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No. 2

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—1st, C. F. Allaby, '28; 2nd, E. Ardis Whitman, '26.

Articles—1st, A. R. Dunlap, '26 (3 units).

2nd, Marjorie H. Mason, '26 (2 units).

3rd, Walter A. Stultz, '28 (1 unit.)

Stories—R. D. Perry, '27, A. R. Dunlap, '26, Marjorie H. Mason, '26 (1 unit each).

One Act Play—G. D. H. Hatfield, '27.

Humor—M. Grace Perry, '27.

Science—1st, E. Ardis Whitman, '26; 2nd Marjorie H. Mason, '26.

Month—1st, Ethelyn Osbourne, '27; 2nd. R. D. Perry, '27.

Athletics—1st, A. R. Dunlap, '26; 2nd, O. T. Rumsey, '26.

Exchanges—1st, H. F. Sipprell, '27; 2nd, A. R. Dunlap, '26.

Personals—No awards.

Jokes—1st, O. T. Rumsey, '26; 2nd, A. R. Dunlap, '26.

Seniors: 18 units

Juniors; 10 units

Sophomores: 3 units

Engineers: 0 units

Freshmen : 0 units.

Pennant to the Senjors.

A JEREMIADE

The sun rose red.
Spring's cool morning dawned.
Long shadows lay across the grass.
Heedlessly they crushed in a garden,
Peonies, caliph, dahlias, and clematis.
With lissome tread, a willowy maiden
In a pink dress
With cheeks dimly flushed
And rippling black hair
Freely flowing
Came and stooping
Took in her slim, cupped hands
A pink rose bud
Of a rambler rose
That entwined a thorn holly.

The sun was high
Upon Summer's burning noon.
Trees reached drinking boughs toward heaven.
Ecstasy pervaded the garden
Which diffused with the dew a rich perfume.
With sinuous swaying, a sensuous female
In clinging, scarlet silk
With slit pomegranate lips
And wavy raven hair
Coiled in a Grecian knot
Came and drew
To her lips
The full blown rose.
As she passionately laved it
With her lips
A gleam of gold was on a finger.

The sun was a dull golden half-circle.
Chill twilight fell upon that garden.
Shadows were swaying
And brushed soothingly over closing blooms.
With faltering steps, a drooping form

In flowing lavender satin
With pale face
And lustreless hair
Tightly fastened
Came
And saw the rose
Tossed by the wind
Upon a thorn,—
And pierced.
She plucked at her finger.
Flitting gold
Shone for a moment in the autumnal dusk.

C. F. A. '28.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES HAROLD MANNING

THE poems of the late James Harold Manning have been collected by his father, Dr. James Manning, and published, under the title "Courcelette and Other Poems," by J. & A. MacMillan, Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

The author was born in Saint John in 1897 and was graduated from the Saint John High School at the age of fifteen after a brilliant course which culminated in the capture of two medals, two of the most coveted honours awarded by that institution. After completing his Freshman year in dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania, he returned to Saint John and obtained a commission as lieutenant in the 104th Battalion, C. E. F., then being organized. He took further military training at Valcartier and in England and, early in the year 1917, crossed to France as lieutenant with the 52nd Battalion, C. E. F. Lieutenant Manning was twice wounded in France, once at Vimy Ridge and again at Lens, the latter time so seriously that he was invalided home to Canada and finally discharged with a life pension in 1918.

Having lost the use of his left hand, he was unable to continue his dentistry course. In the fall of 1918, he came to Acadia for an Arts course. A brilliant student, a talented musician, and a man among men, he was a general favorite with

faculty and students alike and played an important part in a student body into which the war had made deep inroads. He was appointed Associate Editor-in-Chief of the **Athenaeum**, in which his literary talents won him no small praise. Such were his scholastic abilities that he was able to be graduated with the class of '19 still President of the Junior class! As his graduating oration, Manning delivered his "Numa Pompilius", a metrical rendering from the Latin of Goldwin Smith which is included among his published poems.

He had always been devoted to literature and perhaps it was his desire to gather new experiences and to discover new scenes that led him first to Harvard, then from Boston to Chicago, from Chicago he went to New York, and finally, from New York to Venezuela, whither he went as a member of the Engineering Staff of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in 1922. He was transferred from Maracaibo to Maturin in the spring of 1924 and there, far from the loved "sound of Fundy's tide," and far from his beloved ones, he died in October of the same year, after suffering for three months the ravages of malarial fever.

The thin volume of one hundred and six pages that comprises the literary remains of this gifted young man reveals an aptitude for verification that bespeaks for the author a permanent place among the younger singers of Canada, and voices a pathetic prophecy of "what might have been" had the poet been spared to realize the full maturity of his genius.

The first poem is an "Invocation to the Muse" which begins:

"Goddess with eyes afire and marble lips,
Kneeling so careless by thy treasure-pile
Veiled in thy hair; thy pensive forehead bowed
Low on thy knees; the memory of a smile
Trembling upon thy cheek; thy finger-tips
Dimpling thy pearly chin; silent and proud"

From the description of this beautifully placid figure, the poet continues after the classic style to admit his own unworthiness and to beg aid from the goddess.

From this poem we pass to a group in which the martial note predominates. The first, "Courcelette," the poem from which the volume takes its name, is spoken by a soldier who has fallen at Courcelette and leads up to a climax in the conviction that the war will chasten the nation and force her to forget fear, greed, and vice that she may soar

".....on wings of sacrifice
To heights where sun can never set
In an eternal Courcelette."

In this poem, also, we find an echo from Browning's health philosophy:

"For 'tis the striving, not the gain,
That marks the final gain or loss."

The next poem, "Wounded Between the Lines," teaches a thought akin to "Courcelette" and maintains that the race progresses through the sacrifice of the individual. The reviewer found this piece particularly appealing and was charmed especially with the delicate harmony, chaste simplicity, and strong impressionistic effect of the opening stanzas which carried his mind back to that most matchless lyric, "St. Agnes' Eve."

A merrier note sounds in the martial "Marching Song" with its swinging rhythm, while "Duty" and "Resurgam" have more of an intellectual appeal.

Next we come to the "Ode to Nature", a noble poem revealing a deep and abiding love for nature with the thought that true contentment can only be found in living according to nature's laws. The closing lines are so effective that we feel constrained to quote again:

"Thy peace enfolds me, in the placid haze
Of mellow twilight, while the glory fades
That rimmed the west with splendor; softly strays
From far the noise of streams, and on the hill
A window lightens, while the gathering shades
Blot out the tree tops, and the leaves are still."

In the "Ode to the Spirit of Life," we find reflected the poet's love for life—for the sheer joy of living. The third group of stanzas is particularly good in the intensity of its subjectivity, while the following stanzas are excellent in their impression of life and movement. The key note of the ode is the thought that although man metes out death on all sides, the Spirit of Life is more powerful than death and restores all that man would fain destroy.

The beautiful lyric "The Stormy Petrel" won notice for the author in the College Anthology and for glorious abandon, utter spontaneity, vivid imagery, and lilting metre is one of the gems of the entire volume.

"Fallahéen" introduces a contrast in its delicate humour and contains a clever translation of one of Sappho's odes, the fragment "Hannibal", and the translation "Numa Pompilius" evidence the poet's interest in classic material.

Manning's early death coming as it did in a strange land and among strangers adds pathos to such pieces as "Frustra", "Mirage", "Return", and the "Fly-Leaf Poem", the last three of which were written in Maturin, Venezuela, and are the lonely cry of a homesick soul. Surely every reader who has ever in a distant city longed for his home will feel the appeal of the quatrain printed upon the fly-leaf of the volume:

"If I were ruler of this land, with majesty complete,

If I owned all these many leagues and not a yard beside
I'd give them up without a sigh for room to place my feet

By the fog banks and the rain and the sound of Fundy's
tide."

At the end of the volume is placed "What is Truth? A Tragedy in Blank Verse", which we are told in a foreword "was written to uphold the author's conviction that the day of the metrical drama has not passed." That the author has here succeeded in developing a real tragedy will be granted by the reader, but whether the tragedy has gained or lost by the fact that it is written in blank verse is a question for each reader to solve for himself. At the very last, "What is Truth?" presents a very interesting experiment in the use of our most noble metre in tragedy.

H. F. S., '27.

WOODEN SHOES

A Parable

I WAS a wee bit tired to-day and very discontented. I had been studying the "why" and the "how" of things and the world looked somehow, drab and sordid. So, quite alone, I slipped off the heavy wooden shoes which the gods of Materialism presented to me almost upon my arrival in the world. I was quite surprised at the astonishing ease with which I was able to remove them for they were wont to fit so tightly that they were often painful and I had quite resigned myself to being saddled with them the rest of my life. They were not at all beautiful shoes being of a very heavy unpainted wood much scarred and worn as though other feet might have walked weary miles in them before they were presented to me. Yet, ugly though they were, I must confess that they were of much use over the hubbles of the road I had chosen to walk. They, however, gave me continual jolts which had made the road very distasteful to me. I do not believe I shall ever put them on again for I feel so amazingly light-hearted and at ease since I kicked them away into the dark corner of my closet. But, now, how am I to get about? After all, perhaps they were better than none though the pain I suffered from them was often very severe.

Then I bethought me of my friend the Poet, who has ideas, sometimes. To be sure, they are often very quaint and peculiar, but this case was such a strange one, I felt they might appropriately be hoped to fit it. My friend, the Poet, was at home, a thing for which I had hardly hoped as past experience had taught me much about his habit of wandering. I stated my case with some anxiety and asked him if he thought that I should compel myself to again put on the wooden shoes. My friend, the Poet's face has a way of lighting up as though the sun shone within. Especially is this noticeable on a rainy day like to-day and especially was it noticeable when I mentioned the shoes. He turned very quickly and opened a quaint old cedar-chest behind him. He seemed in a great hurry as though he feared I might be tempted to go back to the wooden shoes if he did not hasten. Yet I am sure no one could have desired

to do so after seeing the little slippers he found down in the farthest corner of the chest—little pink satin ones lined with ermine that they might be very soft. My tired feet tingled at the thought of them and I reached eagerly for them. But the Poet still held them in his hands and looked at them dreamily.

"I gave them" he said, "to the girl I once loved but they did not fit her. I do not even know now where she is. She was quite wonderful in her way but I thought she should have been able to wear them. They will fit anyone who does not love their wooden shoes too much. They are called by some the Slippers of Poets and they wear the trade mark Idealism."

They fitted me perfectly, perhaps because I had learned to hate my wooden shoes so much. It was unbelievable that the world could instantly become so beautiful. The very raindrops—gray and forbidding before, could be plainly seen to be actual fairies, creatures in which I had not believed,—prismatically-colored, lovely things. They looked so fugitive and terrified under their robes of gray that I became quite sympathetic and inquired the cause of their trouble from the poet. Whereat he explained that they belonged to the harem of a fairy king and, considering themselves abused by too long confinement, periodically made a voyage to the earth.

"And," I inquired, "do they ever get back again?"

"Oh, yes," the poet said, very positively "the sun is compelled to act as policeman and they are always brought back very safely. They generally seem rather happy to be going back home—You can feel their very happiness in the air after a rain."

"But," I cried, amazed as I saw all their little faces peering through the window and heard the music of their wings brushing the pane as they passed, "Why have I never seen all this before? Can you not show it to everyone?"

"It is to that end that I have devoted my life," replied the Poet a bit sadly, "but, you see, they have so many other things to do they cannot take the trouble to look. Besides, they are much cumbered with wooden shoes such as you wore."

Just at that moment a raggedy old woman with a face quite wizened up and blank, stepped past through the rain her feet in

their large sloppy shoes beating a discordant clamor against the soaking pavement.

I remembered having seen her this morning and thinking bitterly of the disillusionments of the world and contemptuously of the little wizened-up soul of the woman whom I felt sure had never a thought beyond the crust of bread she could beg and the pallet of straw she slept on.

Strange, though, what a day will do to people! I could see deep down into her very soul and it was such a young soul—in fact I thought it was a little girl's for there were such wonderful games being played in it and such gay little laughs fairly haunting its corners. I almost began to think she could see the fairies in the rain. They were certainly marvellous shoes!

After a while, the wives of the raindrop king decided to go home—and the sky became radiantly blue. I could distinctly trace in it the forms of bluebells probably belonging to the troop that left us last year. I asked the poet why the bluebells could be seen so much more plainly after a rain.

"It is the angel's feet," he said. "The angels are running to welcome the raindrops back and their footprints are crushing the bluebells and bringing out their very souls."

This struck me as being very beautiful and I could soon clearly discern the silver shimmer of the angel's wings against the blue of the flowers.

It was such a marvellous world!

That night at dusk the stars looked so much like silver flowers, immortal, unbelievable flowers that I asked the poet again where they had come from.

"The day," he smiled, "dropped them out of her wedding bouquet."

