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The Acadia Athenaeum

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Wolfville, N. S., January, 1929

No. 3

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—Ruth Glendinning '32 (2 units); Albert E. Roland '31 (2 units); Eleanor MacNeill '31 (1 unit); Chrystal Osborne '29 (1 unit).

Short Story:—Chrystal Osborne '29 (2 units).

One Act Play:—Eileen E. MacKay '29 (2 units).

Humor:—Eileen E. MacKay '29 (1 unit).

Article:—Guy Henson '29 (2 units); Eileen E. MacKay '29 (1 unit).

Unclassified:—Chrystal Osborne '29 (2 units); Jean Miller '29 (1 unit).

Science:—Evelyn Baird '30 (2 units).

Editorial:—Guy Henson '28 (1 unit).

Month:—Melba Maie Roop, '29; W. B. Davis '30; W. F. Anderson '30 (1 unit each).

Exchanges:—No competition.

Personals:—No competition.

Jokes:—No competition.

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

Cartoons:—L. C. Robinson '31; C. E. Roach Eng. (1 unit each).

Seniors: 15 units.

Juniors: 6 units.

Sophs. 4 units.

Fresh: 2 units.

Engineers 1 unit.

Literary A's to: Chrystal Osborne '29; Eileen E. MacKay '29; Guy Henson '29.

Poetry featured.

EVENTIDE

While eventide is falling softly now,
And o'er the lea the nightingale I hear,
The soothing zephyrs kiss my fevered brow,
And trials of the day soon disappear.
Across my pathway murmuring brooklets flow.
Weird dusky forms around me gently steal;
And through the gloaming many bright eyes glow;
The shadows fall and yet no fear I feel.
The giant trees are sentinels for me,
And through the leaves the moon sheds silvery light,
High overhead a meteor I see;
It flares, and swiftly passes from my sight.
'Tis sweet to be alone out in the woods.
Oh, Solitude! How various are thy moods!

RUTH GLENDINNING '29

REVENGE

It was just an accident and they let me off. I never meant to kill him, that's sure. It never entered my head. We'd been on a wild party and, on my way home, I saw him on the side of the street, almost at his gateway. A neighbour had brought him from the party and had dropped him off at the corner, a few blocks from his home. I swerved the car a bit, just to frighten him, and then—well, that trial was some strain, but it's over now and I'm acquitted, so why should I worry?

For all that, I can't keep it out of my mind. I wish the other folks would come home. It's spooky sitting around here alone. Hell! it was only a little quarrel but, see here, Diary, I've got to straighten this thing out.

Funny about his Dad and mine not hitting it off. Let me see, how did it start? The Dad is very proud of his Spanish blood. He had just come into the country and still felt the grandeur of the old country behind him. Old Williams was just a colonist to him—something a little above the stage of barbarism. Williams handed over a rotten deal to the Dad—money stuff. That was the beginning. Williams was a slippery, jack-easy sort of a fellow, always ready with a joke—the sort of a man to whom honour is a mere word. To Dad, honor and a good name were more than religion. Williams' land joined ours, and he was always borrowing from us. Dad used to rage helplessly when he found that his farm implements had been ransacked behind his back by Williams' farm hands.

This state of affairs continued until Dad refused to let any of us have anything to do with the Williams family. The country people favored Williams. They liked his craftiness, his slipperiness, and his easy good humor. He was one of them; we were just upstart foreigners.

Well, Tom Williams and I went to the same school. I did not start school until I was seven years old, as my family thought it better to teach me at home. Tom and I were of the same age, but he started school when he was barely five. His family sort of shoved him off of their hands. I was

always envying him the freedom that he had. He was a tough little chap, but he was bright and friendly.

School opened a new world for me. Shy at first, I became singularly bold as I grew used to the fellows, and learned their attitude toward me. At home, I had been taught to feel superior, and no amount of taunts could knock my superiority complex out of me. I was hot-tempered and answered every blow with a blow. I got severely knocked around, but, in the end, Tom and I shared the honor of being considered the two boldest devils in the school. My father had always been called the "Spaniard," and the title was passed on to me. I did my best to encourage it. My father was a hero to me, and I passed on this conception to the boys. Dad was pleased. He even let Tom come to see me sometimes.

Tom and I frequently had hot battles, but the scores were very nearly even, and we managed to remain friends until a certain event in our high school years. This was a hockey game. Tom and I were both on the team. I had been chosen captain, and Tom was jealous. When he was in low spirits, he did not mind playing a rotten game. At half-time, the score was against us by one point, and Tom was in a violent rage. He swore to me that he was going to knock out a certain fellow on the other team, who annoyed him. Before second period was over, he had done so. We won the game. I was feeling vain-glorious, and I lectured Tom on what he had done. I did not mind the other fellows hearing—I even intimated that we would forfeit the game. Tom and I fought over it, and I licked him. I don't blame him for being mad, but he might have paid me back in a decent way. He accused me of disloyalty to the team; the other fellows sided in with him and they put me off the team for the season.

I never got over that. All my grand cabalero style was knocked flat for awhile. I hated every boy in the school. I picked quarrels without the slightest provocation. Finally, I was expelled from school as a trouble maker.

My father was more tolerant to my mischief-making than I had expected. He seemed to think I was showing spirit,

which, although it was not genteel, was at least bold and masculine. He sent me to Greenwood Academy, where I was to prepare for a college course.

Academy life was one grand spree to me. With my cocksureness, my industry, and my ambition, I soon won first place with my classmates. How I used to sit in my room some nights and think of Tom Williams and hate him with all my soul. Hate him and hate him, until with my very hate came a longing to have him near me. He was one fellow who could meet my spirit. He would laugh at my bold style, and have it out with me in a real fist-to-jaw combat. Then I would recall his last dealings with me, and, God! how I longed to put a bullet in his heart!

It was this spirit that I harbored against Tom. In my little world, I was a conqueror—but for him. Much as I felt I despised him, I had the irritating feeling that I had run away from him. Mein Gott! Did I run away from him, or didn't I? I can't tell yet.

It was Christmas vacation I came home feeling all kinds of things. I still had an exaggerated sense of my own superiority. Now, I was not only different from the rest because of my foreign blood and my own spirit, but I had gone away to school. Others had recognized the prophet which they had spurned.

The fellows and girls all welcomed me back. They seemed to forget my misdemeanors, and all made an idol of me. Even Tom slapped me on the back and said, "Will we let bygones be bygones, old timer?"

I went in for a gay time this vacation. The whole gang played fast and loose, as the saying is. But once more I found Tom my rival. The girls made a lot of his cave-man type. He had the easy good humor of his father, was entertaining, was none to scrupulous about his pride, and understood their line. The girls admired me, but were not frank and easy with me as they were with Tom. They were rather afraid of me. This flattered me at first, and then antagonized me.

Just a few of the gang went to the Wellwood dance. Jean Davies was the most popular girl in the crowd, and Tom was

taking her. I spent the last few minutes before the party cursing Tom. If I might have used Victor Hugo's words, I would have said, "I hate, I hate. From my soul's depth, you I hate."

Have you ever felt that if you controlled yourself one moment longer, you would perish? If you ever have, then pity me, who never controlled a passion in my life. Have you ever felt that the world was not big enough to hold you and one other person? Or that, as God created life in you without your consent, so you can destroy life in another being without the consent of the Omnipotent Tyrant? Oh I felt it, felt it all! I brooded on it, cursed myself for brooding on it and not acting, cursed the law that forbade me to act, cursed my cowardly self for respecting any law! Yes, I even cursed my Creator for breathing into me the breath of life, and feeling, and hate! I got up and went out in the night, determined to stifle my emotions, I forgot to think, but just felt, felt, felt, and then—

We were coming home, as I said. I brought Jean home. She talked about Tom all the time. Of course I never meant to kill him—it was just a school boy quarrel and my stingy pride. I did want to scare him—to hurt him perhaps, but to kill, not that, not murder.—No! But my hand was unsteady, and my heart, Oh God, I confess it, hated him with a hate that meant to kill.

C. OSBORNE '29.

TWILIGHT

Come carry me off and set me down,
Between the night and the day,
Out from the walls of the noisy town,
Weary and far away,
Where I may dream in the fading light,
Silent, and sad, and alone;
And beauty that rests at the eve of the night,
May claim me forever her own.

Where winter folds down with its silver snow,
Calmly, cosily warm;
Where never a raging wind doth blow
On the whirling wings of the storm;
And spring comes up on her tripping feet,
Dancing away the rain:
While down in the warm earth mellow and sweet,
Bloom all my fair flowers again.

But when the far faint tones of a bell
Shall summon the people to prayer,
I know that a face I have loved so well
Will gleam in the evening air.
The deep jet black of your eyes from afar
Will haunt me all the while;
I shall see in the shade of the evening star
Your sad, sweet, lingering smile.

ALBERT E. ROLAND '31.

ALONE

I am alone. There are other people in the world, but they are not near me. I hear them talking in the distance, but I am alone. I hear someone whistle outside on the campus but, in my room, all is quiet save the scratching of my pen. In my mind are vague pictures of people. Somebody hurt my pride to-day—somebody else was offended by me—what does it matter now? I am alone.

There is a beauty in the word, alone. The poet knew how to use it:

*Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in its agony.*

There is a dignity and pathos about it. It stirs up in us a feeling that is sad and tender, but sublime. It at once calls up our weariest hells and our dearest heavens.

Our lives are not for ourselves, but for others. Oh, the burning isolation of being away from those for whom we live and breathe! I think back to my school-days, and I remember a little girl whose heart was broken because someone had laughed at her father. How all the boys and girls gathered around her, curious to know what she was crying about, and how they all went back at their games again, because they did not understand! Then she was indeed alone; there was no one near to laugh it off with—there was no one in the great, wide world, who shared that little heart-ache of hers.

Think of the most beautiful spot you have ever been in. For my part, I remember an apple-orchard, white with bloom. It was midnight when I went out in it, alone—I climbed a tree, and leaned on a bough, whence I could overlook the whole countryside. The moon was almost full, and it came and went from under the clouds, now casting dark shadows over the white splendor of the orchard, now making it shine with the dull, transient luster of its ethereal light. "Dear God," I prayed,

"Thou who makest that cold, pure, moon, these frail, white, blossoms, this quiet earth, why should man be so restless, striving after fruitless nothings, sinking to the mean and ugly? Art not we the greatest of Thy creatures, and yet we are shamed in the perfect harmony of the world while we sleep?" Thus I prayed, thinking only of the suffering of mankind, while all I saw was the perfect beauty of the night and all I felt was the cool sweetness of the breeze against my cheek. Yes, in the most sacred spots of nature, alone with the still outcry of our own longing, we cannot but think of our fellow creatures, whose lifeblood throbs through pulses, quickened by envy and hate and lulled by sorrow and despair, even as ours are.

I am in the midst of a crowd. All around me is dizzy with noise and motion. I close my eyes for a moment and, as I open them, a vast multitude of figures flash into my vision. Their lips, their eyes, their hands, their whole bodies are moving as they glance here and there, shove one another, bustling around. I put my hands to my ears and, as I take them away, I am conscious of a loud hubbub of voices—now a creaking staccato, now a dull hurried murmur, now a rumbling guttural no harmony of sound nor sense. These are the people for whom I prayed, the people whose lives run side by side with mine. Why is it that I do not move and talk as they do? Why do I stand back in my corner alone? It is because no other one of that vast, buzzing crowd is thinking my thought. It is because I will not give up my thought to join their hubbub. I am alone.

But now it is night-time and I am tired. The voices that I heard in the day have stilled for slumber. The faces, which came like visions before me, have passed like visions away. Even the dull heartache which I felt has buried itself in the night. Outside, the moon has made of the earth a home for the gods. But I am not a god. Down in my heart I hide my human destiny, while my soul would soar to the quiet abodes of the gods. There only could it rest alone, without sorrow and regret—"careless of mankind."

Now, as I put up my window, all my vain yearnings soar out into the stillness, all my vain heartache. Now my soul

floats to its home with the immortals; now my spirit weaves the cobwebs of fancy; and now my eyes close and I lose my senses in slumber. How kind it was of the Immortals to give us a time of rest, a time for feeling nothing at all. Equally it is well that, after humanity has marred us with its nail-prints, we should find, now and then, moments in which to gather up all the fragments of heaven and hell which lie in our earthbound hearts, and to dwell in the great boundless universe, alone.

