

CONTENTS

Awards for the Month.....	7
Ballade—H. F. Sipprell, '27.....	8
Sic Transit Gloria Mundi—A. R. Dunlap, '26.....	9
War's Havoc—Marjorie H. Mason, '26.....	12
Gold—A. R. Dunlap, '26.....	15
Autumn Shades—O. T. Rumsey, '26.....	21
The Spaniard on the High Peak of Individualism— C. R. Gould, '26.....	22
Daisy's Dilemma—O. T. Rumsey, '26.....	25
A Wordsworthian Revel in a Potato Patch—H. F. Sipprell, '27.....	28
Preparations—Marjorie H. Mason, '26.....	29
Soaps and their Action—Mary A. Bishop '27.....	34
Faculty Write-Ups.....	40
Editorial.....	42
Athletics.....	44
Month.....	49
Personals.....	55
Exchanges.....	69
Jokes.....	75

The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LII.

Wolfville, N. S., November 1925

No. 1

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, H. F. Sipprell, '27; 2nd, O. T. Rumsey, '26.

Articles:—1st, Marjorie H. Mason, '26; 2nd, C. R. Gould, '26.

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

One Act Plays:—A. R. Dunlap, '26; Marjorie H. Mason '26 (1 unit each).

Science:—1st, Mary A. Bishop, '27; 2nd, No award.

Humor:—H. F. Sipprell '27 (2 units).

Month:—1st, Grace Perry, '27; 2nd, Ethelyn Osbourne, '27.

Athletics:—1st, A. R. Dunlap, '26; 2nd, J. G. Patriquin, '27.

Personals:—1st, Laura Duncanson, '26; 2nd, H. F. Sipprell '27.

Exchanges:—1st, A. R. Dunlap, '26; 2nd, No award.

Jokes:—1st, Elizabeth Corey, '28; 2nd, R. Marven, '27.

Cartoon:—J. A. Woodworth, '28 (1 unit).

Seniors: 15 units.

Juniors: 13 units

Sophomores: 2 units

Freshmen: 0 units

Engineers: 0 units.

Pennant to Seniors.

BALLADE

Whene'er I feel oppressed by bitter pain,
Or sorrow sears my soul with burning brand,
Or mournful memories throng in dolorous train,
I find it joy to turn unto that strand,
That mellow realm, that wave-laved, languorous land
Where fairies flit beneath the fluttering tree
Ah yes, 'tis joy to join that joyful band
Within the radiant realm of Fantasy.

Once there, I wander o'er the rolling plain
Knee-deep in cool, green grass, or on the sand
Sun-warmed, I lie and muse upon the main,
The shimmering, silver sea that smiling bland
Encircles all the isle as to command
Me there to dwell for aye from sorrows free,
In flowery wreathes, to lead the saraband
Within the radiant realm of Fantasy.

There grow the pine and cedar dark, there rain
The sparkling showers of fragrant flowers when fanned
By softest winds; each blossoming tree is fain
To shed her glory at her lord's demand.
There gently glide the gleaming streams, there stand
The lofty hills in robes of snow, in glee,
The foam-white water falls on every hand
Within the radiant realm of Fantasy.

ENVOI

Ah flee with me this cold world's reprimand,
Ah seek with me the blossom-whitened lea,
Ah steal with me where nought but joy is planned
Within the radiant realm of Fantasy.

H. F. S., '27.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

SUNSET! The sky o'erhead trembled in waves of pink and saffron, shedding a ruddy glow upon all the vast plains of green that undulated from my feet to the distant, gold-crowned horizon. Near by, a silver stream, flecked here and there with threads of failing sunlight, wound in and out in fantastic arcs and finally lost itself among the misty, indistinct, emerald mounds in the east. Glorifying in the panorama of changing colors, the birds sang their songs of farewell to the swiftly dying summer day,—songs filled with sorrow and pathos, as if their tiny, trembling hearts were all but broken at the loss.

Entranced, I stood and drank in the beauty of my surroundings, while a rich violet hue, such as Nature herself can only reveal gradually predominated; and, as I stood there, a medley of emotions struggled in the innermost depths of my soul, emotions so deep-seated that even the magnificence of the falling day failed to soothe me. For a short time I was infused with a sense of pleasure, of happiness, of perfect bliss; the whole world seemed in harmony. All its sordidness and guilt appeared o'ershadowed by Beauty and trampled under her dainty feet. With the approach of dusk, however, this feeling slowly decreased, and then changed into one of overwhelming scorn. I was impelled by the desire to shriek with disdainful laughter, to demolish the beautiful dwelling place Nature had created, to efface the bright tapestries that hung down from above. A moment later dusk settled into night!