I did not need to ask who the bridegroom was for I could see his dark form beside her in, what other people called the twilight.

What a wondrous thing life was going to be now that everything had become so beautiful! And yet—and yet—there was no gainsaying the fact that the little shoes were a great inconvenience. They were too fragile for the ordinary hubbles of the road. One must walk with such extreme care.

Then, the next evening, the Great Event happened. I was

walking very carefully lest I soil the little shoes when suddenly I heard such a terrible cry beside me. All the wonderful, fine, shining things within me just stretched out to help and silence that cry—but it came from such a terrible house—such a gruesome, brown dirty house at the end of such a crooked little lane with its age-old cobblestones sunk beneath the muddy imprint of passing slum feet. I looked down at the little shoes in their pink satin loveliness and thought of the stain of the mud upon them. Never again would I see fairies and bluebells and the beautiful souls of other folk, my little shoes—the hurting cry! Dare I sell so much of my soul for the little shoes? Dare I sell so much of my soul for the childish cry? I looked at the street sign and read “The Road of Suffering.” Once, twice, thrice, I shivered and looked down at the little shoes and loved them so—and then the little child cried again and I ran quickly with a sob in my throat.

It was not easy to rescue the child and my shoes were drab and worn-out and quite unbeautiful when I left “The Road of Suffering” and ran sobbing to the Poet. I thought it strange that the Poet smiled so quietly and stranger still when he pointed to my scarred little shoes. Suddenly, I looked down, too, and was amazed to see upon them—silver shining wings.

“They are the reward of suffering” the Poet said quietly.

And, though the little shoes remained forever drab, the silver wings grew strong and stronger and I, seeing still the beauty of bluebells and raindrop fairies, but no longer fearing aught from the obstacles in the way of life, thought the price well paid.

E. A. W., '26.

A BIRD IN THE BUSH

IT is the living-room of the house of Douglas Carter, professor of ancient history at Champlain University. The rest of the house is attained by a door at the right and the street by one at the left. At right back is a man's desk, chair, study-lamp, book-cases. In the centre is a library table on which are several books, magazines, and flowers. To the left is a fireplace with the fire burning. Near it is a wicker divan with bright cushions. The room should be at once homey, cosy, and studious, presenting a contrast between the heavy atmosphere of a man's study, and the lightness of the feminine touch. It is eight o'clock in the evening.

As the curtains part, Mrs. Carter is seen, knitting placidly, on the divan before the fire. She is a pleasant, motherly woman of nearly fifty. Seated at the desk, writing a letter, is her husband, a fine man, perhaps a year older than his wife. The feeling of deep affection and comradeship between the two should be at once apparent.

Eunice: What are you doing now, Douglas?

Douglas: Writing the publishers a few more last instructions about the first volume of my book they're bringing out soon. I don't think we can afford another trip up there.

Eunice: I suppose not, with Christmas only a week off.

Douglas: Exactly. But I am glad we have so many friends.

Eunice: So am I. In your twenty-five years here you have endeared yourself to the whole community. Wouldn't they hate to see us have to leave?

Douglas: I do believe they would. You have made them all love me. But there is no danger of leaving. Universities don't retire their professors until they are sixty-five (with pride) I've fifteen years yet to go, and by that time I shall have made enough from my book to be independent (looking around). Such a dear, cosy home! We have been very happy here together, Eunice.

Eunice: Indeed we have. Sometimes I get so afraid. If anything should happen—We haven't a cent.

Douglas: (smiling) Nonsense! What *could* happen? I'm in perfect health. Besides, there is always my book.

Eunice: (gently). Yes, dear, but you have finished only one of three volumes. How are you getting along with the second this week?

Douglas: Not as well as I would like to. The boys keep me so busy. They keep coming to me for advice all the time. I can't see why they don't go to their dean, Sharpe.

Eunice: But he is so brusque and severe, whereas you are so kindly and fatherly. No wonder they all love you.

Douglas: I'm beginning to think so myself. Only this morning a Senior who does brilliant work in his studies, but so wretchedly poor he has to do night-work to earn the barest necessities, came to me to say good-bye. He said he was fed up with the grind and was going to leave. I gently suggested he give up his night-work, and let me lend him money as I have others, but he was obstinate and said no. Just before tea, however, he came to the office and said he had decided to stay. We spent an hour talking over the thing, and I know with his brains and character he'll make good. What is more, I'm made another life-long friend.

Eunice: And you wonder why the boys come to you! Have you heard how the rector's wife is?

Douglas: No, I didn't today.

Eunice: I think I shall run up and see her. What with being out for dinner so much this week and open house for the boys all the time, I just haven't had a minute.

Douglas: It would be a good time to go. I'll stroll down to the Post Office and mail this, then. It must go on the morning train. Did I hang my hat in the vestibule or bring it in?

Eunice: You left it outside, dear. Goodbye.

(He goes out left. Eunice rises, closes his desk with a little sigh, and goes off right to return in a moment wrapped in a cape. As she walks toward the street door, the bell is heard. She admits Dr. Eliot, President of Champlain, and Dr. Sharpe, professor of Mathematics and Junior Dean of the boys. The president is a man of fifty, a good man, mild and sincere, but easily imposed upon. Sharpe is thirty-five, aggressive, brusque, dapper, and with a nest to feather.)

Eunice: Good evening, Dr. Eliot (offers her hand) and you, Dr. Sharpe. Won't you come in? Very cool tonight, isn't it?

Eliot: Ah, yes, thank you, I believe we shall. Yes, it's frosty indeed. Good Christmas weather. Is Mr. Carter at home?

Eunice: I'm sorry, but he just stepped down to the Post Office. He'll be back within fifteen minutes. Won't you sit down and wait?

Sharpe: Thank you, yes, Mrs. Carter.

Eliot: But you were going out. Pray don't let us detain you.

Eunice: Oh, I just thought I'd run up and see the rector's wife. She's quite ill. However—(Starts to throw off her cape.)—

Eliot: No, madam, please go, really. We just wanted to see your husband a few moments.

Eunice: Well, then, I believe I shall. Mrs. Cassilis must retire early. Douglas will be back in a moment. Please make yourselves perfectly comfortable, and good-evening.

She flashes them a gracious smile and goes out left.

Eliot: Such a charming woman!

Sharpe: I thought her too gushing.

Eliot: (looking round) And what a cosy room! A real *home*—so seldom seen nowadays.

Sharpe: I'll bet they fight like cats and dogs.

Eliot: I fear you are prejudiced, Sharpe.

Sharpe: No more than any man who sees an old fogey keeping down a younger, more ambitious man.

Eliot: I would thank you to remember, Sharpe, Carter and I are the same age.

Sharpe: (neatly) There is no one who could take your place to better advantage, but Carter has served his day and it is time he was superannuated.

Eliot: But he is immensely popular with the constituency and students.

Sharpe: Yes, he promises the boys higher ranks if they will go to him instead of me, their Dean.

Eliot: Are you sure of that?

Sharpe (with injured dignity) That is what I have been given to understand.

Eliot: Certainly. But your younger brother, I fear, will be lacking in those qualities that have endeared Carter to us, and be wanting in experience.

Sharpe: Oh, no, sir. My brother, as you know, has graduated from two universities. He has been Carter's assistant for three years, and it is time he was promoted. Obviously, Carter must be retired. Then, too, look at my brother's output last year, "A Brief Sketch of Ancient Babylonia", "Notes on Egyptian Civilisation", "High Lights of the Reign of Cleopatra," and several other pamphlets.

Eliot: With all due respect, I fear they do not amount to much except in quantity. They are too sketchy.

Sharpe: But what better has Carter to show against it? What has he published this year? Absolutely nothing but "A Detailed Review of the Career of Alexander the Great" and some vague book he is always talking about, but which has not yet appeared.

Eliot: Yes, there's the rub. By the rules of this University promotion is based not on seniority, but on the number of books published each year by the professors. I confess it is a poor system. It tends to encourage many, trivial productions rather than worth-while ones. But againstt his rule Carter seems to have revolted, for according to his annual report, his output has indeed been small, however valuable. A wretched system.

Sharpe: Be that as it may, sir, you cannot change, and by this ruling, you must promote my brother. You might make Carter the assistant, if he doesn't wish to be retired.

Eliot: That would kill his pride.

Sharpe: Bah! He is lucky to get even a pension, these days.

Eliot: I fear Carter is not very well off.

Sharpe: My brother is thinking of marrying. He will buy his home and help him out that way.

Eliot: It will be very hard on Mrs. Carter.

Sharpe: She has had twenty-five years. That should be enough. (The front door opens) Hush, here he comes. (Carter enters through the door left, smiles kindly, and shakes hands)

Douglas: Ah, Dr. Eliot, how glad I am you called. Good evening, Dr. Sharpe. Very sorry to have left you waiting. Has it been long?

Eliot: (pleasantly though nervously) No, not at all. We have been very comfortable.

Douglas: Thank you. We, too, find though our home is not pretentious, it is at least comfortable.

Sharpe: Mr. Carter, pardon me, but Dr. Eliot leaves town tomorrow until Christmas, and I have another appointment tonight, so this is the only opportunity we have. Already much time has been lost. Now, it's this way——

Eliot: Allow me, Dr. Sharpe. He is in somewhat of a hurry, Mr. Carter, and I trust you will pardon me coming rather hastily to the point. The subject is most unpleasant and distasteful to me, but I have been shown that it is, nevertheless, my duty. Ah——

Douglas: Please go on.

Eliot: You see, Mr. Carter, like all of us you are advancing in years, and Dr. Sharpe—we—that is, I think you will see that since you have handled your position so well for a quarter of a century, another man should be given a chance, also.

Douglas: (with restraint) But, sir, wherein have I failed in my duties?

Sharpe: Look at the few writings you've published. It is very paltry compared to your assistant's.

Eliot: That is indeed the only trouble. You have written very few books this last year.

Douglas: Yes, sir, my time has been taken up with my great work in three volumes on "A History of the Diffusion and Differentiation of the Earliest Race." One volume is even now being published.

Eliot: I regret that this is not sufficient, Mr. Carter, and I shall, therefore, be obliged to ask you to enter the list of the superannuated after the Christmas recess.

Douglas: But, sir, my book will put Champlain University to the fore. The publishers are most enthusiastic about it and eagerly await the rest.

Sharpe: Nevertheless, as the President has already told you, that is not enough.

Douglas: In all my time here I have never known this rule to be enforced. I thought it had become a dead letter.

Sharpe: (significantly) Reports of the students have made it necessary for us to revive it.

Douglas: (at last provoked) I don't believe you.

Sharpe: (rising, with a shrug) You will pardon me, Doctor. I am already late and must be on my way. Good-night.

Eliot: I am very sorry, Carter. Your work is admirable but I must be consistent. I cannot enforce rules, as their Dean, on the boys of the upper classes, if I do not also on my faculty.

Douglas: Sir, I appreciate your position, but you will find that my book will bring more fame to this University, through its association with it, than you can afford to let go, because of the inference of a jealous rival. (The President is startled by this. Eunice enters with a senior student.)

Eunice: (laughing) Look who picked me up, Douglas. He was just coming in to ask you about—(The President is again startled. Eunice sees him). Oh, I'm sorry. I thought I just saw you outside with Dr. Sharpe. (Noticing the strained atmosphere). Why, what's the matter?

Jack: I think I'll come another time.

Douglas: Don't go, Jack. I will help you in just a moment. You see, Eunice, I have just been informed that after Christmas I am to write "Emeritus" after my name.

Jack: (bursting out) Dr. Eliot. You don't mean you've fired Professor Carter! (abashed) Oh, pardon me.

Eliot: (simply) He has not written enough.

Jack: But his book. It is a triumph. He has read snatches of it to me.

Eliot: It is not my wish, but there is no other way.

Jack: (bitterly) What a rotten Christmas present.

Eunice: (who has been with Bernard) Never mind, Jack, we shall manage somehow.

Jack: But *we* won't! Who will the boys have to go to with their troubles? Where shall we go to be entertained, the pool-room? Excuse my rashness, Doctor, but Professor Carter is the biggest single influence for good in this University. He has been unofficially more of a Dean to us than Dr. Sharpe

ever could be. The boys have such trust in him. He always helps us.

Eliot: So that is why so few of the juniors and seniors come to me with things. You have usurped me, but, as the saying goes, I can't hate you for that.

Eunice: We just try to make their life here more pleasant, Dr. Eliot.

Eliot: (Kindly) And I am sure you succeed, Madam. (briskly to her husband) Mr. Carter, I have seen enough. We can no more afford to lose you than we could to lose our Administration Building. I herewith tender my resignation as Dean of the Upper Classes. Sharpe shall place his of the lower ones in my hands tomorrow before I leave. For compensation, his brother shall succeed you as professor of Ancient History. To give you more time for your book, you shall be made Dean and Faculty Adviser of the whole student body with a thousand dollars more a year and a Christmas bonus to help put your book over big. May I expect your resignation tomorrow, also? (He rises).