CHRYSTAL OSBORNE '29.

THE PAGEANTRY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Far away in the heart of Europe, the League of Nations carries on its momentous task. To most of us, its problems are confused by the haze of distance. We do not realize that this League, the outgrowth of an obscure British peace society which converted President Wilson to its cause, is a very human organization that has its failures, its struggles, and its triumphs. Its work of revolutionizing international relations and paving the way to world co-operation goes on in a background of colour and brilliance which rivals that of a medieval pageant. The world knows nothing like it which so well reveals the mixture in human nature of weakness and idealism, of pettiness and nobility.

Fate, with its divine sense of the fitness of things, has appointed the little Swiss city of Geneva the meeting-place of this parliament of man. Over the beautiful basin in which it lies have swarmed the Gauls and Carthaginians, lusting for the spoils of Italy. The hand of the Roman has been here and left its ineffacable stamp. Barbarian hordes, crusaders, religious sects and persecutors, medieval monarchs and adventurers, the armies of Napoleon and the thinkers of Europe—all have passed through the city and left their contribution. When the rest of Europe weltered in the blood of the World War, Geneva and the Swiss cantons stood apart, a shaming example of free-

dom heroically won and staunchly preserved. And through it all, the Rhone has flowed through the town to the sea and the citizens, undisturbed by the stress of the centuries, have plied their quiet trades.

To this historic spot comes a continual stream of national delegations, international specialists, tourists and students, which is at its height when the Assembly of the League meets in September. They arrive with delicate questions of national and international policy to discuss, problems about subjects ranging from tariff walls to the perpetual calendar to solve, or merely with a passion for sightseeing, learning French, or having a good time. Sceptical on their arrival about this so-called League of Nations, the delegates leave enthusiastic and determined like pilgrims, to pay another visit to the modern Mecca. Before the meetings of the assembly, the various representatives are prepared to press certain national rights which they will under no conditions forego. After hearing the claims of the other nations discussed privately and on the floor of the Assembly, they are less self-centred and ready to reach a compromise. This infection spirit of co-operation, coming from an understanding of other people's point of view and a will to succeed, means life to the League as sunlight does to a plant.

In an old fashioned hall, la Salle de la Réformation, famous in the religious history of the country, the meetings of the Assembly are held annually. Picture to yourself an oblong, box-like hall with a platform at one end. On it are the stand for the speaker and the seats of the President, Secretary general and other officials. In front of them are three rows of desks, arranged in an arc, at which sit the delegations from the various members of the League, and two spectators' balconies, projecting like shelves, which extend overhead and around the three sides of the building. Behind the officials are the waiting-rooms and the entrances for people connected with the League. The general arrangement is business-like and dignified.

In this simple setting, the national representatives convened for the first time in 1920 with an ill-defined organization and indefinite powers. The old-fashioned statesmen looked askance at any encroachment on national powers and frankly

doubted the practicability of international co-operation of any kind. In the back of their minds, European countries being most interested and active, was a frantic desire to safeguard against German aggression, and ensure the enforcement of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Governments sent minor diplomats to take a cautious look around to see what benefits their countries could get out of the League. Today, the whole attitude has changed. The League has proved its worth and its possibilities. Time and again it has checked hostility which had commenced, and settled disputes upon which the nations concerned could have reached no agreement except by the sword. Progress toward the elimination of war has been steady and sane. World economic and social problems are being ironed out by special committees, this work being of great value in giving the organization strength and stability. Geneva is becoming a clearing house of international ideas. The best evidence of its increasing importance is the fact that Prime Ministers and Foreign ministers feel it necessary to leave their party and governmental responsibilities in order to take part in the annual proceedings of the Assembly.

The daily happenings in the Assembly are always important and entertaining. During the short session of two weeks, each country expresses its views through its leading delegate. Each day, significant announcements loom up out of the mass of formal addresses. Amid bursts of applause, nations, such as Germany and France, declare a new spirit of friendship toward historical enemies. Some of the smaller members claim now and then that the great powers are "running the show" to suit themselves. One nation airs its grievances against a decision of the Council while another has a complaint which it wants looked into. New proposals about disarmament organization of the League, and similar topics are continually being suggested. These messages are couched in the mildest of diplomatic phrases and delivered along with declarations of good-will and praise of the work of the League. The greatest statesmen and most brilliant orators of the world succeed one another at the microphone through the two weeks. The fire of Paul Boncoeur, the white-haired Frenchman who is the out-

standing orator of the Assembly, the wit and moving eloquence of Briand, the conservative dignity of Sir Austen Chamberlain, the strength and forcefulness of Stresserman of Germany, never show to better advantage than when stirred by their responsibility for guiding the course of the world at large. But these greater personages in no way overshadow the brilliance of the distinguished representatives of the Continental States, or the Dominion representatives, such as General Smuts and our own Premier MacKenzie King.

A colorful group of spectators crowd in the two balconies, the lower one being reserved for notable guests and the press, the upper one for ordinary visitors. The upper gallery, crowded with students and tourists, at times provides a relief from the serious proceedings below. While waiting before and between speeches, they talk and shift about noisily, the American college boy, with shirt open at the neck and a French béret on his head, rubbing elbows with the gesturing and immaculate Continental students, both types evoking equal contempt from the spinster school-teacher of the American Middle West. During an interesting speech, they are all attention, and, gripped by events at once dramatic and of colossal importance, lean forward in their seats to catch every word. When some announcement is especially pleasing to them, they ignore the rules of order and cheer wildly despite the rebukes of the outraged officials. The speakers of the day are not known until called on by the President, but rumors keep up the suspense. The experienced visitors prepare themselves for dull addresses and the necessary, but boring interpretations by bringing magazines and books, for very few are willing to give up their seats for fear of missing an important speech. The *Premiere Gallerie* contains a motley and excitable group, sometimes noisy and bored, sometimes tense and indignant at the slightest whisper.

The time drags slowly in the old hall before the meeting opens. A few minor officials, probably feeling irritable after a Swiss breakfast of coffee and rolls, are strewing pamphlets and arranging papers on the delegates' desks half an hour before the time scheduled for beginning. Above, in the upper gallery, a few of the more eager spectators straggle in, mindful that the

front seats, the only ones from which is possible to hear at all well, are reserved until a signal by a bell from below and that one should be in a good position when the scramble for them comes. The delegates begin to arrive and a murmur runs through the gallery when the more famous ones take their seats or chat in little groups on the floor below. There is soon a crush around the coveted front seats, and the crowd is straining like sprinters at the gun. The time for the signal comes and invariably passes without a sound. For five or ten minutes the bustle increases as the hall fills. Suddenly the bell rings out. There is a moment's pause, and then a roar as if the upper gallery were crashing from its supports. Men and women alike leap over benches, overturn chairs, and bump into one another as they push into the front seats. The noise is over in a minute. The president rises to announce the speaker, the interpreter repeats the announcement and a silence falls over the hall as the delegate advances to the platform. Another meeting has opened.

It is the scene at a great speech which one never forgets. Each year brings its peculiar problem, such as the entrance of Germany, or the ratification of the Locarno Pact, and the messages of the nations most concerned are anxiously awaited from day to day. Speculation as to the attitude of this or that country is rife, and rumor has it that the important addresses are coming on some particular afternoon or morning. With excitement at white heat, a statesman like Briand comes to the platform and ends the suspense with an oration of marvelous tact and power. If his statement is popular the delegates and spectators alike hang delighted on every syllable. People who have watched and fostered the growth of the League give vent to uncontrollable enthusiasm during the speech, as they feel the relief of success after years of work and worry. And when, after he has taken the audience through the range of their emotions, the orator caps his address with a moving climax, there have followed one or two of the most dramatic scenes of history. A momentary hush comes over the hall as the last echoes of his voice fade away; then the galleries rock with applause as he comes down the aisle to his seat, and the other

delegates crowd around, embracing him, shaking his hand, and nearly overcoming him in their delight. Order is hopelessly lost, and business is held up for several minutes. Finally, the delegate is escorted to the waiting room and the interpreter goes over his speech to an empty floor.

And so this great work goes on in Geneva. There is yet much selfishness, much short sightedness and much rashness in the League, but through the confused happenings of the last ten years, something new appears in evolution of history. Perhaps this very month may see its slender organization smashed by a strain too great for its powers to bear, perhaps it may grow into a permanent political force. The next few years will tell the tale.

GUY HENSON '29

THE CALL OF THE DEEP

O come with me where the breakers roar,
Where the restless gulls and the sea birds soar,
Where the waves lap gently the long white shore,
Come down to the sea.

O come when the wind a gale has blown,
When the sea birds to the land have flown,
Or when the sun is shining down,
Come down to the sea.

O come where the waves and the white sand meet,
In sun, in rain, in snow or in sleet;
It's always there, and its voice is sweet,
Come down to the sea.

When your heart is full and you nearly weep,
O hear its roar, far out in the deep,
Dear one—its voice will lull you to sleep,
Come down to the sea.

ELENOR McNEILL '31

MR. AND MRS.

Mr. James Smith—*A young business man.*

Mrs. Marion Smith—*His young wife.*

The scene is laid in the small, cosy living room of the Smith's, small, cosy flat. The furnishings show good taste, although they are obviously inexpensive. The whole room has much the atmosphere of "newly-wed" ness. Marion Smith is discovered reclining upon the chesterfield with the air of a drooping lily, traces of tears are on her cheeks. James Smith enters and seats himself opposite her in an easy chair before the grate fire. He assumes an air of gross inattention; he opens a newspaper, holding it up before his face. For a few minutes Marion gazes petulantly at the paper which conceals her husband, twisting her fingers in the dainty apron which she is wearing.

Mar.—You don't love me any more. I know it now.

Jam.—(*icily, without moving his paper*) You must also know by now that that line doesn't get you anywhere, Marion.

Mar.—(*sobbing afresh*) And this p-proves it. To think I ever b-blieved you d-did!

(*James lowers his paper and looks at her.*)

Jam.—A man in my condition doesn't feel like loving anything.

Mar.—(*calmer but still tearful*). Not anything, Jimmie?

Jam.—No. Unless it's a good roast of beef, which I think I'll never see again.

(*He raises his paper again after having lit his pipe. Marion watches the smoke from his pipe curl above the paper in injured silence. James pays no heed to her.*)

Mar.—You're just like all men after all. You only think of eating, eating, all the time, and never of anything else. It's a true word that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, as (*bitterly*) I have found out.

Jam.—Then I'm afraid you are a long way from mine, Marion.

Mar.—I suppose you'd have me slave over a red hot stove in the broiling heat all day and ruin my hands in scalding water.

Jam.—(*bitterly, in turn*). It doesn't matter what becomes of my stomach as long as your hands keep their school-girl complexion, of course.

Mar.—You told me my hands were beautiful once—before we were married. But I'm not surprised at what you say now, because you haven't been like the same man since in anything.

(*James lays aside his paper and addresses the fire sadly.*)

Jam.—I'm not, and I don't expect ever to be the same again.

Mar.— Oh you're so cruel! We've been married just two months and you talk like this!

(*James rises and leans his elbow on the mantle piece and his head on his hand.*)

Jam.—Just two months! All I can say is that I'm bearing up well under the circumstances, but that the end is in sight. Even a worm will turn, and a worm that has been fed on canned stuff exclusively for two months should be turning like a revolving door. I've devoured cans until the sight of a fliver makes me sick, and the cellar would supply Henry Ford with tin for a year. The very atmosphere is canned; last night I dreamed I was put in a can with another—I mean a lobster and labelled "Do not open until Christmas."

(*Marion laughs.*)

That may sound funny, but to me it's the crisis in a tragedy. Something must be done, Marion, because I'm through living this way.

(*Marion falls back on the sofa and abandons herself to grief. As there is no move from her husband she sits up with a tragically calm air.*)

Mar.—If you want a divorce, James, I shall not stand in the way to your happiness. I love you too much to ever—

Jam.—(*throwing out his hands*). Now, Marion, this is no time for heroics or foolishness. I don't want a divorce—though what judge would refuse me on the evidence

of those cans—All I want is a square meal three times a day, and I consider it your duty as my wife to see that I get it.

Mar.—(*indignantly*). What you want in a wife is a cook, washerwoman, housekeeper, entertainer, companion, all in one. In this modern age of specialization you're fortunate to get one of them, but you want all.

