (from *Peer Gynt Suite*)

God Save the King

Miss Miriam Bancroft and Miss Dorothy Wilson were accompanistes for the orchestra.

The credit for the success of this concert is due largely to the splendid work of Miss Langley who conducts the Orchestra. Many of the appreciative audience have noted it the "best yet" of all the fine arts recitals held here this year.

THE STUDENTS' RECITAL

The students of the school of Fine Arts of Acadia University gave their first recital of the year in University Hall, Friday evening, March 25th, 1927, at 8.15 p.m. The following program was greatly enjoyed by an appreciative audience:

- Piano— Sonata Pathetique, Opus 13—Beethoven
 Grave
 Allegro di molto e con brio
 Adagio Cantabile
 Rondo
 Miss Irene Card
- Organ— Berceuse in A major—Rogers
 Fantasie in E minor—Stainer
 Mr. Henry Whitney
- Voice— The Winds in the South—Scott
 Miss Melba Roop
- Violin— Adagio from Concerto in A—Mozart
 Miss Saidee Newcombe
- Piano— Waltz Opus 31 No. 1—Chopin
 Miss Dorothy Wilson
- Voice— Trees—Rasbach
 Wake Up!—Phillips
 Miss Hazel Moffatt
- Violin— Finale from—Max Bruch.
 Concerto in G. Minor
 Miss Kathleen Bancroft
- Piano— Nocturne Opus 15, No. 2—Chopin
 Marionette show—Goosens
 Miss Miriam Coit
- Organ— Prelude and Fugue in B Flat—Bach.
 Angelus—Steane
 Postlude—Cantique—Dubois
 Mr. Verne Graham

God Save the King

SENIORS

The ladies of the Wolfville Baptist church entertained the Senior class at a most enjoyable banquet held in the church dining-room on Thursday, March 31. A unique way of finding partners was provided by distributing the names of well-known couples ranging from Lancelot and Elaine to the modern Jiggs and Maggie. The Seniors will not soon forget the delicious supper served by the ladies of the Social and Benevolent Society. Dainty place cards decorated with the college crest, favors in red and blue and the magic candle light added to the joyousness of the occasion. After short speeches and Acadia songs the banquet broke-up with a hearty class yell of appreciation for the hostesses.

SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY

After many belated postponements the Sophomores at last staged their long-awaited-for theatre-party, on Monday night, April 12, 1927.

The picture for the occasion was *MacFadden's Flats*, which provided a great deal of amusement for the gay young Sophomores. The Freshman orchestra was an additional feature of the evening program. Afterwards, the various members of the class gathered in Room A4. and a delightful hour was spent in music and games. Delicious refreshments were served. Prof. Strout and Miss Graves were the chaperons. It was a very happy party that broke up by the singing of A-c-a-d-i-a.



Away back in the eighteen hundreds a writer in the *Athenaeum* criticized a contemporary college magazine for a lack of literary material. Other writers have been doing it ever since! Every year and every month there have been the same old criticisms. Why? Firstly, because most of the writers cannot think of anything else to say; and secondly, because they do not understand the situation or purpose of the magazine they are criticizing, and could hardly hope to know it. Moreover, those are the reasons why future criticisms are going to remain the same.

Now, in the past the *Athenaeum* has been much criticized for things that, if our contemporaries knew the purpose of our magazine, no doubt would have been overlooked. We would like to correct a misconception that seems to be prevalent among our critics; namely, that competition for the *Athenaeum* is open to all. That is not strictly true.

The primary purpose of the *Athenaeum* is to encourage the students, and especially novices, to write. With this aim in view competition has been limited to undergraduate students who have not received a literary "A." That means the most of the material of our magazine is contributed by beginners, and should be regarded as the work of such. Now, this is not offered as an excuse—orientation can never be an excuse for bad work—but is given merely that our purpose and material may be more fully understood.

There is really a wealth of worth in many of the magazines that come to our shelf. Sometimes it seems a shame that some

of it is doomed to obscurity. But genius will out and we are confident that the potential geniuses who are venturing forth into collegiate literature will stride on to renown.