Douglas: (overjoyed at this new turn of events, grasping his hand). Indeed you may, Sir. God bless you, and a Merry Christmas, Dr. Eliot.

Eunice: Yes, Doctor, a Merry Christmas and many of them.

Eliot: Thank you both, and in the trite old way, with all sincerity, let me say "The same to you," and now good-bye. (They shake hands and he goes).

Douglas: (finally to Jack). This is all your fault, you young rascal! How dare you butt in? Before the President, too. Shame on you! And now, don't you think, Eunice, you might cut a little Christmas cake, and we'll all sit down by the fire and talk the whole thing over?

G. D. H. H., '27.

EARTHBOUND

The wings of my soul are golden and frail,
As the wings of a butterfly;
The dream of my soul seeks a wilderness trail,
But the golden wings falter and crumple and fail,
And the dream of my soul must die.

For wings that are fragile like fairy dust
Forever beat into the blue;
Beat ever up to the God they trust,
Beat ever back as ever they must
To the quiet of earth and you!

And my soul is ashamed for the dream that died
That climbed as the angels climb
Where the mountains are God and the wind is wide
And the mighty silences ever abide,
To infinity of time.

My soul is ashamed—but I love its wings,
(Frail wings of the butterfly!)
And, after all, when the high lark sings,
And the flowers play on the earth's heartstrings
What if a dream should die?

(For golden wings fly only true,
Close to the warm brown earth and you!)

E. A. W., '26

O. HENRY—AN APPRECIATION

O. Henry! What does such a name mean to most of us? What is that I hear you say—colorless? Yes, indeed, but would you not be surprised to learn that this unfortunate, this ill-chosen name is the pseudonym of one of the really great figures in American literature? What Shakespeare did for the drama, O. Henry has done for the American short story, and for this alone he should receive our highest commendation. A worthy follower of Bret Harte and of Edgar Allan Poe, innovators of the short story type, O. Henry deserves to be ranked with such a name as that of Guy de Maupassant, than whom no more perfect writer of the short story ever lived.

Why, then, have we not heard more of such a writer? Why has his name not become a household treasure? Perhaps it is because of his contemporary life. Genius, you know, is seldom recognized for several succeeding generations. More possibly it is because of the comparative newness of the short story form of literature. At any rate, O. Henry is gradually coming into his own. Of late years, over a million copies of his books have sold in the United States alone; truly a sign of real worth, we must admit. Where shall we go to seek this worth, which posterity is sure to cherish?

Let us pick up any one of his volumes—there are twelve in all, containing a total of practically two hundred stories—and let us open it at random. Which shall it be, "The Gentle Grafter," "Sixes and Sevens," "Cabbages and Kings," "Trimmed Lamp"? Ah, here is one with a striking title,— "The Four Million." We open its inviting covers and are entranced to find therein a vast, comprehensive, panoramic picture of the world's greatest city, which O. Henry loved so much. Before our eyes, New York passes,—New York, with its blazing lights, its rushing crowds, its tall skyscrapers, its traffic cops, its newsboys, its tenement houses, its slums, its sordidness, its sin. To pick out the important things from trivial incidents of everyday life is one of the first essentials of a great writer, and who has succeeded in this to a fuller extent than O. Henry? How does he do it? What vehicle of expression has he chosen? Why,

the most entertaining, the most delightful, and yet, perhaps, *the* most difficult of all forms of literature, the short story!

Let us glance casually for a moment at one of these stories. Some remarkable statement, some novel beginning immediately catches our eyes, and before we realize it, there is clearly painted, in our imaginations, a magic, colorful picture of Broadway, of Coney Island, of life in some part of the great metropolis. With a few deft strokes the master puts, interesting, living characters into the scene. We are held apparently without effort on the writer's part, through some appealing situation. Onward the film runs. We are dimly conscious of suspense, yet we know we cannot leave until the end appears. Our hearts skip a beat as we wait, with intense feeling, for the outcome. Suddenly there is a blaze of glory, a marvellously constructed surprise ending, and, with some telling sentence, the master ends his tale. But is that the end for us? No, it is not! The story, the setting, the style,—everything remains in our memories as an expression of wonderful imagination as well as of deep understanding of the intricacies, the vicissitudes of the human heart.

It has been said that the first test of a short story is how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This, however, is not enough to make the story outstanding, and a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above others. The true artist will seek to shape his material into the most beautiful and the most satisfying form, by skilful selection and arrangement, and by the most direct and most appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization. Both of these tests O. Henry fulfills. All these qualities are his. Compelled, however, by the underlying foundations of true genius, he goes still further. To him belongs the distinction of uniting genuine substance and intrinsic artistic form in a closely woven pattern, with such sincerity, that his works immediately take their place among the best literature of our youthful continent.

Just like one of his own stories, so runs the account of the great writer's life, a parallel that is at once evident, as well as amazing. As we have already learned, the name O. Henry—though the name by which he shall go down to posterity—is

merely a *nom de plume*. William Sydney Porter was born in the year 1867. The place of his birth is very uncertain, though some claim it to be Greensboro, North Carolina. Throughout his early life he proved to be a typical, versatile rolling stone and in quick succession the wanderer qualified as rancher, reporter, newspaper editor, druggist, and vagabond. The scene of his wanderings shifted from Texas to Central America, from Central America back to Texas, and from Texas to the city of New Orleans, where he began the most productive period of his career. Never remaining long in any one place, O. Henry soon took the northward trail, and after a venturesome journey, finally landed in New York. There, amidst an atmosphere of the most driving competition, namely, that of the survival of the fittest, he was spurred on to greater efforts than he had heretofore even considered. That he had a real affection for the great city is evidenced by the fact that he remained there longer than anywhere else. He found so much there that interested him. To him it was home.

In spite of his fertile mind and his wonderful productions, O. Henry was constantly without money. This may be accounted for because of his rather shy and retiring disposition, caused, no doubt, by a cruel experience in his younger days. There was not, however, a particle of the "itching palm" quality in his make-up. We are prone to say that herein lies the great pathos of his career; for, stories that would not sell today for less than a thousand dollars, he sold for a trivial fraction of such an amount. Nevertheless, we are forced to admit that he was just as happy, perhaps more so, without money as with it. Who, let us ask, would not give up a large part of his fortune to be enabled to partake of the rich experiences that it was O. Henry's privilege to enjoy?

Coming like a hint of motivation of the outcome, we learn that the master was gradually being crushed in the embrace of a mortal disease. Still, he went on, in his own care-free way, enjoying life to the full. Never once was he seized by despair. Surrounded by a small circle of friends, who alone recognized his genius, that lived the last months of his life without any fear of the climax that was pending; and, early in the year 1911, he met Death, in the last great venture of his colorful career.

For us, however, who follow, the parallel of his life goes on. Death was only an anti-climax. The great terminating blaze of glory has now just begun. When it will end is for future generations to decide. How seldom is true genius heralded by its contemporaries. To have one's name go down to posterity may, quite possibly, be a higher reward. In the words of Stephen Leacock, "The Time is coming, let us hope, when the whole English-speaking world will recognize in O. Henry one of the great masters of modern literature."

A. R. D., '26.

SEPTEM DIEM REGINA ERAM

I HAVE always since been convinced that it was in a moment of mental and spiritual weakness that I offered myself up to the sacrifice as it were. In no other way can I account for the fact that early in the holidays it gradually penetrated into my cerebro spinal system that I was to have charge of all the culinary activities in the household, that in short it would be my job to "feed the troops," alone and unaided for a week.

Nothing daunted, for I was still young and had in me the exuberance and extreme optimism of youth, I arose on Monday morning full of zeal for my task. Owing to the habit of procrastination acquired during my university career, I slept forty winks after I should have been up, and accordingly had to rush down stairs in two minutes, pulling on my middy during the downward descent.

I entered the kitchen. The fire was burning. (Luckily the pater had seen to that.) Twenty after seven! And I must have breakfast ready by half past! I ran to the pantry, banging myself against the kitchen table and upsetting a chair in my way, threw half a dozen Shredded Wheat on a pie-plate, a dozen rolls on another, ran back to the kitchen and popped them into the oven with a grin of triumph. Now for the table!

After I had put on silver, plates, glasses, and water, I made a bee-line for the cellar. (We kept the milk and butter in the "infernal regions" before the advent of ice.) On the way down-

stairs is a landing and on the landing a mat, and on the mat I tripped, sprawled down six steps onto the cement floor below, and said some words in German. (I always believe in keeping up my foreign vocabularies.) However, on my way back, laden with my bovine spoil, I kept my *eye on that mat*.

I made the tea—coffee was beyond me! I had made that a stipulation in the contract—and as I put the last things on the table a sudden thought struck me. Good heavens, the rolls! I slid to the oven. On my knees and with a prayer to all the household gods I opened the door. But alas! The fates were unkind. Each roll was a beautiful shiny black. The duskiness of the ancient Nubians had nothing on them.

Embarrassing? Of course, but the best of us make mistakes. I vowed I would be equal to the occasion, so after scurrying out with the unfortunate little things to give them to the hens before I should be caught in the act, I returned and made toast. Then I called the family, perforce, for it was past 7.40 and I was ten minutes late already.

When they were all finally assembled and the sustenance which I had set before them duly blessed, I went to the kitchen again. The cook cannot eat with the family if she wishes to poach eggs for them. This latter operation is hardly as simple as it sounds. Try it yourself sometime if you don't believe me! The horrid little eggs would persist in resembling pancakes more than really normal poached eggs. Finally, breathless and panting, I served an egg in some form or other before each of my unfortunate victims. Then I sank down with a sigh of relief to consume my own Shredded Wheat, long since cold.

Breakfast was done, but that was only a transient glow of hope. Men may come and men may go but meals go on for ever. I shall not bore you with the account of my hundred and one activities of that morning. I shall not describe to you my hundred and two mishaps. Such things as forgetting to order bread until nearly dinnertime and stewing a whole two pounds of prunes instead of a quarter of the amount were but many stars on my troubled horizon. My highest ambition and "nunc desiderium curaque non levis" was to set on the festal board a new dessert, one which the mater had never served, one on account of which my fame would be established. I

looked through cook book after cook book. They all seemed so hard! Or I hadn't the ingredients! Or we had had them before! Suddenly my eyes were caught by the words "Orange Puffs." Ravishing! Delectable! Wholly exhilarating! While perching on a stool in the hot kitchen, those words seemed to me reminiscent of exotic flowers, Oriental gardens, rare perfumes, dim tropic isles under a Southern moon, etc., etc., and everything beyond a world of sordid reality. "Orange Puffs," I breathed to myself. *That* was what I should make.

After carefully following the recipe and with the feeling of one who has offered her child to the gods, I placed the Orange Puffs-to-be in the oven.

Such uninteresting little things as potatoes have to be peeled, so in the interim I went at them. But in the back of my mind I could imagine my delectable Orange Puffs rising to a foamy deliciousness in the oven. The potatoes peeled, I went to look at my masterpieces. They surpassed my highest expectations! High and lofty above the pans they had soared, uncertain white masses, but in my heart I knew they would not remain so. They would obey all the laws of gravitation, physics and cooking, and fall miserably over the side of the pans and down to the bottom of the oven before they were thoroughly cooked. And they did! Then to my despairing soul came the words "*celsae graviore casu decidunt turre.*" I realized that others had known the agony of hopeless despair and I was comforted.

How can I picture the awful frenzy of the next six days. Noon was the worst time. Then all the mishaps, petty annoyances and disturbances, and things-that-ought-to-be-done arose in a grand culmination. After dinner seemed like the floods subsiding with the dishes to be washed as an anti-climax. But the noons! The noons!! Poets sing of the glory of them, their splendid brightness, cloudlessness, and singing birds; or their heat, their breathless expectant heat.

But did poets ever sing of noons over the kitchen stove, scorching and searing with sizzling steak being cooked, potatoes which must be salted and drained, salad dressing in the process of making,—stir continuously the recipe says—soup which must be kept from burning—other vegetables to be creamed,

battered, and salted, and if one is most unfortunate Parker House Rolls or cookies in the oven. Did poets ever sing of this? Ah, in the words of the immortal Addison, "There is much to be said on both sides."

All that I can say in concluding is that none of the family died of ptomaine poisoning. But at the end of the week, the family physician was consulted. He pronounced the sentence of impending mental aberration and a nervous breakdown if I continued to lead such a reckless and exciting existence.

Dimly to my heartbroken soul came the realization that I should always remain among the great mass of the unrecognized, that I should never arise to the heights of fame. *Never, never* would the world know what a good cook *I might have been*.

M. G. P., '27.

A SONNET

(To Charles G. D. Roberts—written after the poet-author's visit to Acadia University.)

