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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LV

Wolfville, N. S., March, 1929

No. 5

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Short Stories:—Vincent A. White '29, (2 units); Melba Maie Roop '29, (1 unit); Lucy A. Massey '30 (1 unit); Evelyn Jenkins' 31, (1 unit); Elva C. Jackson '31, (1 unit).

Poetry:—Greta L. Rose '30, (1 unit); J. Raymond Keith '31, (1 unit); Vincent A. White '29, (1 unit).

Articles:—R. Burns '31, (2 units); Jean Gordon '32, (1 unit); Audrey Gregg '29, (1 unit, Special Award).

Humor:—W. H. Longley Jr. '31, (1 unit); Vincent A. White '29; (1 unit); Harris Read '31, (1 unit).

Unclassified:—Jean Miller '29, (1 unit); Greta L. Rose '29, (1 unit); Paul Gelinas '32, (1 unit).

Editorial:—Parker Cox '30; (1 unit).

Science:—T. A. M. Kirk '30, (1 unit); Vincent A. White '29, (1 unit); W. H. Longley Jr. '31, (1 unit).

Athletics:—W. B. Davis '30, (2 units); Robert A. Goudey '30, (1 unit).

Exchanges:—Vincent A. White '29, (2 units).

Month:—S. B. Ralston '30, (2 units); Jean Miller '29 (1 unit).

Personals:—Vincent A. White '29, (1 unit); Jean Miller '29, (1 unit).

Jokes:—T. A. M. Kirk '30, (2 units); Vincent A. White '28; (1 unit).

Seniors 15 units; Juniors 12 units; Sophomores 7 units;
Freshmen 2 units.

Short Stories Featured

TO A BIRCH TREE

Though from the clodden earth thou springest to life
Of all the trees in forest thou art queen.
Thy roots firm-fixed beneath the humble sod
True source of thy pure pulsing life become.
A samite mantle clothes thy slender form
Beneath which beats in restlessness thy heart.
Arms raised as if in prayer to God above
Fire my inward soul with thoughts divine,
While through thy branches music sweet is drawn
As from the Aeolian harps played by the wind.

Greta L. Rose '30.

THE END

Kost Kolberg was meeting his usual class in economics in Moil University. Moil University was the greatest university of learning of the planet of Saturn. The year was 1999.

Kolberg began to lecture:

“In all history, the greatest menace to mankind, with the exception of disease, has been found to be war. Ever since there has been any trace of man, there has been war, bringing in its train grief and sorrow—along with loss of life and property. Today, in connection with this matter, I wish to tell an illustrative story.

“Early in 1997, the planet Mars suffered much due to lack of water. The rain supply for the last five years had fallen off markedly; so at the time I speak of, the domestic, as well as the industrial call for water was very urgent. The scant amount of water which was at the Martian’s disposal had to be issued by government ration. The situation indeed, was critical. The government was spending vast sums of money to

procure water in some or any way. Then, quite unexpectedly, a great Martian inventor discovered a means by which he could procure rain artificially from the skies. All Mars rejoiced. Water was no longer an economic good, but once more became a free good. The problem seemed to have been solved. There was an abundance of water for ever purpose.

"But little did the Martians realize what havoc this new invention was causing in other quarters. From the Earth strange rumors came that their water supply had suddenly been curtailed, and that the North American Continent particularly was already in an advanced state of dessication. It appeared that the invention by which the Martians gained their water completely cut off the rain fall on the North American continent. The great grain belt of that continent was rendered useless, and agriculture in general was at a standstill. People were leaving the country as rapidly as accommodation could be arranged for.

"Immediately, the Powers of the Earth set about to prevail on the government of Mars to readjust their invention to alleviate the situation of drought upon the Earth. Diplomats journeyed to Mars, and for weeks councils were held for the purpose of coming to some agreement in the matter, but with no effect. The Martians were firm and stubborn, and under no consideration would they change, or even modify their means of water supply. Furthermore they assumed a belligerent attitude toward the diplomats from the Earth.

"Having accomplished nothing by the Martian interview, the diplomats returned to the Earth resolved to use force against Mars to obtain their end. War was declared. The Earth, as a whole, forgot its petty international quarrels, and disputes, and all united in the effort against Mars

"Meanwhile, at Heidelberg in Germany, a young man was making a name for himself in the scientific world. Never had a student exhibited such ability in the field of science as a certain Karl Strovback. His capacities were phenomenal, and his inventive instinct was the cause of much wonder. Even as a freshman, he had shown himself to be a very superior man.

He was a senior now, and deeply in love with a rich American girl whom he had met in his freshman year, and who had been, ever since, Karl's inspiration to the highest and the greatest in the field of science. They had met at a regatta on the Rhine when Karl, seeing Helen, the American girl, at sea in the German language, and knowing English, came to her assistance. After this they became inseparable friends. The freshman, sophomore and junior years passed quickly and all that while, when Karl was not in his laboratory deep in scientific research, he was with Helen. Their love was wonderful, each was entirely wrapped up in the other. To each, the other was self sufficient. Then, in the summer of their junior year, they became engaged—and planned to be married at the end of Karl's senior year. That year Helen was to spend abroad, visiting in Mercury, Mars, Saturn and other planets.

"This was the year in which trouble with Mars took place. Helen being away, Karl spent all his time in his laboratory, continually working to complete his thesis. He had undertaken for his thesis the invention and perfection of a death ray. People scoffed at his idea, but he kept on working. Just as war was declared on Mars, he felt that his work had not been in vain. Experiments told him that he had made his ray theory a reality. Eagerly he sought the council of war; and, with open arms, they greeted his idea of trying his ray on Mars. Every assistance was placed at his disposal to prepare for the onslaught against Mars.

"As daily the weapon of destruction neared completion, Karl's fame spread the world over, and millions eagerly awaited in keen anticipation of the great catastrophe to be directed on Mars. Karl heard regularly from Helen, but being so occupied with his work though thinking of her constantly, he did not have time to return very extensive correspondence to her. The fact that it was Helen's country which was being outraged by the audacity of Mars, spurred him on; and, at last, the great devastating ray device was completed, and a day was set for the attack on Mars.

"The appointed day dawned; and Karl, with his assistants,

prepared for the fatal hour. Through glasses, the eyes of the Earth peered at Mars. When the zero hour approached, and the final switch was thrown, and the rays were directed upon Mars, the general contour of Mars remained unchanged; but the watchers through the glasses finally distinctly saw a gaping fissure formed on the surface of the planet. This was the first attack. The Earth was alive with excitement. What would Mars do? Would she retaliate? The question was not long left unanswered. Three days after the initial attack, the Earth found that what remained of the continent of Africa was a smouldering, seething crater of volcanic ash. Mars indeed, had retaliated, and with a ray.

"Pandemonium followed. What was to be done? Mars must be dealt with. Once more Karl Strovback comes to the front. He spent a few anxious days in his laboratory, then announced that he would completely destroy Mars with a reinforced ray. The Earth waited. The appointed hour came. Once more the eyes of the Earth were focused on Mars. Once more the last lever was thrown, and through the glasses, Mars was seen to grow red. There was a bright flash, a puff of smoke, and Mars had vanished from existence. Then came the rain so greatly needed by the Earth. The Earth rejoiced. Television sets, the world over became accustomed to Karl's appearance. He was famous.

"Then came the break. Karl had not heard from Helen recently; and, even though he had tried to gain information regarding her from the headquarters at the Cook's Interplanet-eismal Travel Office, there was no word as to where she was. Finally, word came to Karl that she and her party had started for Mars the day before its disintegration, and no word had been heard from them since. Frantically Karl tried to ascertain the validity of this report. It finally proved all too true.

"Suddenly it dawned on Karl what he had done. With his great invention he had killed his beloved. Killed the girl he loved with his own hands. The thought almost paralyzed him. No longer did he wish to live. There was no object

in life now. The object for which he had strived was gone. Life was a blank.

"For days he sat in his laboratory with a soul tormented and crushed. The thought was driving him insane. He resolved to end it all. He would kill himself. But how? A knife? No, that was too cruel a death. A gun? No, that took a lot of nerve. Ah! The ray! He would kill himself with the ray. What was more he would take with him to destruction all those who had urged him on to his fatal step.

"Like a maniac, he pranced before his switch board, and, for the last time, threw on the current. Then, drunkenly, he focused the path of the ray not away from the earth this time, but directly on its face. Crawling fairly in the path of the ray, he threw out the last switch. The laboratory floor crumbled. There was a great explosion. The contour of the earth grew irregular. It grew red. There was a puff of smoke, and the Earth was gone from existence."

Professor Kolberg concluded his economics lecture. The students yawned and gathered up their books. The professor turned to them. "Remember," he said, "this is but one example of the great sorrow, grief and calamity which follow in the wake of war."

The students nodded their heads and went out; they were anxious to reach their favorite eating-house.

Vincent A. White '29.

THE CEREMONIAL OF FOG

On foggy mornings I always experience a half regretful feeling that there is no established mystic rite to be observed. The rest of the day is so full of interesting activities that there should be one particular ceremony for early morning. My soul, on these mornings, is always on tip-toe with expectancy and anticipation of the things that are bound to happen.

I like fog. In this respect I differ with most people, who invariably feel grey-blue inside when they see the sun is not shining. Foggy days give a chance to take a holiday from bright glary realities. There is a delicious mystery about everything. You never know just what you will meet around the next corner. It may be a little dirty white dog which nearly upsets you, or a telephone post that seems suddenly to have changed its position. With fog there must, of course, be mud-puddles for half the fun in walking is in dodging them. There must also be children playing on the sidewalk and alley cats scurrying into the shadows. There will also be bright slickers and their brightness should be symbolic of the gay soul garb the world cannot see.

The world is a labyrinth with fog curtains separating the passageways, where everyone seems to be playing an unconscious game of "hide-and seek." And this is another of the interesting things about grey days—that you feel very much "it" in this game. On bright clear days people are divided into so many groups. There are those who can escape from the routine work and those who cannot; those who can get into the country where the day is clearer and the scene is brighter and those who have to remain within the confines of stuffy buildings. On foggy days, however, there is no advantage in escaping. Fog associates with everyone and is really friendly with those who are personally acquainted with it. And so it is easy to get in tune with the world when no one is your superior. You have, moreover, an opportunity of getting acquainted with yourself—that self that so few of us really know. You can

walk and yet be alone, although you may meet many people.

Best of all, however, is the evening or that time which, on any normal day, would be twilight. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why foggy days appeal to me—they are one continuous twilight time.

When the lights flash on is the time to revel in the mysteries of fog. The sky drops a little lower in a selfish effort to gather up the street lights because her stars have not been lit. Belfry towers seem to reach Heaven and even the tops of common place buildings seem to have escaped from the world. When the clock strikes, the sound is from another realm. There is abroad a peculiar friendly atmosphere which even the traffic shares, the lights wink shyly at one from another in a conscious feeling of their importance in the world of affairs.

There is a distinct something about foggy days that must be respected. Lights must be burned earlier and fires built. Special things may be done and bright colors worn. There is an individuality about grey days. I puzzle over the spell fog casts. I wonder at its mysteries. I only know I must on these grey days, live in a shadow world of expectations.

Great L. Rose '30.

A DOG'S LIFE

Having read in our college paper a very interesting and sensible piece of advice to the women concerning their choice of husbands, I should like to point out to you, members of my sex, the advisability of choosing your wife as you would your master, or rather, your mistress. Although the "fair sex" are gaining ground in every direction, invading our professional domains, driving us from the professor's chair, the sick room, the court room, the engineering field, and so on, I think that we shall in all probability, retain the privilege of making proposals long enough that you may benefit by this little discussion, even if the next generation of males is not so fortunate.

As you all know, a person must master or be mastered. Therefore, since your wife is going to master you through life, pick one whom you think can master you now, and will be able to do so throughout that period of harmonious existence called married life. To be mistress, your wife must take the lead in all matters. She must make up the budget; of course since she is mistress, her dog must bring home the daily bread and lay it at her feet; she must punish the children; she must stave off bill collectors; she must battle with the income tax collector; in fact she must be general business manager. And what ever you do, don't pick a manager who will allow you to overdraw your bank account, if you should be so fortunate as to have one.

How fortunate is the man who can cling to his mistress in times of fear and danger, and be comforted by tender caresses and consoling words! Comrades be sure that you choose a wife who will bravely throw aside the bed clothes, don her slippers and kimona, seize her trusty revolver, and march down stairs to drive away the burglars, while you hide your head under several pillows, every minute dreading to hear shots and screams.

Whatever other changes take place, our wives will always retain their supremacy in argumentation. How comforting to blacken our characters, when our stern mistresses are defending

with eloquent strings of words which, although containing no logic, prove conclusively that we are weak insignificant beings, not having freedom or nerve enough to perform such unutterable deeds. There must be no room for argument in the household. If our mistress does not choose to come home to dinner, or to explain her late hours, we must take no remonstrances, but immediately go home to father.

Do not even consider not being intellectually subordinate to your wife. If she chooses to read histories, biographies, financial journals, and the works of the great masters like Samuel Johnson and Milton, don't dare to even suggest bringing a modern novel into the house. If you do succeed in smuggling one in, you must not alternately shudder and sigh as the hero of the story is pursued by fierce amazons who are finally out done by the masterful heroine.

Finally, be sure to acknowledge your subordination. When your wife is telling Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones what an ideal husband you are, never disagreeing or trying to do things your own way, smile nicely and admit it. Even if it does hurt your pride a little, remember that there would be an inevitable reckoning when you returned home.

Take this advice to heart, men. The dog is, of course, a companion to its mistress, but it must always come heel. So pick your wife carefully, that she may dominate you physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Harris Read '31

ONLY A SHIP

It was a dull and soundless day. The wind occasionally stirred the greyish leaden atmosphere, and the waves pressed one upon the other that fitful motion. The striking upon the shore made a low moaning sound, as though a deep chronic discontent reigned in the depths of the sea. And then, like a lost soul, appeared as though from the fathomless deep, a tramper ship with its rugged prow and its dragging sails. At first it was but a speck upon the horizon; then larger, and larger it grew. Tainted by the waters of the seven seas, and weary from the strife of battle with the elements; hardened by the curse of Godless men; filthy with the dirt of foreign ports, it pushed its way against the wind, like a broken spirit who seeks a quiet repose before ending the course of a weary life.

Whence came that ship? Where is it going? Will it rest, only when the wild waves shall break it to bits against a rocky coast, and its fragments are scattered over the muddy floor of the sea? Oh, miserable, black ship, look not upon the shore with a yearning eye. Even as all the creatures of earth are mere puppets of the guiding and trembling hand of fate, so you too are at your pilots mercy. Your weary roamings are not yet over. Look! the wretched pilot is even now turning you towards the high seas. Fate has ordained that your planks should rot in another port. Soon you will disappear beyond my vision, never more, perhaps to see these melancholy shores. And I will remain to meditate on your mysterious visit. Your black hull shall haunt me—when the night creeps upon the earth. Even as you are, so are we, weary travellers toward an unknown land, and perhaps to oblivion. We sometimes grow weary from a port even as you; but life goes on with its grey centuries; and we are but drifting planks upon a sea bordered by two eternities, floating for a while, and then perhaps to disappear forever.

And the ship went down beyond the rim of the earth; the dark winds moaned, and the waves kept washing against

the sands. A sea gull passed in his lonely flight; with a low wail, he too was gone; darkness crept upon the waters, and settled like a pall upon the whole world.

Paul Gelinas '32.

BEYOND MY GARDEN WALL

Down in the garden of my heart
I found a rose that bloomed apart,
Beside my garden wall.

Flowers beauteous and rare,
Bloomed within my garden fair.
But none so fine as my rose there,
Beside my garden wall.

Each day I watched it as it grew,
Each morn I saw it kissed with dew.
In sunset glow, it seemed it threw
A kiss to me, as if it knew
I loved that rose, that stately grew
Beside my garden wall.

Alas! one day in grief I found,
As thus I stood, in awe profound
Before my flower, the queen the crowned,
That my loved rose's root was found
Beyond my garden wall.

And as I stooped, to pluck away
The flower of life, my urge, my stay,
A harsh rebuke I hard it say;
"I am not yours. . . haste, haste away.
Leave me alone
Beside your garden wall!"

I reached to pick, but oh! the thorn.
It pricked my flesh. A scar was born.
It drew the blood. My heart was torn.

And heavy hearted now I mourn
Far from my garden wall.

Now here in sadness deep I stay,
And through the long and lonesome day,
I ponder, to find out a way
To own the land
Beyond my garden wall.