And now, after moralizing, let us see what is the worst we can say about our exchanges.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

In the past the *Athenaeum* has congratulated many weeklies on the fact that their material has had much news value. Naturally; is it not their purpose to give news? Criticism of a weekly should be based chiefly on the way the news is written rather than on the actual news.

That is why the *Dalhousie Gazette* still deserves to be congratulated. The write-ups, on the whole, are good. There is much novelty, vividness of description, and journalistic style in this weekly paper.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD

Another "Alumnus Number." The "Old Boys" always confine themselves to two subjects—fond recollections of the "good old days" with Alma Mater, and parental advice to undergrads on how to take advantage of all those opportunities which the Alumni had neglected. I suppose we'll be that way in twenty years' time!

Under the circumstances, however, Kings have succeeded in turning out a very interesting paper. The articles are well written, if not startlingly novel, and the *Record*, as always, is a well-balanced magazine.

THE CRITIC

This is our only high school exchange and it is certainly an excellent one. We note the well written athletics and social notes. Your poem *The Peninsula* is also excellent. Let us hope that the C. C. A. sends a goodly portion of her editorial staff to Acadia.

THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY

This paper, published by a college smaller than Acadia, shows what a paper we could have here if we tried. Special departments and interesting items abound in it. We liked especially the Xaverian testers. Slightly blurred print detracts from ease in reading it, and the pages are rather large.

THE ARGOSY WEEKLY

A good eight-page paper and in a handy size for reading. But it is the subject matter which makes it popular. Debates, athletics, and social news are well written up though we must confess that there is one department we do not understand. This is *L. C. Notes*. Perhaps it is lack of experience.

THE BRUNSWICKAN

The *Brunswickan* is an example of a well-balanced paper. Your literary output is of a very high calibre; the short stories are particularly good. But if we might venture to criticize, why the iron-bound, water-tight classification of material? Sticking stories, articles, sketches, and all sorts of prose under the general heading "Literary," and allowing only two awards in this very wide field, must rather hamper the genius of your contributors. The local and general departments are well written.

THE MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

A combination of the virtues of the weekly paper and the monthly magazine. The editorials and several of the articles emphasize the "current events" side, while brief but well-written short stories and a considerable amount of excellent poetry hold up the literary end. The *Fortnightly* is one of the favorites on our exchange shelf.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

Poetry is outstanding in this magazine, yet it is not solely a poetical one. Athletics, College News, and departmental work are there in profusion. The best article in the magazine is the one on Omar Khayyam. The spirit of that poem is brought out excellently and we are swept along by Omar's philosophy.

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

The *Trinity Review* can always be depended upon for good stories, intelligent articles, and well-chosen humor. This issue is no exception.

Articles come to the fore this month. *Campus Reflections* and *English and American Humor* are good examples; both are well written and of great interest to college students.

The Indian legend *The Peace Pipe* is also worthy of mention.

WESTERN "U" GAZETTE

This is a paper with all the diversity of content that belongs to a magazine. It is a splendid publication and does credit to the editorial staff.

THE ORACLE

You have made a definite attempt to create departments; all they need is development. We liked the article *How To Study*—there were some real hints in it. We admire your bravery. That is one subject that no one in this university would dare treat, for afterwards a prof. would be sure to approach the writer and enquire, "Why don't you put your theories into practice?" *Athenian Apple Sauce* is history with a laugh. There are great possibilities in that field as John Erskine and Milt Goss have discovered.

THE MANAGRA

The *Managra*, being published by an Agricultural College, is chiefly interested in agriculture. To say that is its only interest, though, would be an injustice. The *Managra* seems to be attempting to produce a well-rounded, interesting, and instructive magazine. A little more literary variety, however, would be helpful.

THE SHEAF

Besides its up-to-the-minute news columns, *The Sheaf* always contains one or two bits of literary material of very high quality. This week it is an article on the *Negro Renaissance*, excellently written and very interesting.