Throughout the great, the broad beloved domain
Of Canada, our native land, sublime
With ocean's rhythmic waves and tides to time
The measured pulse and accents which would fain
Express the nation's heart-beats high, in vain
Outpoured themselves with poets ordered rhyme
Upon these shores of maple-leaféd clime
Was none to voice desires to attain.
Until arose a son of purest ray
To light where darkness once alone did shroud.
Oh Psychic Potter, thou alone could mould
Our common thought into a people's lay
And raise the nation spirit that was bowed
And tint a world of common things with gold.

C. F. A., '28.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

AS a people, we lack due appreciation of the process by which knowledge is gained. Perhaps we are unaware that we advance in scientific knowledge, step by step, because of those engaged in scientific research.

What then is scientific research?

The research student begins with items already known. Some one has preceded him, and upon the work done by a predecessor, he bases his own inquiry. Since, however, the ultimate is considered far away, this fearless discoverer begins his explorations, starting a course slightly different from that taken by any one else, in the hope that he may come upon some law or theory not yet found. He plods on day by day, patiently collecting and almost in the dark, comparing data, in an effort to discover real relations. Almost innumerable items are often thus compared before any real discovery is made. When that discovery is made, it is subjected to many tests in an effort to establish it unquestionably. This done, it is given to the world as one more step in the progress of knowledge.

The world will never be able to dispense with the man of wide outlook, who must do the fundamental work in the advancement of knowledge. To be able to follow along well-marked paths even with occasional obstructions, is in marked contrast, educationally, with blazing a new way. This involves leading, rather than following; making discoveries, rather than assimilating the results of other's work.

An army of men are employed in such work year in and year out by governments, by industrial concerns, by humanitarian institutions, and by many other bodies interested in knowledge—interested in answers to the thousands of interrogations, which the minds of men are proposing every day.

Research to-day is extending the boundaries of every human activity and thought. The fields included are unlimited; the world proves to be indefinitely investigable. Scientists must press forward. Only thus can the highest advantage of science and industry, the chief interests of public welfare, and the greatest national progress, be obtained. Science is

basal to the culture of the future. It is profoundly influencing our conception of the universe and of man's place therein. Research, by bringing a stream of new materials into application, serves as one of the most important agents for making human progress and happiness possible.

Of course there are innumerable difficulties in the way—a false trail, which involves a new start—a dream which can never be realized.—A hundred times the patient scientist discards data, and opens new routes by which he hopes to come to his heart's desire. Days may pass into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years, before he really succeeds; but when he has arrived at his goal, he gives the world a new foundation on which to base further enquiry, or a new item of immediate practical value in the field concerned. Every new discovery in any field, shows ever widening possibilities.

People have been comparatively slow to recognize the value of the deeper and more fundamental researches in science. The European War has done more than any one thing, to secure the desired recognition. Research was called upon to aid every department of action in the recent war. Its value is incalculable, and it has by no means yet reached the highest possible standard of attainment. In this day, no sane person would dare to say that a certain piece of fundamental research will be of no practical value for one hundred years to come. In a few years it might mean the cornerstone of an industry or science.

Who in his wildest moments, could have imagined that the classification and anatomical study of the fleas, which infest the lower animals, could ever be of use in saving human lives. Yet, when the Oriental plague threatened this country, in results of such studies was found the means of combatting the disease. Because of our knowledge of public health, obtained by research on apparently unimportant matters, the repetition of such a plague is now impossible.

Perhaps no conquest of nature is more impressive than that wireless telegraphy. The existence in the ether of waves much longer than those that give the impression of light, but travelling with the same velocity, was first definitely shown by Maxwell in his purely mathematical investigation on the electro magnetic theory of light. For twenty years these waves were

known only in equations, but in 1888 Hertz found that they were actually emitted by a spark in his laboratory. It could easily be detected across the room and at greater distances. This made wireless telegraphy possible.

In a recent periodical, an article which further emphasizes the value of research, reads thus:

"The British Government possesses a motion-picture camera, the only one of its kind in the world, capable of taking 5,000 separate pictures a second. This marvel of the "movies" has taken four years to manufacture, and cost over \$75,000. It weighs four tons, and photographs, on ordinary film, pictures that make the so-called slow-motion film look rapid." The Government is using the camera to study the effects of armor-piercing shells on various kinds of armor-plates. Every detail of the bursting of shrapnel, the action of a quick-firing gun, or the recoil of a gun, can be studied with the aid of this wonderful camera!

Every year some university makes a contribution quite comparable with those mentioned. The entire development of industrial civilization is due to the application of science. As a result of these applications of research, one man can do the work that once required four. The length of human life has been so increased that the average years of work are doubled.

One of the latest results of research is the discovery of a new type of radiation, of shorter wave lengths than X-rays, and a hundred times more penetrating. The discoverer is Dr. Norman Bridge Millikan, director of physics at California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, California. The discovery is hailed by Dr. Millikan's colleagues, as being as significant a discovery as that of radium by the Curies. The result is the climax of twenty years of search for the cause of a mysterious radiation. The discoverer has named the rays "penetrating rays." According to him, they will pass through six feet of solid lead, before they are extinguished, whereas the hardest x-rays, up to the present the most penetrating radiations known, are stopped completely by half an inch of lead.

Numerous other results, of research might be enumerated which are fully as valuable as those mentioned here.

What is the reward of the scientist? Is it not the conscious-

ness that he has fulfilled the real function of discovering truth, diffusing knowledge, and developing ideals, thus embodying the real spirit so aptly voiced by Kipling?

Till a voice as bad as Conscience,
rang interminable changes
On one everlasting whisper, day and night repeated—so:
“Something hidden. Go and find it.
Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges,
Lost and waiting for you. Go!”

M. H. M., '26.

HUMAN WRECKAGE

A SHUFFLING, slouching figure emerged from Hop Lee's restaurant and stood for a minute under the twinkling lights which advertised to all and sundry that here was the "Paradise Grill." To the chance passer-by the restaurant was nothing more than one of the many under Oriental management in that part of New York, but to the slouching figure in the doorway and to others of his ilk it meant more—the sliding panel in the rear and then surrender to the great god Opium.

This night, however, the bland face of Hop Lee had betrayed no sign of recognition to the accustomed request, and the man had had to retreat through the doorway with no satisfaction. He understood. The police were getting 'hot,' and Hop Lee ran a too successful traffic to take chances.

As he stood there with his back towards the door he presented a rather piteous contrast to the few passers-by who came within range of the lights from within. His face was wrinkled as with great age and the skin as yellow as old parchment, but yet the iron gray hair which waved back from the high forehead belied any conclusions that he was very old—, fifty he might be, fifty-five at the most. While his figure showed evidences of a powerful build, like his face it showed the ravages of the

terrible habit to which he was addicted. He was but a bit of human wreckage tossed about by adverse currents. As he stood there, a tall figure in silk hat, light topcoat, and conventional evening attire passed by. The man in the doorway lifted his eyes, which until now had been fixed upon the pavement, and for a moment a cruel, hard glitter gave life to their dull depths. He shook his fist at the retreating figure, now almost shrouded in the gloom beyond the range of Hop Lee's lights.

"I'll get you yet," he muttered.

Richard Featherstone sat in his luxuriously furnished apartments and toyed with his engraved cigarette case. From time to time a mirthless smile came over his handsome face—yes, a handsome face but cruel and hard withal. Lokyo, the Japanese valet, entered the room in response to the insistent ringing of the telephone.

"Miss Phillips, please, sir."

The cold cruel look left Featherstone's face as he went to the phone.

"Yes, surely—and tonight?—The Ritz-Carlton perhaps."

Lokyo brought in the evening papers, and for a man interested in the Stock Exchange and owning some of the finest horses on the turf, Richard Featherstone did a strange thing in turning directly to the Society Page, where he found the following item:

'Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Phillips announce the engagement of their daughter, Estelle Lorraine, to Richard Featherstone of New York.'

There followed further newspaper comment on this betrothal of one of the season's most popular débutantes and the rising Wall Street financier. How admirably it suited his ends, for since the days when Richard Featherstone was plain Dick Stone of the underworld, he had been playing people to meet his own ends. Many a man owed a broken life to Dick Stone. He resumed the cold, set smile.

And Estelle? Yes, perhaps she was in love with him—many women were or thought they were—but in her set, marriages of convenience were far from unusual. He had wealth and she social position. Admirable. What if she was only an adopted daughter—at one time an abandoned waif? People

had forgotten that long ago and now she was the most popular member of her set. What if by some chance an unspeakable man might some day claim to be her father? That man could hardly matter against Richard Featherstone. Yes, yes, admirable!

Two months later came the wedding and then the honeymoon abroad. As the *Mauretania* slid from her moorings the crowd were so occupied with the farewell to the bride and groom that perhaps no one noticed the striking incongruity of the appearance of a shuffling figure among the cabin passengers. His skin was sallow and shrunken, and iron gray hair waved back from the high uncovered forehead.

Two days at sea and the *Mauretania* slid through the fog which seemed to have shrouded the sea as if guarding from any jealous eyes that tiny speck upon the endless ocean. Night, and the customary amusements. The dance-orchestra rendering the latest fox-trot. Occasionally a dimly silhouetted figure might be seen at the door of the main salon where the dancing was being held, but none stayed for long in that cold, dank fog. Inside the eternal amusements,—wine, women, song—and the game of chance. Everything gay, everything bright. Nevertheless to the bridegroom everything was not bright. He had matched his wits with the professional gamblers on board, and he had found an amazing truth—that surrounded by luxury Richard Featherstone had lost what was once the only endowment of Dick Stone.

He had lost and that heavily and now— He rose with a sigh and went over to where his wife was engaged in conversation.

"Pardon me, Estelle, but would you come outside for a moment?"

Outside the fog—the dreary night. A figure slipped behind a huge ventilator just as Richard Featherstone and his wife emerged from the salon.

"But Estelle, you must. Just a little loan you know."

"No, Dickie-boy, I won't. You have lost enough for to-night. Let's go in and dance."

Somewhere in Richard Featherstone the cord of restraint that had held him for so long snapped.

"No, Dickie-boy," he sneered. "So you won't, eh? Well don't you know that I bought you? You cringe? Ah-ha, you thought your luck would last forever—you little gutter-snipe—brought out of your poverty by a doting old man. And then your rich husband. But you erred, my dear—Dick Stone never gives where he does not take. You would defy me—your husband—and you whose father was probably a black-guard, a criminal, a—

Somewhere from out of the darkness a fist shot out and Dick Stone dropped to the deck. From out of the fog a figure appeared, the dark iron gray hair waving back from the high forehead.


With a bound he seized the senseless form of the man and hurled it far over the side.

"Estelle—Estelle, my darling—my daughter. He could not have you. He ruined me—he ruined your mother—but you shall not be his. Speak to me Estelle, your poor old father.


Again the door of the salon opened, but before the heavy tread of the ship's captain was heard, another bit of human wreckage had slipped over the side into the cold fog.

R. D. P., '27.





Science



RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO HYGIENE

Ingersoll once said, "If I were the Almighty I would make good health catching instead of bad." And that is just what science, with the co-operation of the present generation, is trying to do.

Never were the health administrators of the world confronted with a bigger task than in the present day. They have been so steadily keeping pace, however, with the demands upon them that the average person in the present day is optimistically sure that we are leaving disease behind us. But unfortunately, the ills of civilization are like the hydra-headed monster—so fast as one head is destroyed two spring up to take its place. The Great War supplied the need for a more advanced type of surgery, for remedies with which to alleviate shell-shock and the effects of gas. Its aftermath has demanded body-carpentry and specially effective weapons against venereal diseases. The ideals of the newly constructed world demand knowledge of ways and means for the prevention of infectious diseases, for the treatment of the great horde of mentally unfit, for personal sanitation. While 23,000 women in U.S. A. alone die yearly, in childbirth, while 40,000 children are born feeble-minded and 140,000 syphilitic, while 1,000,000 die yearly of diseases preventable even with present knowledge, a daily challenge is being thrown out not alone to scientists and governments but to the people—perhaps, especially to the people.

Physical fitness is a requisite to-day more than ever before for the pressure of the world's work bears down rather heavily on the average citizen. Recent developments in hygiene are continually adding to the requirements for physical fitness. If you would be a perfect physical specimen, the science of health demands that you conform in weight to the exact inches of your height, that you must "breathe from your

diaphragm," that you must be able to twist yourself into innumerable physical exercises with the utmost ease, that you must not be subject to a single ache or pain for—"every pain has its cause." If you attended a German public school, you would be even compelled to test your hearing by the following ingenious means: Can your ear tell you the size of a tree trunk being sawed in two by an invisible sawyer in the woods? whether he is holding his axe-blade at right angles or obliquely. If it cannot, says Herr Schmolt, your hearing is sadly defective.