Jam.—(*in a very cold voice*). And as which, pray, may I regard you?

Mar.—(*again threatening tears*). I try to be a companion to you, socially and intellectually. Is it *my* fault if I fail?

Jam.—(*acidly*). Not at all. It is wholly *my* fault, in being inconsiderate enough to be built exactly like all other mortals, with the inconvenience of an appetite which demands a firmer basis for social and intellectual companionship than what may be dug out of cans.

(*Marion gets up and walks about the room touching small articles which she fancies are out of place.*)

Mar.—I believe you'd love me more if I were a mere household drudge who neglected her husband's mind but fed his body to his taste.

Jam.—(*following her around the room*). I'd at least be in a frame of mind which admits of that emotion. I assure you, Marion, I am not actually a cannibal who cares nothing for his wife but that she provide him with food. Nor do I see that a girl who learns to cook decently must give up all other interests in life. You know we cannot afford hired help as yet. You humor yourself too much, Marion, and I ask you to stop it.

Mar.—(*stopping squarely in front of him*). If that's the way you feel toward me I'm going right over to mother.

(*She walks off with great dignity.*)

Jam.—(*with interest*). That's a mighty bright idea. If you don't mind I'll go along too and see if I can raise something digestable to eat there.

(*Marion pauses irresolutely at the door.*)

Mar.—(*hesitantly*). You—you won't say anything about the cans, will you?

Jam.—Certainly not. I feel it would be unnecessary. The sight of me should tell all. Today I met your brother and he looked at me and said: "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look." She may not recognize in this wasted frame her once husky son-in-law, but throw me out for a beggar.

Mar.—Jimmie! Do you really feel so bad?

Jam.—(*gravely*). I certainly don't feel so good—at least not so good as I felt two months ago.

Mar.—Oh, I'm ruining your life! I, who would die for you!

Jam.—If you'd cook for me it's all I'd ask of you, dear.

(*He goes out and returns at once with hat and coat. He waits patiently while Marion finds hers in the next room. Suddenly he remembers something and goes to the door.*)

Jam.—Oh, Marion, did I tell you I have to go out of town next week?

Mar.—(*from next room*). Why, no, Jimmie, where?

Jam.—To Stanton on business for a few weeks. You'll come of course.

Mar.—Mm-m, of course. Where *are* my gloves! Jimmie, have you eaten them?

Jam.—No, I haven't, but you really couldn't blame me if I did.

Mar.—(*still from next room*). I think you're mean harping on that line.

Jam.—One must eat to live, my love, and cook to eat—if possible.

(*He goes to the radio and twists the dial idly. Marion bursts into the room in great excitement.*)

Mar.—Oh! Jimmie!

Jam.—(*turning in surprise*). Great Heavens! What?

Mar.—I've just got *such* an idea. (*sinks upon sofa*) Come here till I tell you.

(*James comes and sits beside her.*)

Jam.—Well, shoot.

Mar.—I'm not going to Stanton with you.

Jam.—(*rising in disgust*). That is an idea, an extremely ridiculous one. Don't mention it again, please.

Mar.—(*holding him back*). But listen, dear. While you're away I'll stay with mother and learn to cook!

Jam.—(*looking at her in awe*) Marion!

Mar.—(*nodding her head violently*). I will. I'll be a wonderful cook. You'll never see another can, James Smith!

Jam.—(*leaning back with his eyes closed*). Don't wake me up please, I'll be good. What a treasure you are darling.

Mar.—(*pirouetting about the room*). Just think of the dough-nuts, and cookies, and cakes, and pies and—

Jam.—(*weakly*). Don't. I can't stand it. Then what we might fittingly call "The Great Can Stage" is over and the dawn of a new era of home cooking is about to burst upon us. Come here, darling, till I see if you are real; I can't believe it yet.

Mar.—(*nestling close to him*). To think I ever thought you didn't love me.

THE END.

EILEEN E. MacKAY '29

YOU CAN'T TELL—NEVER

You see, I met her on the street,
Lipstick, bright eyes, chewing gum,
A pretty kid—and easy to know;
Used to fool with her, tease her, lead her on,
She knew a thing or so, I thought too!
Gad! But I should have known.
But say, you know how it is
Knockin' about—you get so you—
Look at everybody with steel in your eye,
And you don't expect to believe anyone;
So I laughed—and lead her on.
How was I to know that—
Oh God! I can't believe she's dead and—
Say, to think she's dead—and—for a whole year
She's been lovin' me—and believin'
What I said—and rememberin' that
It was when the lilacs were bloomin';
She believed me! She thought I was good!
Say, she was good. You'd never think it,
Just to see her,—lipstick—gum—and street!
Now—here's her letter and she's—gone.
Let me tell you—you can't tell—never!
God! why couldn't I have known!

JEAN MILLER '29.

THAT NOT IMPOSSIBLE HE

"Choose your husband as you would your dog." I well remember the occasion on which I heard that which I now offer all my sex as a touchstone in the matter of selecting their other half when the time comes. I was attending a summer camp for Canadian Girls in Training some years ago, and, when Sunday came around, it was decided that the camp as a whole should attend the church in the nearest village. Therefore, Sunday morning found all forty-eight of us occupying a conspicuous part of the church reserved for us. I've forgotten what the sermon was about in general. I don't think it was marriage, but perhaps the minister could not miss so excellent an opportunity—certainly he didn't often have it—to direct the young mind; so towards the end of his oration he threw out the astonishing statement: "Choose your husband as you would choose your dog", with no explanation to accompany it. It was received by us in the manner which might be expected, since we were just at that age when any reference to a future helpmeet sent us into fits of giggles. The preacher's bit of advice became the standing joke of the camp for a few days, until we laid it aside for something else. I daresay we all forgot it immediately, and any who have already chosen the partner of their joy and sorrows did so without application of the odd suggestion.

It does seem foolish when you first think of it—a husband seems so tremendously much more important than a mere dog—but there is a lot of common sense back of it that it might be well to consider. Suppose you are picking out a dog, one that is going to mean a lot to you in the years to come, what are the qualities and attributes that will influence your choice? The kind of dog you want will, of course, depend on you, for there are as many kinds of dogs as there are people in the world. I will not go into a discussion of difference in tastes, but let us take the general run of dog which makes a good pal. In the first place he may be "just dog" or he may be a well-bred, pedigreed brute. Again, the choice depends on you in this matter

of the ancestry of your dog. It does not make any difference to him; he is not a knob. A second and more important factor in determining your choice is his appearance. No one is completely indifferent to appearances although some may not be as finical on this point as others. But even if the outward aspect means a great deal to you, you are not going to pick out a dog because he is a beauty if you know he has a mean disposition and none of the attributes that enter into the make-up of a genuinely loving and lovable dog. If you love your dog and your dog loves you, what does it matter if he has a cocked look in one eye and a shaggy salt-and-pepper coat? And if anyone makes the unkind and unnecessary remark that he is a queer looking, you can't, for the life of you, see it and it hurts you no more than water does a duck's back. Now we come to the most important qualities of all. How much do the mere external and genealogical characteristics count in comparison with those inner factors which make your dog what he is? The dog you choose must be faithful to you always. He must care enough for you not to be attracted by every one who comes along; he must be very firm in this particular and never allow himself to be coaxed away by another. A well-chosen dog, when so tempted, will wag his tail pleasantly but resolutely to say: "I'm sorry. I know you're very nice, but you're too late. I've made my choice and I don't want to change." The other essentials in your dog's make-up may be put down briefly. Unselfishness, generosity, frankness, and a cheerful disposition are the foremost. Find a dog combining all these qualities—it won't be hard—and you have a friend whose companionship is complete and lasting, these together with the most necessary, all-important condition that you love your dog and your dog loves you.

Of course you can see the parallel between choosing a dog and choosing a husband plainly now. What one of the requirements demanded of the dog should not be looked for as well in the man into whose hands a woman puts the happiness of her future days?

Just as in the case of selecting your dog, choosing a husband differs according to the individual. If you are truly

democratic, you will not care if he is a self-made man whose fathers ate at the table without their coats on, or that his appearance is such that people say: "What in the world did she see in him?" On the other hand, you may sniff at anyone who has not the savor of an ancient and noble lineage about him, or shun all save him whose appearance will bring you the satisfying envy of the others of your sex. And so we might go on, but it will be sufficient to say that, as your taste in dogs is, so will be your taste in man. May I here put in a word to the wise—never let the man of your choice know by what standard he has been measured. Your man is an egotistical animal, and I shudder to think of the results if when the husband asks: "You wonderful little woman, why did you ever marry me!", the little woman replies: "John, darling, I chose you because you are so like my dear Fido."

Here it might be well to remember that all girls do not like dogs, while all girls like husbands. As I make this sweeping statement, I hear the indignant protests of the many single ladies who either elect or have been elected to stay in that state throughout life's journey. Dear ladies, you will pardon me if I do not recant? There is no more hapless position in the world than that of the lonely female who is so unkindly designated by the name "old maid". Spurn she ever so many chances, rise as she may, let the applause of the world be at her feet, she is never free from a sense of incompleteness nor the undesired, patronizing sympathy of her wedded sisters. How different it is with the male portion of our human race! The man may marry or stay without the bonds of matrimony just as he chooses, and is regarded in the same light in whichever condition. Perhaps the uncaptured male is secretly admired as a free and easy individual whose charming irresponsibility is resented the least bit by the conquering heart of the weaker sex. All this goes to prove that man has seen to it that our emancipation from dependency on them is not complete. Well may they magnanimously grant us equality with themselves in the business, political, and professional world; they still have us at their mercy.

It may be that I have rambled a bit from my theme, which

is, the choice of a husband. What method those unlucky females who are unfortunate enough to have a dislike for dogs, may apply to gage the requirements of their future mate, I do not know. Surely they have lost the benefit of the best criterion that the ages have yet to offer. There is nothing, they can do except follow their own intuition, ask the advice of all their friends, and hope for the best. Picture the advantage of the dog-loving girl who can take her dog's head between her hands, gaze into his big brown eyes, and say: "You're a darn fine dog, and if I thought I could ever find a man half as good as you, I'd marry him." Go ahead and look. I have no doubt in the world but that you will find several, comparison with whom will not insult your dog in the least, and, if you do, then you may feel sure that your future is safe.

EILEEN E. MacKAY, '29

DESIRE

I would be the awful thunder,
Rumbling through a maddened sky,
Wind-banked cloud drifts rent asunder,
Earth resounding to my cry.

I would be a mad wolf baying
To the midnight moon alone;
Or a trembling pagan praying,
To a heartless god of stone—

Be a something, or a nothing
Know no reason nor control,
But to tear away with loathing
All desires from my soul.

CHRYSTAL OSBORNE, '29

**JAMES GAY: "POET LAUREATE OF CANADA AND
MASTER OF ALL POETS"**

To how many of our readers is the name James Gay a new one? I confess to having heard it myself for the first time this summer, and I have no doubt that there are many who are even more unfortunate than I. I should like to recommend for your enlightenment—and, at the same time, entertainment—a recent work of William Arthur Deacon, *The Four Jameses*. No worthier presentation of four of our Canadian poets could be found, and acquaintance with these very unique writers through the medium of Mr. Deacon is so enjoyable that it will undoubtedly lead the reader into researches of his own into the works of all four. In this brief sketch I will deal with only one James of the quartette, James Gay, whom most readers (unless troubled with a touch of stubborn Nova Scotian patriotism to which I plead guilty) will rank as the most delightful and interesting of the four.

The obscurity of James Gay, or should I say the neglectfulness of the Canadian people, was true of his own time as well as the present. Are Canadians unappreciative of their poets? Such a charge has been laid against us time and again by prominent critics of our literature. It is time for us to face the issue and see how much truth there is in it. We have listened to tirades on our neglect and indifference from all quarters, even from the poets themselves. What difference, other than mere technical form, is there between the passionate cry of a well-known modern poet against the lack of lucrative appreciation of the Canadian public as voiced in these lines:

*This is a poet's Hell; to know
How fair his unborn wildy crying
To stand at night in the wind flow,
As the last light is dying;
To call to his children and find
His voice is a broken chord
That is weary from calling all day in the wind:
'This hours' bread, O Lord'.*

*The morn is a film of lovely gray;
And the rose is blown from a crimson thread;
But I am over the hills, and away
For Bread.*

and the statement of James Gay, a poet of the past, which occurs in a letter to Lord Tennyson on the matter of money remuneration to a Laureate: "In Canada there is no pay".