And if my neighbours will not sell,
I swear by all the fiends in hell,
I'll. I'll die,
Beyond my garden wall.

Vincent A. White '29.

THE RED DOOR

Tucked in between a dingy warehouse and a nondescript second-hand clothing store in one of London's commonplace streets was a house with a red door. The passerby might wonder, perhaps, at the strange fate which had placed a red door on a house in London's slums. Yet the door was not the only strange thing about the house. There were narrow windows, protected by huge iron bars. Sometimes people in the neighborhood claimed that they saw a weazened face at these windows; once shrieks had been heard—but that was all. Strange people went in and out of the red door—whence they came, what their purpose could be, no one knew. People watched, and wondered, but—mystery still reigned.

There was a short, fat man, who wore ill-fitting clothes which seemed odd even in this slum section where most clothes differed from those of the rest of the world. At times he was accompanied by a woman, whose face was always heavily veiled; she was always dressed in scarlet; usually, however, he went about alone. No one doubted that there were others within the house, for neither the man nor the woman ever used

a key to enter the house. The mysterious red door always opened just wide enough for the persons to slip in.

The children of the neighbourhood were fascinated by the mystery. Their young hearts yearned for adventure; they longed to investigate. One day the children noticed that the red door was slightly open. At last the opportunity presented itself. They hesitated, scoffed at each other and wondered who would dare to penetrate. For one moment the eight little urchins paused and waited at the door; the next, the door had banged closed, and there were only seven children standing there! No one knew what had happened; someone had pushed. Tommy had been shoved forward and suddenly the door had slammed shut, leaving the children awe-stricken, terrified. In vain they pounded on the door; there was no answer.

A "bobby" came along, and seeing the terror of the children inquired into the matter. "The police will investigate immediately," he said, as he went for help. However, the chief decided to raid the house that night instead.

Nine o'clock came, half past. The raid was planned for ten o'clock. The darkness concealed the mysterious house. Only the red door seemed to glare, adding terror to its uncanny secrecy. Suddenly, through the blackness came weird, red lights; huge flames relentlessly licked and devoured the tiny building. The fire spread, the warehouse and the second-hand clothing store were devoured by the unmerciful flames. The firemen fought the fire, but in vain; nothing could be saved. By midnight nothing was left but smouldering embers. The clock in the nearby church tower struck twelve. As the last stroke reverberated through the night, a ghostly mournful cry was heard, a gasping, choking cry, then a sob—fainter, fainter—that was all! Destiny had taken its toll.

Morning came. A motely crowd gathered, hoping to find traces of Tommy or the inhabitants of the house. Alas! Nothing remained—nothing except the crimson door which lay on the sidewalk—like some red demon, grinning diabolically at the strange mystery which would never be solved.

Lucy Massey '30.

FRENCH-CANADIAN LITERATURE

Lord Durham remarked in one of his reports that the French-Canadian were a people without a history or a literature, and this article is an attempt to reconcile English-Canadians to the fact that there *is* a real French-Canadian literature, a literature written in the purest French save for a few archaic spellings.

In such an article as this, with its space restrictions, it will be possible to give French-Canadian literature only a cursory treatment, to stitch briefly French-Canadian contributions to the various branches of literature, and to cite only a few of their best authors and works. These, however, are representative of French-Canadian literature, and are sufficient to show us that it is no mean contribution to Canadian national literature, and is not to be despised or ignored.

The English student is warned that, to evaluate the importance of French-Canadian literature, he must not look at it with his own peculiar characteristics of original, robust, romantic, spontaneous imagination, but rather look for refinement, lucidity, unity of tone, the French talent for style, the social instinct, the triumph of reason over emotion, aristocratic tendencies, racial loyalties, a similarity of theme, and a short range of subjects.

It is hard to fix a date for the birth of French-Canadian literature or to unite the parts to the whole. It is a miracle that with their colonial disabilities, they should have produced so much that has genuine worth, for their literature is a concomitant of their life rather than its expression.

In the tragedies of their struggling history, they had no leisure for waiting. Their great problem was not to write but to live. After the secession, the English cut them off from the books of France, and the French Revolution, in turn, severed their interests in the writers of the old homeland.

For nearly a hundred years after the French finally ceded Canada to England, there was almost nothing written of signi-

ficance as French Canadian literature, There was not a little literary activity in the way of conducting short-lived magazines and newspapers, but this work was carried on not by citizens, but by Frenchmen of France whose residence in Canada was rather accidental than otherwise.

The best early expressions of French-Canadian literature are their petitions to the British Government. These are superb in form. The first attempts at literature proper were published in reviews often written in the main by professors. Many of these reviews were established in all branches of learning, but with so limited a constituency of readers, it was impossible for them all to endure. They have been the chief means of spreading culture. Clergymen were their major contributors, but now laymen are taking a more prominent place.

Their literature really began, however, with journalism. Of their eighty-two major poets, over one-half had journalistic records of work with genuine literary art. At the time Lord Durham made his remark, the English, with their larger population, had only four more newspapers and magazines than had the French, and the proportion is about the same to-day. As far back as 1843 it was said that "for good taste in selection of subject matter as well as for elegance of style and acuteness of reasoning, the French papers are superior to the English."

Their journalism had a tendency towards brilliant, cutting satire full of urbanity. All the journals have a strong religious spirit, for the influence of the church has been their inspiration. Their best journalist, Arthur Buies, has left exquisite pages on countless subjects, written with a marvellous delicacy of great journalistic instinct, full of humor and poetic emotion. A man of British vision, idealistic, and often flippant, he is but the brightest among a galaxy of brilliant, French-Canadian journalistic stars.

French Canadian women are beginning to play an important part in their national journalism. Chief among these is Mme. Dandurand, whose newspaper articles are now published in book form, "*Nos Travers*," which possesses a rare philoso-

phical and elegant form. She has also written a beautiful Christmas story and a short play for children.

As the French Canadians have always had an innate love for voyage, and have travelled far and wide, description of countries and of voyages come in for a large consideration in their literature. Arthur Buies is perhaps the best known in this field closely followed by Abbé Cosgrain and his "*Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangeline*."

Their scientific literature is one of which both we and they as Canadians may well feel proud. In the first rank is Abbé Provancher, who devoted his life to the study of national history and the publication of treatise on the different branches of this subject. All the sciences have come in for careful treatment by many French-Canadian writers, and the publication of their works constitutes an invaluable addition to our nation's scientific literature.

Though there are not many in the province capable of critical judgments, short literary appreciations of aesthetic value and clothed in an unusually beautiful form are found, and one many confidentially expect an extension in this field. Special mention must be made of de Louvigney's preface to "*Maria Chapdelaine*." He points out in a philosophical, discriminating manner the great possibilities of French-Canadian fiction. The French critical faculties are still evolving, but the writings demand the need of fuller contact with other literatures and more philosophical freedom. Their drama is not very promising for this very reason.

Many of the greatest writers have not scorned to collect the quaint tales and legends of the popular folk-lore, and to present them in a form equal in charm to their subject matter. Their *contes* and legends bring out the life of the past ages in the vernacular of the *voyageur* and the *coureur de bois*. English words with French endings are frequent and probably constitute the most original part of their racial literature. Their rich imagination is here given full play and their French is flawless.

French-Canadian literary history is analagous to that eight-

eenth century American in the extensive use of its almanacs. In French Canada these annuals are still numerous and are very educational. They often contain original literary contributions; even Fréchette wrote for them.

There are two schools of French-Canadian literature; namely, the Quebec School and the Montreal School.

Between the years 1845 and 1852, François Xavier Garneau by his "*Histoire du Canada*," in which he held a brief for his own people, and in which he shows that their defeat was as glorious as a victory, created a local patriotism which brought into being in Quebec between 1860 and 1870 the first school of French-Canadian literature. By revealing to his countrymen their past, and arousing their national or racial pride, Garneau founded a school of historians and poets.

In Quebec in 1860, there was a small book-store kept by three brothers named Cremazie, one of whom, Octav, possessed poetic genius. In this book-store, Garneau and other intelligentsia of Quebec came in contact with each other. With the French instinct for organization in aesthetic matters they established a magazine, "*Les Soirees Canadiennes*."

The racial pride aroused by Garneau's History was greatly augmented by the coming at this time to Quebec of the French frigate "Capricieuse" flying the French flag. Not since the conquest had the French flag been displayed in Canada, and the result was particularly, the awakening of Cremazie's genius.

As a result of the crime of forgery, Cremazie left Canada in 1862, and he lived the rest of his life in France under an assumed name. This verse, while of scant quantity, is of richest quality. His greatest distinction is his ardent worship of Canadian scenery, a new note in Canadian literature which caused him to be called "the only national literary figure yet created in Canada."

The first Canadian born writer was Michael Bibeaud, who was the author of the first volume of verse. His verse is largely satiric of the natural frailties of the French-Canadian population, and would, therefore, tend to laugh out of existence the very qualities that furnish at least part of the raw material for

literature. Thus, instead of stimulating, he did the reverse. His History was unpopular among the people, because it favored the English, and consequently it was of no influence.

But these are all lesser lights before the coruscation of L. H. Fréchette. He is unquestionably the best and greatest French-Canadian poet. Crémazie says:—"He is the most magnificent poetical genius Canada has ever produced." Like his master, Crémazie, he finds his chief source of inspiration in the scenery and history of Canada. In the richness, variety, and finish of his work he stands first in the Quebec School. His greatest work in verse is "*Légendes d'un Peuple*," a series of poems dealing with the story of the French in Canada from the discovery of America to the time of Louis Riel. He is the first Frenchman to reveal Canada to the French race. For his success he was crowned by the French Academy. In following the convention of our Puritanic moral initiative verse, Fréchette shows himself to be typically Canadian, and typically a Frenchman in his whole-hearted worship of Napoleon. However, like all French poetry, his work lacks the philosophical spirit of Tennyson or Shelley.

As a reaction against the extremes of the Quebec romancists, a group of younger poets established a school at Montreal in the early nineties. One of the first definite results of this was the publication of two literary journals. The first of these "*Ecoles Jeunes*," shows that the new school was opposed to the old in ideals and aims. It favored classical subjects and topical descriptions and wrote in exquisitely finished style. By 1895, a group of young men had decided to form a school for mutual criticism and for the evolution and the improvement of the works of other aspirants. The members were young University graduates, and they met on Friday evening in the Chateau de Ramazey. Eventually, Fréchette became an honorary member. In 1900 they published an anthology, "*Soirées du Chateau Ramazey*," and soon afterwards the school came to an end.

The anthology brought forth two young men worthy of note. One was Emile Nelligan, son of an Irish father and a French mother. His melancholy and imaginative nature were

revealed in elegant verse comparable to Poe's. This verse is richly musical and its form has excellent finish.

Another outstanding figure of this school was Albert Lozeau, who, though bed-ridden for nine years, was one of Canada's best nature poets and is supreme in the love sonnet. We assimilate Lozeau's emotions as if they were our own. He is very winning and intensely lyrical. His first volume, "*L'Âme Solitaire*," contains his most important work. Like Roberts, he follows the seasons, and like a true Canadian, delights in the cold of winter and the warmth of summer.

Belonging to the Montreal school, not in fact, but in spirit, is Paul Morin. Morin is distinctive among Canadian men of letters for his cultural training from both travel and study. His thesis at the University of Paris, a study in the sources of Longfellow's poems, required a knowledge of practically every literary language of Europe. At the age of twenty-two he had not only completed his training, but had also published his first volume of poetry in Paris. His work is marked by perfection of form and skilful description of picturesque foreign scenery. His first volume of poems has been considered the best volume of verses by a Canadian. With his second volume he won a two thousand dollar prize from the Quebec Government.

The poets of the Montreal School, with their great learning, superior critical faculty, and artistic form have undoubtedly achieved a greater poetic success than those of the Quebec school, but their poetry, except that of Lozeau, might have been written almost anywhere. The poets of Quebec on the other hand, have a definite Canadian appeal.

In this cursory review, like a watcher of the skies at twilight, we have seen only the greatest and brightest planets; we have not been able to see the delicacy of detail in the heavens, the smaller, but equally beautiful stars, but I hope that something has been added to the knowledge of the readers, so that, by an understanding of the mind and literature of the French Canadian, a closer union may be brought about between the two great races of Canada.

R. Burns '31.

BEAUTY

Never fear, trusting one,
And don't you forget
There's a world full of beauty,
You've never dreamed yet.

You may only be seeking
To know if there's truth;
But you'll drink the ambrosia
That slakes the thirst of youth.

It may dawn upon you,
In moments unknown.
Like seeds that have sprouted,—
You just know they've grown.

You may feel its soft fragrance
Just when you wake up;
And feel the morn's golden
As the rich buttercup.

You may in your yearning,
Just find you have peace;
Fear's backbone is broken—
Distrust and doubts cease.

O! the world's full of beauty,
Believe me, it's true;
And as rare as you may be,
There's rare beauty for you.

J. Raymond Keith '30

THE RING

Two men sat in a hunting lodge before an open fire by whose light they were studying an object one held in his hand.

"It is a strange ring," stated Hugh Burton handing it to his companion.

"Yes—strange," answered John Daniels, sliding it on his finger, "almost as strange as its history." Since the other made no comment, he continued, "Strange too—you are the first man I have ever known who has not questioned me about it; and perhaps for that reason, the first to whom I have ever felt inclined to tell the story."

"I have always been curious," confessed Burton, "but somehow something held me silent."

The ring in question was a wide band of gold. Inlaid, and extending almost entirely around was a slender leaden anchor, at the centre of which was a band of silver with the word *truth* engraved upon it.

Daniels turned the ring slowly about his finger and for some moments gazed fixedly into the fire. Finally he resumed speaking, almost as though he had already commenced the story.

"The girl used to be called Joyce, the boy, Keith. They were both orphans and grew up in the same orphanage as boy and girl sweethearts.

"Keith always told Joyce that, when big enough he would go away and earn money, so that they could be married.

"One day he made a little anchor of lead and broke it in two pieces. One, he gave to Joyce, the other he kept. These, they agreed, would be a sign of their engagement until he became rich enough to buy her a ring.

"Not long after that, a lady and gentleman came to visit the orphanage. They asked Joyce how she would like to grow up as their little girl. Joyce decided she would like it very much if a home could be found for Keith too.

"She would not have been content with a mere promise

to see what could be done, had not the boy himself persuaded her that everything would come out right as long as they both kept their share of the anchor.

"When she at last made up her mind to go, hers was tightly clasped in her hand, while in her heart lived the memory of Keith's promise.

"Joyce soon learned that her newly-found parents lived far from the orphanage. Friends had sent them word of a little orphan girl who bore a striking resemblance to the little daughter Julia whom they had lost.

"From that time on Joyce became known as Julia.

"She often expressed a wish to write Keith, but it was weeks before a letter was actually sent. Others were written at various times, but none brought an answer. Still Julia would not give up.

"Finally word was received that the orphanage had been burned. Inquiry revealed the fact that all occupants had escaped, but nothing could be learned of a boy named Keith.

"Years passed, and Julia had many admirers. She met men by the name of Keith, but none of them ever spoke of a leaden anchor. Her people sometimes wondered if she was altogether heartless. They had long since forgotten the little boy who, with squared shoulders, had watched them ride away with his little sweetheart.

"Not so Julia; around her neck, on a silver chain, hung her half of the anchor. She had never forgotten the boy who gave it to her, nor his promise.

"Then there came into her life one whom her heart would not ignore. Still she told herself over and over to wait and be true to Keith. But one night she found herself as though in a dream, listening to a strange story told by the man whom she feared would make her forget her girlhood lover. A story of two little orphans who were boy and girl sweethearts; of a leaden anchor which the boy had made and cut in two pieces keeping half and giving half to the girl as a pledge that when old enough they would be married; of how the little girl had been adopted just before the orphanage where they had lived was

burned. She heard too, that the boy had been injured in the fire and taken to a hospital where he was found by the people who later adopted him.

"Here she interrupted the storyteller with a breathless demand to know where he had heard it.

"Something, perhaps the tenseness of her voice, caused him to turn. As he did so, there fell from his hand part of a leaden anchor; in hers lay the remaining half."

Sudden silence reigned in the little hunting lodge. Daniels was again staring into the fire.

"And you? The ring—how?" Burton ventured at last and stopped.

"It was my mother's engagement ring," was the answer.

Melba Maie Roop '29.