Physical fitness for every one is a goal but still a far one. Most of us would fear to take rigorous inventory of our stock-in-trade on the basis of scientific demands.

How does scientific hygiene answer the problem?

1. Education. The time has practically passed when a sane discussion of physiology is lowered for moral reasons. At home, in school, in boys' and girls' organizations all over the world, instruction is being given in the great fundamentals—cleanliness, conservation of various organs, contagion of disease, sex. It is becoming increasingly impossible to plead ignorance as the cause of venereal diseases; it is even becoming difficult to find exponents of the old tacit belief that a woman must spend most of her life as a semi-invalid. Education is on its way and, as always, it is coming through the children.

The beginning of school hygiene dates back to the scientific discovery that supervised forms of play co-ordinate and develop both the muscles and the instincts of the child to an astonishing degree. Hence the establishment of supervised playgrounds and gymnasiums. Since then child hygiene has climbed steadily upward through the agencies of Community Health Centres, Nutrition Councils, Health Movies, and travelling clinics to such present-day innovations as the Health Crusaders, Nutrition Classes, teaching for feeble-minded.

The Crusaders are nothing more nor less than an organization of children all over America calling themselves the Knights of the Round Table. Their aim is physical fitness and already their rate of development in many cases has doubled that of non-crusaders. At the very basis of the crusader movement is a modified form of the idea which is embodying itself in the nutrition classes of Los Angeles. Here a nutrition teacher

selects twenty undernourished children and organizes a class. For one period in the day, these children, excused from class room work come to the nutrition clinic to drink a glass of milk and listen to a simple ten-minute talk of nutrition. They take off their shoes and lie down for twenty minutes. This not only combats fatigue but teaches them how to rest. Records of their weight and daily routine are kept; they are taught to make health posters, to grow vegetables, to cook and eat nourishing foods, and their class-room work regulated and little home-work done. Corrective physical exercises are given and physical defects eliminated. Home life is regulated by talks with the parents.

Thus science is teaching that rest, nutrition, proper physical exercises, and interesting occupations lie at the basis of the development of child health—especially in the case of the sub-normal.

Indeed, in spite of the demand for physical fitness in the work of the world to-day, no bigger chance was ever offered to the undeveloped and the sub-normal. Call it pure selfishness if you will but it is an economic certainty that the efficiency of some, demands the efficiency of others lest these latter clog the perfect working of the national machine. Take the work with the feeble-minded. Insane asylums have become hospitals, each individual case is studied and psychological and psycho-analytical remedies applied. There is even a possibility in the near future of graded schools for the sub-normal.

However, it is not the child alone to whom health education applies. How should it be when father listens every morning to radio instructions for his setting-up exercises, when public buildings such as the new Union Railway Station in Chicago use liquid soap and paper and dispense with the cuspidors and the common drinking cup, when baby clinics supply mothers with monthly letters on the care of their children, when advertisements are continually inquiring if you have had your iron to-day?

Education is probably the most effective weapon of science in dealing with disease but there is yet another factor—prevention of the work of disease germs already existent. We need not deal with the work of anti-toxins in general but there

are various new developments which it may be interesting to examine.

A serum called the measles convalescent serum has recently been discovered which greatly retards, and even prevents, the disease in its incipient stages.

An immunization serum has also been discovered for diphtheria. New York state is finding it so effective that they have inaugurated a campaign to rid the state of diphtheria by 1930.

One of the most interesting serums is the juice of the cattle-tick which in the Rocky Mts. is used to combat the very disease it causes—spotted fever. The process of preparing the cattle-tick for use as a medicine would induce one to avoid the Rocky Mountains. However, it has been found very effective and its disinfection by carbolic acid removes all danger of uncleanness.

But, although anti-toxins are the principal domain of science in disease prevention, they are not the only means for combating infectious diseases. Isolation plays an increasingly important part. Time was, even a generation ago, when scarcely a child under sixteen had missed exposure to the white plague. To-day, in many cities no person with tuberculosis is allowed to remain in a house with children under sixteen. Either he goes to the sanitarium or the child leaves. Out of Chicago's 3,000,000 children, only 20 have been exposed, this year, to tuberculosis.

Even more important if possible, is the establishment of hospitals and clinics for the discovery and isolation of persons having venereal diseases.

Furthermore, science has discovered a way of obviating, to some degree, the difficulties of hospitals for infectious diseases. By the use of glass walled cubicles it has been found possible to keep children with all or any diseases, in the same room, even, if necessary, side by side.

It is interesting to note that there must have been ample chance for the spreading of infectious diseases many years ago for science has recently discovered the imprint of bacteria—and even live organisms—at the bottoms of oil-wells centuries old.

But science has more answers to the problem of disease

prevention. Even business firms take the challenge upon themselves. The Prudential Insurance Company spends thousands yearly to provide a nutritious mid-day meal for their employees; factory commissions investigate lighting conditions in factories and eliminate shadows, glare, etc.

Private inventors take up the question. It has been claimed by some that salt in the drinking waters of miners who are compelled to work hours in stifling heat, will contribute much to the prevention of perspiration and thus to the alleviation of discomfort. This is as yet, however, a theory.

Assuredly, the longest steps on the road of health have been taken when education and prevention are distanced. Yet there remains still another factor—the cure of existent diseases.

The subject of insulin is a familiar one to everybody but perhaps it is not generally known that Dr. J. M. Rabinowitch has invented a substitute—which he calls dioxycetone. It is a sweet syrup obtained from glycerin which has been acted upon by a certain bacterium. It is preferable to insulin because it can be taken through the mouth. Dioxycetone is still—experimentally—in its infancy but it has already effected many cures.

Some ingenious doctor has discovered that the supposedly simple ailment—gas on the stomach—is due to breathing in air and insists that one breath too many might even cause death.

While speaking of ingenious things, it might be of interest to note that science has exploded the much-vaunted hope of the stout folk—hot air reducing. It is claimed that this removes only fluid and not solid weight.

The thyroid gland wins new distinctions every day. The latest labels it as the cause of the “peppy” flapper! Dr. C. Macfie Campbell of Boston claims that diseases of the throid gland cause over talkativeness and irritability and—are more common to women than to men!

The subject of disease cures in the last generation is a limitless one. Pages might be written on cancer cure, tuberculosis serum, psychoanalysis, etc, but these are more or less well known. We will return,— as befits the conclusion of a science article—to brains and the most recently discovered cure—all for their troubles—the ultra-violet ray. The medicinal qualities of pure

sunlight have long been known but it is only lately that its rejuvenating effect upon the intellect has been discovered. It has been proven, not only that normal children exposed to the direct rays of the sun, improve in health and in cheerfulness, but that the mentality of feeble-minded children is bettered by the beneficent influence of the ultra-violet ray.

And so, we have concluded, as we began, with a discussion of treatment for children. It is they who, in the next generation will witness the most astonishing discoveries in the prevention and cure of disease. The day is not far hence when it can no longer be said, "a country's greatest undeveloped resources are her people."

E. A. W., '26.

THE RUBBER INDUSTRY

No greater romance is to be found in the world of industry to-day than that of rubber; though this is the latest commodity to disturb international relations. This competition has been very keen since the end of the war, and shows no signs of growing less intense.

The American rubber industries consume 72 per cent of the total world production of rubber though they produce none at all. They are therefore almost entirely dependent upon rubber procured in the British Empire, and are at present facing a critical situation due to the restriction by the British government upon the production and export of crude rubber. There has naturally been talk of American owned or American grown rubber, and various plans have been suggested with little or no result. There are climatic possibilities in the Philippines but there are also political difficulties. Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, head of a large tire manufacturing concern, looks chiefly to Liberia, but partly to Mexico for American-controlled rubber. There is no danger of interference by bandits or revolutionists in Liberia as in Mexico, but even then it would take years to reach full fruition.

Rubber is an elastic gum made from the milky juice of a

number of plants in the tropics and semi-tropical regions of the world. The name "rubber" was first given to this gum by Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen, who found that it would erase pencil marks—and so far as known this is the first practical use of it by civilized man. This term "rubber" is still known only in the English language.

Previous to 1839 rubber was considered of little commercial value, because, no method of preparing it for practical use had been discovered. In that year, Charles Goodyear discovered the process upon which modern industry largely depends. In 1844 he patented this process for vulcanizing rubber with sulphur by means of heat. Numerous radical attempts have been made to improve on his method and material, but the bulk of rubber goods produced is still cured by sulphur and heat method. Soon after Goodyear proved that rubber goods could be made to supply human wants, the rubber industry began to thrive, and the demand for crude rubber increased from year to year. Goodyear himself died in poverty in 1860 because his patents were being generally infringed upon and he was unable to force his rights. The recent discovery by Dr. Spencer and others that certain organic substances termed accelerators or catalysers, mixed with rubber greatly hastened the process of vulcanization and has caused a revolution in compounding and vulcanizing. The time required in vulcanization was reduced to one half.

Until 1900 wild rubber was the sole source of supply. It is to the prompt action and resource of Sir. William Henry Wickham, that the world is indebted for making possible the present ample supplies of raw rubber of the best variety. As a result of long and careful study of rubber trees in Brazilian forests, he formed a theory that the valuable trees could be cultivated and that the Eastern tropics would prove particularly suitable for their adoption. The ease of cultivation, the large yields, and the high quality of rubber, soon encouraged the development, until to-day nine-tenths of the world's production of raw rubber is derived from the plantation. Cultivated, or plantation rubber, is much preferred by many for the reason that it arrives in the country in a far superior condition to that of native rubber. Difference in freight, cost shrinkage, and

ease of handling, are matters of great concern. The relative importance of the two is shown by the estimated production for 1922 of 340,000 tons of plantation rubber as against 23,000 tons of wild rubber. It seems a long way from the jungle of the tropics to the automobile tires; yet had this jungle not been made to produce, instead of remaining merely a shelter for wild life, motor transportation would not be where it is to-day. When the car owner sits comfortably in his luxurious car, speeding over roads of every character without inconvenience, little does he realize the many processes to which the rubber in the tires has been subjected in order to get the resiliency and wearing qualities that make motoring a pleasure.

Chemists are now at work trying to outdo the rubber plant itself. When rubber is heated in a retort it splits up into a benzine-like liquid called "isoprene," and the synthetic chemist's problem was first to make this isoprene artificially and second to change it into caoutchouc. The whole story is an extraordinary one, but we can only say that isoprene can be made artificially in various ways, e. g., from the fusel-oil yielded to fermenting potato-starch; and that isoprene can be changed into caoutchouc in various ways, e. g., by drying it over metallic sodium. The making of synthetic rubber is still a minor industry as compared with the production of natural rubber and the manufacture of goods therefrom. While synthetic rubber must be greeted as a chemical triumph, it is not yet an industrial success.

Since 1910 the rubber industry has developed very largely and taken increased importance in the commercial world. In the use of this article in the United States this year, we find an increase of 50,000 long tons. A very large proportion of this is used in the automobile industry which was unknown thirty years ago.

Before going further, let us see how rubber is obtained. It seems almost incredible that a little beetle has changed the world. Yet, if there did not exist a certain wood-boring beetle which trees and creeping plants hate, there might be no motor-cars in the world, no bicycles, no waterproofs, no telegraph cables under the sea. As has been said, rubber is simply a milk substance contained in rubber plants and trees. These

trees live in hot, damp, tropical forests, where there are swarms of wood-boring beetles. Instead of having ants to protect them as some trees have, and instead of being armed with bristles or thorns as some trees are, these trees have a sticky, poisonous juice. As soon as a beetle thrusts its boring weapon into the bark, the tree pours forth this juice. It kills the insect and at the same time fills up the wound with this juice, which when it dries is elastic, safeguarding the tree against further injury from the wound which the wood-boring beetle has caused. The chief source from which rubber is obtained is the hevea tree. The work is done by Indians. The sap or latex, as it is called, comes from the inner layer of bark, and the tree is gashed just deep enough to reach this layer. The tool used resembles an ordinary hatchet. First a vertical gash or channel is made, then slanting gashes are made on one or both sides. The latex flows down these cuts to the main channel, and a cup is placed at the bottom to catch the fluid. The tapping is done early in the morning, and the juice called caoutchouc is gathered a few hours later. A good tree yields about twenty gallons of juice in a season, producing forty pounds of rubber. A pail of latex looks very much like a pail of milk, and if allowed to stand the rubber will rise to the surface like cream. But the water must be evaporated and the rubber coagulated at once, or the rubber will be injured. The Indian makes a small fire of sticks and palm nuts, over which he places a clay cone having a small opening, through which the smoke escapes. He dips a wooden paddle into the latex and holds it in the smoke until the water is evaporated, leaving a thin coating of rubber. The paddle is again dipped into the latex and held in the smoke until a ball of rubber so large that it cannot be handled is formed. This ball called a biscuit is then cut open on one side, and the paddle taken out. The biscuit is the form in which crude rubber is placed on the market. When the crude rubber reaches the factory it is run through a washing machine, consisting of a pair of toothed rollers over which water is flowing. The rollers break the rubber up into rough strips and the water removes dirt and other impurities. The strips of rubber are dried and sent to the mixers where sulphur and various other substances are mixed with it, to prepare it for the purposes for which it is

to be used. It is at this stage of manufacture that old rubber reclaimed from overshoes and other discarded rubber articles is used. From the mixing machine the rubber goes to calenders or rollers from which it comes in sheets ready for use.