It may be owing to this alleged tardiness of appreciation that very few facts are known of James Gay's life. Such details as we have are gleaned from autobiographical touches found in his poetry. It is known that he was born in England, but, as the event of his removal to Canada preceded all his poetical activities, we may lay an indisputable claim to him. This claim concurred with his own view, but he sees his relation to the world more broadly than his narrow-minded Canadian brothers. This is evident in his self-assumed titles of "Poet Laureate of Canada" and "Master of all Poets." These astonishing titles he took by himself, never doubting his right to them, and asking no one's permission. It was a continual point of grievance with him that the prosaic Canadian government did not see fit to have a medal struck for him to that effect. Devonshire is given by him as the place of his nativity in the following lines:

*In Devonshire, my dearest home, I took my first repose,
Oft times in my boyhood I've plucked the early rose;
Walked in those handsome groves lovely to be seen,
Plucked those beautiful flowers, yellow, white, and green,*

His education, to which he does not refer, must have been slight. Certain etymological constructions found in his poems bear out this inference. Niceties of grammar, when they clashed with his own original style, were thrown to the winds. He wrote continually, even rhyming his everyday speech we are told, such as: "Nice day—good day—James Gay—here today—soon away." As his poems have been published in slender volumes, on only two or three occasions, the great bulk of this continuous output must have been lost. Certainly his

poetic talent did not prove very remunerative to him. Never was a poet driven to such extraordinary means of procuring a livelihood as on one occasion when James Gay exhibited a two-headed colt at a fair, and, at the same time, sold cheap copies of his poems. We have his own record of the phenomenal circumstance in his poem written on the Fair:

*The greatest wonder for four days
To be seen at the stall of the poet Gay's
His two-headed colt so tall and thin
The greatest sight that ever was seen.*

*Come one, come all, as well you may,
Ten cents will only be the pay,
Gay's five-cent poems will all surprise
Both farmers and their loving wives.*

In 1883 a small volume entitled *Poems by James Gay: Written while Crossing the Sea* was published at the expense of Mr. Harry P. Dill, an interested patron of Gay's. The occasion of crossing the sea came in 1882 when the poet visited his old home. From the date of his return to Canada to his death in 1891, his life appears to have been uneventful. Recognition by the Leadenhall Press, London, came in 1884, when a volume of his works was published by them, too late, however, to do him any great good.

So much for his life, what we know of it. In regard to his poetic works, I will quote the words of Mr. Deacon: "In considering the poems themselves there is little use discussing their form. Either one accepts it or one does not."

Almost every available subject was used by him. Strangely enough, there is only one love poem extant among all the varied themes. Perhaps his quiet and harmonious married life, which seemed never to touch tempestuous emotional levels, might account for this. The title of this single love poem is one made familiar by an earlier British poet:

"COMING THROUGH THE RYE"

*Our lives are swiftly passing
The evening drawing nigh,
My dear and lovely lassie,
Let us walk through this field of rye,
Spend many happy hours in it,
Kiss, shake hands, good bye.*

*I looked on my lassie dear
With her beautiful black eyes,
I never can forget that night
We spent among the rye;
Then, lassie, when we meet again
Pray do not act so shy.*

*O my dear, we have met again,
The sun is shining high—
Once more, my loving lassie,
To walk through the rye.
The time well spent, need not repent,
Kiss again, bye-bye.*

*Being again our fourth meeting
May it be to us a heavenly greeting
And talk of the walks.
In the fields of the rye,
Often kissed each other,
Shake hands bye and bye.*

*Our walks together do not lament,
Heaven is ours if we repent.*

Originality was ever a keynote of his work, in style, in form, and in subject-matter. Certainly no other poet ever wrote like him. He did not confine himself to verse forms, but, on occasions, used rhymed prose, as illustrated in his composition on Samson. I quote it in full:

A FEW REMARKS ON SAMPSON

It appears in his day he was both strong and fast, he killed a thousand of the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. No such man we are well sure, ever lived on earth before. His wife betrayed him in a cruel way, caused his death without delay. His strength returned before too late; hundreds of their persecutors met their just fate. His faith was very great at the last; he killed more with himself than by the bone of an ass. Infidels say this is all a farce, Samson never killed his enemies with the jawbone of an ass. All those sayings spring up by chance, just like Paris, the city of France.

After the publication of the above masterpiece of rhymed prose, the athiests, in the words of Mr. Deacon, "never questioned the reality of the story again, but concentrated their unbelief upon Jonah."

Gay had a high opinion of his own importance, and never hesitated to address himself to royalty or celebrities whenever occasion offered. When he was in England, in 1883, he called on Queen Victoria; but unfortunately, she, probably not having been informed of the pending visitation, was at that time out of the country. In another instance, he addressed himself by a letter to Lord Tennyson. What could be more fitting than a frank communication between the Poet Laureate of England and the Laureate of Canada (for as such Gay unswervingly regarded himself). He gives the reason for his addressing Lord Tennyson in the first statement of the letter: "Now that Longfellow is gone there is only two of us left" and adds later on in the epistle: "It is a solemn thing to contemplate, that I am the link connecting two great countries". Whether Lord Tennyson ever replied or not, I found no record; but, undoubtedly, upon receipt of the letter, he must have been much interested in his *confrère* across the water.

Many verses were written in praise of Princess Louise and her husband, the governor-general of Canada. He extolls them highly for all their virtues, and gives them his blessing in the following heartfelt, if ungrammatical lines:

*May that happy pair be spared for many a long day,
Until called to their homes where nothing never fades away.*

This feeling of kindliness and good will toward his fellow men is only one instance of his broad humanitarianism. It is not the glamorous external elements that he seeks to embody in his poems, but the intimate personal touches that lie underneath. Are not the lines quoted below a proof-giving illustration of this fact of his character? It is the overlooked domestic point in the character of the proud and unhappy Queen of Scots that draws forth his comment:

*O, Mary, Mary, Queen of Scot,
Your needlework is not forgot;
Three hundred years have passed, they say,
Your beautiful piece of tapestry is still
in the hands of Mrs. Thomas Dunn, of
Nassagauay.*

The thought is beautiful, but it is unfortunate that the poet felt that he must include the much too polysyllabic name of Mrs. Dunn's home in the last line. However, it perfectly illustrates his disregard of conventional forms which in this case, with its breathtaking last line, reminds one of the method of the young poet from Japan in the well-known limerick:

*There was a young poet from Japan
Who's lines no one could scan;
When asked the reason why
He was known to reply!
'I always like to get as many feet in the last
line as I possibly can!*

James Gay did not try to conform politics and poetry. He states this view in his own words:

*Poetry and politics, believe in me,
It's impossible for both to agree.*

His conception of a poet's duty was that of a preacher to his

readers. He gives us a gem of truth on the subject in the following lines:

*The best politics ever man possessed
Are truth and honesty and a mind at rest.*

His masterpiece, written on a theme never before used by a poet, is his boldest attempt at a long poem. The theme for this unique work is a comparison of the respective quantity and qualities of the elephant and the flea. To quote a portion of it and let it speak for itself will be more fitting than any comment of mine:

THE ELEPHANT AND THE FLEA

*Between these two there's great contrast,
The elephant is slow, the flea very fast.
You can make friends with the elephant
and gain his good will,
If you have a flea in your bed you
cannot lie still.*

*A flea you may flatter if you know how
But an elephant no man can't serve so anyhow
One thing seems wonderful to your poet,*

James Gay

*All beasts and little animals seem to have a
cunning way;
Just like the whales at sea, they seem
to know their foes,
Upsets their boats in a moment, and
down they goes.*

So much for his poetry, what we have of it. I should like to quote it more fully, because I feel that it is the work of an almost unknown Canadian artist, but perhaps what has been given here is sufficient to bring to any reader a concrete impression of James Gay and his poetry, and I hope that it may lead some to seek out his verses in full for a more complete enjoyment of this rare writer. May I close with a passage

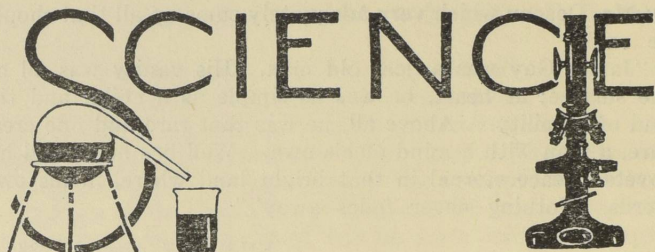
by Mr. Deacon which very adequately sums up all that should be said.

“James Gay was a dear old man. His vanity was all on the surface; at heart, he was as simple as a child, and the soul of humility. Above all, he was that rare and fine creature, a man with a mind of his own. Well has he earned his coveted peace eternal in that bright land where, in his own words, ‘Nothing never fades away’.”

EILEEN E. MacKAY '29.

What is this soul of mine?
Why was it given me?
I wonder if God knew
What I would be,
When He brought to being
On this earth,
One of my little worth.
What am I in this maze of life
That God has chosen me,
The bearer of a soul
That will everlasting be!

JEAN MILLER. '29



AN APPEAL FOR THE CHESTNUT TREE

Dr. John Stuart Thomson author of "The Chinese", "China Revolutionized", "Fil of Philippines," "A Day's Song" and other books, has just completed a successful national campaign to recover the chestnut tree (*castanea Americana*, not the horse chestnut) which was destroyed by blight 30 years ago. The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture writes him Nov. 5 1928: "We are glad to state that thru your publicity we have received a large number of letters from all over the nation and have thereby secured some valuable information about resistant American chestnut sprouts and also about Asiatic chestnuts which are resistant to the blight."

The tree is not only perhaps the most beautiful of our flowered trees, but the most valuable from a decay-resistant point of view, used as lumber. Dr. Thomson made a popular campaign in the press, magazines and lectures to put discoverers of the chestnut sprouts in touch with the Dept. of Agriculture (in Canada with the Forestry Dept. Ottawa) which will take means to guard and perpetuate this great tree, the restoration of which means not only great scenic value, but millions of lumber value to the nation. "The giant of the forest is now the ghost of the forest" laments Dr. Thomson, who naturally takes this interest, for he is the son of a well known forester and lumberman. He found the revived sprouts in his rambles in the woods this summer, accompanied by his famous Samoyede sled dog "Pamelus" descended from

Peary's lead dog "Polaris" which went to the Pole with Peary. McGill University, in its McCord Nat'l. Museum, has a roomful of Stuart Thomson exhibits (see McGill Daily Nov. 20, 1923), he is the author of McGill's Drinking Song and Battle Hymn. He wrote a large number of popular war hymns during the war, published in the McGill, Montreal, New York and London publications. He was a prize athlete at school and college and has always kept up his athletic work. "World Travel" for Apl. 1929 will contain an illustrated article on his visit to the Mt. Etna volcano in eruption recently.

RADIUM

Radium was unknown until 1898, when Professor and Madame Curie and G. Bémont obtained a very small amount from pitchblende, an uranium metal. In order to procure one gram of this metal, it is necessary to mine from two hundred to five hundred tons of ore which very frequently have to be packed on burros and hauled perhaps eighty miles to a railroad station, and then carried from five hundred to two thousand miles by rail. An equal weight of chemicals is consumed in its extraction, and, after the laborers and a highly trained staff of specialists are paid, one begins to realize why one grain of this metal costs one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

This element was named radium because of the intensity of the radioactive emanations which it yielded. The properties of this element resemble those of barium, but, to the bunsen flame, a radium salt imparts an intense carmine-red colour while barium gives a green.

Scientifically, the discovery of this element represented much more than merely discovering a new element, for it is an entirely new kind of matter. Before its discovery, it was believed that all the elements, about ninety in number, of which all substances are composed, were immutable. Long before, the alchemists spent a century of vain endeavor in attempting to transmute metals, and their failure resulted in the belief that the elements could neither be destroyed nor changed, one into another.