We like your system of printing a goodly number of photographs; it makes us far better acquainted with the people we are reading about.

The *Campus Cow* seems to be as good a milker as ever. May her pasture never grow less!

THE GATEWAY

This is the only full sized newspaper on our shelves now that the *McGill Daily* has disappeared. There certainly must be plenty of happenings in Alberta to fill such a paper, but it is filled, and excellently. We note the excellent photographs.

THE UBYSSEY

This paper comes to us from the far west, yet loses none of its interest during the journey. *College Daze* is a serial which is followed with interest by many. *Let's Have Common Sense* is an article students would do well to read.

THE INTEGRAL

An excellent example of the engineering magazine. Science articles fill the literary pages to a large extent, while much attention is given to humor. You certainly do manage to gather a fine collection of Jokes. We also enjoyed the *Cartoons by Clark*.

BOSTON BEACON

A first-rate literary magazine. The stories are interesting, which is comparatively rare in college mags, and they are balanced by other literary departments of equal merit. *Renaissance* is a fine poem, expressing the feeling of a great many students in the first years of their college career.

Boston renounces its purist fame in the *Song of the Altar*, a poem written in "low-brow" style, after Kipling's manner.

And speaking of Kipling, we enjoyed the review of *Debits and Credits*. It expresses the American point of view in a sane and dignified manner, and shows a fine appreciation of Kipling's genius.

MINNESOTA QUARTERLY

The *Quarterly* is entirely a literary magazine. On looking over its pages we were sorry it is not published monthly. There is a wealth of good literary material, and to mention anything in particular would be unfair to all.

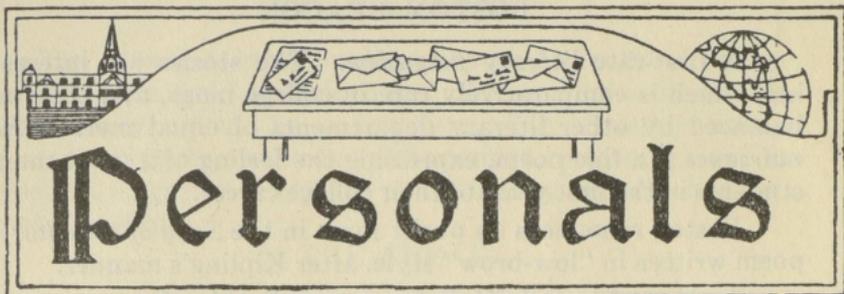
THE MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

This paper shows how interesting a purely scientific magazine may be when it is well written. The *Techno-Log* publishes nothing but articles on engineering, but in spite of their technical nature these articles make excellent reading, even for the layman.

It is not an undergraduate paper, but is written chiefly by experienced engineers for the benefit of the fledgelings. The *Log* is one of the most popular scientific magazines on our shelves.

THE FRONTIER

Your short-story number was a great success; few college papers could produce so many stories of such uniform excellence for one issue. Your humor article was also very entertaining. But might we suggest a more varied field? Five short stories, unrelieved by other departments, are apt to be a bit monotonous in spite of their high quality.



'94—The many friends of Lewis F. Wallace will be glad to learn that his health has so improved that he has been able to leave the Kentville Sanitorium and return to his home, Lawrencetown, N. S.

'98—Dr. J. Clarence Hemmeon, Professor of Economics in McGill University, recently delivered a series of lectures on Economic Science to members of the Civil Service at Ottawa.

'98—Dr. C. W. Rose began his work as acting pastor of the Kentville Baptist Church on Sunday, April 23.

'05—E. S. Archibald is director of the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa.

'11—Dean Sutherland is being warmly welcomed back to the campus after a serious illness of several month's duration.

A. L. S. '20—Lena McClure is pursuing her vocal studies at the Toronto Conservatory of music.

'22—Mary Wyman is teaching in Yarmouth Academy.