We thus see the long process which has to be gone through before rubber can be used for any article.

It is a recognized fact in the world to-day that the wheels of industry must never stop—the demand for rubber is ceaseless. The future of rubber is full of interesting possibilities. Already we have rubber travelling bags, suitcases and portfolios; we may look for rubber to replace leather in many fields, yet less than forty years ago a rubber pioneer was jeered at by the fire department of Cincinnati, for suggesting rubber hose to replace the then universally used leather fire hose. Rubber has come into almost innumerable contacts with modern life. Whether it be found in a hot water bottle to check a chill, or an automobile tire to reduce shock and jar, it is a singular fact that the fundamental purpose of rubber is to conserve human life and promote comfort. Wherever it is used it is protecting something. It is the rubber receiver and transmitter that makes the telephone safe; it is the rubber raincoat that protects us from the rain; the rubber insulation conserves electrical power and prevents waste in a thousand different ways. Without rubber we could have no telephones, bicycles or automobiles as they are now made. Nearly all machine appliances operated by electricity have some parts made of rubber; then there are hundreds of small articles, combs, buttons, etc., that are so common we never think of the material which enters into their manufacture. The World War revealed the importance of rubber, in war, for it entered into many devices used in military operations. Rubber gasoline tanks for aeroplanes, lately patented, though punctured fifty times by bullets, do not leak. For years a certain prominent London street has been rubber-paved.

The rubber field now immense is ever widening and it is not too strong to say that the third largest industry in the country is dependent upon rubber for its being.

The latest discovery is the process of making transparent rubber. Details as to how transparent rubber is made from the

opaque black native substance are not available, but it is said that so far the soft transparent rubber product can be made, and that further research will surely lead to the fabrication of the hard variety. Think of transparent rubber windows that you could push out with your hand and which would spring back into place. When we put on rubbers in overcast weather expecting it to rain, and are agreeably surprised when it does not, we still have rubbers to take care of. Nobody likes to be seen wearing rubbers in clear weather. Transparent rubbers would be invisible.

All in all, we have a substance whose possible uses can only be guessed at now. We live in a world of constantly increasing progress, and sometimes when we learn of a new thing suddenly, we are startled at the quickness of its progress. Rubber glass is brand new; its further development may be rapid or it may go the way of many inventions of alleged wonder and astonishing innovation. Still it is so often the improbable and alleged impossible that happens, that even the most startling announcement must be given due consideration.

M. H. M., '26.



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The Acadia Athenaeum

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No. 2

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Editorial



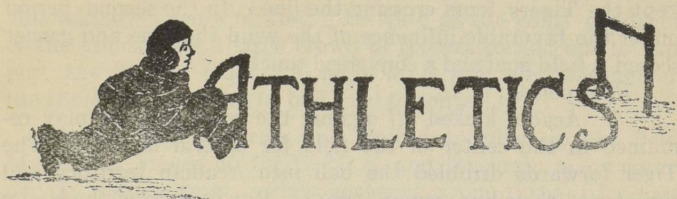
One of the most valuable assets of any college is the loyalty of its alumni and students. For colleges do not live by endowment alone. Many a college has justified the faith of its founders though its endowment was most meagre. The vital element in the life of a college is not material but spiritual,—the ideals and traditions which give it a distinctive character, and which give it also a place in the hearts of its graduates and students. This, of course, assumes that loyalty is itself a spiritual quality, a high and noble sentiment, and this is the truth which we desire to emphasize.

Like patriotism, college loyalty is often given a meaning or content utterly inadequate. Everyone is familiar with the patriotism that can see only good in one's own country and only bad in all other countries. "My country, right or wrong" is its slogan. So there is the college loyalty which contents itself with boasting of the size of the college, the large enrollment, the number of courses offered, and the richness of the endowment.

But true patriotism is loyalty to the ideals of the country, and true college loyalty is loyalty to the ideals and traditions of the college. No country is ideal but it has ideals for which it stands and to which it demands the allegiance of all true citizens. So, though no university is ideal, yet it too has its ideals and traditions which are the basis of love for the Alma Mater. In these its "spirit" consists, and in these consists the moral worth which calls for the lasting loyalty of both students and alumni.

But there is another way in which college loyalty expresses itself, and that is by service to the college. The debt of loyalty is not all paid by sitting on the side lines and cheering however loudly. But loyalty takes one into the game and forces him to do his bit, however small. There are many fields of service on the college campus, and every student and graduate has his place in one of these. The need or willing service is great, and a university only approaches its ideal when every student in asserting his loyalty also claims his responsibility for service.

We wish in this issue to acknowledge the receipt of two volumes from The Stratford Company, Publishers, Boston. These are "The Best College Short Stories, 1924-1925" and "The Poets of the Future, a College Anthology for 1924-1925." Both of these volumes should be of the greatest interest to all college students, and of no less interest to us at Acadia. In the anthology, Acadia University is represented by one published poem, "The Girl" by E. Ardis Whitman, and three others are mentioned among "poems of distinction", "A Winter Night" by O. T. Rumsey, "The Rose of Sharon" by H. F. Sipprell, and "The Fare" by Marion C. Smith. Among the short stories none from Acadia are published, but two are noted as being of unusual merit,—"I Protest" by Charlotte A. Kinsman, and "An Unfortunate Face" by O.T. Rumsey. These are the only stories from any Canadian university to receive mention in this volume.



Once again the curtain has dropped over Intercollegiate Football. The football season we regret to say, has been disappointing from the viewpoint of Acadia and the supporters of the blue and garnet. Once more the University of New Brunswick has won the championship of the Western League. We feel no disgrace in bowing to the champions, for their team is undoubtedly the best Rugby squad turned out in the Maritime colleges for many years. In the case of Mt. A. we felt that the teams were most evenly matched and congratulate our opponents on gaining a well earned victory.

We are proud to say that our team has upheld the Acadia traditions of good clean sport, in every case, fighting to the bitter end. They have proved themselves good losers, which is a triumph in itself.

Many of this year's football team have represented their Alma Mater on the gridiron for the last time. It is only with regret that we realize that we must part with these old reliables that we have so long depended upon to turn our defeats into victories. The future of football at Acadia is far from being gloomy, we have in our ranks many good men who have already proved their football mettle. Next year we look forward to having a championship team.

ACADIA, 9; DALHOUSIE, 0.

Playing in the teeth of a terrific gale the Acadians revenged themselves on the Tigers, for the defeat of the previous week, by the fine score of 9 to 0. In the first period Acadia played against the wind without scoring and by splendid teamwork

kept the Tigers from crossing the line. In the second period under the favorable influence of the wind the blue and garnet scored a field goal and a converted touch.

First period:

Acadia kicked off against the wind and the play remained in the center of the field for several minutes. The Tiger forwards dribbled the ball into Acadian territory and threatened their line several times. But in spite of the heavy wind the Acadian backs succeeded by splendid kicking in saving the situation every time. The period ending without a score.

In the second half the Tigers faced defeat from the start. They played with a "never say die spirit" however to the very end, and forced three safety touches. After five minutes of play Otto Noble connected with the ball sending it nearly the whole length of the field. This was followed by a throwing which was received by an Acadia man, after some fine passing MacLatchy secured the ball and crossed the line for the first score of the game. Davison converted easily. The Tigers kicked off once more, but soon lost their advantage against Acadia, as a result of the hard and accurate tackling of our backs. After about three minutes playing Davison kicked a spectacular 45 yard field goal.

Acadia line up: Fullback, O. Noble; three quarters, Hamilton, Wilson, Barteaux, B. Elderkin; halves, Davison, J. Elderkin, MacLatchy; forwards, Morse, Miller, A. Noble, Estey, Shaffner, Kierstead, Lane.

Dalhousie:—Fullback; Rockingham; three quarters, Moore, McInnes, Murphy, D. Smith; halves; Longstroth, A. Smith, Wickwire; Forwards; Baird, McLean, Livingstone, Cox, Tupper, Hallington, Sutherland.

ACADIA, 0 ; U. N. B., 16

Fresh from a 27-0 victory over Mount A., U. N. B. met Acadia on the home campus, Thursday, Oct. 29., in what proved to be a deciding game of the Western Intercollegiate League. Fighting against a historical "jinx" as well as the fast working Red and Blue players, U. N. B. played spectacular football

and won by a score of 16-0. In spite of the chilly condition of the atmosphere a large crowd of rooters turned out to support the Acadia team. A high wind prevailed throughout the game, which made the ball hard to control.

Acadia won the toss and elected to play up the field. McLennan kicked off for U. N. B. and Davidson made a gain on the return punt. Play centered around the fifty-yard line for a time, neither scrim being able to heel the ball out cleanly. About five minutes after the kick-off, the ball snapped back to the U.N. B. three-quarter line and Fraser started a run which broke completely through Acadia's defence for the first score of the game. The ball went over in the hands of McCaffery, who planted it directly behind the goal posts. Fraser easily converted and the score stood 5-0.

Apparently undaunted, the Acadia team followed up the kick-off and successfully blocked a return. Hickson, the U. N. B. fullback, was injured when the Acadia forwards rushed. Play was carried to the visitors ten-yard line and the Acadia supporters had hopes of scoring. U. N. B. soon relieved the tension by punting. A fumble on the part of the Acadia fullback proved costly and U. N. B. became dangerous again. The Red and Blue forwards worked hard to hold their pressing opponents. Just before the whistle, McCaffery received a pass and registered a second try. Fraser's attempt to convert failed. Score 8-0.

In the second period the U. N. B. players more clearly demonstrated their superiority. From the minute the ball was in play, they rushed the struggle into their opponents territory. Jost Elderkin and Hamilton did some hard tackling and stopped the rush momentarily. Estey, the big Acadia forward was forced out of the game and was replaced by Creelman. Once more the U. N. B. three-quarters controlled the ball and after a pretty run, Seeley dropped over the line for three more points. The wind carried the convert from the goal posts. Several players were injured at this stage of the game. Hamilton was forced out, and was replaced by Brady. The ball stayed on Acadia's ten-yard line for ten minutes, with the home team defending doggedly. With only five minutes

to go, Steen broke through for the final touch of the game which was neatly converted.

The entire U. N. B. team played well, with Fraser excelling at punting. Captain Jost Elderkin, Hamilton, A. Noble and Davidson played an outstanding game for Acadia.

The line up:

U. N. B.—Fullback, Hickson; three-quarters, Seeley, Steen, McCaffrey, Fraser (captain); halves, Babbitt, Currie, Keene; forwards, McPhail, Donohue, Odell, Dalzell, MacAulay, McLennan, Woods; subs, Fowler, Smith, McMurray.

Acadia—fullback, Otto Noble; three-quarters, Hamilton, Wilson, Barteau, B. Elderkin; halves, Davidson, MacLatchey, J. Elderkin (captain); forwards, Morse, Miller, A. Noble, Estey, Schaffner, Kierstead, Lane; subs, Brady, Creelman, White.

Referee: N. Ralston.

ACADIA, 0; MT. ALLISON, 3

With the championship resting securely in the hands of U. N. B., Acadia met Mt. Allison at Sackville on Nov. 5, in the final game of the Western Intercollegiate League. The weather was ideal, and a large crowd of fans turned out to witness the game. The contest proved listless, to say the least, and was featured with faulty passing and poor backfield work.

Mount A. kicked off in the first period, and almost immediately carried the ball close to the Acadia line. After several scrimmages, Noble relieved with a long punt. Mount A. gained on a free kick, but was slow in following up the advantage. Alternately, both three quarter lines got in some fine combination work. Play went back and forth with the Acadia forwards working hard. A number of times the ball came back, cleanly, to their backfield, only to be lost through fumbling. Near the end of the period, Ray Smith made a long run for Mount A., but was tackled by the Acadia fullback on the five-yard line. The referee's whistle found the play in Acadia's territory.

Acadia pressed hard in the second period. Fumbling by the Mt. A. three-quarters cost the Garnet and Blue thirty

yards. Both forward lines attempted dribbling, but neither could gain. After ten minutes of play, Acadia threatened the Mount A. goal line and their rooters encouraged them to score. Davidson tried a drop kick which was successfully blocked. Suddenly, the play shifted to Acadia territory and Acadia resumed the defensive. The Red and Blue players were given a free kick, but their advantage was short lived. At this point, the Mt.A. three-quarter line got control of themselves, for a moment, and in that moment, Ray Smith plunged over the line for the only score of the game. The convert failed.