The early studies of radium appeared to contradict this and other natural laws. These new phenomena remained unexplained until 1903, when the two British scientists, Rutherford and Soddy, brought forth the theory of atomic disintegration which has since been proved correct. According to it, the heaviest elements are in a state of evolution or change into others of lower atomic weight. Uranium and barium are each the parent of an entire family consisting of a dozen or more members. Radium is merely one of these members, about midway in the uranium family. The moment of change from a parent element to the offspring is an all-important fact, for it is at this time that rays are given off. In fact, they are the cause of the change. Since very small quantities of matter contain billions of atoms, some of them will always be changing at any instant.

The half life of radium is about sixteen hundred years, which is the time required for half of any quantity of an element to change into the next lower species. The fact that the half life of radium is sixteen hundred years has given to radium its importance. If the life of radium were very long, like that of uranium, it would be so inactive that it would require a very large amount to give off a required intensity of rays; and, on the other hand, if it were very short, it could not be retained long enough for it to be profitable to produce it. Radium has only once been prepared in its pure form. It is more convenient to use it in the form of its compounds or salts. Radium in the form of its salts is often used in tubes. In 1901, Professor Becquerel incautiously carried a tube of it in his waist-coat pocket, and fourteen days later a severe inflammation appeared on his skin. It has since become known as the famous "Becquerel burn". Active investigation into the action of radium on diseased tissue followed, resulting in 1906 in the establishment in Paris of the "Laboratoire biologique du Radium," and later, entire institutes have been devoted to its study, medical clinics for its therapeutic use, and plants erected for its commercial production.

The most important use of radium is in therapeutics, but it is still experimental. The only other important use of

radium so far discovered is its use in luminous paints, such as are used on illuminated watch and clock dials.

The possibilities of such a recent discovery can scarcely yet be realized, but it flings out a challenge to us of to-day.

EVELYN BAIRD '30



The Acadia Athenaeum

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No. 3

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STUDENT OPINION

Editorial

WHAT WE SHOULD GET FROM ACADIA ?

Last month we considered this topic with the following question in mind: Acadia is situated in a region rich with the beauties of nature; should not students, while they have the privilege of being surrounded by an abundant expression of nature, endeavour to appreciate nature as far as possible, to get as much from nature as is in their power, and to learn all that they are able to amass from constant association with nature, in the light of the fact that, in many cases, the years

at Acadia will be the only time when nature will be completely and, at the same time, most beautifully manifest around them in the fullest power of its expression.

Now let us have another glimpse into the different benefits which we should derive from our life at Acadia, placing outside of our discussion the actual academic knowledge for the accumulation of which we are all primarily here.

Many people feel that a university is, socially, a great mixing-bowl for the moulding of individual characters into a special type of individual who has had constant exterior contact with educated people, and, because of this, is recognized as a person educated in social generalities and acquainted with only a partial social experience. All of which is a general way of saying that a college man has had a wide social contact rather than a deep one. Unfortunately, this, too, is merely another general statement; but we should like to illustrate our point by a particular example.

On the whole, college friendships are doubted. In answer to the question why this should be, we can only say that we are of the opinion that people do not generally believe that a permanent friendship can be built up in the four years of hectic life which make a university experience at once the most irritating and, at the same time, the most inspiring period in our careers.

There is no doubt that such an assumption is partially correct. How many cases of lasting friendship that we can recollect have been the product of a university association solely? We are afraid the answer will indicate a meagre amount. But may we ask you this: Has there ever been a young person—one that has given the matter even the barest thought—who has not come to college with a hope that perhaps he may find in the four years before him something more lasting in the way of friendship, and of more value, than merely a larger list of pleasing acquaintances? And yet, on the whole, this young person is bound to be disappointed. Perhaps he is looking for something too ideal. Perhaps he is fatefully thrust into an environment of uncongeniality. But

more seriously, perhaps the fault is not so much in his stars as in himself.

With this in view, then, we should like to discuss college friendships and why they are rarely permanent; seeking, at the same time, to give some assistance to those who honestly believe that they should derive from their college social experience something more lasting than that which they must acknowledge they are getting.

There are many types of friendship. Some of these are rarely found in this world, let alone in this college. We should like to state the list which we have drawn up.

(1) There is the friendship based upon respect and admiration. It is the type of friendship which Confucius had in mind when he said: "Never contract a friendship with a man that is not better than thyself."

(2) There is the friendship based on idealism, more popularly known as hero-worship. Emerson poetically calls it the friendship made of "the texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart."

(3) There is the mystical friendship of complete affinities. Spontaneous friendship is another name for it. Popularly, it is known as the "Where Have You Been All My Life" type.

(4) There is the friendship which is derived merely from constant association. Thoreau calls it the "friendship which is only little more than honor among rogues."

(5) Finally, there is the friendship of understanding. This is the type with which we wish to concern ourselves. We cannot give a logical definition of it. We can only trust that a more perfect understanding of it will come when the reading of this article is completed. It is the type of friendship which college students generally miss. Emerson describes this type of friend as "a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may, think aloud." It is the "side-kick" friendship based, not on a mutual pleasure in association, but on a more or less homogeneity of thought, coupled with more or less perfect mutuality of trust.

But why is this so rarely found among college friends?

Students are at college for enlargement; and without friendship life can have no true enlargement. Cicero says: "Friendship in the only article among the different objects of human pursuit the value and importance of which is unanimously, and without any exception, acknowledged." And yet the majority of students are content to go through college without even an attempt at making an understanding and trusting friend. After graduation, when they find the path to friendship made a great deal more difficult by the barriers of social, business and intellectual caste, as compared with the similarity of interests found in university life, they must often wonder why they had never considered the problem of making true friends a course to be studied as completely as any set down on the curriculum.

And now, perhaps, the student bewails the fact that he has tried his best and the results were always the same:—his knowledge of human nature has been widened, he is able to point proudly to his many friendly acquaintances, but he has not found a true friend. In answer, is not the fault in him? The friendship of understanding is only obtained through an acknowledgment and preservation of equality. Too many times do not selfish interests conflict in the acquirement of a friend? Too many times does not pettiness widen a gulf? How often is an act which will strengthen a friendship made? Compare your personal answer with the answer to the following question: How often do you act in a manner which you quite wittingly know will offend your would-be friend?

It is impossible to state here how to choose a friend. We do not believe we are capable of tackling such a subject; but we might suggest some of the ways in which friendship could be strengthened. In the first place, if friendship is to persist, it must not be considered as a thing which is here to-day and gone to-morrow. It must be carefully nourished and not postponed for unimportant duties. Surely a friendship cannot last which is acknowledged only when thought of or when one is in the mood? A certain amount of time must be given to it, and it must never be thrust entirely from the mind.

Next, there is the matter of toleration. Be prepared to

tolerate your friend's faults. Be prepared to realize your own faults. Sink the two of them as far below your consciousness as possible. If your friend has discovered your fault, never thrust it up to him constantly; try to conceal it as much as possible when in his presence. Do not force toleration upon yourself or upon your friend; rather may it be that you will both come to the realization that it is the best thing for you.

Draw the distinction between slight mistakes and mistakes which put an impassable gulf between you,—a gulf made up of taboo confidential subjects. If there is such a gulf, your striving for friendship will be futile. Remember that every time you demand an explanation from your friend, or your friend from you, the sum of your friendship has been lessened.

Never contemplate the material advantages of your friendship. They are trifling. They are the initial reasons for an ultimate incompatibility.

Finally, the greatest essential of friendship is the absolute prohibition of hypocrisy. The entrance of hypocrisy spells the exit of friendship.

May we hope that the students at Acadia will consider this problem; will seek a better analysis than we have been able to give, and will find themselves in possession of one of the greatest things which a college should be able to offer,—the finding of the friendship of understanding. For, after all, happy are the years that nourish friendships.

EDITORIAL NOTES

It is deplorable that too many students are not aware of the activities of the many clubs which are thriving at Acadia. We should like to state here that we would be very pleased to open a Club Department which would inform the students of just what is going on in our various societies. No units could be given, but we should rather expect either the president or the secretary of each society to hand us a report each month containing their present activities and their plans for

the future. We feel confident that every student would be interested in such a department and so we hereby state that we earnestly hope that each society will send us next month a report of their activities.

The second Acadia Year Book is now under way. The staff is confident that they will certainly produce a book as attractive as the first, and, at the same time, hope that they can incorporate many new advances and improvements. It is also their desire to make their Year Book larger and more complete. One of the improvements, which they particularly wish to make, is a better and more varied assortment of snapshots. We would suggest collecting snaps right away. The Year Book is not so anxious for ordinary group snaps, there are sufficient of these in the regular photos, but more for snaps that are funny and unusual.

In the Science Department of the *Athenaeum* we were pleased to publish an article by Dr. Muriel Roscoe on "Southern Plants in Northern Nova Scotia." We are endeavoring to publish short articles by some of our many scientists in the opening pages of this department. Next month we are anticipating something interesting from Prof. Bancroft. This month we publish "An Appeal for the Chestnut Tree", received through the kindness of Dean and Dawson, Publishers.

With regard to the matter of the Freshman Initiation discussed both this month and last under the Student Opinion heading, we believe that a contribution from a freshman on this subject would be particularly interesting. We feel sure that upper classmen would like to know the actual reactions of the freshmen in this respect.

We should like to call the attention of all contributors to the review of *the Gateway* under Exchanges.

The *Athenaeum* is particularly proud to announce that literary distinctions are awarded this month to three contestants of the Class of '29,—Eileen E. MacKay, Chrystal Osborne, and Guy Henson. They have been an effective trio in lifting the pages of our magazine above mediocrity, and we feel confident that their contributions have been as thoroughly enjoyed by all the students as they have been by us.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

This Question of a Holiday Between Christmas and Easter.

We are now getting settled for three and a half months of steady work. A sea voyage used to be proverbial for monotony and routine, today its place is taken by this school and college term between Christmas and Easter. It is a long time over one hundred days, and consideration should be given to the wisdom of such a stretch of study without a break.

Last March, after our success in intercollegiate events, the student body asked for a holiday, either at the time or as an extension at Easter. Our honored President outdid the wisdom of Solomon—he seized the dilemna by both horns and gave us both. When they were over, the students seemed to feel like the old farmer when he passed back his plate with the remark that “that pie tastes like more.” Remembering how our dulled eyes were brightened by the rest, we are encouraged to suggest that occasional breaks in the long grind from Christmas to Easter would keep both students and faculty from going stale, and would increase the profit and enjoyment of the term.

It is easy to misunderstand the students' point of view when they ask for a holiday. In this case, it is not the shirking school boy in us which is speaking, but common sense. The members of the faculty feel a new zest in returning to work after a little respite, just as well as the students. Hemmed in by snow during this period, seldom, if ever out of the town limits, getting little exercise, the average student becomes intellectually tired out as the routine of classes repeats itself through the long winter months. Most of us are here to work, but there are few, indeed who don't find themselves a bit “fed up” with study, and glad for a rest when spring comes. Epidemics of grippe and colds, while not confined to the college, bear witness that students, faculty, and others connected with the college are getting run down toward spring.

It is understood perfectly that a certain amount of work

has to be covered. The suggestion is that a few timely respites from study, like rest periods in a factory, would key up the whole college and, in the long run, increase alike the work done and the interest in things scholastic. No attack is being made on anything or anybody, an examination of the facts indicate a way of lessening a serious evil in college life

A few educational institutions in the United States have already sliced full length holidays out of this nerve racking stretch, generally around the middle of February. Others have eight weeks of study alternating with one week of vacation throughout the school year. These plans are apparently successful, for they are spreading throughout schools and colleges, and the idea is gaining more and more approval from the authorities. There is, of course, the evident objection that longer vacations mean a long trip home and generally endless dancing, visiting, and rushing about until the student is glad to return to college for a rest. Occasional half-holidays or holidays, on the other hand give students a chance for a little relaxation and doing the odd jobs which are always piling up. Neither plan is perfect. Whatever the remedy may be, the disease is evident and demands attention.

GUY HENSON '29

STUDENT OPINION

In the last issue of the *Athenaeum*, under the heading Student Opinion, appeared an article bemoaning the so-called initiation that is inflicted on us at the beginning of each college year. Inflicted is certainly the correct term to use in this case, and it is just as much an infliction on the Upper Classmen as it is on the Freshmen. Green, green, green for anywhere from three to six weeks! How we tire of it, and we sometimes feel that the sight of "pink elephants," although the means that must necessarily be used to arrive at such a sensation may not be in accord with our moral views, would certainly be a relief to our green-stricken eyes.