A. C. A. '23—Robert Chambers is one of the staff of artists employed in drawing cartoons for Aesop's Fables.

A. L. S. '23—Dorothy Griffin is a member of the faculty

of the Sherwood School of Music, in Chicago. She is at the same time studying for the Bachelor of Music degree, which she expects to receive this spring.

'24—R. C. Parker was recommended by the National Research Council, Washington, to a fellowship under the International Board of Education to study in Berlin, Germany.

'24—O. G. Parsons is teaching in Sydney Academy.

'24—"Freddie" Armstrong, who is teaching this year in Kingston, attended the Teachers' Institute, recently held in Wolfville.

'24—Don Messenger, after a year at Edinborough, is continuing his studies at McGill.

'24—Katherine Black is teaching in Randolph, Boston.

'24—Bill Phinney is taking post-graduate work in Edinborough University.

A. L. S. '24—Elaine Rice is assistant dietitian in the Glace Bay Hospital.

A. L. S. '24—Evelyn Bill is dietitian in the Waltham Hospital, Waltham, Mass.

Ex. A. L. S. '24—Ethelinda Bigelow is teaching at her home in Parrsboro.

A. C. A. '24—Morton Leas, who for the last year was working with Davis and Fraser, has left Halifax to work in Montreal.

A. L. S. '24—Greta Kennedy is continuing her studies at Dalhousie.

A. C. A. '24—William Smallman is working with Sinclair and Stewart in Summerside, P. E. I.

A. C. A. '24—Lee Fuller is attending Dalhousie as a member of the class '29.

'25—Harold Puddington is at his home in Parrsboro, N. S.

'25—"Archie" McLeod has resigned his pastorate in Summerside, P. E. I., in order to take up temperance work in Prince Edward Island.

'25—L. Steadman is taking post-graduate work at Yale.

Eng. '25—Kenneth McKenzie is taking post-graduate work in Boston "Tech."

A. L. S. '25—Jean Stewart, graduate of the Curry School of Expression, Boston, is at her home in Antigonish.

Ex. A. L. S. '25—Lucia Chambers is doing secretarial work in Boston.

'26—Jean Creighton, who is teaching this year in the Girls' Dept. of Toomes Institute, Windsor, Conn., spent the spring vacation at her home in Wolfville.

'26—Lucy Gates and Louise Couvert attended the Teachers' Institute, held in Wolfville recently.

'26—Owen Rumsey, Byrns Curry, Benny Swim, and Charlie McElhinney spent part of their Easter vacation in Wolfville.

'26—Mary Falt is continuing her studies in Columbia University.

'26—"Van" McClelland has been forced to give up her school in New Germany on account of illness. She is now at her home in Lunenburg. The *Athenaeum* wishes her a speedy recovery.

'26—R. B. Curry and "Benny" Swim have been chosen as two of three to debate for the Yarmouth Rotary Club against the Everett Mass. High School Team.

'26—Barbara Walker recently spent a week-end in Wolfville, visiting her friends in Whitman Hall.

A. L. S. '26—Pearl Reid is attending the Boston School of Domestic Science.

A. L. S. '26—Vera MacEachern is at her home in New Castle Bridge, N. B.

A. L. S. '26—Polly Larkin is a stenographer in Stewiacke, N. S.

Ex. A. L. S. '26—Ulva Hart is training for a nurse in the Rhode Island Hospital.

'26—Gerald Eaton has been awarded a scholarship of \$300 in the Dept. of Engineering of the Boston "Tech" for the year 1927-28.

'27—Harold F. Sipprell has been awarded a scholarship in English at Harvard University.

'27—Colin Munroe has accepted a teaching fellowship in the University of Michigan.

'27—W. A. Stultz has been awarded a Biology Scholarship at Yale.

'27—Helen Simms and Harold Sipprell, the Literary Editor of the *Athenaeum*, have been awarded the coveted Dramatic A. Congratulations!

'27—Harold Archibald, who was working in Boston, is home on a short visit.