STUDENT'S MIND AFTER EXAMS

Wolfe captured Quebec and defeated Montcalm ten years after he was guillotined in Paris during the equinoxes of 1901 plus 1342 divided by a bushel of potatoes at that time cost enough to keep compulsory chapel away from New Brunswick's sardine factories are the largest the world has never known another who could successfully carry on such a sustained flight would provide longer air-hours for the Cubans to sink the Maine rivers are rarely subject to pestilences such as Yellow Fever which killed him at a very early date in the history of the world will never be forgotten until the Incas used to be killed by hundreds of thousands of foot-tons of energy are lost each year by persons who later were caught and executed with a despatch and neatness that showed his long training as a statesman and orator was useless to deny the fact that many claim the world war was started when cutting of the ribbon by the Prince opened the bridge to a long stream of traffic violators in Quebec while there is prohibition in every other province support was given freely and although Napoleon did find the Fountain of Youth

in Bessarabia it was only in the last two decades that the longest river in the world flowed down the gutter in bucketfuls with brave men breathing their last experiment was unsuccessful because hydrochloric acid was produced in the Alps by the Gauls when they attacked Caesar with aeroplanes and tanks which provide an easier and faster means of travel between points unknown where he spent many years looking for an easier way to cross the Pyrenees and come down into France through Belgium at the head of his Uhlans who were often said to be the matrix while contractile vacuoles supply the long-felt need of the country for a leader capable of burrowing through solid rock at the rate of eighty-five miles per hour which is believed to be the world's record.

W. H. Longley Jr. '31

CONQUERED

Before I met you,
I could cast off my love
Like a cloak become burdensome,
Worn under the hot sun;
And when it grew heavy
With wondering and fear,
I would laugh,
And be free again.
How strange that now,
When I become fearful
Of so wonderful a thing
As love,
And try to fling it off,
I find myself chilled
And stilled
Without it.

Lucy Massey '30.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GODS—A FANTASY

Up where the sapphire hills crowd against the sky in a never-ending, never-changing line, there lifts one hill far higher than the rest. Wreathed with clouds of palest rose at dawn, silver-filleted at noon, or sometimes lost beneath a single sheet of mist when the rains come charging down with long slanting steps, there is a strange magic about the hill. Infinities of blinding blue yawn overhead, while the valley below is a mammoth cradle in which a cloud has gone to rest.

Away in the valley lies the fantastic city of Manahahshim, where the children of the gods dwell. The grey of the mists hangs there, and spellbound trees murmur and kiss. Rarely has a mortal eye seen this city, for mortals are too blind. It is of the one age with the earth, and the stars are its sisters. Here is the beauty and youth of the world; here dwell the fantastic children of the gods. Time smiles and passes by. . . .

A visitor had come to the city, and a grand tea was being held in her honor. The children sat on mushrooms, while the elfin pipers played weird tunes spun from silver and gold. Cherryblossoms served as lamps, and the children drank solemnly from their cups of acorn wood while each told the visitor their tale.

"I am the child of the god of Pity," said Nuhu, who was slender and wore a gown made of rainbow. "My god is a great god. Once, when he observed the trials of the puppets called Human Beings, he let his tears fall on the earth. They turned into lakes. There are more puppets now, and so his tears fall more frequently and more profusely. Mortals call them rains."

"My god is a greater god," declared Shimmah, child of the god of Romance. "He owns the moon. The moon can tease the lakes of your god till they know not whether to be gold or silver. The puppets think the moon a gold piece set in the sky to buy the world back to their God. Why,—even we fear the quiet wrinkled moon who sees us all."

"I am the daughter of the goddess of Shame," said Hid-

muk, whose eyes were little, and in which there was much sin. "The mists belong to her, and she has many followers. She can hide anything from anyone, and easily can she cover up the lakes and moons of your gods. She, indeed, is a great goddess."

"Your goddess lurks always where the shadows spill their never-ending blackness," said Zuha-zama, son of the god of Anger. "Let me tell you a tale, and you will see how wonderful my god is. . . ."

"Once, long ago; in the mystic heavens, where little winds hold fingers to their lips and no ships come, the god of Anger fell in love with the goddess of Sympathy. Now it is forbidden that the gods fall in love. All one night the goddess of Sympathy said many things softly and in a whisper, and the next morning she sent her soul to cool the mortal lover's brow and cry her sorrow to the murmuring trees. No one can see her for she is the south wind. But the god of Anger was greatly troubled. He could never see his beloved only on earth. And so he screamed his wrath to the trees, who, whining, gave back the sweet confidences received from the south wind. As he dwells in the opposite part of the heavens from the goddess of Sympathy he is called the north wind. Sometimes at night he fingers on his screaming flute until his tune is but a thread of tone."

"But once," related Carmah, child of the great god of Love who was friendly with the god of Romance, "Sorrow and Joy fell in love and gave birth to a child called Humour. All the gods were shocked and they exiled Humour to dwell forever on the earth. And that is why mortals cry when they laugh. The mysteries of life are not so strange as once they were, and not so beautiful. Souls are born, burn, disappear into oblivion; one often sees them. . . . like sparks from wood fires. Youth sees the light of the stars; age sees the dark between and their eyes are strange—deep, dark pools of sorrow. Oh, my god is the great god; he owns the sun; his rays heal all sorrows; under him all troubles pass away."

The visitor was deeply impressed.

"Fireflies are loves which were never born," she remarked

as the children lay down their empty cups of acorn-wood and turned mild inquiring eyes upon her. She was in love. . . and with the great wisdom which comes to lovers she stole over the hill and took a last yearning glance at Manahahshim. On the other side of the hill there was a new world. She looked upon it with dreams in her eyes and silence upon her lips.

Evelyn Jenkins '31.

ACADIA BEATS MT. A.

From the Viewpoint of a Co-ed

The Acadia co-eds beat the Mt. A. co-eds in a most exciting basketball game in the gym on Friday evening. There was the grandest crowd there—to be more specific, there were enough spectators to go around the railing twice with a few feet left over at both ends.

Both teams were becomingly attired. Our girls wore the sweetest blue serge tunics with numbers on them finished in a beautiful shade of red, white blouses, black stockings, and white sneakers. The Mt. A. girls wore garnet tunics, gold blouses, flesh colored stockings, and the usual type of white sneakers. A few of the players wore sweet little hats which added to the “petiteness” of the scene. The referee looked adorable in white.

When the referee blew his whistle—by the way, this whistle was shrill and not at all melodious like some whistles I have heard—the game started. It was a lovely game, although some of the girls were rough, and pushed aside other girls. There was no need of that. Anyhow, our girls shot more baskets before somebody shot off a gun that petrified them so that they had to stop for a short time.

In the second period, the girls were rather exhausted, so they did not rush around so much. This slowed the game a wee bit, but really, one could not blame the girls for that. They could not help it.

At the end of the game, Acadia was several points ahead. I do not remember the exact score, but it was very pleasing for us. We were delighted with the result. Altogether it was a most thrilling game—there was the grandest crowd there.

Audrey Gregg '29.

THROUGH A LONDON TUBE

A dense, impenetrable fog is settling over the busy streets of London, slowing the steady, continuous stream of traffic to a snail's pace. In order to reach our destination on time, we shall need to take a tube train. The network of underground tunnels called "tubes" through which one is whisked from one side of the city to the other in a remarkably short time is an ingenious, time-saving device. It greatly relieves the traffic congestion and is a means of dry conveyance in wet weather.

At intervals throughout the city there are signs pointing to flights of stairs descending from the street. We make our way towards one of these and down the stairs to a tiled enclosure, or lobby, where a crowd of people is waiting for an elevator which is to take them down to a still lower level. We squeeze our way into their midst and have not long to wait before we are aware that an immense lift is noiselessly rising from the dark depths below us. We are struck by an uncanny feeling that this silent monster is being raised by supernatural means. On a level with us it comes to a stop and, as the gates slide back, we push forward in a body to take our places on it. When we are securely locked in, the lift begins to descend slowly and steadily amid a seemingly hushed atmosphere lest a sound above a whisper might break the spell. As we are slowly lowered we seem to be sinking down, down—to the very depths of the earth. But no, we have reached the bottom and the crowd surges out into an underground passage electrically lighted and lined with white tiles.

All is hustle and bustle here in this underground world, and

we are suddenly bewildered as to which way we should go. We can now sympathize with poor Alice in Wonderland when after landing with a thump at the bottom of the deep black well she loses sight of the white rabbit who had preceded her. There she was left alone in the long, dim, dark passage lined with locked doors. Instead, however, of finding a golden key on a glass-topped table, we are directed by arrows pointing to passages, also tiled and illuminated, which branch off in different directions towards the various trains.

Following one of these circular-roofed alleys we eventually reach our station where crowds are thronging to and fro. Many types of people can be picked out from the hurrying numbers. Those in prominence are business men and women intent on getting home after their day's work in the city. While waiting for our particular train we pass the time by watching our fellow travellers and our new surroundings. The station consists of a cement platform under a dome-shaped tiled roof. Beside it the tracks run, disappearing finally from view in the impenetrable darkness of the round tunnels which begin abruptly to right and left of the station. Plastered thickly on the curved walls opposite us are brilliant posters advertizing everything from Fry's Chocolate to Scott's Emulsion which enable us to increase our store of general information.

We do not need to wait long, however, for presently there is a rumble in the distance. As the noise grows louder a current of air is stirred and suddenly, with a gush of wind and a thundering noise, the electric train, all alight, bursts from the long dark tunnel. As it fairly leaps upon us it is like a dragon with fire belching from its huge jaws springing from a bottomless cavern where it has been crouching in wait for unwary wayfarers.

Instinctively the waiting crowd steps back. The on-coming train comes to a halt; the doors are automatically flung open and the guards alight on the platform to call, "All Aboard!" The arriving passengers pour out and we take their places as swiftly as possible. Forgotten parcels must remain forgotten. Time and trains wait for no man. Few seconds are lost in the

unloading and reloading and, before we are settled in our seats the doors have slammed behind the guards who have hopped in again and we are off.

Leaving the glare of light from the station we are in a moment shot into the darkness of the round tunnel. Here we speed along with a roaring noise, curving, twisting, lurching through the subterranean, steel-girt tubular encasement until we reach the next station where we shoot suddenly into the light again. Once more the doors open and passengers step on or off. In a moment we speed away again, and so on, until we emerge into daylight in a suburb of the greatest city of the world. We have arrived on time. It is hard to realize that, so much ground has been covered, many feet under London's busy streets, in about as short a time as it takes to tell about it.

Jean Gordon '32

MY QUARTER

I'd a pain in my side
So I went to confide
In a doctor who cared for the poor.
He gave me a prescription
Of some queer description,
To use or I'd be at death's door.

Now I was most broke,
And it was no joke,
A quarter was all I possessed.
And the question to meet
Should I spend it to eat,
And medicineless go west.

So I favored my health,
And took all my wealth
To a nearby druggist's store.
As the tonic I bought,

It seemed that I ought
To be healthier than ever before.

For two days past
I'd had no repast.
Can you imagine how I did feel?
When the label I read,
And found that it said,
"Take only right after a meal."

Vincent A. White '29.

MA'S WAY

"Well if that don't beat all!" Ma Higgins wiped the perspiration off her brow and sighed. "Now the pump's broke. I'll have to have water from the well myself, now, I suppose. I can't stand this much longer," she sighed, while making a frantic dash to rescue her burning cookies from the oven. "It's nigh on twenty years since I married Pa, and things have been getting broken ever since, and he has not lifted a foot to have them fixed."

"Pa!" she went to the foot of the stairs and called. No answer. "Pa!" she called more loudly.

"Yes, Ma?" a weak easy-going voice was heard.

"Pa, you come right down here and have the pump fixed," called Ma, not that she really believed that Pa would fix it, but merely for the sake of relieving her feelings.

"Oh! can't you wait till to-morrow?" wailed Pa in plaintive tones. "You can get along some way without."

Ma went sadly back to her work. It was no use to argue with Pa. He was always the same. Last week a leg had come off the dining-room table, and it was years since the knob had come off the front door. There were few chairs left that were safe to sit in, and the walls were stained from the many leaks

in the roof. Everything around Pa Higgins' farm had a dilapidated look—even his wife.

Pa had gone along in his own way blissfully unconscious of his surroundings. Of course Ma was continually pointing out something that had gone wrong; but she always managed to get along some way, and Pa worried no further. The big arm-chair and his old pipe contented Pa perfectly. The hired man had full charge of the farm—but that was fine for Pa.

To-day Ma felt as if she could stand it no longer. "Perhaps if Pa didn't have me for a while," she thought, "he might wake up."

Ma laughed as she tried to picture Pa getting meals in the circumstances under which she was compelled to work. Pa would not know how to manage the damper so that the stove would not smoke. He would not like to carry water from the well and cut up wood. "If I left it would do him good," she concluded.

That night, when Pa came down to his supper, instead of finding his wife and a hearty meal, he found there was no meal prepared and that his wife was gone.

A few days later the Jogginsville Weekly had the glaring head-lines of the disappearance of Ma Higgins. In that rural community, where the only news is a death, a birth or a wedding, this piece of news caused more excitement than the Prince of Wales would if he were to visit the village. There were a great many afternoon-calls that week, and such a crowd gathered in the Post Office the night the paper came out that it seemed that election night must have come again. Many theories were advanced on the subject of where Ma had gone, but no definite answer could be found.

But where *was* Ma? She was having the time of her life in a fashionable city hotel. "I have five hundred dollars and I'm going to spend it all," Ma had declared to herself when she left home. She followed the Jogginsville Weekly closely and she experienced an indescribable thrill when she thought of the excitement she was causing. "This will make Pa think," she smiled.

It was a month later that Ma returned. Carpenters, plumbers, and workmen of all kinds were around the house. Pa had wakened up but not till Ma had been gone three weeks. A new light was in Pa's eyes as he took his wife's hand in his, "You'll find things different after this, Ma," was all he could say.

Elva E. Jackson '31.

A THRENODY

As each wave upon the throbbing ocean

Bares its breast unto the cold indifferent moon,

So bare I my soul to Heaven.

It is my woe—

A heart in name but not in tune

With the finer things of life.

My God! it is my lot

I would not have it so.

Curtis McCann '32.

THOU LIVING DEAD MAN

Some of us live, a few of us think we live, and the rest of us are dead. At least, we are dead in comparison with those who live. By those who live is meant those who have the greatest consciousness of all the intricate world around them, those who would know humanity from children to old age, who seek to know, not only their own race and color, but all races and colors, who can appreciate the religions, and creeds and idealisms of other people far removed from their own narrow sects, who know much of the world of nature surrounding them, and who are conscious of the ever present urge to discover more, to climb higher the ladder of consciousness—that they may gaze upon the glory of the new world.

But, how can we climb higher in the ladder of consciousness? A professor of psychology at the university of Illinois says: "A student's store of ideas is determined by the range of stimuli to which he responds, and by the vividness and comprehensiveness of the revived images and halos."

Let us consider this in detail. We recall our happy, care-free, childhood days. We were not troubled with the future. Our lives were essentially simple, because so many of the things which as adults have meaning for us, as children, were meaningless. We read fairy tales, and simple tales of adventure. Philosophical problems of life had no meaning. Then, each year as we grew older, we increased in experience. We became acquainted with more of the world around us, with animals, plants, people. We were responding to stimuli, our store of ideas grew; life became fuller; we had now ideas from past experiences to add meaning to the new situations. A boy, after he has once felt the joy of tree climbing, knows that trees in general, apart from that particular tree, are good to climb. He begins to enjoy life in a new way. But, suppose the boy had never felt the stimulus to climb trees, then he would never have been conscious of the fun in it. Suppose we, as adults have been subject to stimuli without responding, then we know

nothing of what is involved in the response to that stimuli. Is there not a danger in this, a danger in not feeling, not participating actively in all life? It may be the joy of tree climbing we are missing. It may be something more deeply vital to the spirit of life.

Suppose we do not feel? Let us consider two people making a study of natural beauty. They study it from its sources and from their text-books. Their books set forth principles, observations, generalizations of beauty which they both read. The first responds to the stimuli which the author responded to in writing the book. He feels a response probably to the glowing, throbbing color in sunsets, to the softer tints of evening, to the rich shades of night. The second does not respond to color beauty. In so far as he is concerned, all that the author says of color is meaningless; it does not exist; while, to the first, it is full of meaning and so, enriches his life.

Again, we may never know the great heights of life because we have been too lazy to make the climb, too lazy to enter the game with a zest and to "play it for all that it's worth." Or we have been afraid, afraid to risk our small pennies for prospector's gold. Suppose the prospector pioneer does lose out on the gold; hasn't he felt the warm, red blood of adventure of discovery, of courage surging through his veins? Would any prospector forfeit that to an easy chair, a cigar, and a mind untroubled by the worlds that wait discovering, or a will too weak to dare the chance?