The idea of initiation, I think, is to put Freshmen in their proper places with respect to the other members of the student body. Just what that place is varies according to different people's views. Very often the more fresh a man himself was during his first year at college, the lower, according to his idea, is the position to which succeeding Freshmen must be humbled.

All Freshmen are not "fresh"; in fact, a very small proportion of them are; and I believe that to some extent the sophomores, and to a much greater extent the upper classmen, do not get much "kick" out of seeing a "good sport" being subjected to the same hazing as the freshest man in the class. But, regardless of this fact, all new students must take the same dose. For the majority, it is too much; for the really fresh ones, it is too little.

There is no very great embarrassment on the part of any one student when about one hundred and fifty of them don green ties and other accoutrements supposedly characteristic of the "frosh". But it certainly is an imposition to be required to wear these same accoutrements for a month or more, and to be told that conversation with the opposite sex is absolutely unbecoming of a Freshman, and that all Freshmen must, upon demand, produce six prunes in good condition, and must subject themselves to many other equally foolish rules and regulations.

But what is the remedy? There may be many; here is one. Abolish the initiation as we at present understand it. It might perhaps be a good plan to have all Freshmen wear some characteristic article of dress, such as a small skull-cap of a certain color, not with the idea of making them look ludicrous, but merely as a mark of identification. Then the "fresh" Freshmen could be brought before the Judicial Committee and be given individual rules of dress and action which, due to the small number upon whom they would be imposed, would be very humiliating and probably would have much the effect desired of an initiation.

This may not be a cure for all the evils of initiation, but

it is at least an idea that, if given serious thought by the students, and varied and enlarged upon, might lead to some system whereby those people, who upon graduating from high-school have nothing else to learn, might be shown that their ideas are at least partially erroneous.

HENRY WHITNEY





ATHLETICS

The slack month in sports has been enlivened by the Interclass Soccer and Basketball Leagues. Hard luck has camped on the trail of the seniors as they dropped three of last years championships. With due congratulations and praise for the new champions, we are laying back for the winter sports with the bugbear of examinations no longer staring us in the face.

JUNIORS 67—ENGINEERS 18

The Juniors opened the 1928 inter class league by defeating the Engineers 67—18. Although out-classed, the Engineers fought hard until the final whistle, and were always in the game.

Juniors: Matthews (21) Goudey (23) Dugan (23) Davidson, Davis, Davis, Harlow.

Engineers: McLean (16), Brown, Pamenter (1), Corning 1, Montgomery, Laurie.

SENIORS 49—SOPHOMORES 36

The Sophomore Independents proved themselves fast basketball players when they held the Seniors, last year's champions, to a small lead in the first period. In the second half the more experienced Seniors slowly but surely increased their lead and clinched the game 49—36.

Line up—Seniors, Forwards, A. Arthurs, H. Jones; centre, R. Morse; Guards, J. Baker, J. Wilson; Subs. J. Johnson, V. White.

Sophomores—Forwards, H. Smofsky, Ryan; Centre, Trask; guards, Comeau, Galbraith, Robbins, D. Grant; Sub. Roland.

Referee: Prof. Osborne.

JUNIORS 50 SOPHOMORES 37

The Juniors added another victory to their unbroken string by defeating the Sophomore 'Outlaws' 50—37 in a closely contested game in which superior combination and experience won the verdict over a brilliant individual team.

Juniors: Forwards, Matthews 20, Goudey 10; Centre, Dugan 20; Guards, Davis, Davidson, Davis, Harlow.

Sophomores: Forwards, Ryan 16, Smofsky 14; Centre, Trask 4, Grant; Guards, Galbraith, Comeau, Gobbins.

SOPHOMORES 31—ENGINEERS 21

In a fast well played game, the Sophomore team defeated the Engineers 31—21. The superior combination of the winners was the deciding factor of their victory. Trask, Ryan and Smofsky starred for the Sophs, each serving ten points, while McLean with twelve points and Brown with six were the pick of the Engineers.

Sophomores: Forwards, Smofsky 10, Ryan 10; centres Trask 10, Grant 1; Guards, Galbraith, Comeau, Robbins.

Engineers—Forwards Brown 6 Pamenter 3; centre McLean 12; Guards Montgomery, Hatfield, Corning.

JUNIORS, 37, SENIORS, 20

By winning over the seniors 37—20 the juniors won the championship of the Acadia inter class basketball league for this year.

Seniors, who were last year's champions, and Juniors entered the final class on the league schedule deadlocked with three victories and no defeats. Both aggregations, made up of the entire Varsity squad that last year captured the Provincial championship, flashed a brilliant display of basketball but the wonderfully accurate shooting of Bill Matthews, Bob Goudey and "Squank" Dugan, combined with the dazzling combination work of the juniors as a whole proved too much for the great defensive playing and individual brilliancy of Jim Wilson, Baker and Morse.

Juniors: Forwards—Matthews (13), Goudey, (12); Centre Dugan (12); Guards—S. B. Davis, Davidson; Subs—W. B. Davis, Harlow.

Seniors:— Forwards —Arthur (4), Jones (4); Centre—More (4); Guards—Baker (2), Wilson (6); Sub—Johnston.

JUNIOR GIRLS 16—HORTON ACADEMY GIRLS 12.

The opening girls game of interclass basketball proved to be exciting as it was only by the small margin of two baskets that the Juniors were winners. Beatrice Roy was the outstanding player of the game, scoring 12 points for the Juniors. For the Academy Girls, Muriel Cox played exceptionally well.

Line up: Juniors—Forwards, B. Roy, (12), D. Bentley, J. Shaw (4); centres, R. Chambers, E. Bradshaw; guards, A. Elliott, B. Archibald.

Academy: Forwards—B. Kennelly (5), M. Cox (7), Capt.; centres, K. Larrabee; S. Massey; guards, E. Calhoun, G. Payzant, K. Harris, Sub. L. Robbins.

Referee—R. Goudey.

SENIORS 22—FRESHETTES 13.

The Freshetts, newcomers in the league, showed that they can hold their own with the best, and made their more learned opponents work hard to win. The main factors in the Seniors victory were, the shooting of Helen Ingraham, and the fine guarding of M. Duffy and Eileen McKay. Marjorie Phinney,

Ruth Glendinning, and Mabel Bigelow showed up well for the Freshetts.

Lineup: Seniors—Forwards, H. Ingraham, V. Mackin; A. Gregg; centres, C. Bradshaw, W. Mills, R. McKenzie; guards, E. McKay, M. Duffy, Sub. S. Rand.

Freshetts: Forwards— R. Ledford, R. Glendinning; centres, M. Caldwell, M. Phinney; guards, A. Calder, J. Gordon, E. Ingraham; sub. M. Shaffner.

FRESHETTES 14—JUNIORS 9

Freshettes defeated the Juniors 14-9 in a close game marked by the individual brilliancy of E. Bradshaw and R. Ledford. The blonde forward of the freshettes scored most of their points being especially deadly in her foul shooting.

Juniors:—E. Bradshaw, R. Chambers, J. Shaw, A. Elliott, D. Bentley, B. Roy, F. Sandord.

Freshettes:—R. Ledford, R. Glendinning, M. Caldwell, M. Phinney, A. Calder, G. Gordon, M. Bigelow.

SENIORS 7—SOPHETTES, 28

The Sophettes were crowned champions of the Girls League when they followed up their victories over the Freshettes, Juniors, and Academy by defeating the Seniors, last year's champions, 28-7. The new champions played brilliantly in every game, all of which they won by decisive margins.

Sophettes:—Forwards, Frances Brown, Ethel Ingram; centres, Marion Eaton, Hazel Warner; guards, Lida Cameron, Evelyn Jenkins; subs. Edith Rogers, Francis Herbert, Vera Marquis.

Seniors:—Forwards, Helen Ingram, Virginia McLean; centres, Marion Duffy, Eileen McKay; guards, C. Bradshaw, Winnifred Mills; subs. Audrey Gregg, Mary Chase, Ruth McKenzie.

DALHOUSIE CO-EDS, 2; ACADIA CO-EDS, 1

The Dal Co-Eds, by winning over the Acadia Co-Eds in

the final game at Studley, won the annual Dal-Acadia ground hockey series. As at Wolfville, the game was played in a heavy rain, which did not affect the play, as it was fast throughout. The superior combination of the Dal. girls won the game for them.

Dal. line up:

Forwards, L. Barnstead, A. Milne (manager), E. Des-Brisay, H. Hamilton, M. White; half-backs, E. Elliott, M. Chirgwin, F. Hewat; full-backs, L. Lane, R. MacAulay; goal, O. Field.

Acadia's line-up: Forwards, J. McLean, E. Jenkins, E. Corey, L. Clough, M. Eaton; half-backs; M. Duffy, M. Phinney, W. Mills (manager); full-backs, H. Ingraham, C. Bradshaw; goal, H. Chambers.

ENGINEERS 1; JUNIORS, 0.

The Engineers won their section of the interclass soccer league by virtue of their victory over the Juniors by a lone tally. The score came in the opening period when Hendrickson boot-ed in a penalty kick.

It looked like a lucky break as the territory was evenly divided in both periods. Hendrickson and Goudey were the outstanding players on the field.

The line-up:

Engineers:—Goal, Palmenter, full-backs, Berringer, Roach; halves, Hendrickson (Capt.), E. Lewis, Lewis; Forwards, Risle-y, MacFarland, Daley, Brown, Corning.

Juniors:—Goal, Hancock, full-backs, Hubley, Keddy; halves, McKinnon, W. B. Davis, Armstrong; forwards, Goudey, (Capt.), Wright, S. B. Davis, Dougan, Denton, Hennigar.

ENGINEERS, 3; SENIORS, 0.

On a rain-soaked field with a driving cold wind, the Seniors and Engineers met in the finals of the Interclass Soccer League. From the start it could be seen that the Seniors, champions in 1927, were going to have it hard. The Engi-

neers are much improved over last year through practice and hard work, and were out for a win all the time.

The opening period ended with a score by Hendrickson on a penalty kick. The play in this period being mostly at the Seniors' end of the field. In the first of the second period Captain Hendrickson again scored on a penalty kick.

The Seniors, never ceasing their efforts to overcome the lead, missed two chances of scoring when by good passing Johnson twice was saved from scoring by the brilliant stops by Palmenter in the Engineers' goal. The third tally came when Daley made a long kick from the side of the field for one of the prettiest goals of the league.

The fine kicking of Berringer, and the passing of Hendrickson and Brown were a few of the factors which kept the invading Seniors scoreless. The old champion worked hard until the final whistle to overcome the lead. It is with regret that the soccer enthusiasts see the disbanding of such a team.

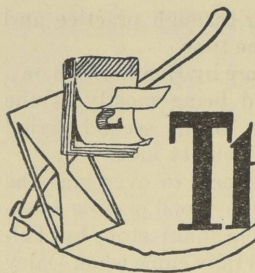
Professor Osborne refereed in a most satisfactory manner.

The line-up:

Engineers:—goal, Palmenter; full-backs, Berringer, Roach; half-backs, E. Lewis, E. Lewis, Hendrickson; forwards, Corning, W. B. Brown, L. B. MacFarland, Risley, Daley.

Goals, 2 penalties by Hendrickson; 1 field goal, Daley.

Seniors:—goal, Henson; full-backs, Coy, Hayward; half-backs, White, Williams, Snell; forwards, Bishop, Cohen, Payzant, Jones, Johnson.



The Month

Yes, a month is a long long time; and what changes it brings! Here we are writing this screed with all the glad signs of Christmas being flaunted everywhere. You will read it—or does one read editorials?—with the lowering cloud of exams just clearing away. The fight will be o’er, the victory won. So do events chase each other gaily across this mortal coil. By the way, help us to record these events by sending in more and more contributions to this department. The new system of having competition passed in two days after the occurrence of the event is working splendidly, and this month has seen an encouraging amount of material handed in.

DEBATING

JUNIOR-SENIOR DEBATE

The opening debate of the year proved to be most interesting not only from subject matter alone, which in itself was a vital question of the day, but also that the opposing leaders were both members of Acadia’s debating team which was victorious over Dalhousie last year at Halifax. The subject was “Resolved that Government control of the sale of intoxicants would be preferable to the system of Prohibition now operative in Nova Scotia.”