From the ensuing kick-off until the end of the game, Acadia kept the play in Mount A. territory. Time and again they rushed the ball up the field, only to lose it at the crucial moments. The Mounties were worried, but they proved good on the defensive. The final whistle relieved the tension. Ray Smith and Wilson were the pick of the Mount A. team, with Otto Noble, Davidson and J. Elderkin getting in good work for Acadia.

The line-up:

Acadia:—fullback, O. Noble; three-quarters, B. Elderkin, Wilson, Barteau, Hamilton; halves, J. Elderkin (captain), Davidson, McLatchey; forwards, Titus, Kierstead, Lane, A. Noble, Woodworth, Shaffner, Morse.

Mount A.—fullback, L. L. Smith; three-quarters, Rice, Rogers, Crocker, Stuart; halves, Wilson, Gregg, Ray Smith (captain); forwards, Palfrey, Hierlihly, Morris, Cluff, McLennan, Kierstead, Warwick.

Referee: Norman Ralston.

ACADIA, 0; WANDERERS, 16

Playing without the services of several of her regulars, Acadia met the crack Wanderers team at Halifax on Nov. 9, in the final game of the season. The Garnet and Blue were out to erase a previous defeat at the hands of the Halifax team, but the brilliant work of Richie MacCoy, around whom the whole Wanderers' attack centered, proved too efficient and the final reckoning gave the Wanderers 16 points to Acadia's nil.

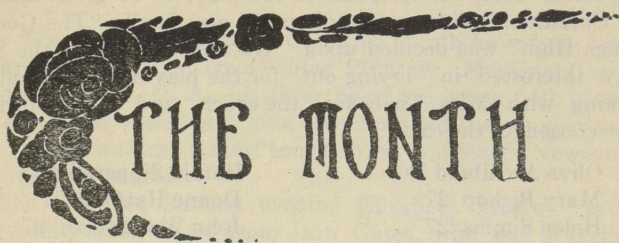
From the first kick-off, the Wanderers pressed the play into Acadia territory, where it remained throughout practically the entire game. Acadia proved strong on the defensive and only their persistent tackling kept the score down. Davidson, Acadia's star punter, was well marked and was unable to do his usual effective work. After seven minutes of play, Richie McCoy intercepted a pass and broke through the entire Acadia backfield for the first try. The ball missed the goal post by inches, when Herman tried to convert. Acadia controlled the ball for a while, but the Red and Blue three-quarter line could not get away. The heavy Wanderers' scrum was working to perfection and slowly but surely, carried the play down to Acadia's line again. MacCoy received a pass from Thompson and kicked a pretty field goal for four more points. Near the end of the period Farnsworth broke through for another, and the score stood 10-0.

In the second period, the Acadia boys worked better in the scrimmages, but their backfield continued its faulty passing and lost many chances. Barteau was injured, and was replaced by Brady. About half way through the period, Lane and MacCoy went over in quick succession for two tries, neither of which was converted. The game was held up when several Acadia players were injured. Play ended on the fifty-yard line. Otto Noble played well for Acadia.

The line-up:

Acadia:—fullback, O. Noble; three-quarters, Hamilton, Watson, Barteau, B. Elderkin; halves, Davidson, MacLatchey, J. Elderkin; forwards, Lane, Kierstead, Titus, A. Noble, Fetterly, Morse, Woodworth; subs, Brady, White, Miller, Crossman.

Wanderers—fullback, H. Edwards; three-quarters, Shaw, T. Lane, Farnsworth, Cameron; halves, MacCoy, MacLeod, Thompson; forwards, Young, Logan, O'Shaughnessy, Herman, Armitage, Tuttle, Wilks.

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

THE MONTH

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS' ENTERTAINMENT

The last of the "First Year Rules", which proved so burdensome to the verdant ones, was fulfilled on Wednesday evening, November the eleventh, when the annual First Year Entertainment was given in University Hall. The new student conducted themselves well and carried through their program with a good spirit. Their efforts did not go unappreciated, however, and the delicate bouquet of roses (or was it daisies?) that "Stub" Findlay presented on behalf of the Sophomores, voiced the general approval adequately.

The program proper consisted of the customary Acadia songs; a men's quartet in which such gentlemen as Chisholm, Linton, Colwell and Bloise made their appearance; a ladies' trio starring Dot Waterman, Addie Snowden and Dot Dakin; a reading by Virginia MacLean and finally a piano solo by Freida Smofsky. But the climax of the evening came with a colored farce in which Mistah Johnson, alias Jim Baker, presided over a group of dusky individuals who bore minor resemblances to Coy, Munro, Chambers, Brookes, Lee, Arthurs, Lefurgey, King, Linton and Jones. The customary songs and skits were given—some of the jokes on the faculty proving not only very enlightening to the student body but to the faculty themselves.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

At the meeting of the Dramatic Society on Saturday,

November 14th, the question of the play, to be given before the Christmas holidays, was discussed and finally "The Goose Hangs High" was decided upon. All the members of the Society interested in "Trying out" for the play met on Monday evening with Miss Teabeaut, the coach, and the following were chosen for the cast:

Olive Archibald '26
 Mary Bishop '27
 Helen Simms '27
 Grace Perry '27
 Marguerite Milner '28

Harold Sipperell '27
 Doane Hatfield '27
 John Woodworth '27
 Ralph Marven '27
 Charles Allaby '28
 Warren Findlay '28
 Ted Taylor '28

STUDENT'S UNION

The regular weekly meeting of the Student's Union was held Thursday afternoon, NOVEMBER 19th, for the purpose of discussing the report of the Committee on a Weekly Newspaper. Elbert Paul, chairman of the committee, read the report and lengthy discussion followed with the result that at the end of the period no agreement could be reached. Accordingly it was resolved to hold a special meeting of the Union on Saturday afternoon for "the purpose of discussing the matter of a weekly newspaper." But alas for good resolutions. In the meantime the Faculty saw fit to give four members of the Union an enforced holiday from the University until after the Christmas recess, due to the fact that the said four members had indulged in a little barber - ism without a license. Indignation waxed high and the Student's Union on Saturday became an indignation meeting with the thought of a weekly newspaper hopelessly in the background. Budding orators arose and denounced the Faculty's action with fiery eloquence. A resolution of "extreme disapproval" was passed and the Union appointed a committee of ten to interview the Faculty.

After the meeting the Student body repaired to the 3.10 train where our 'gentlemen barbers' were given a royal and worthy send-off.

GIRLS' S. C. A.

The meetings of the S. C. A. this month have been particularly interesting. On October 25th Dr. McDonald spoke to the Girls' S. C. A., his topic being guidance. He showed us how Jesus was guided, and recommended the same ways to us. There was also a short song service, and Saidee Newcombe played a violin solo.

The following Sunday evening Elizabeth Murray read a very interesting letter from Jean Gates, who was a student here two years ago, and who is now in China. Nita Thretheway sang "Teach me to pray."

The evening of Nov. 15, Miss Trotter kindly consented to come to Wolfville and address us. She told one of the stories with which her C. G. I. T. girls are familiar, and her wonderful personality made all her audience wish that they had built their "house" more successfully.

JOINT S. C. A.

At the joint meetings of S. C. A. this month we have listened to addresses from two of our own students, Mr. Geldert and Mr. Tingley. Both of these men are earnest workers in the S. C. A., and their talks were appreciated by all.

On November 11th a large student audience gathered in room A4 to listen to Mr. Errol Amaron speak. Mr. Amaron is a McGill student, and was their representative at the S. C. A. convention at Halifax. There, Ted Taylor met him and induced him to visit Acadia. His topic was "How to Live," and he spoke of the highest aims in life and showed us how the S. C. A. embodied these ideals.

STUDY GROUPS

The third aspect of S. C. A., the Study Group, has not been entirely neglected this year. Two of the girls' groups have continued their last year's work, and several new ones have been organized. These all look forward to some very interesting work.

PROPYLAEUM

The New Girls showed their quality very conclusively at their Propylaeum meeting, Monday Oct. 26., especially in the last number on the programme.

1. Piano Solo—Miss F. Smofsky
- II. Vocal Solo—Miss D. Dakin, accompanied by Miss Smofsky.
- III. III. Synopsis—Miss C. Stewart
- IV. Vocal Solo—Miss E. Hatfield, accompanied by Miss B. Hatfield
- V. Darky Song

The critic for the evening was Frances Parlee.

SENIOR—JUNIOR DEBATE

Propylaeum met in Room A4 on Nov. 15., the programme for the evening being the senior-Junior debate. The resolution under discussion was:—

“Resolved that legislation is a more effective means towards civic righteousness than moral suasion.”

The Juniors, represented by Mary Bishop, Helen Simms and Meredith White, upheld the affirmative while Olive Archibald, Ruby Thompson and Ardis Whitman, from the Senior class, as stoutly defended the negative. The speeches on both sides were excellent, and the decision must have troubled the logical minds of the judges—Professors Balcom, Spidle, and Rhodenizer, but in the end they awarded the victory to the Juniors.

Annie MacKaye read a very witty critic's report.

PEP MEETING

The girls were determined to do their share toward winning the U. N. B. football game, so they appointed two new cheer leaders, Mary Curry and Ella MacMahon, and two days before the game, held a pep meeting in Tully clubroom. The very foundations of the building shook, so hearty were the songs and yells we gave.

The following evening a *real* pep meeting was held in the Gymnasium. The Football team was cheered, the Captain was cheered, the speakers were cheered,—and our spirits were cheered by the thought that Acadia tradition would certainly not be broken, if our cheering and the Team's playing had any determining influence.

FACULTY-STUDENTS

Representatives from the Faculty and Students met on unfriendly terms in the Gymnasium, Nov. 18th, when a series of volley ball games were played. The students decided that it would be good policy to get on the good side of the faculty, so they allowed them to win all the games.

JUNIOR—SENIOR SOCCER.

An interesting Soccer game was played on the campus between the Junior and Senior teams, Nov. 20th. The rooters, such as they were, were enthusiastic in their support. The score was 3-0 in favor of the Juniors.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

On the evening of Oct. 28 the French Club held an enjoyable social evening. The entertainment committee showed a great deal of ingenuity in devising games for the evening which would preserve a suitable French atmosphere. Meredith White read an interesting paper on "Voltaire" and Helen Simms sang a French song.

Professor and Mrs. Balcom were the chaperons.

ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

STRAW VOTE

The Athenaeum Society couldn't wait for election day to determine the fate of the government, as they staged a straw vote the evening before, in room A 4. All University Students were entitled to vote, and the result showed Liberal

majority. While this was not strickly prophetic, yet certainly no straw could be blamed for declining to foretell the true result of the polls.

ENGINEER-FRESHMEN DEBATE

The first debate this year was between the Engineers and Freshmen, on the subject "Resolved that a low tariff policy is destructive to all Canadian industry." The freshmen, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Titus and Mr. Williams supported the affirmative. The Engineers argued the negative, upheld by Mr. Foulis, Mr. Dunlap and Mr. Brehaut. The decision was given to the negative.

Arthur Dunlap read the critic's report.

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE

A very interesting debate was held in Room A4 by the Athaenaum Society. The Senior debaters were Mr. R. C. Swim, Mr. F. S. Crossman, Mr. R. B. Curry. Opposed to them were Mr. R.D. Johnson, Mr. D. Gordon and Mr. A. Tingley. The resolution read thus:—"Resolved that complete union with the United States would be beneficial to Canada."

The Juniors upheld the affirmative of this decision, the Seniors the negative and the decision was given to the latter.

Mr. C. Allaby read a very witty critic's report.

POLITICAL CLUB

The Political Science group held its first discussion group Tuesday, 17th in Tully clubroom. This society is now fully organized, with Mr. Harry Mollins as president and Miss Ella MacMahon as Secretary. The discussion of the meeting concerned the development of Canada and its causes. A very interesting discussion took place.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

This year the class of '28 took its turn at providing for the

annual Hallowe'en party, which also took the place of a reception to the U. N. B. football team.

The party was held in the gymnasium, which was changed into a land of unreality, peopled with witches, ghosts, fairies and other strange characters. They all showed themselves to be human enough, however, to join heartily in Tucker and other forms of entertainment, particularly in the refreshments.

Several interesting events have taken place here during the past month which, while not strictly Acadia news, yet because of their interest to the Student body deserve a place in the Month. Among these may be numbered Dr. Kempton's illustrated lectures in University Hall on Friday, 29th and Sunday, 1st. Dr. Kempton is an Acadia graduate who has spent a great deal of his time in Egypt and the Holy Land, and is well qualified to speak on these topics. His lectures were both entertaining and instructive.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

The most outstanding event of the past month was, without doubt, the coming of Dr. Roberts. A large audience of both townspeople and students gathered in University Hall to listen to his lecture. To the students especially was the address of this great teacher, soldier and poet, interesting. The evening seemed to go by magic, and all too soon the end of the lecture came. We shall always be grateful to Dr. Roberts for the help and inspiration that he left with us.