In the words of Richard Dana:

*Thou talk of life with thy soul half asleep..
Thou 'living dead man' let thy spirit
Leap forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow
Through thy soul's shut-up mansion. Wouldst thou
Know something of what is life? Shake off this death,
Have thy soul feel the universal breath
With which all nature's quick, and learn to be
Sharer in all that thou dost touch, or see.
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirits trance,*

*Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse.
Love, joy, even sorrow, yield thyself to all;
They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large the mind,
Then more in sympathy with God's great whole
And be like man at first, a living soul!*

Are not our souls *half asleep*? Are not most of us dead? Consider, we cannot *know something of what is life* until we have climbed the ladder of consciousness. And climbing the ladder of consciousness means that we have been a sharer in all that we do, touch or see, that we have the courage to risk our pennies for prospector's gold. For, if we have not, we will never discover the gold, or know the warm, red blood of the seeker surging through our veins.

Jean Miller '29

REVIVAL OF CLASSICISM

A new interest is being awakened in the study of the classics. There is a shifting of the currents of thought in the modern world. There are those who will disagree entirely with this, yet many facts point toward the verification of these statements.

In the intellectual life of France and England a hundred years ago, the study of the classics was the occupation of the diligent, and in social and political life, distinction was attained with difficulty without at least a pretence to an acquaintance of Latin or Greek. Some scholars knew Latin as well as they knew English. All forms of classical writings—poetry, scientific works, drama, essays—had a profound influence on the writings of those times, and also on those of our own day, but not to so great an extent. Milton was opposed to the method of teaching classics in the schools, and he suggested reform. Instead of the pupil being worn out with declensions and subjunctive

moods, he should be taught enough grammar in a year or two to enable him to delve into the real substance of the classical writing. This criticism also applies to the present method of teaching Latin in the public schools. By the time the pupil has reached college, he is haunted night and day with the ghosts of Latin case-endings, and all benefit or pleasure which might be derived from reading Virgil or Homer is driven from his mind by these pursuing spectres.

Science has been one of the greatest enemies to the study of the classics. Its hostility was aroused when it found that classicism barred its way to academic honors. The intellectual workings of the mind of man are mysterious, and therefore it is hard to account for this return to classicism. There must be an answer to the questions which asks for a reason for the revival of the study of classics. It may be the result of the unsatisfactory nature of the state of our spiritual affairs, and the ethical, political, and social position in which the world finds itself from the following too trustingly the leadership of science. Materialism has for a generation of the past supplied a large amount of the necessities and comforts, and, to some degree, the spiritualities of life; but a new generation approaches. A touch of idealism is a pleasant relief for the most confirmed materialist.

A love of the classics has not been dead, however. Latin has not even been banished from college curricula. In a certain college in the east of Canada, there was much talk of having Latin abolished from the required course, but the agitation was confined to the students and no petition reached those in whose power lay the adoption or rejection of proposed changes in the curriculum. There must have been some in that institution of learning who realized the value of Latin. Some still love the classics, although for others the word "Latin" means a "pluck."

I have said that science was instrumental in bringing about the decline of classicism. Now I say that it is assisting in bringing it back again into a semblance of its former standing. The destruction and desolation brought about by war is still

fresh in the minds of men. Science, with its inventions of destructive machines and poisonous gases, is associated in men's thoughts with all the terrors of war, and consequently, men are moved strongly to revolt against science. Classical literature has a soothing effect on the mind, and what is more natural than that men should turn to this source for relief from the harsh aftermath of war? At first, this seems to be a far-fetched conclusion, but it is not at all impossible that such has been the case, although the change is taking place slowly and gradually.

The work of archeologists in the past few years has caused the eyes of the world to turn to the sands of Greece and Egypt. An excavation of great interest to lovers of the classics was made in Egypt a few years ago. The loss of Sappho's works was the lament of the learned world even before the Christian era began. Only about one hundred and twenty fragments of from one to five lines are still extant, among them the two poems *Hymn, to Aphrodite* and *to The Beloved*. Sappho left nine books and rolls of poems, but they suffered a severe fate. In 380 A. D., Gregory, Bishop of Constantinople, decreed that all of Sappho's works should be burned, "to turn the minds of youth from earthly to heavenly love." Then Christian fanatics burned the Alexandrine library in which were the nine books of Sappho. In 1073, Pope Gregory burned, in the market-place of Rome and Constantinople, all the remnants of her poems which could be discovered. All hope of ever finding any more of Sappho's poetry was given up, and now out of the sands of Egypt, archeologists have brought to light treasures of Greek literature, and among them fragments of Sappho's poems. The Greeks worshipped Sappho. If they knew that her divine poetry was used to stuff embalmed crocodiles, they would come back from the shades and start another Trojan War. Most of the discoveries came from waste heaps containing superfluous luggage flung away when moving to another place. Remains of Greek temples have been unearthed in Sicily. Excavations have brought illuminations on religion and history that will influence scholarly thought throughout the world. It is no

easy task to decipher the characters on the wooden tablets and rolls of papyrus. The newly found manuscripts have to be treated with chemicals to restore the ink, and a camera is necessary to trace some of the strokes of the letters.

France is leading the intellectual world back again to the classics, and the other countries are gradually submitting to her influence. Ramsay MacDonald has been urging that educators in Scotland instil the classics into the children of the common people, because he says, unless higher education exists below as a stimulus, it can never enduringly bloom at the top. It is the only hope of modern democracy. Modern advocates of the study of classics have the same end in view—sharpening the wits and adding to the intellectual values of their fellow-citizens. Psychologists are refuting the theory that the study of classics trains the mind for anything besides the classics, but they cannot deny that there is a pleasure and culture in the study of the classics which we cannot well afford to be without.

Would those educational psychologists who say that Latin should be abolished, propose what they consider would be an efficient substitute?

Audrey Gregg '29.

AMONG THE HILLS

When the mind has grown feverish chasing shadows, and life has lost its luster, when we stand disillusioned, and crushed down with care, when man has proven false, and God has proven just, we sometimes stand alone, weighed down under the shadows of the past. Often then we turn to nature; happiness again breathes upon us, as we contemplate the beauty of natural scenery, and we find consolation there.

My sleep had been a series of haunting dreams in which ghostly thoughts mingled with spectral shadows. Finally, I was compelled to rise from my bed, and the hellish night passed on, while I paced the floor in a fierce effort to rid myself of the seething thoughts which pressed upon my brains. It seemed ages before the welcomed greyness of the dawn began peeping through my lattice. With the coming of the light, I was suddenly possessed of a wild desire to see the sunrise in the fastness of the hills which lay far to the West of my little cottage.

I had been wandering, almost aimlessly, when I found myself straying through a dim, deep valley. The grey light, which issued from beyond the gloomy hills, seemed to press down with oppressive melancholy. A deep silence brooded on the forest. The trees were dark in color and mournful in form. The branches seemed to writhe themselves into sad, solemn and spectral shapes. The whole valley seemedwhelmed in darkest shades. The sun was beginning to peep from beyond a crag which lay far to the East in the heart of the cloistered mountains, when suddenly I came upon a smaller valley which lay in a region of hills locked within hills.

How different from the valley which I had just passed here the trees seemed erected, slender, and graceful. The ground was covered with short springy grass, and was besprinkled throughout with yellow buttercups. A sweet scented breath seemed to pervade the air. When the sun finally burst upon the world, I saw that the valley fairly laughed with flowers.

Tired after my long walk, I threw myself down beneath the branches of an odorous shrub, that I might rest while I contemplated the scene.

On all sides arose the verdant walls of the forest, and everything seemed absorbed by green foliages. As the sun rose higher in the sky, the whole valley seemed to blush and glow beneath the soothing rays, and it seemed a deep sense of life and joy pervaded all things. A graceful river wound its way among the trees—and lost itself in the sombre, yet beautiful gloom of overhanging branches. The tiny dew drops still clung to the leaves like sparkling jewels, and soon all the woods resounded with the songs of morning birds; from every glen music issued in the wildest ecstasy. In the midst of all this beauty, my soul seemed to rise to the pinnacle of the hills, and every fibre in my being seemed to raise one supreme cry of praise for the glory of a God who could make things so fair.

I looked towards my little cottage which I knew lay past the woods of dark pines which now seemed to sigh in uneasy slumber, while the wind played a soothing tune within their branches; and I began to make my way back home. Soon I was again within my cottage, but all that day there was a song in my heart, and the vision of the scene flitted in my mind in a series of perfect joy.

Paul Gelinas '32.

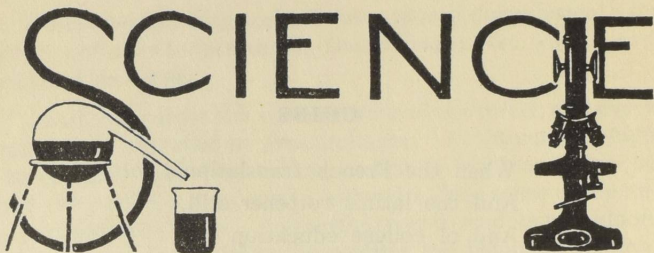
CRIBS

When the French translation's rotten,
And the latin's rottener still,
And of college education
You have almost had your fill,
 Use a crib.

If you find professors bore you,
And you hate to go to class,
And examinations scare you,
And you'd really like to pass,
 Use a crib.

If you finally get married,
And the kid puts up a howl,
And at night he drives you crazy,
With a long, incessant bawl,
 Use a crib.

Vincent A. White '29.



PASTEUR AND HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO BACTERIOLOGY

An account of the work of Pasteur in the field of Bacteriology requires to be prefaced by the observation that prior to his time the foundations of this science had not been laid.

Pasteur's earliest work was in the field of Chemistry. Between 1845 and 1855 his attention was fixed almost entirely upon the solution of problems which were related only indirectly to Biology and to Bacteriology. His work in stereochemistry, and afterwards in fermentation, was the means of his entry into the realm of bacteriology. It was thought, at that time, that the part of the yeast which produced fermentation was an altered, dead portion, acting upon sugar. Pasteur, as usual, submitted the question to experimentation.

He examined with his microscope the fluids in which fermentation was proceeding. He observed the shape of the living micro-organisms in these fluids. By correlating his findings with the results obtained on many occasions in the process of fermentation, he established the fact that when certain micro-organisms were present, the fermentative changes resulted in the recovery of satisfactory products; when other forms were present, the contrary was the case. He found that different types of fermentation were due to different varieties of these micro-organisms.

For the next five years, Pasteur devoted himself assiduously to scientific experimentation aimed at the elucidation of the problem of Spontaneous Generation, as well as continuing his studies of fermentation and putrefaction. In 1861 while conducting experiments on butyric acid, Pasteur made the observation that certain micro-organisms developed only in the absence of free oxygen. Thus the first discovery relating to anaerobiosis, as well as the varying oxygen requirements, was made.

Pasteur's work on fermentation was a logical preliminary to his attempt, in 1864, to determine the cause of the disease of wines which entailed very considerable economic losses in certain districts of France. Certain concrete proposals were made by Pasteur at this time, which, had they been adopted, would have controlled the undesirable fermentative activities in wines. The thermal death-point of these micro-organisms was ascertained very definitely. These were the first accurate experimental studies of thermal death-points of bacteria. Between the years 1865 and 1870 Pasteur was engaged in a series of investigations in an effort to discover the cause of a epidemic which was ravaging the silkworms and threatening the very life of sericulture in France. By his germ theory of fermentation Pasteur laid the foundation of antiseptic and later of aseptic surgery. At this time, he very definitely advised the sterilization of all surgical instruments by heating to a temperature of 150 degrees Centigrade before being used. He also proposed that plugs of cotton wool should be used to stopper glass vessels containing sterile fluids, to prevent the entrance of organic matter containing living micro-organisms.

In 1863 Davaine read Pasteur's paper on butyric acid fermentation and was greatly impressed by it. He examined the blood of sheep that had died from anthrax and found in it tiny bodies which he called "bacteridia." He announced that he believed these were the cause of anthrax.

Pasteur undertook to investigate the question. He took a small amount of blood from an animal that had died of anthrax, and with all aseptic precautions planted in it a sterile flask

containing a slightly alkaline, sterile culture medium. In this medium he grew pure cultures of anthrax bacilli. He subcultured his growths by carrying over from flasks, in which the bacilli were growing, a few drops to other flasks of sterile culture medium, thus seeding them and permitting new generations of microbes to appear.

The next step consisted of the establishment of the fact that the germs which were thus grown in an artificial culture medium were really the causative agents of the disease anthrax. Susceptible animals were inoculated with a drop of culture material from the flasks. The animals so injected developed anthrax, and from their blood, anthrax bacilli were recovered. Pasteur announced it as his belief that "each infectious disease is produced by the development within the organism of a special microbe." Between 1877, when Pasteur completed his work on anthrax, and 1895, the year of his death, the causative agents of nearly all the important communicable diseases were discovered. To this accomplishment Pasteur contributed the lion's share in elaborating technical procedures, formulating criteria by which results could be appraised, and by a rigid insistence on the necessity for most exact experimental verification of all opinions expressed or views advanced.

W. H. Longley, '31

THE CONSTITUENTS OF MILK

Little do we realize, as daily we take our meals, what a great part milk plays in our food. We would not think of making milk our only food, yet at one time in our lives it occupied the place of first, second, and third courses on our menu. For what reason? Because it is a perfect food.

To us, cow's milk is the most important. When drawn it is an opaque white fluid, with a yellowish tinge and a soft, bland, sweetish taste; and when first drawn has a distinct animal odor which disappears shortly. The specific gravity is 1.029.

Milk has been rightly called a perfect food, because it contains almost every element which is required for the nourishment of the various tissues of the body, and more than that, these elements exist in milk in a proportion which is very conducive to proper digestion.

Chemically milk is an emulsion of fat globules, which concentrated, go to make the body of cream and, more concentrated, buttermilk has a slightly alkaline reaction to litmus, and thus is used for the purpose of counteracting the acidity of the stomach.

A variety of sugars is found in milk, the chief are being lactose which is very high in food content. Casein is also found in milk to a great extent, and is a very important food element.

In milk we find many gases. First there is carbonic acid which comes from the air, and is of no important use in the body. Then there is hydrogen sulphide which reacts with substances in the tissues of the body for nourishment. Nitrogen and Oxygen in the free form are also found in milk, and are among the most important constituents. Oxygen by far is the most indispensable element in the body; every tissue has a use for it, and the fact that it exists in milk is alone enough to make milk a valuable food.

Minerals exist in milk in the form of salts and acids largely, although there are a few bases which are present. The most important are phosphoric acid, Hydrochloric acid, soda, lime, potash, magnesia and ferric oxide. The phosphorus in the phosphoric acid is a great food for brain and nerve tissues, while chlorine is one of the main constituents of the digestive juices of the stomach. Potash is of great importance in the bones, and ferric oxide is essential for the blood.

There are certain substances in milk, such as levin, pepton, kreatin, tryron, concerning which very little is definitely known any more than that each is found to serve as a food to some part or another of the body. Albumen is another of these, and is extremely important as a food.

Great care has to be taken with milk to see that all disease germs are kept out of it. In America especially pre-

caution in this direction has been taken. Milk from all communities has to be tested before it is sold. All cows have to be inspected to make sure that they are free from tuberculosis and other diseases before their milk can be marketed. In many parts of Europe such precautions have not been taken, and as a result disease is spread through the medium of milk.

A process known as pasteurization has been invented, by which the bacteria in milk are killed, and this process has practically eliminated the possibility of the spread of disease through milk.

Vincent A. White '29

DRY DOCKS

Just as an automobile or locomotive must undergo periodical overhauling, so also must a ship. A great deal of this work can be done while the ship is afloat, but there is certain work pertaining to the propellers, tail-shafts, hull below the water line, and so on, that must be done out of water. How is this to be accomplished?

For small ships and short time jobs the simplest arrangement is a timber grid-iron on which a ship settles with the falling tide. The work is done in a short time and the ship is ready to be floated again at high tide. Another system is to allow the ship to settle into a cradle, with wheels attached, as the tide falls and then to pull the cradle up on inclined ship-way. This type of cradle is also sometimes used for building small ships. All this is very well for small jobs, but for larger ships some type of dry dock is necessary, either in graving or floating.