'27—W. H. Spencer has been awarded a scholarship in Biology at Harvard University.

'28—Constance Collins and Marjorie Bell spent several days in Halifax, visiting the dietary departments of several hospitals.

Ex '28—Stewart Fenwick is working in Halifax.

Ex. '28—Elsie Bond is teaching this year in River John, N. S.

Ex '28—Eleanor Harris, who is teaching in Kentville, attended the Teachers' Institute held in Wolfville, in April.

Ex '28—"Don" Cox was a member of the Dalhousie Basketball team which met defeat from the Acadia squad on March 19.

Ex '28—Walter De Bow had a nervous breakdown which forced him to discontinue his studies at Toronto University. The *Athenaeum* wishes him a speedy recovery.

Ex. '28—"Andy" Leslie is studying Forestry at Toronto University.

Ex. '29—The *Athenaeum* records with regret the recent death of George Lee. To the bereaved, we extend our deepest sympathy.

Ex '29—"Bone" Weaver is working with his father in Windsor.

Ex '29—Lois Porter, who is teaching this year in Woodside, N. S., attended the Teachers' Institute held here.

Acadia was recently favored with a short visit from Mr. A. K. Fung of China, who has been studying railway systems on this continent for the past sixteen months. Mr. Fung, who attended the national conference of the S. C. M. at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, received a hearty welcome from all who knew him at the conference.

The prize of five thousand dollars for the best adverse criticism of "*Profits*" a Pollak Foundation book by Foster and Catchings, has been awarded to R. W. Souter, A. M., Lecturer in Economics at the University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand, where Mr. Souter was graduated in 1922.

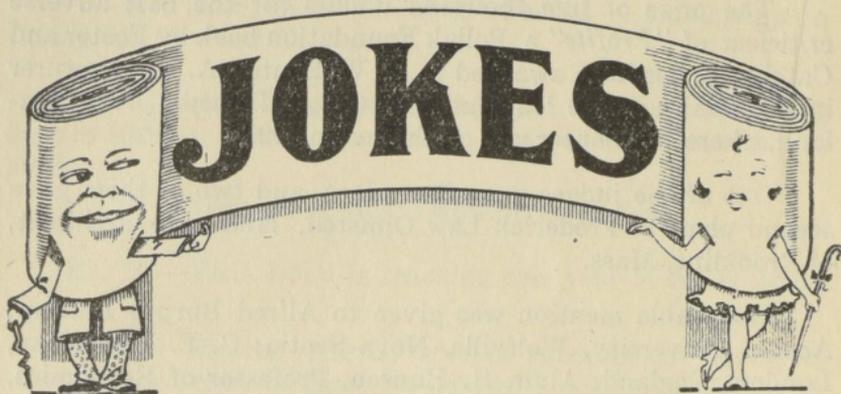
One of the judges gave first place, and two of them gave second place to Frederick Law Olmsted, landscape architect, of Brookline, Mass.

Honorable mention was given to Alfred Burpee Balcom, Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia; C. F. Bickerdike, London, England; Alvin H. Hansen, Professor of Economics, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; Calvin B. Hoover, Economics Department, Duke University, Durham, N. C.; Carl Smith Joslyn, Instructor in Economics, Harvard University, of Watertown, Mass.; Percival W. Martin, International Labour Office, League of Nations, Geneva, Switzerland, and Victor Valentinovitch Novoyilow, Lecturer in Currency and Credit in the Polytechnic Institute, Leningrad, Russia.

The judges were: Owen D. Young, of the General Electric Company; Allyn A. Young, of Harvard University, and Wesley C. Mitchell, of Columbia University.

There were 435 contestants. Essays were received from at least fifty universities, from forty-two states, the District of Columbia, and Alaska in this country, and twenty-five foreign countries. Among the writers were at least forty authors of books on economics, at least fifty professors of economics, and at least sixty accountants, architects, bankers, editors, engineers, lawyers, statisticians, and heads of business concerns. Included among them were some of the leading men in the Federal Reserve system and in the best bureaus of economic research, an officer of the American Statistical Association, a former president of the American Economic Association, and several of the most highly reputed economists in the British Empire.