The Seniors supported the affirmative, the Juniors the negative and the decision was given in favor of the latter.

The Senior debaters were,—Mr. T. B. McDormand,

(Leader), Mr. C. H. Snell and Mr. C. C. Longley. The Junior debaters were,—Mr. J. R. Scott, (Leader), Mr. H. L. Denton and Mr. L. A. Hennigar.

Mr. W. C. Risley read a very witty and constructive critic's report. The judges were,—Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer, Porfessor H. F. S. Thomas and Professor H. F. Cross.

SOPHOMORE-ENGINEER DEBATE

The second debate of the year was held in A4 by the Athenaeum Society on Nov. 24th. On the subject "Resolved that the attitude of the United States towards the Central American countries is justified", the Engineers, Mr. W. C. Risley (leader); Mr. J. N. Lewis, and Mr. C. Moore upheld the negative while the Sophomores Mr. Levi (leader), Mr. J. H. Reid, and Mr. Loomer upheld the affirmative.

The judges, Dr. Rhodenizer, Dr. DeWolfe, and Mr. Burns Curry, gave the decision 2-1 in favor of the Sophomores.

Gordon Ross read a witty critic's report.

JUNIOR-SENIOR GIRLS 'DEBATE

The program of the Propylaeum Society meeting on December 10 was the Junior-Senior debate. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved that men and women should be educated in separate universities." The affirmative was upheld by the Seniors, the negative by the Juniors.

After a short business meeting, Miss Addie Snowden, president of Propylaeum, who occupied the chair, introduced the speakers; for the Seniors Miss Nancy Bowden, leader, Miss Eileen McKay, and Miss Chyrstal Osborne; for the Juniors, Miss Frances Sanford, leader, Miss Lucy Massey, and Miss Bertha Whitman.

The subject was one that attracted a great deal of interest, and drew from the speakers their best efforts. The Junior and Senior boys who dared, on invitation, to enter that female sanctum sanctorum, the Propylaeum Society, heard for once their characters described at length, with minute and not very

flattering detail—"huge creatures, who appear at breakfast with hair standing on end", "they do not think as fast as women and hence are left far behind in lectures", "they take part in sport solely to win female favor," "they sprawl in the back seats, and leave all class-room discussion to women", "to assert their masculinity they become rude," and so on and so forth.

O men of Willett Hall! Beware of these violent anti-co-educationists, when next you call at Tully.

When all the arguments and rebuttals had been delivered, the critic's report was read by Miss Lida Cameron. The judges, Dr. Spidle, Dr. Thompson, and Mr. Thomas, gave a unanimous decision in favor of the affirmative.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The Home Economics Club held an afternoon tea and sale in the School of Household Science, Saturday afternoon, December 8.

The tables were beautifully decorated in the traditional Xmas color scheme of red and green.

Unique originality characterized the fancy articles for sale as well as the tempting array of jellies and candies.

The girls deserve congratulations on the efficient work which made their tea and sale a splendid success.

S. C. A. AND S. V. B.

A united week-end conference was held by the Student Christian Association and the Student Volunteer Band on Nov. 24 and 25. The theme of the conference was "Power for Service." The group leaders were Captain A. J. Brace of Toronto and Professors Havelock, Bayne and Thomas.

Various group meetings were held, and on Sunday evening a joint sing was held in A4 at which Captain Brace spoke.

Saturday afternoon the members of the conference went by train to Grand Pre where the historical points of interest of that town were visited. The group hiked back to College Hall and had supper.

There were also present delegates from Mt. Allison, Dalhousie and Pine Hill.

THE ENGINEERS' PARTY

The Engineers have once again done the fine thing. For their party at the Orpheum Theatre they receive the thanks of everyone. First the Engineers with their individual guests enjoyed a banquet at the Evangeline Inn. After the tables had been cleared of their good things to eat, a toast to the King was proposed by President Gordon Hatfield, and a toast to Acadia proposed by Archie Pamenter and responded to by Dr. Wheelock.

Then Secretary McFarland announced an Athletic Contest, which was participated in by the contestants with the greatest enthusiasm. The Running Broad Jump was won by E. Hinrichsen and K. McLellan with the broadest smiles; the standing broad jump by H. Hughson and Maxine Williams with the greatest understanding; the Centre Dash by Guptill and Bea Roy, who reached the candy on the string first; and the High Jump by H. Wellwood and Dorothy McKinnon, who took the cake in more ways than one.

After singing "Acadia" and giving the College and Engineers' yells, the party adjourned to the Orpheum theatre, which they found already crowded with their other guests. On behalf of the class President Hatfield extended to the guests a cordial welcome, and then retired, leaving the stage to Mr. Newman, who sang two solos in his usual excellent manner. The picture shown was "While the City Sleeps" with Lon Chaney.

The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock, Dean and Mrs. Sutherland, and Dr. Rhodenizer and Miss Graves.

At both the Evangeline Inn and the Orpheum, music was furnished by a five-piece orchestra under the direction of Don Wetmore. It added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

We wish to congratulate the Engineers on the way in which everything was carried out, and to thank them for the enjoyable evening's entertainment.

CLARENCE

The four act play *Clarence* by Booth Tarkington was presented by the Acadia Dramatic Society, under the direction of Miss Graves, in University Hall, on December 1.

The cast was exceptionally well chosen, each member seeming the right person in the right place. Not only was the individual acting well done, but also the reaction of all players.

These, in order of their appearance were as follows:—

Mrs. Martyn.....	Maie DeWitt
Mr. Wheeler.....	Howard Hartlin.
Mrs. Wheeler.....	Natalie Cox.
Bobby Wheeler.....	Henry Whitney.
Cora Wheeler.....	Glorana MacNeill.
Violet Pinney.....	Virginia MacLean.
Clarence.....	Donald Wetmore.
Della.....	Katherine Servant.
Dinwiddie.....	Gordon Ross.
Hubert Stem.....	Vincent White.

Music was furnished between acts by the Acadia orchestra under the direction of Miss Langley.

During the evening, Miss Graves, who has proved such an accomplished dramatic director during her stay at Acadia, was presented with a token of appreciation from the Dramatic Society.

The Athenaeum would join with them in wishing her every happiness.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY PARTY

The Dramatic Society party held at Kentville on Dec. 5 will remain long in the memories of all those present. This was the farewell party for Miss Graves, our much appreciated and much missed dramatic instructor. The members of the society travelled by bus to the Cornwallis Inn where dinner was served. During the courses entertainment was provided by

Prof. Cross with a number of amusing anecdotes, Mona Parsons with an especially funny and well interpreted reading, Catherine Servant and Charlie Coy with a bright musical skit, and finally by various members of the Society in a mock wedding. Gordon Ross made a decided hit as the minister, and later entertained the guests in his own peculiar way. After the movies, the society returned to the hotel where coffee was served. At the close of the evening, Miss Graves was presented with a sterling silver bread tray with the inscription: "Daily Bread from the Dramatic Society of Acadia University."

The members of the society look back to this party with much pleasure and, at the same time, with regret; for it meant the Society's final severing with Miss Graves and the association had been a constant source of gratification to the society.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

The annual Christmas Dinner was held in the University Dining Hall on the evening of December 6. After the saying of grace by President Patterson, about six hundred students, faculty members, and guests sat down together to an excellently prepared dinner.

Two solos were sung by Mr. Newnham, who was given a reception which indicated in the words of Dr. Patterson, that this is a prophet who is not without honor in his own country. Between courses the students carried on an impromptu sing-song. When at last everyone had finished eating, Dr. Patterson gave a short address, extending to all a "Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." The dinner ended with the singing of "Acadia."

Much credit is given to those who decorated the dining hall and the tables for the occasion.

FINE ARTS

FACULTY RECITAL

The Schubert Centenary concert given by the Faculty and students of the School of Fine Arts on November 19th proved a brilliant success.

Under the capable direction of Miss Langley, the orchestra opened the program with an artistic rendering of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony (first movement.)

The vocal selections by Miss MacDonald (soprano), Miss Forbes (contralto), and Mr. Newnham (baritone) displayed not only their excellent ability in solos, but in trio work as well.

The string quintette, and the trio for piano, violin and cello, were rendered with beautiful shading and interpretation.

Mr. Collins, in his piano selection, played with a mastery and appreciation which kindled instant response in the audience.

The piano concerto, in which Miss Bancroft (solo piano) displayed brilliant technique and finish, brought to a climax the following excellent program:

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| Unfinished Symphony (First Movement)..... | <i>Schubert</i> |
| Orchestra conductor—Miss Langley. | |
| Songs, The Bird of the Wilderness..... | <i>Horsman</i> |
| The Ski Song..... | <i>C. Leighter</i> |
| A Fairy Went A-Marketing..... | <i>Goodart</i> |
| Miss Macdonald | |
| Pianoforte Soli (a) Hark, Hark, the Lark..... | <i>Liszt-Schubert.</i> |
| (b) Concert Study in D flat..... | <i>Liszt</i> |
| Mr. Collins. | |
| Song, The Erl King..... | <i>Shubert</i> |
| Mr. Newnham | |
| Quintet in G Minor (First Movement)..... | <i>Mozart</i> |
| Misses Langley, F. Patterson, K. Bancroft, H. Peck and E. Watkins. | |
| Song, Gretchen and Spinnrade..... | <i>Shubert</i> |
| Miss Forbes | |
| Trio Op. 99 (First Movement) for piano, violin and cello..... | <i>Shubert</i> |
| Misses M. Bancroft, B. J. Langley and E Watkins. | |
| Vocal trio, Who is Sylvia..... | <i>Shubert</i> |
| Miss Macdonald, Miss Forbes and Mr. Newnham. | |
| Pianoforte Concerto (Op. II Finale)..... | <i>Weber</i> |
| Solo piano—Miss M. Bancroft | |
| Second piano—Mr. E. A. Collins. | |

LECTURE RECITAL

Friday evening, Nov. 30, Mr. W. W. Harriman, M. A., gave a lecture recital in University Hall.

The program opened with the following group of soliloquies:—

Shylock's reply to Antonio's request for money, from the Merchant of Venice, Act I, Scene III. Mercutio's counsel to Romeo, Act I, Scene IV. Mercutio's death speech, Act III, Scene I from Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet's soliloquy on the results of his father's death, from Hamlet, Act I, Scene II.

These selections were followed by Scenes I and II, Act II of Shakespeare's Macbeth; a quarrel scene between Lord and Lady Leazle from Sheridan's School for Scandal; and The Quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, Scene III, Act IV of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

Mr. Harriman possesses a high degree of dramatic ability. Each character seemed to re-live a brief time before the audience.

At the close of the program the announcement was made that Mr. Harriman would succeed Miss Graves as Director of the Department of Speech, the latter finding it impossible to return after Xmas.

All regret the loss of Miss Graves, who has done such excellent work during her stay here, but feel that Mr. Harriman will prove a worthy successor.

JEANNE DUSSEAU

A delightful concert was enjoyed in University Hall, December 6th when the Acadia Fine Arts Course presented Jeanne Dusseau, soprano, and Jean Wood, pianist in the following program:—

Songs:

Widmung	Shumann
Dubist wie eine Blume	Shumann
Aria, Depuis le jour (Louise).....	Charpentier

Piano:

Idyll.....	<i>Macdowell</i>
Danza Espanola, No. 5.....	<i>Granados.</i>
Chant d'amour.....	<i>Stogowski.</i>
Brises.....	<i>Florent Schmitt.</i>
Etude, Op. 10, No. 3.....	<i>Chopin.</i>
Variations Brilliantes.....	<i>Chopin.</i>

Songs:

My Lovely Celia (Old English).....	<i>arr. by Monro.</i>
Psyche.....	<i>Paladilhe.</i>
M'ama non m'ame.....	<i>Mascagni.</i>

Piano:

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14.....	<i>Liszt.</i>
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Songs:

Ste. Marguerite (French Canadian Folk Song).....	<i>arr by Healey Willan.</i>
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D'ou viens-tu? bergere (French Canadian Folf Song).....	<i>arr. by Alfred Laliberte.</i>
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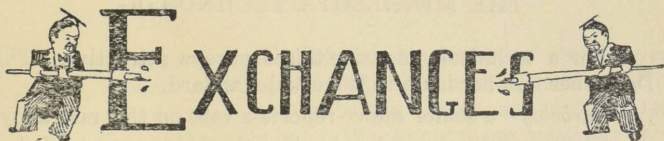
Three Little Fairy Songs.....	<i>Maurice Besly.</i>
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Song of the Open.....	<i>Frank La Forge.</i>
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Miss Wood's selections were rendered with the clear cut brilliance and artistry of an accomplished pianist.