A graving dock consists of an enclosure dug deeply below the level of the water and surrounded by side walls of masonry or concrete and with steps on the face of the walls and at one end. At the other end, through which the ship must enter, is the caisson or gate. There are of three types, ship caisson,

sliding caisson, and ship gate. The type used depends on the strength of the tide, the exposure and other local conditions.

The bottom of the dock is generally floored with concrete. Aligned along the centre are Keel Blocks upon which the keel of the ship rests. Timber shores extending from the side of the ship to the steps of the walls are used as additional support.

The procedure in docking a ship is as follows: The caisson or gate is slid or floated out of the way to allow the water to flow in until it is at the same level both inside and outside. The ship is then floated in directly over the blocks. The caisson is replaced, the water is pumped out of the docks, and the ship settles in a place. Thus the ship is in a huge hole, where the floor is dry, and the work is carried on far below the level of the surface of the water in the harbor or river.

Cranes, chutes, slides and track ways are conveniently situated along the top of the dock in order to give easy access for the men and materials.

Some of the larger graving docks have another caisson about in the middle so that work may be done on one ship in the inner half of the dock, while another ship is being floated in or out of the other half.

There are graving docks in many of the large world ports, and they vary in length up to one thousand feet. There are only a few, perhaps eight or nine, which exceed this length, and the distinction of having the largest in the world—nearly a quarter of a mile long—belongs to St. John, New Brunswick.

The St. John dock is equipped with three pumps of seven hundred and fifty Horse Power each which have a capacity of seventy-five thousand gallons of water per minute. The operating and controlling machinery for this dock is all underground and right alongside the dock. It is also equipped with a sewerage system which enables the crew to live on board during repairs. This in itself means a great saving to the ship-owners, most especially so in the case of the larger ships where the new numbers into the hundreds.

A floating dry dock consists of a huge box-like structure without ends or top. Attached to the bottom are big tanks

into which the water is led in order to sink it. When the dock is lowered of "sunk," the ship is floated in place and the water is then pumped out. As these tanks empty, they float, and, because of their immensity, they have a large lifting power which raises not only the dock but also the ship. To refloat the ship means only a reversal of operations.

A dock of this type is built in sections so that work may be proceeded with on the inner or shoreward sections, while a ship is being floated or dry docked by use of the outer sections.

A floating dry-dock has a great advantage in that the floor of the dock is only a short distance above the water; practically on a level with the surrounding wharves or land. Because of this, much time and money are saved by not having to lower the materials into a deep basin.

The largest dock of this kind on this side of the water was opened in 1919 at Brooklyn, N. Y. It was the largest in the world, until 1924 when the Prince of Wales opened the dock at Southampton, England.

In order to give some idea of the immensity of these docks one needs only to consider that the dock mentioned above at Brooklyn, N. Y., can and does lift vessels of nearly 30,000 tons in twenty-five minutes pumping time. For example, this was done with the S. S. Minnesota, a ship that can carry 22,000 tons of cargo,—a ship that can carry one hundred and sixty-eight completely assembled motor trucks on her decks alone.

At present, plans are under way for the construction of at least two ships larger than any afloat; but, in spite of the size of these proposed ships, the British Empire will still have docks capable of handling them.

T. A. M. Kirk, '30

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Editorial



WHAT SHOULD WE GET FROM ACADIA?

For the last three months, we have been talking about what we should get from Acadia, and our answers have been, for the most part, in the abstract. In this issue, we will endeavour to be a little more concrete and to deal with certain objective things which we find lacking at Acadia. Our views may be radical at present, but we feel that, in time, our prospects will become realities. The outstanding need for the students of this university is, of course, dancing. The majority of the students on the campus are all crying for it, and their cry is justifiable. There is only one reason in the world why a recognized modern university should form such an evil conception of such a recognized modern diversion as dancing, and that reason is nothing more nor less than narrow-mindedness. Because dancing is such an outstanding need, however, we feel

we would be justified in devoting an entire editorial to it. This we propose to do next month.

We turn now to something besides dancing which the students of Acadia are missing in their social life. That is a central club-room, a union, a common-room—call it what you will. The students endeavour to meet in the Library. They are naturally hushed up when they talk. All levity is justifiably banned in this institution. An atmosphere of sober study is necessary. Ejected from the Library, the students take recourse to the reception-hall of Tully. There they are met by an atmosphere of dignity, reserve, and, above all, unnatural silence. Smoking is taboo for the men. There is no means of entertainment other than someone strumming on a tuneless piano or someone talking to someone else. Moreover, this reception-hall is only open at certain hours, and the use of the piano is even more restricted. Willet Hall club-room is out of the question for the girls. Will someone please tell this humble editor where under the sun the students are to go? There is absolutely no reason why a union could not be given to the students. Such a place should be under supervision much as the Library is under supervision. There should be plenty of tables and comfortable chairs. There should be magazines chosen to suit the need of college students for light literature. Magazines of more sober policies would be found in the Library. There should be a decent piano and a good gramophone. Smoking should be allowed to the men students. An atmosphere of cheerfulness and fraternity should be insisted on. The presence in the union of members of the faculty should be welcomed and a professor would come to be looked on by the students as a fine fellow instead of a snob, a hypocrite, an almighty power. Such is the way we would like to plan for the Acadia of the future! Are our hopes to be in vain because the governors are too much concerned with what they think the students should have, rather than what the students really want? A university would be a pretty poor affair when, even if the best courses possible were given and the most renowned professors obtained, it would be found that the students themselves were

discontented, that the students had realized that their own personal social needs (and by that we do *not* mean parties and dancing) were neglected. Come on, governors, think a little less about what the students should have in the way of advanced knowledge, and apply a little psychology to the real social needs of the campus!

May we turn now to other fields? The auditorium in the Administration Building is a wash-out as far as theatrical productions are concerned. If a union were built, why not let it house a small, but well-constructed little theatre? The value of dramatics in education is recognized by all, including our President. Why limit productions to the few members of the Dramatic Society? The society itself has done its best. It has recently opened its doors to the whole campus. But, on account of the great difficulties involved in presenting a piece on the Auditorium stage, only two productions a year can be planned. We could write reams on this subject, but we refrain. The situation itself is evident to any thinker who would organize a university.

We come now to a few other questions. All men participating in athletics have recognized the need of a training house at Acadia. The present system of having athletes quartered in the four corners of the town is unsatisfactory. Furthermore, the idea of quartering visiting teams with the splendid, but rowdy inmates of Willet Hall is hard on that team and disturbing to the men in residence. The grant of an athletic scholarship is also known to be beneficent to any university, but it seems to be frowned on at Acadia. The question of holiday, be it ever so short, between Christmas and Easter has already been discussed in these pages, and it is just at this time that the students are realizing the actual need for, in addition to the pleasure of, such a measure.

These are only a few of the things which we would like to see the students get from Acadia. Perhaps in the next one hundred years we will see these changes, but we earnestly hope that they will come soon.

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN

Canadian literature suffered a distinct loss in the passing of Dr. John D. Logan, distinguished poet and critic, in the prime of his literary life. Undoubtedly one of Canada's leaders of literature, he was always glad to point to Nova Scotia as his native province, and Nova Scotia was always proud to claim him as a native son.

Dr. Logan was born in Antigonish sixty years ago. He was educated at Pictou Academy, Dalhousie University, and Harvard University. His post-graduate work at Harvard was done in Philosophy, under the famous William James. After leaving Harvard, he lectured at the University of South Dakota for a time. From Dakota he went to New York, where he engaged in magazine work, and from New York he went to Toronto to enter the employ of the "Toronto World." Returning to Halifax shortly before the Great War, he enlisted in 1916 and saw service in France. After the war he was appointed Associate Dominion Archivist for Nova Scotia. Three years ago he accepted an appointment to the Department of English, of Marquette University in Milwaukee, and one year later became head of this Department.

Dr. Logan did a remarkable work both as a writer and a critic. In his post-graduate work he made a study of the philosophy of music, and became a musical critic of considerable distinction, as well as a literary critic. His criticisms were always helpful and constructive, rather than destructive.

The spirit expressed in his writings is essentially human and sympathetic. His poetry is musical and strongly tinged with emotion and imagination. Pervading all his works is his feeling of fellowship for all mankind. He was unselfish in nature, always thinking of others before himself. His works show a visionary outlook, but in spite of this he found time to be practical in the affairs of everyday life. His later works show the influence of his experiences during the war. "The New Apocalypse" shows the insight and emotions of a man who has witnessed and felt the intensity of the terrible struggle.

He collaborated with John D. French in writing "Highways of Canadian Literature," a book used extensively as a textbook for students of that subject.

The name of Dr. Logan means a great deal to Acadia, both for his lectures and for his contribution to the University library. In 1915 he was appointed special lecturer in Canadian Literature at Acadia, an honorary position for which he was eminently fitted. This appointment was the first of its nature in the British Empire. Dr. Logan presented to the Acadia library his valuable collection of Canadianna, a collection of books and manuscripts presented to him by various authors in recognition of his valuable services to Canadian literature.

Another of Nova Scotia's most talented and brilliant sons has passed on, but his memory will survive long after him. The next generation will read his works, and thus there will be passed on an appreciation of his great literary and critical talent. His passing recalls the following quotation from "My Star," published by Dr. Logan in "Twilight Litanies."

*Someday—in God's good time, I know—
The "call" will come, and you will go
Upon the far, inevitable journey—Oh! someday
Quietly and smiling "Farewell" you'll slip away.*

Parker Cox '30.

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

The Dramatic Society

Of all the societies on the Campus, the Dramatic Society is, perhaps, the most eager to obtain new members. A considerable gap in the membership will be felt with the 1929 graduation; and, since entrance to the society is now gained through a certain requirement of work, the membership, while it will ultimately be composed of students actively interested in Dramatics, nevertheless will be minimized and candidates

will necessarily be few in number. To make this understood more perfectly we will quote part of the constitution. "Any student of Acadia University shall automatically become a member of the Dramatic Society upon securing at least one unit's credit in any of the four classes of work outlined below:

(a) Dramatic work in any dramatic production presented by, or under the auspices of the Dramatic Society.

(b) Dramatic work in any productions of the Little Theatre Guild or the Honorary Dramatic Fraternity.

(c) Work in any other journal dramatic productions by any other society of Acadia University deemed worth while.

(d) Any technical work done in any production of the above."

By technical work is meant such work as prompting, supervising costumes, supervising properties, being stage manager, being art director, being stage hand. Such technical work is handled by a body called the Executive Staff. Positions on the cast and on the Executive staff shall be gained by competition. The director of the play in production shall exercise exclusive right in making the choice of the cast. The Executive staff shall be chosen by a special units committee of which the stage manager of the play in production shall be an advisor.

An important point must be brought out. A section in the constitution reads: "In case a member of the cast or of the Executive Staff has done exceptionally good work, or has failed in the performance of the duties of his office, the special units committee shall have the authority to alter the number of units constitutionally awarded." That is to say, if, for example, a stage hand, who constitutionally is awarded one unit for his work, has exerted his capabilities to such an extent that he has been an outstanding aid to the production, he will be granted two units. If, on the other hand, he has made himself useless by disinterestedness, the one unit constitutionally due him will not be awarded. Thus, if he is depending on this unit to qualify for admittance to the Dramatic Society, he will find that, because his unit of credit is taken away, he is not eligible.

In case of productions under the School of Music awards shall be given to speaking parts only.

Any undergraduate member of the Society who has secured a total of twenty units of work in any of the four classes (A, B, C and D) outlined above shall be entitled to a gold Dramatic "A."

At least one social meeting shall be held each semester.

It will be seen that the Dramatic Society is an active organization. Membership in it should be considered as an honor, since entrance qualifications are dependent on ability and on willingness to work for the good of Dramatics at Acadia. It is earnestly hoped that a large percentage of the university will try out for the next Dramatic Society production. Next year, the Society will be a small, but vitally interested, body. Come and add your services to its worthy aim. It needs the assistance of every student who is even remotely interested in that ambitious, effective, influential and productive form of diversion—namely Dramatic Art.

In closing, we should like to quote Alexander Dean. "It goes without saying that the theatre works to increase the activities of undergraduate life and to quicken the interest of the students in their university and its organization. The greater the activity on the part of the students in school and college, the greater the loyalty, interest and affection for their alma mater."

THE HONORARY DRAMATIC FRATERNITY

Probably there is no society on the campus about which there is as little known as the Dramatic Fraternity. It is indeed very unfortunate that more is not understood of the activities of this Fraternity and of the method of gaining admission, because it is certainly a very high honour for any man or woman to be a member of Alpha Psi Omega.

The Alpha Psi Omega Honorary Dramatic Fraternity ranks very high among Honor Fraternities throughout Acadia, and

especially among those devoting themselves to the study of Dramatics.

The branch of this society in which we are interested is, of course, the branch or "Cast" here at Acadia, which is known as the Delta Cast.

It should be a matter of very great pride for any student to become a member of the Delta Cast, as this is the only branch of Alpha Psi Omega in Canada. We have another distinction in that the Acadia Chapter was the fourth one to gain admission to this Fraternity, thus getting the Cast name Delta—the casts being named alphabetically.

What does Alpha Psi Omega aim to do? It aims "...to develop dramatic talent and the art of acting, to cultivate a taste for the best in drama, and finally to foster the cultural values, which we believe dramatics develop, and to unite the dramatic forces of the several colleges and universities, members of this order in mutual brotherhood and service. . . ."

In order to become a member of Delta Cast, a person must, first of all, be a member of the Acadia Dramatic Society, except in the case of a student who has written a play that has been produced, this automatically making him eligible for admission to the Fraternity. In all other cases, the candidate must receive a certain prescribed amount of credit from the Dramatic Society, either for actual stage appearance in Dramatics, or for technical work of a high order.

As the majority of the present Cast will be graduating at the close of this college year, we earnestly hope that every student interested in any field of Dramatics will, as soon as possible, fill the requirements for admission, and have the distinction of being a member of the only Greek letter fraternity on the campus.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Among college extra-curricula activities, organizations of different sorts necessarily play an important part. We find large general organizations like the Prophylaeum and Athenaeum Societies which between them include all the students of the University, and the Students' Union, which includes the entire student body. There is no doubt about the place which these organizations occupy, or the feelings with which the University regards them. On the other hand, these are Societies like *Le Cercle Francais*, the Choral Club and the Classical Society, the significance of which is confined almost wholly to their members.

However, the fact has recently been brought out that there is what might be called a latent curiosity regarding these societies. In the case of the Classical Society, questions have been asked as to the method of gaining admittance to it, and the qualifications pertaining thereto, and what happens to you upon becoming one of the elect. This, coupled with the fact that several inquiries had already been made as to whether or not all proceedings were carried on in Latin, led me ponder to the advisability of divulging to the general public information which has apparently been an utter mystery hitherto.

In the first place, the prime and indispensable qualification for membership is an interest in, and some feeling for, the classics. In the case of Latin, a somewhat more than elementary knowledge of the language is taken for granted; yet this does not preclude all but advanced students of the classics. The Society has not as yet taken into itself a student so far down in the scale as Latin I, but the adoption of Latin II students as members is not uncommon. Naturally a member who comes from the latter class is a student who has manifested an interest in Latin and who has conceived the purpose of pursuing further studies in it. We have fewer students of such, and we welcome such, 'though their studies in the subject be quite elementary.

The society is of fairly recent origin, having been instituted

only two years ago. Mr. Havelock was the promoter of it, and Dr. Thompson has been its capable president since its inception. At each meeting a paper is read by one of the members and thoughtfully and weightily digested by the rest. Sometimes the papers are genuinely interesting; always they are instructive. In them, not uncommonly, a new theory is advanced, and is caught up by the society, a fact which brings with it the pleasant feeling of accomplishment. The reading of the paper is always followed by a discussion of it, in which the members of the society participate according to their ability and enlightenment. The subject is almost invariably well chosen, and almost invariably it provokes thought. We feel then, that the society should hold an important place in our university life.

THE ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

The purpose and scope of the Athenaeum Society tend to be obscured by its name. It is primarily the men's debating and discussion society. The Interclass Debating League being completed, plans are being made for forum discussions of live topics, a mock-parliament, and similar projects. Every male student is a member of this society and is heartily invited to take part in our activities for the coming months. Here is a chance for everyone to get the knack of public speaking and have practice in putting across his ideas. First-year students are particularly welcome. Let's hear from you!