To Professor Balcolm, the **Athenaeum** extends its heartiest congratulations.



Dr. W.: Mr. Gower, I have just heard something concerning you.

Gower: It isn't true, sir.

A duelist shot down his aggressor,
Then asked if he wished a confessor.
Though trembling at death,
Came the victim's last breath:
"No use. I was once a professor."

Dr. P.: Is it true that you have been taking vermouth?
Dickinson (not Emily): Why, I don't even know who teaches it.

Gentleman: I tell you I know my onions.

Professor: Oh, yes—an agricultural college graduate.

There would be less scandal around the university if the old women of both sexes stopped talking.

Janet, Cad '28 (at breakfast table): I hear they are paying sixty cents a dozen for these eggs.

Betty, Cad '27: Sure, you always pay more for antiques.

Muriel, Cad '27: And when the lights out rang——

Hayward, Cad '27: Did you say "Put out the light?"

Some people are so dumb they think *Alton Locke* is a burglar-proof device.

Anne: I dreamed last night that a text-book was chasing me.

Marge: How perfectly Freudian!

"Ad" in the *Blue and Garnet*: WANTED—A young man to cook eggs twenty-four years old. Apply dining hall.

Bud '27: What do you think of my girl?

T. B., Eng.: A lot of things I shouldn't.

Jinny '29: Where are you going?

Queenie, '28. Out.

Jinny, '29: With my dress?

Queenie, '28. No, with your fellow.

Punk '27. (singing). "I'm bringing you kisses from over the sea."

Eileen, '29: (shyly). When are you going to make port?

Prosser, '27: So your father is ill. I hope it is nothing contagious.

Punk, '27: So do I. The doctor said it was from overwork.

"Gentlemen prefer blondes," which may explain why Professors are usually partial toward brunettes.

Prof. Strout: I want this class to write a theme on "Puppy Love."

Constance Mc A., '30: Does it have to be a personal experience, sir?

New motto of the Household Science Class: "Better to have cooked and killed than never to have cooked at all."

Percy, '28 (studying Latin): Why the dickens have words got roots anyway?

Coy, '29:—So that the language can grow, I guess.

Matthews Sr., (discussing Bill): My son's letters always send me to the dictionary.

MacKenzie Ditto, (discussing Dunkie): You're lucky! Mine always send me to the bank.

Father: Are you satisfied with marks like that?

Holly, '28: No, but it's 50-50. The faculty aren't either.

Black, Eng. '28:—What's the difference between capital and labor?

Macaulay: Capital is money you lend and labor is getting it back.

Blair, '28. No, I know she isn't exactly pretty, but she has that indefinable something

Hatfield, '27: Yes, I know. The father of the girl I marry will have to have lots of it too.

Lane (reading paper): Where the deuce is Atoms?

Bent: Atoms? You must mean Athens.

Lane: No, it's Atoms. This ship was blown there.

Mary '28: Well, one can't always believe everything one hears.

Freida '28: No, but you can always repeat it.

Audrey '29: After all, a girl is just as young as she looks.

Hudson '29: But not always as young as she thinks she looks.

White '29: You'd better marry me. Eligible men are scarce.

Ginnie '29: I suppose I could offer that as an excuse.

Ted '28 (after running over a puppy): Never mind, I will replace it.

Lady (indignantly): Sir, you flatter yourself.

Prof. Bancroft (in Geol. 1) Can you tell me the name of the belt north of the equator?

Hill '27: Can't, sir.

Prof. B.: Correct.

Richard '29: I want a cake of soap.

Merchant: Scented or unscented?

Richard: I'll take it with me, thanks.



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Correspondence invited

G. B. EWELL, Registrar

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The best place in town to buy
Fruit and Groceries

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Watson's Ice Cream Parlor

**FRENCH SUMMER
SCHOOL**

McGILL UNIVERSITY

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