THE POETRY CLUB

Those who have read the College Anthology, or even the Athenaeum, have surely noticed the evidences of an unusual amount of poetic ability at Acadia during recent years. This is again clearly shown in the organizing of the Poetry Club, which has recently been started, with Mr. H. F. Sipprell as President. The purpose of the Club is to promote verse technique and appreciation of both classical and modern poetry.

We give our best wishes for the success of this new organization.

LITTLE THEATRE GUILD

Acadia now claims the proud distinction of having in its midst the first branch of the little theatre movement organized in the Maritime Provinces. Students, to be eligible for this group, must have written a one-act play which can be successfully performed. Before this report is printed the members of this guild will have produced five of their plays in College Hall and the identity of the group will be firmly established.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR NEW STUDENTS

The New Students were entertained by the Wolfville Baptist Church on the evening of Friday, 20th. Progressive games had been arranged for the evening's amusement and everyone enjoyed themselves. At ten o'clock refreshments were served, and after that the guests sang their songs and gave their yells.

S. V. B.

Student Volunteer has reorganized again this year and meets regularly in Tully Clubroom. The president this year is Helen Simms, and various members have been appointed to take their turn in leading the discussion.



Again we come around to reviewing exchanges and this time we have on our shelf the first publications of our contemporaries for the current college year. All the papers have a newness about them—a sparkling originality which is characteristic of college publications at this time of year. A new staff of editors are getting down to the duties, or pleasures, of compiling their papers and we see a marked change in all the current issues. And as in all change, *some* (we would like to say *all*) is for better, and some for worse.

Football occupies a prominent place in the papers which we have before us. The sports columns are crowded with news of football contests, the college news items recount Football receptions, banquets and what not, while even the humor shows the influence of this most popular college sport.

Once again we raise the age-old cry for more literary material. In many magazines we have excellent articles and the college news sections are, without exception, well written up, but short story writers and poets are decidedly at a premium. After all, any successful college paper, be it a weekly, daily, or monthly should have a certain literary standing. We are glad to note that several of the editors are encouraging with all their power literary contribution. May their well-deserving efforts be successful!

THE UBYSSEY

Just as the "McGill Daily" is the only daily newspaper on our shelf, so this publication is the only bi-weekly. The general appearance of your sheet is attractive. The humor page

"Just One Thing After Another" is well written and shows originality. We heartily agree with the editorial "The Exam. Time Limit" and we hope its sentiment meets with approval. In passing, we might suggest that the sport page be given more prominence.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

This is a neat and attractive paper, cleverly written and carefully edited. Your athletic department shows the careful attention that has been lavished upon it but can you not find room for a little material of a purely literary nature?

THE BRUNSWICKAN

We welcome again the monthly of our friendly rival. This year's *Brunswickan* gives every promise of maintaining that brilliance of wit and careful attention to scientific and general departments that have characterized that magazine in the past. We thank you for your kindly criticism of our magazine and would take this opportunity of apologizing for that multitudinous host of typographic errors that has descended upon us like the locusts upon Egypt. We hope to get the better of the printer some day! Your athletic and news departments are fine but why not make a concerted attempt to develop a strong literary department this year? Surely a university the size of U. N. B. has more talent than is regularly shown in that department.

THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY

We have long doubted the advisability of the publication of a weekly newspaper by the average smaller university and while we were reading your weekly, we found ourselves regretting the passing of the good old Xaverian. Like other weeklies, yours shows a great dearth of literary material. However, the lyric "My Dying Hour" although the only poem in your issue of the 17th ult. is a very fine poem and made us wish for more. We would also advise the use of a better grade of newsprint paper.

THE GATEWAY

This is another well written weekly with the usual close attention to humour and athletics. We were delighted to see that so many of your readers availed themselves of the opportunity to express their sentiments through the medium of your correspondence column. We have long felt that such a column was one of the big advantages of the weekly publication. Even the abundance of good illustrations cannot atone, however, for the absence of poetry and short stories.

MCGILL DAILY

The McGill Daily is the only college daily on our exchange shelf. It is always well edited and contains much interesting news. We envy you your visit from Bliss Carmen and, consequently, were much pleased with your many cordial references to that great event. We hope that your forthcoming Fortnightly Review will find its way to our exchange shelf for we feel sure that it will contain literary material of a very high standard. The lyric "An Autumn Day" published in a recent Daily is, we think, one of the finest poems that we have seen in any college publication this year. It reveals a real genius for versification and a subtle sense for word harmonies that promise much for the author. The Athletic, Correspondence and Humour departments are also well maintained each day.

MACMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

The monthly is one of the finest of the literary magazines on our exchange shelf. It is always neatly compiled, cleverly written and well edited. We have been considering the advisability of publishing a "weekly" at Acadia and, consequently, found your editorial both timely and interesting. Truly, "literary excellence without dullness, fun without foolishness" is a motto which is carried out would help any college paper far on the road to success. It is always a pleasure to see good poetry in a college magazine and the McMaster Monthly is taking its place this year as a leader in poetic endeavor. We

would especially commend the sonnet "Dawn" in our October number.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

The editors of this magazine, presumably are interested in affairs beyond the limits of their own university. The magazine contains numerous unsigned articles on world-wide subjects dealt with in an authoritative way. We congratulate Trinity on the serious effort evidently back of this magazine and on the work of their Literary Institute, but we suggest that the addition of more lighter material such as the vivacious "Westward Ho!" would benefit this periodical. May we also suggest that an occasional short story or poem would add to your "Review?"

POLYTECHNIC REPORTER

This sheet from across the line presents its usually newsy appearance. The write-up of the various fraternities under the column "Greek Gossip" is somewhat original and novel in a college paper. Don't you think there is room for more material of a literary nature? Yet the splendid collection of witticisms makes us almost willing to overlook the lack of purely literary matter. The following one is so piquant that we feel constrained to quote

Just a Slip of a Girl.

A banana peel,
A flash of hose,
A little squeal,
And down she goes.

THE SHEAF

Your weekly shows careful reportorial work and the athletic and joke departments are especially well written, but why the absence of things literary. Surely the University of Saskatchewan has a poet who can voice other than comic thoughts. It is pleasing to note however in the November 5 issue, the announcement of a short story prize. Too little is being done,

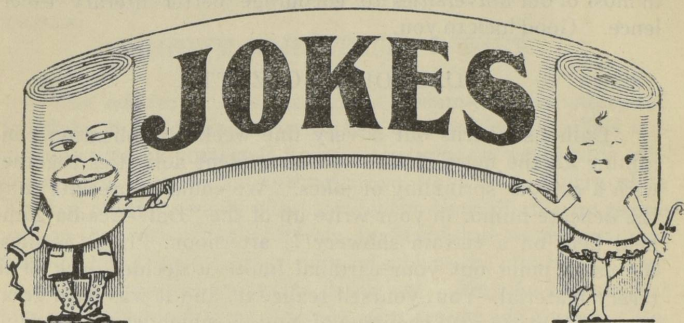
in most of our universities to encourage better literary excellence. Good luck to you.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Dalhousie turns out a very fine weekly publication containing all the news of the various student activities together with a copious sprinkling of jokes. We could appreciate fully the delicate humor in your write up of the "Dal"-Acadia game held here on a certain showery(?) afternoon. It is needless for us to point out your cardinal fault—a decided lack of literary material. You, yourself realize it, and it was with great interest that we read the issue of Nov. 5, which was devoted as a stimulus to literary endeavor. Several prizes are announced for literary competition and the editorial space is devoted to "The Need of a Literary Society at Dalhousie." We wish you success and await with interest the result.

THE ARGOSY WEEKLY

As usual this paper comes to us well-edited. The editor of the sports department should certainly be congratulated on his splendid work so far this year. The article "Originality and Expression" in a recent issue is worth commending, and we should like to mention especially "Say he loved" as a thoughtful, artistic production that makes us long for more of its kind. Nor must we forget "Altar Fires" and "A Night Journey." The former is a splendid lyric, while the latter is a fine example of impressionistic writing. On the whole however, we regretfully note the absence of that wealth of literary material that made the former Argosy monthly one of the most popular college magazines.



Dr. Spidle—To a young couple just returning from a walk on a very cool Saturday afternoon, “Don’t you realize that this is illogical and very unphilosophical?”

Young Gentleman.—“I fail to detect the fallacy Sir.”

Dr. Rhodenizer in English 5.—“All the really great American writers have had T. B.”

Voice in the rear.—“Marven you might qualify if you went out eight nights a week instead of just seven.”

Henson '28.—Examining box of shredded wheat in Tully dining room, notices printed on the side, “Made for 25 years.” “Now I understand why this stuff is so deuced dry.”

Frosh.—Is this liver or rubber?

Waiter—Can’t you tell the difference?

Frosh.—No.

Waiter—Then why worry about it?

Freshette.—“He actually blushed after he kissed me.”

Senior.—“I told you it was on too thick.”

German Prof.—“Can you decline ‘ein Glas Bier’.”

Non-pro Frosh.—“I never have yet.”

Bickerstaff '26—(trailing a Co-ed into the library)—
Well, how are you getting along with your work?

Co-ed—Fine until you came along.

Freshette—I haven't spoken to Freida now for weeks.

Freshman—Quarreled?

Freshette.—No, I hated to interrupt her.

Latin Prof.—“Don't be so literal, Mr. Israel. Read between the lines more.”

Israel '26.—“I can't, Sir, it's half erased.”

Curry '26—Please, Father, may I borrow your typewriter?

Gould '26.—Yes, but why all the formality?

Curry '26.—I can't find it!

Bickerstaff '26.—Claims that the D. A. R. is of divine creation as the Scriptures state that the Lord created all creeping things.

Pauline.—“What's the shape of the earth?”

Benny '26.—“Round.”

Pauline.—“How do you know that it is round?”

Benny '26.—“All right it's square then—I don't want to start an argument.”

Gould '26.—What relation is there between a bird and a shiek?

Byrns '26.—Got me.

Gould '26.—Alex Crowe, of course.

Anne '26.—What do you think of Louise Fritz's taste?

Barbara '26.—Not much. She always chooses weird creatures like brownies or apes.

Senior.—“When I was your age a lie never passed my lips.”

Freshette.—“When did you begin?”

Co-ed—"It's beginning to rain, you'd better stay for dinner."

Visitor at Tully—"Oh, thanks very much; but it's not bad enough for that!"

Fond Mother—"Do you detect any signs of genius, Professor?"

Professor—"Madame, I'm not a detective."

Prosser '27—"Who was that tough looking chap I saw with you to'day."

Pugs '27—"Be careful! That was my brother."

Pros.—"By Jove, forgive me! I ought to have known!"

Sem.—"I believe that he really has a soft spot in his heart for me."

Co-ed.—"How do you know?"

Sem.—"He says he is always thinking of me."

Co-ed.—"Why a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft sport must be in his head!"

Prof.—"Lee, can you tell me who George Washington was?"

Lee '29.—"Yes, Sir, he was an American general."

Prof.—"Quite right, and can you tell me what he was remarkable for?"

Lee—"Because he was an American and told the truth."

Prof.—"How was Alex. IV of Russia killed?"

Frosh.—"By a bomb."

Prof.—"How do you account for that?"

Frosh.—"It exploded!"

Sweet looking little Co-ed.—"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry?"

Second Co-ed kindly—"Why how many do you expect to marry, Dear?"

Barber.—“Your hair is very thin on top, Miss.”

Customer.—“Oh, how nice of you to say so, I just detest fat hair!”

Mack '26.—Marry me and your smallest wish will always be fulfilled.

Olive '26.—I can do that myself. What I want is a man who will gratify my biggest wish.

“Mr. Morton, shall I tender you some more of the chicken?”

“No thank you, but if you can tender this piece that you have already served me, I shall be greatly indebted to you.”

Indignant Freshette.—“You had no business to kiss me, Sir!”

Senior Sheik.—“But it was not business, dearest. It was a pleasure.”

Visitor at University Hall—Seeing a large group of students standing in the corridors with their heads buried in text books too deeply absorbed to even look up asks, “Are you students always as industrious as this?”

Friend.—“Oh no! They just saw Dr. Rhodenizer scattering papers around for a surprise test in Eng. 5.”

Visitor.—“You say, that professor is in a class all by himself?”

Stude.—“Yes he was five minutes too late for his class.”

Co-ed.—How modestly and suitably that girl dresses.

Co-ed.—Yes, she will do anything to attract attention.

Prof.—“You made 99 in that last test, why did you not get a hundred?”

Frosh.—“There must have been a misprint in the book, Sir.”

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