Under the auspices of the Athenaeum Society, the college is putting three debating teams in the field this year, all debates to be held in Wolfville. Gordon Ross '29, (leader), Carroll Longley '29, and Wilfred Risley, Eng. '30, will meet the able team from Western Canada which is touring the East on March 4 on the subject: Resolved that the existing agencies are adequate for the establishment of world peace. The team which debates St. F. X. in the Intercollegiate League on March 22 will consist of Tom MacDormand '29 (leader), John Scott '30 and Guy Henson '29, the resolution being: Resolved that

for school purposes in Nova Scotia, the Municipality should be the unit of taxation and administration. Judson Levi '31 (leader), Malcolm Leonard '31, and William Harper '31, representing the students who have completed less than two years of college work, will debate the Truro Agricultural College on the resolution: Resolved the Canada should adopt a quota system for immigration similar to that operative in the United States.

THE INVITATION TO THE SECOND IMPERIAL CONFERENCE TO BE HELD AT MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 6-16, 1929

Any movement which brings into closer relations the students of the British Commonwealth of Nations is one of great importance in that it makes all realize a common responsibility. This is a responsibility which should perhaps be kept constantly before our eyes, if we are to accept our privilege and leave to posterity a heritage worthy of our generation.

We are anxious that this heritage be not one of expansion through conquest; rather, by fostering a spirit of sympathy and understanding, the students of the Empire may, in some small way through their conferences, contribute to the maintenance of peace and prosperity to mankind.

This sentiment, coupled with the need of discussing the practical problems common to all student life, makes it possible and happy for me to extend a sincere and pressing invitation to students of the Empire to meet at Montreal, Canada, in September of this year.

L. I. GREENE,

President, N. F. C. U. S.

History

The First Imperial Conference of Students was convened at Oxford and Cambridge in 1924, under the direction of The National Union of Students of England and Wales, when re-

representatives from various universities in the British Empire gathered to discuss matters of common interest. At the conclusion of this conference, it was the unanimous feeling of the delegates present that meetings of a similar nature should be held at least every four years.

The National Federation of Canadian University Students in session at its Annual Conference in 1927 extended an invitation to hold this Second Conference in Canada in 1929.

This invitation was enthusiastically accepted by the National Union of Students of England and Wales, and the Student Representative Councils of Scotland, and since that time has met with the approval of Students throughout the British Commonwealth.

Offering

The Conference will be officially opened on the afternoon of Friday, September 6th, by His Excellency, Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada.

All meetings will be held at the University of Montreal, Montreal, Quebec, which has been placed at the disposal of the delegates for the Conference; academic dress will be worn throughout.

Programme

Student discussions.—The Conference will discuss such matters as student exchanges and tours, debating, athletics, travel, scholarships, student loan schemes, lectureships and openings for post-graduate work, student publications, the International Confederation of Students, national student organizations, general imperial questions, and other matters of interest to students throughout the British Commonwealth.

Imperial Topics:—Addresses by distinguished public men will be given on the following subjects:

Problems of the British Commonwealth of Nations;
Overseas Settlement;

The British Commonwealth and the League of Nations;
The Students part in the Commonwealth.
In addition a special address will be given on "Canada."

Entertainment: Throughout the Conference a varied programme of entertainment is provided. Included in this, the delegates will excursion for a day to Canada's capital, Ottawa, where they will be the guests of the Government.

Few other cities offer the interest and entertainment that the picturesque City of Montreal does. Founded in 1642, it is the centre of historical associations and traditions which are knit into the very beginning of civilization of the New World. Montreal is the largest city in Canada, and in addition to being one of the chief financial, commercial, industrial, and transportation centres of the Dominion, it is also a city of churches and scenic beauty. It is Canada's national seaport, and offers many delightful side-trips to the tourist.

Meals and lodging will be provided without expense to all overseas delegates at the University of Montreal. Delegates will register on the opening morning.

A special tour from the British Isles to Canada is planned for the purpose of permitting a large party of students to attend the Conference from these universities.

Aims and Objects

The National Federation of Canadian University Students has been described as the students in each Canadian University co-operating for their mutual welfare in the best interests of their common heritage—Canada. To this might be added an international aspect, the two finding expression in the words of the constitution, which reads: "To promote in every way possible a better understanding among all students a greater degree of cooperation between all Canadian universities for the promotion of national interests, and to provide a means for developing international relationships with student groups in other countries."

To the accomplishment of these ends, and in particular the promotion of a greater measure of unity in Canada, the National Federation has directed its efforts since the date of its inception. The N. F. C. U. S. is bilingual, French and English being the official means of communication.

History

The National Federation of Canadian University Students, or N. F. C. U. S. as it is now more commonly called, grew out of a conference of representatives of the various student-governing bodies in Canada which met at McGill University, Montreal, in December, 1926. Delegates from twelve universities and colleges were present, and after thoroughly inquiring into the benefits that might be derived from a national organization, drafted a constitution which met later with the unanimous approval of the individual student bodies. Mr. L. I. Greene, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que., was elected President; Mr. Jean LeSage, the University of Montreal, was elected Vice-President; and Mr. Percy Davies, the University of Alberta, was elected Secretary-Treasurer.

Since that time, seven other universities have applied for membership and have been admitted; the organization now counts among its members approximately twenty thousand university students in Canada. It was in this spirit and in this manner that Canada's national student organization was inaugurated.

The First Annual Conference was held at the University of Toronto, December 27-28-29-30, 1927. In addition to the representatives from the various constituent members, the Presidents of the National Union of Students of England and Wales, and the Students' Representative Councils of Scotland were in attendance at this meeting. At the conclusion of the session, Messrs. Greene and Davies were re-elected to their respective offices, and Mr. J. G. Godsoe, Dalhousie University was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Le Sage.

The Second Annual Conference was held at Queens University, Kingston, Ontario, December 26-27-28-29, 1928. Twenty-three delegates were present representing the Universities of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Toronto, Western Ontario, Queens, McMaster, Ontario Agricultural College, Macdonald College, McGill, Montreal, Bishop's, New Brunswick, Mount Allison, Dalhousie, and Acadia; Mr. Alexander Kellar, President, the Students' Representative Councils of Scotland, was also in attendance.

This conference heartily endorsed the work of the Federation to date, it being particularly evident that its work was resulting in a body of mutual respect and fellowship being created between the universities and the university students in Canada.

Activities

Debating.—Several national tours have been organized with a view to promoting a greater measure of contact and harmony between the various sections in Canada. Messrs. Elbert Paul, Acadia University; E. M. Howse, Dalhousie University; and H. Fulton, University of New Brunswick, toured central and western Canada, debating at Bishop's University, the University of Montreal, McGill University, Queens University, the University of Toronto, the University of Western Ontario, and the Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia; in addition, debates were arranged with the Canuck Club, Calgary; the Y. M. C. A. Debating Club, Regina; and the Civil Service Debating Society at Victoria, B. C. This tour was acclaimed in the public and university press across Canada as an outstanding success.

On October 10th, 1928, Mr. Melvin Kenny, of the University of Toronto, and Mr. Bernard Alexander, of McGill University, sailed from Montreal for the British Isles, being the nominees of the N. F. C. U. S., which had accepted the invitation of the National Union of Students of England and Wales, and the Students' Representative Councils of Scotland, to send a debating team to meet their universities and colleges. This

tour covered three months, and was the first occasion on which a Canadian team visited England and Scotland.

In January, 1929, a team composed of Messrs. W. J. Masterson, University of British Columbia; Nelson Chappel, University of Alberta; and G. E. Britnell, University of Saskatchewan, commenced a six weeks' tour of the universities and colleges in central Canada and the Maritimes.

At the same time, a Canadian team composed of Messrs. E. Gurney Evans, University of Manitoba; Albert Smith, McMaster University; and G. McRae, University of Western Ontario, commenced a six weeks' tour of the United States under the joint auspices of the N. F. C. U. S. and the National Student Federation of America.

Early in January, 1929, an Australian team, made up of three debaters from the University of Sydney, invaded western Canada, where debates were held at the University of Saskatchewan, University of Alberta, and with the Canuck Club, Calgary, and the Native Sons of Canada at Victoria, B. C.

A complete schedule of inter-university debating in Canada has been drafted covering the years 1929-1930-1931.

Exchange of Undergraduates Scheme.—It is through this scheme that the Federation hopes to most effectively serve the fundamental purpose for which it was formed. At the same time, this scheme offers an opportunity to Canadian Students, without extra expense to themselves, to receive a year's study at a university in another part of Canada.

Briefly speaking, the Exchange Scheme provides that each university, through its Selection Committee (composed of a member of the local Students' Council and a member of the Faculty), may nominate any number of students not exceeding one per cent of the total student enrolment. These students may take a year's work at any university in another "division." The only prerequisite is that the student desiring to take advantage of the scheme must have completed at least two years of study. For the purposes of the scheme, the Canadian Universities are placed in four different "divisions," namely, the Western Group (the University of British Columbia,

the Middle West Group (Universities of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba); the Central Group (University of Toronto, Western Ontario, Ontario Agricultural College, Queens, McMaster, University of Montreal, McGill, Macdonald College, and Bishop's University); and the Maritime Group (University of New Brunswick, Dalhousie, Acadia, Mount Allison and St. Francis Xavier). Subject to but few exceptions, students are only permitted to exchange between the various "divisions." Through the co-operation of the various university authorities in promoting this national scheme, it is provided that the exchange scholars are exempt from tuition fees, which, except in extreme cases, is more than sufficient compensation for the railway fare involved in effecting the exchange

Study of Student Problems.—A permanent Commission has been set up by the N. F. C. U. S. for the purpose of acting as a Central Bureau where information concerning any branch of student activity may be gained by individual members. This Commission also acts as a "clearing-house" for various questions involving student government in all its branches. At the same time, a period is set aside at each annual Conference, in order that delegates may discuss with one another any difficulties their local student organization may be having.

Student Travel.—Through the N. F. C. U. S. and its representatives at various universities, it has been possible to receive and entertain parties of students visiting this continent from other countries. In the summer of 1928, a party of some fifteen Oxford students were entertained at the University of Toronto and at McGill University. A party of forty South African men and women students were also entertained for a week at these two centres.

Arrangements are also under way for sending a party of Canadian students to England, Scotland, and Continental Europe. Through the Central Office of the N. F. C. U. S., the Handbook of Student Travel and the Handbook of Foreign Study are distributed to Canadian students who contemplate travelling or studying abroad. These books contain a great

deal of indispensable and accurate information concerning travel and study in Europe, with particular reference to special privileges available to students, accommodation, points of particular interest to students, information concerning courses at various universities, tuition fees, and so forth.

Co-operative Purchasing.—Through a co-operative purchasing arrangement completed in 1927, a saving of ten thousand dollars annually by the Canadian Universities has been effected. Negotiations are proceeding for the extension of a special text-book supply scheme and book exchange.

International Relations.—As a member of the International Confederation of Students (C.I.E.) in which forty-two different countries are represented, Canada has been taking her place in international student affairs. Mr. E. M. Reid, of the University of Toronto, represented the N.F.C.U.S. at the Ninth Annual Congress of the C.I.E., held at Rome, and Messrs. C. T. Teakle (Bishop's University), Dr. O. Dufresne and L. Daviault (The University of Montreal) comprised the Canadian delegation to the Tenth Annual Congress, held in Paris.

In addition, the N. F. C. U. S. has been represented at both the Bristol Congress and Oxford Congress of the National Union of Students, and at the last Annual Congress of the National Student Federation of the United States.

In this manner, Canada is taking her part in world student affairs; contracts are being set up with students and student groups in other countries, and indirectly ties are being established which are making more secure the peace of the world.

Athletics—The N. F. C. U. S. is working towards the setting up of an All-Canadians Intercollegiate Athletic Union. As finances permit, athletic contests will be arranged on a national scale.

Second Imperial Conference of Students.—The Second Imperial Conference of Students is being held in Canada, September 6th to 16th 1929, under the auspices of the N. F. C. U. S. In addition to the seventy-five or one hundred delegates from various universities in the British Empire, it is expected that delegates will attend from every university in Canada.

The organization of this Conference is entailing a considerable financial obligation, but the N. F. C. U. S. fee's honored that Canada has been selected for the meeting, and an elaborate programme has been prepared for our overseas visitors.



ATHLETICS

Even if we don't play another game, Acadia has had one of the best hockey seasons in years. And what's more, we can boast, as one student has put it, "one of the sweetest hockey teams Acadia has ever had." Coach Kelly's efforts are bearing fruit and we've copped the Valley League title and are now for provincial honors. It certainly is good to be winning leagues again—at least everyone thought so when Dr. Patterson declared the holiday.

HOCKEY

ACADIA 7—WINDSOR 1

Acadia made it three straight in the Valley League by defeating Windsor 7-1, in their own rink. The score is a poor indication of the game as the territory was about even throughout but the superior combination and more accurate shooting of the Garnet and Blue forwards, together with the stone-wall defence of Bishop who was unbeatable in the nets proved too much for the home team. The game was fast and remarkably clean, no penalties being handed out. "Duckie" McLean opened the scoring five minutes after the start, and was closely followed by Williams with Acadia's second goal.

Mosher scored Windsors only goal on a pretty rush down the left lane followed by a shot that gave Bishop little chance. Acadia made it 4-1 before the period ended on goals scored by McLean and Montgomery. Johnson started the scoring in the second period and Campbell and Prescott added one apiece bringing Acadia's total to seven. After the first part of the second period Acadia relied entirely on their second string forwards, who played a splendid game. The last period was the best of the game, neither side scoring, and close checking featuring the play throughout. Great credit is due Coach "Fred" Kelly for the showing of the Garnet and Blue, and the improvement they have made since the beginning of the season. Line-up:—

Acadia—Bishop, goal; McLean, Montgomery, defence; Buckley Williams, Johnson, Prescott, Payzant, Campbell, forwards.

Windsor: Doran, goal; McDonald, Mosher, defence; Bacon, Chambers, Baird, Spicer, Shaw, forwards.

WOLFVILLE 7—ACADIA 6

The Acadia hockey met defeat for the first time this season when it lost to Wolfville by the score of 7-6 in the University Rink. The Wolfville team showed wonderful improvement over their form of the last few games and well deserved their victory. The game was fast throughout, both teams checking hard and often, and penalties being frequent. Johnson, the Garnet and Blue captain, and Parker brilliant defence player of the Wolfville team were the outstanding stars of the evening. The former scored four of Acadia's goals while Parker netted three for the town team. The game started fast with play going from end to end. Johnson opened the scoring on a pretty individual rush from his own blue line; a few minutes later he repeated the play and Acadia were two up. Parker netted Wolfville's first on a long shot which skimmed along the ice into the left hand corner of the net. Payzant

collected Campbell's rebound and banged in Acadia's third goal. Barney Bishop, the hard working Wolfville centre, scored on a fast drive to the corner of the net after a pass from Parker. A Williams-to-Buckley-to-Johnson combination resulted in Acadia's fourth goal, the period ending 4-2 in their favour. A flashing rally in the first few minutes of the second period netted Wolfville three goals, and put them in the lead 5-4. Just before the period ended McLean tied the score on a pretty end to end rush. Acadia started the final stanza aggressively, but could not beat Munroe the Wolfville custodian. Parker gave Wolfville the lead on a fast shot from the blue line. Acadia broke through again and tied the score on a nice piece of combination, McLean to Johnson. A few minutes before the final whistle Parker made a brilliant end to end rush to mark up the deciding goal on one of the finest plays of the game.

Wolfville—goal, Munroe, defence; Lyons, Parker, forwards, Bishop, Hoyt, Vaughan; sub.; Byzanson.

Acadia—goal, Bishop; defence, McLean, Howard; forwards, Buckley, Williams, Johnson (captain); subs. Payzant, Campbell, Prescott. Referee: Singer, Windsor.

ACADIA 9—KENTVILLE COMMERCIALS 1

In a somewhat one-sided game the Acadia hockey team defeated the Kentville Commercials by a 9-1 score. The college team showed good form both individually and team play.

Four goals in the first, two in the second and three in the final period brought Acadia's score to nine, almost every player scoring.

For Kentville "Bart" Barteau, former Acadia Captain, was by far the pick of the visitors and scored the only goal for Kentville. Howard and McLean played a great game on defense for the college, breaking up many of Kentville's plays and keeping them from getting into scoring area.

Ernie Mosher of Kentville refereed satisfactorily.

Kentville: Goal, Spicer; defence, Cox, Walsh; forwards, Perrier, Cheney, Barteaux; subs., Patterson, Cohen.

Acadia: Goal, R. Bishop, defense, D. McLean; Howard; forwards, Buckley, J. Johnson, (Capt.), Williams; subs., C. Cain, Payzant, Campbell.