Madame Dusseau sang with beauty of tone, phrasing and interpretation, immediately captivating the audience with her charming voice and personality.

Mention should also be made of her splendid accompanist, Gertrude Williams.



THE WILLOW PATH

The Willow Path the literary magazine of Colgate. Seldom do we find a college magazine that has so much material of real worth in it. It is difficult for us to choose which items to recommend to our readers and which to neglect. We should like to recommend it all. The following are some of the very best of the November, 1928, issue:

The Death Flag—a one-act play which deals with the struggle of a guilty soul between love of living and the desire to do the square thing by his friend.

The Art of Henrick Ibsen—an essay which will be of great value to all who wish to know or know more of the great dramatist.

The editorial, *That Rising Yell*, is worth while reading as an illustration of what college spirit can do. Then there are some enlightening book reviews in this edition, a perusal of which would help one to keep a finger on the progress of the writing of the day.

MANAGRA

Published by the Manitoba Agricultural College. Acadia students will find little literary material in the December issue. The pages are, for the most part, taken up with accounts of college activities. However, there is an overflowing joke department. We might mention an interesting article on Gilbert and Sullivan, the composers of *Patience* and the *Mikado* which we have been pleased to have seen presented here. Might we suggest to the *Managra* that the idea of putting advertisements all through the magazine hardly adds to its attractiveness.

THE MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

For a technical magazine this is always attractive. The December number is up to the usual standard.

Carbology—a senior miner reports a talk on this new alloy.

Chromium Plating—showing how it surpasses, and is being more widely used than, nickle plating. An interesting article even to those not associated with the sciences.

An instructive article on the great engineering project of the reclamation of the Zuiderzee which will increase the cultivated area of Holland by ten per cent.

THE ACORN

A college literary magazine entirely. Attractively put out on a good quality of paper and containing splendid material we find *The Acorn* a certain source of delight. We should like to see, however, more drawings of the type that appears on the cover. The outstanding contribution to the December issue is:

Browning's Theory of Development—a journal essay which won a medal for the best essay done outside of class work. It is a splendid piece of work and all points are perfectly illustrated with adequate quotations.

A Quarter Past Eight—a one-act play which is quite evidently lacking in technique. The dialogue is fairly good. Students will find some interesting poetry in this issue.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

A well balanced magazine. The literary and the school news sections are conveniently separated. The abundance of photographs and quite amusing cartoons add life to the pages. There is considerable originality in the make-up of the entire magazine. It is, of course, a collegiate book, but students would be rewarded by a glance through it.

THE GATEWAY

The special December 14 Christmas issue of this University of Alberta newspaper is dignified and attractive. The first page is devoted entirely to the Christmas spirit. Interesting points are brought out. We cannot recommend anything in this issue of especial interest to Acadia students, but we are rather chagrined to compare the splendid write-up on the dramatic events, sports, and societies as compared with the meagre example which we are forced to spread through the pages of our *Athenaeum*. Our general departments are characterized by mediocrity and absolutely nothing else, unless it be something worse than mediocrity—lazy disinterestedness. Compare the two—column write up in the December 14 *Gateway* of a recent dramatic event with the example on another page of this issue of the *Athenaeum*—namely the write-up of *Clarence* (which, by the way, was the only mention made of the play by our contributors) and we learn why the *Athenaeum* is becoming tinged with the stigma of mediocrity.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

In the first place, we have always liked this magazine. Perhaps, it is one of the first magazines which exchange readers at Acadia pick up. It contains literary articles which are literary articles. It contains student news which is sprightly, interesting, and, above all, written with as much attractiveness as possible. The December issue is one of the best, and we should like to make a mention of every article in it, if such were possible.

To Every Man A Christ—a noteworthy poem, touched with inspiration and constructed with intelligence. Of the three verses, the last two are beautifully executed, and we take the liberty of quoting;

*God of the kindly eyes, smile down, I pray,
For life is a jewel set in a golden day;*

*Up in thine infinite sky, the soft clouds play—
Show my Thy will,
And still,
Still will my heart sing loud as I fight Thy fray.*

*God of the tortured eyes, gaze down at me:
Lo! I have trodden the way to Calvary,
And the stones of the road are red—I am torn on the tree—
Grant me, O Lord,
A word,
The word thou gavest on the cross—"Today. . . with Me."*

J. T. P. '30

The Garden of the Gulf—naturally to be eagerly read by all P. E. Islanders. An unusual article.

Thoughtless, Carefree?—seeking a more perfect understanding of modern youth. The Christmas spirit is so well emphasized in this issue that the tone of the whole magazine seems heightened. We recommend it heartily to Acadia students. We wish here to thank the *McMaster University Monthly* for honoring us by reprinting Melba Maie Roop's *Night*.

Other magazines which we should like to review, (and perhaps we shall next month) but which we are unable to include here are as follows:—

The Trinity University Review—December.

Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, P. E. I.—Dec.
Boston University Beacon—December.

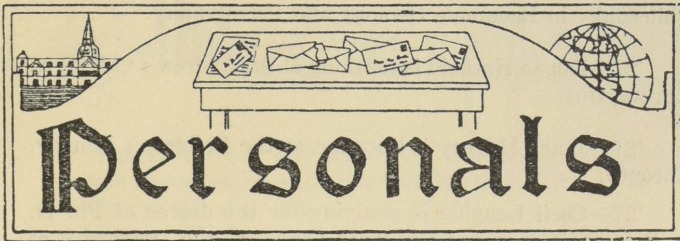
The Canadian Student, Published by the student Christian Movement—December.

The Alumni Bulletin of the Union Theological Seminary, New York—October, November.

The Echo, Prospect Heights Hospital Training School.
The Tech Flash—December.

Western Union Gazette, Christmas Issue—December 18.

The Echo, United Theological College of Montreal—Nov.



An enjoyable Acadia re-union was held recently in Toronto, with the result that the following personals have been sent to us:

'23—Alma Slocomb is a Demonstrator in Chemistry at the University of Toronto.

Ex '23—Pauline Steeves is studying in the Department of Public Health, University of Toronto.

'24—Don Messenger is interne at the Toronto General Hospital.

'24—Mabel Pugsley is studying Library Science in the Graduate School, University of Toronto.

Engineers '25—Frank Ryan has a position in Toronto.

'26—Frank McLatchey is studying law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Engineers '26—Clarence Dunlap is studying aviation at Camp Borden, Ontario.

'26—A. P. Morton is doing actuarial work with the Toronto Manufacturer's Life Insurance Co.

'27—J. D. Wright is studying for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Economic Geology and Petrography.

'27—Doane Hatfield is teaching at St. Andrew's College at Aurora, Ont.

'27—Janet Murray is librarian at the Children's Library, Toronto.

'27—Cecil Langille is studying for the degree of Ph. D. in Paleontology in the Graduate School of the University of Toronto.

'27—Meredith White is attending "Faculty" at the University of Toronto.

'27—Grace Perry is teaching in Branksome Hall, Toronto.

'28—Bernice Johnson is studying sales methods in Toronto.

'28—Jim Nowlan is class assistant in Geology at the University of Toronto, and is studying for the degree of Ph. D. in Economic Geology and Stratigraphy.

Ex. '28—Andy Leslie is studying in the Department of Forestry in the University of Toronto.

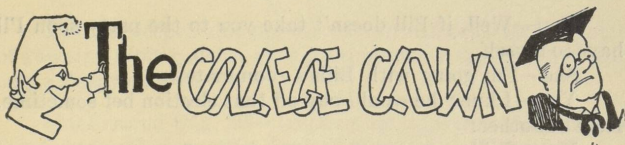
'28—Adelbert M. Chipman is a Master at St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario.

'28—Emily Moore is a student in the Department of History of the Graduate School of the University of Toronto, candidate for the Ph. D. degree.

'28—Archie Black is Demonstrator in the Department of Electrochemistry at the University of Toronto and is studying for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

'28—Bobbie Leeson is studying Library Science in the Graduate School University of Toronto.

For these interesting personals, we are indebted to Jim Nowlan '28.



Smith '31—(on way back from St. John) What did the captain say when he could not find the channel?

Perry '31—I'll bite.

Smith—'Oh where is my wandering buoy tonight?

She was only a dentist's daughter, but she had her nerve.

Morse '29—Why didn't Dot go to Dal?

Squank—Oh, the buildings here match her car.

Denny says—The difference between love and marriage is the difference between a beautiful sunset and a three alarm fire.

Kennedy '31—Did you hear about Dunbar going to get a profile taken at Graham's?

MacDonald '31—Go on.

Kennedy—He only had one side of his suit pressed.

Making a date is a very unpleasant experience, but when one tries to make a date for a class party it is terrible. Thousands of boys commit harikari annually because they were embarrassed before the one and only woman. Study these dialogues and avoid disgrace by planning your attack accordingly.

You—Are you going to the class party?

She—Why—of course.

You—I always said you'd get there some day.

Here's another type of opening:

You—Would you like to go to the class party?

She—I am going—

You—I didn't ask you that.

Try this:

You—Well, if Bill doesn't take you to the party soon I'll have to myself.

She—I'm going with Bills's roommate.

You—I knew he would pay off that election bet sometime. Here's another:

You—Will you go to the party with me?

She—Sorry, I'm going with Bill.

You—Good! Now I can ask Mary.

Heard downtown—No, Cecil, people in the fur business aren't called furriners.

Wright '30—What are you doing—praying?

Yank—No—my pockets are so deep that I have to get on my knees to get my money out.

First Freshman—Why do they made the Faculty wear gowns in chapel?

Second Dumbbell—They have to have something to sleep in.

What the Dining Hall really needs is waterproofed toast to put under the poached eggs.

Customs Officer (in Boston)—What have you got in that suitcase?

Robbins '31—Nothing of the sort, officer.

Glotzer Eng. '29—Now what would you do if you were in my shoes?

Frizzle Eng. '30—Take them off before I tripped and broke my neck.

Pamenter Eng. 30—Why do you call your alarm clock Macbeth?

Berringer (ditto)—Macbeth doth murder sleep.

Loomer '31—Can you make a sentence with the word 'conduit'?

Fuller '31—I'm sorry but I conduit.

To those respectable professors who still consider the habit of yawning a bit gauche, may we timorously suggest that it is only a sleepy hollow?

MacFarland Eng. '29—(getting hot dogs for the Engineers to sell during the game) Do I get all the meat on the scales?

Butcher—Sure, why not?

Mac—Then give me your hand too.

Mary had a little dress

A dainty bit and airy,

It didn't show the dirt a bit,

But gosh, how it showed Mary!

“Open that door,” cried the turkey, “it's roasting in here.”

Kirk '30—I have an honest face.

Johnson '29—Whaddaya mean?

Kirk —Honest to goodness, it's a face.

Margaret '32—Do you like my lipstick?

Andy '30—No, I prefer cinnamon flavor.

Bowman Eng. '29—Do you play the piano?

MacKenzie '32—I don't know—I never tried.

Ryan '31—May I ask a question, sir?

Dr. Hamer—What is it?

Howie—Do x and y stand for the same thing this year that they did last?

Walker '32—Is he of a nervous disposition?

Sarty '31—I should say not, he's harder to rattle than a feather pillow.

Professor—I'll not go on with the lecture till the room settles down.

The Nimble One—Better go home and sleep it off, old man.

Eleanor '31—How much do you love me?

Harris '31—Terribly mush.

Henson '29—What club does he belong to?

Longley '29—Damfino.

Guy: Never heard of it.

Prof. Cross—Cleopatra is one of the most remarkable figures in history.

Leonard '32—Is,—or had?

Keddy '30—Going home for the holidays?

Adams '30—Well, I'm going to make it the headquarters for my operations.



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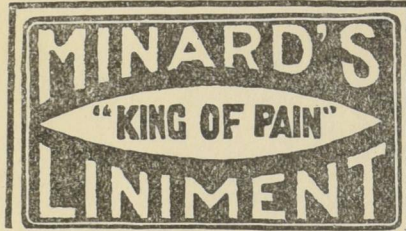
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