ACADIA 8—WINDSOR 5

In a rather unexciting game of hockey at University Rink Jan. 28, Acadia succeeded in defeating the Windsor team 8-5. Both teams seemed to lack the spirit of the game, and only at times was good hockey seen.

Windsor made the opening goal two minutes after the game started. Buckley soon balanced this up for the collegians with a neat rush to shoot a hard one past Rafuse in the Windsor nets. "Gint" Cain made two pretty shots from left wing to put Acadia ahead 3-1 as the period ended.

As the second period opened "Buck" added another for Acadia. Then came the Green and Whites turn when Chambers and Baird each got one by the "Bishop", in Acadia's nets. Acadia then seemed to realize that Windsor was not far behind and chalked up four more goals, two by Howard, and one each by Williams and Buckley. In the closing Baird and Chambers of Windsor each scored again, while Acadia remained scoreless.

Referee Vic McCann of Windsor handled the game well.

Acadia: goal, Bishop; defense, D. McLean, Howard; forwards, J. Johnson, (Capt.) Buckley, Williams; Subs. C. Cain, Campbell, Payzant.

Windsor: goal, Rafuse; defense, McDonald, Baird; forwards, Chambers, Spicer Bacon, Shaw.

VALLEY LEAGUE PLAY-OFF**ACADIA 2—WOLFVILLE 1**

Acadia took the lead in the first game of the play-offs for the Valley League Championship by virtue of a 2-1 victory over Wolfville. Soft ice prevented the best of hockey, but throughout the game both teams worked hard and kept a large crowd of fans on their toes throughout.

In the first period neither of these very evenly-matched teams could break through for a score and it looked like anybody's game. The Wolfville team was strengthened by having "Bud" Johnson, former Acadia player on their forward line.

In the second period, Lyons made the first score 20 seconds after the period opened, to place the town boys in the lead. "Ducky" McLean after stickhandling through the strong Wolfville, defense soon tied the score. The final and decisive goal was made by "Bill" Payzant when he battered his way through the Wolfville defense and quickly back-handed the rubber past the Wolfville goal-tender.

In the final period it was only the great net-tending of "Dicky" Bishop that kept Wolfville from tying the score.

The line-up:—Acadia—Goal, Bishop; defense, Ryan, MacLean; forwards, Buckley, Johnson, (Capt.), C. Cain; subs., Williams, Campbell, Payzant.

Wolfville: Goal, Munroe; defense, Lyons, Parker; forwards, R. W. Johnson, Bezanson, Bishop; subs., Hoyt, King, Regan. Referee, Pete McDonald of Kentville.

WOLFVILLE 1—ACADIA 0

In the second game of the play-off series, which was a fast, exciting exhibition of hockey, Wolfville evened up the series winning by a lone tally. Good ice was a big factor in making the game fast and clean throughout.

Ten minutes after the first period had started, Lyons, getting the puck at his own blue line and stick-handling through Acadia defense, drew Bishop from the net and slipped the puck in for a score. This proved to be the only and decisive goal of the game. Play got faster and the crowd was kept excited as end-to-end rushes were made. Even with Lyons off for a penalty the college team could not get in past Wolfville's strong defense.

At the opening of the second period Parker and Ryan made pretty individual rushes. Johnson failed to make what looked like a sure goal when Munroe came out for a wonderful save. "Gint" Cain, of Acadia, dented the twine but play was ruled off-sides. Acadia bombarded the Wolfville nets time and time again but Munroe, playing his best game of the year, was unbeatable.

Again as in the first play-off the goalies Munroe and Bishop turned in brilliant games and the work of McLean, and Parker also deserves mention

The line up:—Acadia—Goal, Bishop, defense, Ryan McLean; forwards, Buckley, Johnson (Capt.), Williams; subs. Cain, Payzant, Campbell.

Wolfville:—Goal, Munroe, defense, Lyons, Parker; forwards, Johnson, Bishop, Byzanson; subs. Hoyt, Regan.

Referees: W. Singer of Windsor, and W. Barteau of Kentville.

ACADIA 2—WOLFVILLE 1

Accepting a pass from Captain Johnny Johnson, Jack Buckley, brilliant Acadia forward, worked through Wolfvilles defense to put the rubber past Munroe in the first overtime period for the goal which gave Acadia the Hockey Championship of the Valley League. This was third and final game of the play-off series and the fifth league game between these two teams, all of which were won by one lone goal. It was a thrilling game from start to finish, and marked the close of one of the greatest series of games ever to decide a league championship in the Province.

The first big thrill came in the opening period when Lyons, the most effective player of the Wolfville team, was alone in front of the college goal, and Bishop turned away an almost impossible shot. Buckley furnished the second thrill of the period when he went through the whole Wolfville team only to have Munroe duplicate Bishop's brilliant save. In this period Munroe turned away 6 shots and Bishop 9, neither team scoring.

By combination between Johnson and McLean who shot his own rebound, the Acadia team took the lead and the College fans went wild. Hardly had the cheering quieted down when Parker, star Wolfville defenseman, shot a high scorching drive from the blue line to tie the score. The fans were treated to another thrill when Munroe made a great save while lying flat, and then stopped three rebound shots before the puck could be cleared from the goal area. Bishop had his turn when he stopped Bud Johnson's close in shot. For the remainder of the period there were about an equal number of shots for both sides. Stops; Bishop, 11, Munroe, 14. Score 1-1.

The third period was productive of still faster hockey and each team drew two penalties, but Bishop and Munroe could not be beaten. Stops: Munroe 15, Bishop 16. No score during this period.

In four minutes of the first overtime period Buckley's goal decided the winner of the league.

Line up—Acadia: goal, Bishop; defense, McLean, Cain; forwards, Johnson (Capt.), Buckley, Ryan; subs. Payzant, Williams, Campbell.

Wolfville: goal, Munroe; defense, Lyons, Parker; forwards, Bezanson, R. W. Johnson, Bishop; subs. Regan, Harrington, E. Barteaux.

BASKET BALL

ACADIA 58—WANDERERS 25

In the opening basketball game of the season, Acadia easily defeated the Wanderers' team by a large score. From the start, when the homesters took an early lead which was never threatened it was Acadia's game, the first period ending with the score 18-10 in our favour.

The game was not productive of the best of basketball, but both teams look good to improve as the season continues.

In the second period Acadia easily increased their lead to pass the half century mark their more accurate shots and team work, in which respect the Reds failed.

Line-up—Acadia: Forwards, Matthews (15); Goudey (6), Morse (16), Dougan (13); guards, Baker, (Capt.) (15), Fetterly (3), R. McLeod.

Wanderers'—Guards, Speery (Capt.) (2), Montague, Hamilton; center, Grant (5), L. Miller (2); forwards, Moore, Grisdale (12), Doyle (2), Wheeler (2). Referee, W. B. Davis of Acadia.

ACADIA 17—PINE HILL 19

On Friday evening, Feb. 8th, the Acadia Theological basketball team was defeated at Halifax in the second game of the home-and-home series with Pine Hill-

Hawkins of Pine Hill was the outstanding man on the floor, his accurate shooting putting Pine Hill in the lead early in the game.

In the second period, Acadia at one time tied the score, but was unable to obtain the lead.

Though defeated, Acadia, by virtue of her victory in the first game, wins the series by 12 points.

Brown of N. S. Technical College, refereed in a capable manner.



The Month

'The old order changeth, yielding place unto the new,' saith the poet. Yet, in glancing over the month from issue to issue, one must be struck by the similarity of things. Essentially the same activities are written up each month changed not in degree but slightly in kind. Most of us do go on being interested in them though—happy faculty! The real change is in athletics where football yields to hockey, and hockey to—. But why go on? We are in the midst of the season and doing well. Now, not satisfied with a holiday, we want to go on and win a championship.

Some excellent items and worthy of imitation are being handed in to this department. In them criticism largely takes the place of mere platitudes; which is as it should be.

JANUARY 16, 1929

The regular mid-week meeting of the Boys' Unit of the S. C. A. was held in A4 on January 16th. The meeting opened with Raymond Whitney in the chair. After the opening hymn was sung, Prof. Balcom was introduced as the speaker of the evening. Prof. Balcom opened his address by saying that he would talk about the relation between religion and war and that Prof. Abell would speak to the S. C. A. Sunday evening the 20th on the same topic. Prof. Balcom then gave the sociological side of war, tracing war from the warfare of the primitive man to that of today and then ended his address by

showing how religion fitted in with the abolition of war. The address was one of the clearest, most concise and one of the finest that the reporter has ever heard. Those who were not in attendance at the meeting missed an address that was certainly worth hearing and one that could well be thought about for many moons.

JANUARY 20, 1929

On Sunday evening, January 20th, the Boys' Unit of the S. C. A. met in room A4. Barney Linton was the chairman and he introduced Prof. Abell as the speaker of the evening.

Prof. Abell took as his subject 'The Relation Between War and Religion.' After Prof. Balcom's glowing picture of what he would hear when we heard Prof. Abell on this subject, we must admit that we were disappointed and far from convinced by Prof. Abell's address. Perhaps we were not favourably impressed because we have very strong and perhaps prejudiced views in regard to the late war, but if so, we are not alone because the general concensus of opinion given by those interviewed after the meeting by the reporter, was the same.

JANUARY 22, 1929

On Tuesday evening, January 22nd, a very enjoyable piano recital was given in University Hall by Harold V. Samuels, under the auspices of the Fine Arts Course.

Mr. Samuels is noted as the finest player of Bach in the World today. We certainly believe it. Although we have heard a great many recitals in which Bach was played well, we have never heard the works of that greatest of composers played so that we could really enjoy it without straining something in our musical being. The facility of touch displayed by Mr. Samuels was unequalled by anything, I venture to say, that has ever been presented to an Acadia audience. Bonnet, the great French organist, plays as if it were nothing to play the most difficult pieces. The ease with which Mr. Samuels

played Tuesday evening was that same ease displayed by Bonnet.

Included in his program was Mozart's "Sonata in A Minor" Brahms' "Ballade in D Minor and Brahms' "Ballade in G Minor" all of which were played exceptionally well.

In the third division of his Programme Mr. Samuels played three of Debussy's compositions, namely, "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin", "Danse de Puck" and "Passepied". These, we thought, were the most enjoyable in the programme. They were played with exquisite delicacy and artistry. Acadia, we are sure, joins the reporter in hoping that Mr. Samuels will again honour us with another recital in the future and also in hoping that the audience will show him the courtesy of being on time.

JANUARY 26, 1929

The inter-class championship debate for the year was held in A4 Saturday evening, January 26th. The debate was between the Juniors and Sophomores on the subject of self government in India. Messrs. Tingley (leader), Kennedy and Armstrong debated for the Juniors while Messrs. Harper (leader), Sarty and Leonard debated for the Sophomores. Guy Henson read the critic's report.

Both teams brought forth good arguments for their sides and the decision, which went to the Sophomores, was a very close one.

JANUARY 28, 1929

Dr. DeWitt gave the first of a series of health talks in University Hall on Monday evening, January 28th. Two reels of film were shown which portrayed the story of the progress made in the prevention and cure of certain diseases.

The films were very interesting and had a great educational value. Dr. DeWitt's talk was also interesting as well as instructive. We hope that he meets with success in securing films for these talks and that the talks will be given often.

JANUARY 27, 1929

The boys unit of the S. C. A. met in room A4 on Sunday evening, Jan. 27th. Barney Linton, as chairman introduced Dr. MacDonald as the speaker of the evening. Dr. MacDonald then gave a very interesting and remarkable address on "Prayer." The address was enjoyed by all present and we hope that it will be followed by many others by the same speaker.

JANUARY 30, 1929

On Wednesday, January 30th, a memorial service was held during the Chapel period for the late Dr. J. D. Logan. Dr. Wheelock led the service calling on Dr. Spidle for the prayer and Dr. MacDonald for an address. The attendance was good and the service was a very fitting tribute to the memory of one who has done so much for Acadia and her English Department and for Canadian letters as a whole.

Miss Spencer sang "O Rest In the Lord" from "Elijah" adding greatly to the impressiveness of the service.

JANUARY 31, 1929

On Thursday Evening, January 31st, a pep meeting was held in Room A4 under the combined leadership of Mr. Newnham and our noble cheer leader, Barney Linton. The latest college song, "Ki Yi Yi", was ably introduced by Mr. Newnham and the assembled multitude seemed to enjoy it very much. Barney then did some coaching for the Mt. A yell which was used at the basketball game to welcome the Mt. A. Team.

FEBRUARY 5, 1929

Acadia listened to the sixteenth Fine Arts Recital of the year on February 5th. The recital was given by Jean MacDonald, Mezzo-Soprano, in the auditorium of University Hall. It was enjoyed by all who heard it, even by the critical reporter.

The finer selections on the program, we think, were "Star Vicino" by Salvator Rosa, "Tes yeux" by Rabey, "Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus" by Massenet, which last was rendered with remarkable artistry. It was followed by an equally fine encore. In the "Aria" by Gounod Miss MacDonald showed her great breadth of range. "Homing" by Del Riego was also sung with fine feeling.

The most popular selection of the evening seemed to be the old Scotch melody, "Ye Banks and Braes". This was received with great applause and Miss MacDonald thanked her audience by singing as her encore "Wi' a Hundred Pipers" which was received with such enthusiasm that she gracefully consented to give another encore. This last encore was another Scotch song entitled "Whistle and I'll Come Tae Ye, My Love" and it was also received with great appreciation.

We think the finest piece on the program was the last selection, "Alleluia" by Mozart. This selection was sung with such dignity, artistry and mastery of technique that it left a very lasting and deeply favourable impression.

FEBRUARY 6th and 7th 1929

The S. C. A. engaged the Orpheum Theatre and entertained the University at three showings of Lewis Stone in "The Foreign Legion". The Showings were held on Wednesday evening February 6th, for the Matinee on Thursday afternoon and for the evening showing as well.

The picture was good and was very much enjoyed by those who attended.

FEBRUARY 12, 1929

The Students of the School of Music of Acadia University gave a recital in University Hall on Tuesday evening, February 12th.

Naturally some of the selections on the programme were better than others and it is very difficult to select the better

selections in reporting the recital and give them the place which they deserve without creating dissatisfaction. So if anybody doesn't agree with the reporter on these matters, they may satisfy themselves by affirming that he has poor taste in regard to music.

But here is our honest opinion about the recital. We feel that Mr. B. R. Hamilton, who sang "Hear Me Ye Winds and Waves" by Handel, has a voice which promises to develop into a very fine bass and we also think that he rendered his contribution, a large one, in a very fine manner. Edith Archibald played a violin solo, "Gavotte" by Rameau, showing very good stage personality and remarkably rich tone. Bach's "Concerto in C for Two Pianos" (first movement) was played by Beatrice Roy and Margaret Barnaby. This last selection is noted as a very difficult piece of synchronisation and we certainly appreciated the finesse with which it was played. "Ah! rendimi" by Rossi was rendered in fine form by Miss Flora Spencer. Technically, the organ solo "Toccata in C" by Bach, played by Ian Dron, is a very difficult work to render properly and we feel that Mr. Dron played it exceedingly well. Kathleen Bancroft played a violin solo, "Mazurka" by Mylarski, with her usual verve and 'abandon'. Marjorie Morse takes the first prize with her rendition of the piano solo, "Study in E. op. 10, No. 3" by Chopin. She chose a very beautiful composition to play and she played it with such a wealth of beauty of tone and facility of technique that the audience, including the critical reporter, was held spellbound. It certainly takes a real artist to hold an Acadia audience in silence for the full length of a piece but it was done and done well. We wish to congratulate Miss Morse on her performance.

In short, dear reader, the Students' Recital was the finest that we have heard since a long time.

FRENCH CLUB

The Fench Club met in the Whitman Hall Club-room on the evening of February the first for a jolly french party. The

club room was gayly decorated. Fench games were played. A delightful feature of the evening was a solo sung by Prof. Massey who accompanied himself on the guitar. Refreshments served and the party broke up after singing *Madelon* and *Petit Berger*.

On the evening of February 8th a short meeting of the French Club was held in the Whitman Hall club-room. The meeting was chiefly of business nature. A few games were played and french songs sung.

S. C. A.

The usual meeting of the S. C. A. Woman's Unit of the S. C. A. was held in the Whitman Hall reception room on Sunday evening, January the 20th. The meeting opened with hymns. Dr. Roscoe gave an exceedingly interesting address. The meeting closed with hymns and the mizpah benediction.

On Sunday evening, February the 3rd there was an unusually large gathering of the men's and women's units of the S. C. A. in the Whitman Hall reception room. Favorite hymns were sung. Helen Chambers sang as a solo, "My Task." The scripture was read by Judson Levy, and the meeting closed with the mizpah benediction.

BASKET BALL PARTY

After the Mount A—Acadia girls basket ball game of February the 15th the Acadia girls gave a party for the Mount A's in the Whitman Hall reception room. For a few hours riotous sounds of hilarity echoed through the corridors of Tully. Vic Cane added to the entertainment by giving an exhibition of the Charleston. Games were played. Prof. Mills led in "Suc Royer" after refreshments were served the lights were disposed of and everybody sat around the fire enjoying themselves to the utmost.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society met at the home of professor and Mrs. Havelock on the evening of Jan. 23. Cecil Kennedy, who had charge of the topic for the evening, read a paper on the works of Virgil, which incidentally included a treatment of the Sueb and Roman theories of nature. Led by Dr. Thompson and Mr. Havelock the society discussed the points which Mr. Kennedy had brought up many of which were original, and on that account the more interesting. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Havelock. It was agreed that the next meeting should be held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Thompson and that Margaret Hutchins should read a paper.



BOSTON UNIVERSITY BEACON

The Beacon has in abundance what most of our college magazines—particularly *small* college magazines—lack: real literary material. To read any issue of *The Beacon* is well worth ones time.

In the December issue, 1928, we would especially recommend:

Paternalistic Education—a very enlightening article on the present status of the young college grad. in the wide world. It starts off with a timely joke which might cause a chill down the aged spines of our near-graduates:

Employer to applicant for job:

"All we pay is five dollars a week."

A. F. J.: Say, What do you think I am? A college graduate?"

A Matter uv Lol' bility—A short story. "It all happened in London and in an old London". A very charming story of two wistfully pathetic characters.

Book Reviews: is a novel department in college magazines, one which it would be well for any college periodical to study, and if possible, imitate in their own publication.

THE MINESOTA TECHNOLOG

One very important feature of a magazine is its attractiveness and the Technolog certainly is attractive from its well designed cover to its last advertisement. A technical student wants to read a good technical magazine and we can suggest no better than the Technolog. The only suggestion we could

make is that a few jokes be added to give more variety to the publication. We congratulate the photograph editor for his ability in the arrangement and selection of his cuts.

"The Foshay Tower"—Gives the details of its construction.

"Synthetic Methanuel"—Chemistry students should read this.

"Patent Office Possibilities"—Evidently by one who knows.

THE ACORN

A very literary magazine. The stories are good and the editorials interesting. A lot of literary talent. It is different in that advertisements are almost wanting. Poetry very good.

"You may Disagree"—some good philosophy.

"Utilitarians Works of the Romans"—A criticism of Roman art.

THE HI-SPLINT

Gives an extensive account of student activities, but lacks literary material.

"Timothy's Luck"—A good short story which might be developed a bit.

MANAGRA

We criticize the arrangement of the advertisements. Placed in the middle of the publication, they tend to break the continuity. The literary element is very well selected. The cartoons are very clever, a thing which cannot be said of many college publications. The Managra is well posted in campus doings.

"A Review of History"—Written by a real unit.

"News Paper Love"—Some inside information on the news question."

McGILL DAILY

A real daily from a real university. We hope the students involved in strike fracas come out all right.

"Polish Government Stabalized"—by a constructive thinker.

THE SHEAF

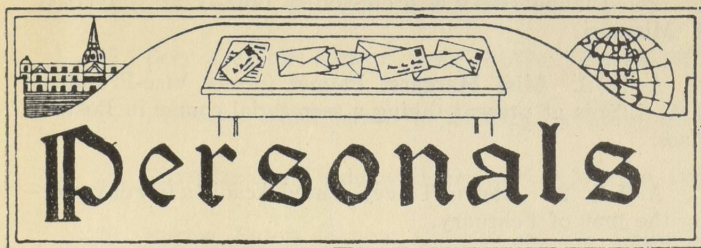
The best of the college papers on our shelf. It has a cosmopolitan spirit which most college papers lack.

"College Humor Denounced"—The subject treated very suavely.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Usually we like to read the articles and write-ups in The Gazette, and the general opinion at Acadia is that it is a fine paper. But we do think that the article "The Ghost Train" was a bit "sophomoric", and not particularly called for.

We like the boosting spirit of the Dalhousie Gazette, and the way it features the outstanding characters in the student body by pictures and write-up. The Editorials are very interesting.



Miss Langley is now convalescing in Westwood Hospital from a recent accident in which she suffered a broken ankle.

Professor and Mrs. Strout née Miss Mary Graves are now residing in Lubbock, Texas.

'96 H. A. Purdy of Amherst has recently been appointed Kings Councillor.

Sympathies are extended to Dr. and Mrs. Roberts of St. John on the death of their son William Roberts.

'21 Marion Reid is teaching classics in Aurora, Me.

'21 Joe Dobson is practicing medicine in Moncton.

'22 Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Corey on the birth of a daughter.

'23 Ruthaford Murray is teaching in New Glasgow.

'23 Hilda Johnson spent a few days in Wolfville.

'23 Frank Doyle is city editor of Halifax Herald.

'24 Reta Cochrane is teaching in Montreal.

'25 Claude Hicks is professor of Botany at University of Missouri.

A. S. S. Miss Margaret Palmer former Vice-President of A. S. S. is at present taking a secretarial course in Boston, Mass.

A. S. S. '27—Glenna Tracey visited Acadia a few days during the first of February.

A. S. S. '27 Hilda Philips also spent a few days at Acadia.

A. S. S. '24 George Anderson is at present at his home in Wolfville.

A. C. A. '24 Harold Schurman is congratulated on his recent marriage to Miss Leila Saunders, daughter of Premier Saunders of Prince Edward Island.

'26 Jost Elderkin is now residing in Haliux.

'26 Laura Davison is spending the winter at her home in Halfway River.

'26 "Biff" Howett is now studying medicine at Dalhousie.

'26 "Diz" Neil is working for the Old Age Pension Board in Halifax.

'26 George Ryan is teaching chemistry in Long Tom's Harbor, N. J.

'28, Ex. 26 The marriage is announced of Carrie Bartaux to Ralph Russel of Westfield, N. J.

'26 The engagement of "Benney" Swim to Helen Simms has been announced.

- '26 To Mr. and Mrs. Otto Noble, a son.
- '26 Beryl DeWolfe spent a week in Wolfville recently.
- '26 Henrietta MacPherson is working in Montreal.
- '26 Olive Archibald is doing library work in Warran, Ohio
- '26 Burnie Eaton is now Captain of the Dalhousie Hockey team which played Acadia Feb. 11th.
- '27 "Connie" Hayward is at her home in Moncton.
- '27 "Bud" Johnson played centre in the Wolfville hockey team this winter.
- Ex '27 "Ted" Richards is now residing in Boston, Mass.
- '27 Wallace Barteaux referred the play-off games between Wolfville and Kentville for the championship of the valley league.
- '27 Ralph Marven is employed in the insurance business in Moncton.
- '27 Harold Sipprel is teaching English in Bates.
- Eng. '27 Jack Bigelow is in Florida.
- '27 Mable Welsh is teaching in Essex, Mass.
- '28 Freda Smofsky is engaged in secretarial work in the Editorial Department of the Encyclopaedia Britannia, in New York.

'28 Congratulations are extended to Art. Tingley on his appointment to Junior civil service commission in Ottawa.

'28 Marjorie Bell has received an appointment with the V. O. N. nutrition lecturer on the head-quarters staff at Ottawa. Her work will also take her to Montreal and Toronto

'28 Ruth Hilton has been appointed manager of the Consulting Home Service Department for General Electrics of the Maritime provinces. She begins work on March the 1st.

'28 Connie Barteau was recently married in New York. Congratulations are extended to Ralph Russel, the groom, a former Acadia student.

'28 Beryl DeWolfe spent several days at Acadia recently.

'28 Hollis Renton is now engaged in work with the Steel plant at Sydney. He recently spent a few days at Acadia.

'28 Howard Grimmer is spending the winter at his home in St. Stephen.

The Athenaeum extends its sympathy to Jimmy Nowlan on the recent death of his mother.

Ex. '28 Jim Van Buskirk is employed with the Maritime Accessories, St. John.

Eng. '28 A. A. Ferguson is playing between the posts on the Dalhousie hockey team.

'28 Blair Fraser is at Stanstead, P. Q.

'28 Louis Jenkins is assistant in English at McGill.

Ex '28 Eileen Cameron recently was in Wolfville with the Dalhousie girls basket ball team.

'28 The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Eric Cousins who recently passed successfully the civil service examinations. "Torchy" led the Dominion in French.

Ex '28 Gordon MacOdrum is playing on the Dalhousie Basket ball team.

'28 Elbert Paul is preaching in Mahone Bay.

Ex '28 James Wardrope is at his home in Springhill.

'28 Ralph Henson has resumed his studies at Oxford, after a severe illness.

'29 The Athenaeum wishes to extend its sincere sympathy to Aileen Ross on the death of her mother.

Ex '29 "Ozzy" Lefurgey is playing goalie for the Social Hockey team, Dartmouth.

'29 Evelyn Hatfield is working in Boston.

Ex. '30 Sincere sympathies are extended to the family of Mary Stultz who recently passed away after an operation for appendicitis.

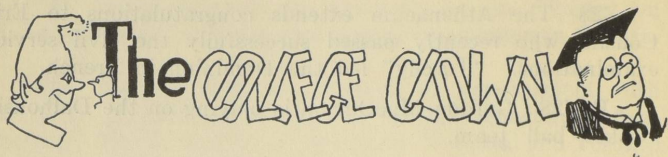
Ex. '30 Dunky MacKenzie spent a few days at Acadia after the Sydney-Acadia basket-ball game of Feb. 7th.

Ex. ? Plank Creelman visited Acadia recently to attend the S. C. A. reception.

'30 Evelyn Power is training in Brooklyn City Hospital.

'30 "Art" Bobby is married and living in Boston, Mass.

'30 "Mill" Gregory has returned home on account of illness.



Bernie '29:—What are you studying, Fred?

Fred '29—The problems of a modern family.

Bernie '29—I forgot, you are graduating this year, aren't you?

Geology Prof. (10:45 a. m.):—Mr. Fetterly, where is Mr. Bishop today?

Fetterly '29—Sick, sir!

German Prof. (11-35 a. m.):—Mr. Bishop, where is Mr. Fetterly today?

Dicker '29—Sick, sir!

Prof. Cross:—Miss Dickson, where did Charlemagne die?

Edith '31:—At the end of the third chapter, sir.

Carter '32:—When I do not look at the girls I feel so blue, and when I do, I get red because I am so green.

Woof Eng. '30:—Say, Gus, lend me your mug to shave?

Gus Eng. '29:—Aw go on, shave your own mug.

Margaret '31 (At table):—I just hate gooseberries, don't you John?

Maid (in Tully):—Miss Penny, you are wanted on the phone.

Miss Penny '32:—Oh my love!

John '29:—Say, have any of you fellows a jersey without arms?

Guy '29:—Yes, we have one on the farm.

Harper '31 (bidding young lady good-night):—So long.

Joe '31:—I always lose my appetite when I get up from the table.

Carl '31.—It would pay the Dining Hall if you lost it before you sat down.

Don't Swear

When Adam stepped on Eve's best gown
Did she then toss her head and frown,
And flash her fiery eyes of brown?
Oh no! She kept her wonted calm,
And said, "I do not care Adam."

Bill '30:—Say Banny, did you know that the Library has to be closed for three weeks?

Banny '30:—No, how's that?

Bill:—They've found measles in the dictionary.

Seen on the Bulletin Board:—Wanted, "The Profits of Israel".

We all know that the Jews have the greatest profits in the world.

Dr. Hancock:—Can you name the parts of the brain?

Miss Bent '31:—Cerebrum, cerebellum, and medulla.

Dr. Hancock:—Miss Bentley, can you add anything to that?

Miss Bentley '30:—No sir, that's all I've got.

Prof. (lecturing on Paradise Lost):—You must learn to visualize,—can't you see Satan before you?

Class (in unison):—Yes sir!

Hubley '30 (to Hatfield Eng. '29):—I live at Bear River: when you come down, drop in.

Ralston '30 (in Junior Bible):—The Israelites descended from Ham.

Dr. Hutchins.—What are you doing? Establishing a new theory of Evolution.

Co-ed to Snell '29:—You skate like a trombone.

Voice:—Say, Carol, you must have been sliding.

MacDormand '29:—Professor, my pen is empty.

Dr. DeWolfe:—You should have taken a lesson from the Foolish Virgins.

Bill '29:—I notice Squank is studying the Morse code.

Scotch:—Why is he doing that?

Bill:—So that he can make better dashes after Dot.

Dr. DeWitt (examining Dron):—Your height and chest measurements are all right. Now, get on the scales.

Ian '30 (promptly):—Doh, ray, me, fah, sol———!

A Senior always gets ahead in the world,—so does a cabbage.

You can always tell a Senior—but you can't tell him much.

She was a winsome country lass;

So William on a brief vacation.

The time more pleasantly to pass,

Essayed flirtation.

And while they strolled in twilight dim,

As near the hour for parting drew,

He asked if she would have from him

A "billet-doux."

But this simple maid of French knew naught,

But doubting not 'twas something nice,

Shyly she lifted her pretty head,

Her rosy lips together drew, and coyly said

"Yes, Billy-do",

And Billy-did.

Prof. (in French A):—Fermez la porte, Mademoiselle.

Freshette (looks around bewildered, then walks up and parks gum in waste basket.)

Hubley '30:—(To MacLeod sleeping in):—Are you doing right, MacLeod?

MacLeod '29:—I didn't know I was doing it.

Parsons '30.—How do you like my singing?

Findlay '28:—Scarce.

White '29:—That prof. is the poorest, rottenest teacher I ever met. And what's more he's got no more brains than—
Steeves '31:—Aw dry up. I got plucked too.

Scotch songs:

“The Best Things in Life are Free.”

“I Can't Give You Anything but Love.”

Yank:—Tully must be a great place to dry clothes.

Dicker:—Why?

Yank:—So much hot air floating around up there.

Duckie:—And this man was in jail so long that when he got out every mule looked like a zebra.

Dr. Spidle.—That paper was not hard. Why, after I made it out my wife wrote it in one hour and fifteen minutes.

Ralston:—Did she get plucked?

Prof. Balcom:—Now, for example, why was I not asked to be the president of the C. N. R.?

Voice.—Most likely they haven't heard of you.

Marion '29.—What do you consider the height of expense?

Duckie.—You look to be about five foot six.

Bernie (looking for magazine).—You're sitting on my Liberty.

Fresh.—Who is *anti* dote?

Soph.—The wife of Carb *uncle*, I suppose.

Senior.—I've got my work down to a science.

Fresh.—I'm taking one science too.

Chem. Prof.—If rust is an oxide, what is leather?

Bishop '29:—Cowhide, sir.

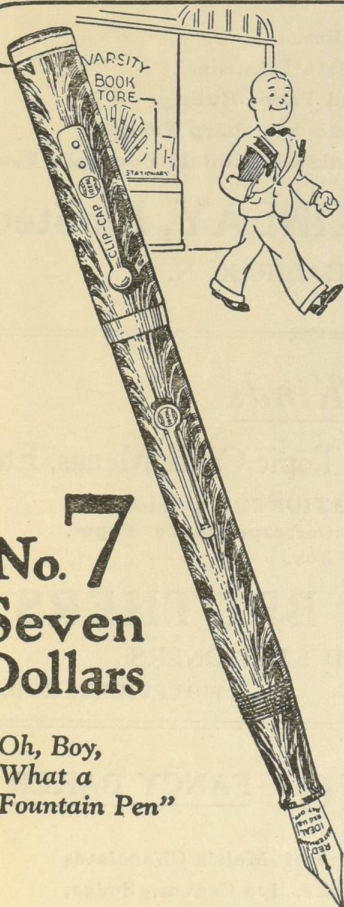
Dot '31:—Are my lips the only ones you ever kissed?

Squank.—Yes, darling, and the nicest.

Mr. Thomas (speaking of Lord Byron):—And it was when he got married that he lost control of himself.

Dr. Hill (after hockey game at Digby):—I thought we had better have a lecture instead of Lab this morning because I know you didn't get back till 4.30 this morning, and I thought you could sleep better in here.

The color band inlay on the cap identifies the character of the pen point.



No. 7
Seven
Dollars

**"Oh, Boy,
What a
Fountain Pen"**

**He bought
his pen on the
way to class!**

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