Jealousy! Dark, ugly, forbidding, it crept into my soul, with the same silence, the same secrecy, the same stealth that night crept over the earth. I felt it coming, I fought against it in silent agony, rebellious and stubborn as I am, but at last it conquered. Hesitatingly it came for a time, as if feeling its way in the darkness. Then it gripped me tightly and finally surged over me like a great tidal wave. I weakened in its embrace, and, shuddering with cowardly fear, I sank to the earth; but even then, as throughout the last five hours of that day, I kept my eyes glued steadfastly on the two who, on the

green mossy bank of that silver stream, sat in one another's embrace.

Both of the same age, they had grown up together—Bob and Geraldine—inseparable companions; and for the last twenty years I had watched them, had hovered near them, just as I was doing now. From the time of their births they had interested me, not as other people interest me, but in a strange, vaguely comprehensible manner. I saw them in their childhood, during the period when they began to learn some of the peculiar ways of the world, and I was touched by their friendly companionship. As they grew, so my strange interest in them grew, and I became none the less observant when they passed the adolescent period—Bob changing into a healthy youth of noble bearing, and the girl into a woman of superb, matchless beauty. Even before they themselves realized it, I detected signs of love in the hearts of each, signs which became more evident with the passing years. Little did they suspect the course of their destinies.

At length, on that memorable day which I have before described, they came to a full understanding of the dictates of their souls. The result was a betrothal. All that afternoon they planned for the future, and all that afternoon my emotions were peacefully blissful. Merely to watch the expressions on their youthful countenances was enough to arouse in anyone a state of happiness. Then, with the settling of night came the kiss that kindled the fires of jealousy within me. For the first time I realized my intense desire to possess the soul of that unsurpassably supreme maiden. To gaze upon her filled me with the most extreme ecstasy. Inwardly I cursed myself, who, at all times so ready to observe the love of others, had been so backward in interpreting the meaning of my own passions. The more I thought of it, the greater became my desire. The fires of jealousy threatened to consume me.

For three long weary months, months filled with indescribable pain, I struggled between altruism and jealousy. These forces waged a war in my soul, the like of which has never been seen by mortal man. Back and forth swung the tide, with devastating results, and ever the question remained undecided. Then came the eve of their wedding day!

As I stood in my old position on the plain, whose green was now tinged with autumnal splendor, and again watched the betrothed on the river's bank, I felt, with a strong conviction, that the hour of my testing was at hand. How that force strove within me, urged me, almost compelled me to snatch Geraldine away for my very own; and then how the spirit of altruism flamed up and intervened, appealing to the better part of my nature. All night I was in a turmoil, in a slough of despair, as I was tossed about between two waves. The following day they were happily married, but still I hovered near.

Swiftly for them the months chased by, and blissfully too, for soon they were to realize the height of their aspirations. The noblest ambition of their lives was to materialize, with crowning glory, in parenthood. For Bob there was not a doubt of his future happiness. He seemed to live among fleecy clouds of rapture, like one instilled with the nectar of the gods. His enthusiasm influenced Geraldine too, and, coupled with her own, it filled her soul with a feeling of happiness that all but drove away the sense of dread which kept continually recurring within her. Later, however, as the appointed time approached, this fear grew in size, like a large, ugly weed in a garden of beautiful flowers.

As for me, my interest and my passions had not abated in the least, but altruism was succeeding magnificently. For a long time I thought the old fires were quenched forever, and that peace would always be manifest in my soul. Then, suddenly, in a sorry moment, an evil thought took possession of me. Jealousy showed me my chance and my means and forced me to proceed. Continually, within me, the evil force stirred up my mind and kept the overpowering passion alive, while I bided the time that intervened. With the eagerness of a zealot I would have hastened the slowly passing days, if my power had been such. Twice did the rapidly dying spirit of unselfishness flame up, but this only tended to incense me further. Thus I watched and waited until the time was ripe. At length the hour came.

Could I perform this terrible deed? Could I stoop to such baseness? In a moment the question was answered. Passion gripped me, and in its grasp, what could I do but obey?

With the swiftness of an eagle, I suddenly swooped down upon Geraldine, and, clasping her to my heart in a long-desired embrace, snatched her away forever. The means I employed in this accursed deed was the sacred act of motherhood.

My name is *Death*.

A. R. D., '26.

WAR'S HAVOC

GENERALLY speaking, war's havoc is measured by the damage done to industrial life, the loss financially, and the death of men; but there is one very important phase which must not be lost to sight.

The morals of a nation ought always to be its chief concern. As an individual's, so a nation's real worth, consists not in the abundance of the things which he or it possesseth. Otherwise a race of Aztec Indians, rich with the spoils of the mines, would surpass a race of Britishers of this day, whose wealth consists not in gold and silver, but in manhood, and manhood's contribution to the world's good; and savagery might well surpass the highest civilization. Advancing civilization has placed supreme price upon moral values, and its institutions are of worth as they contribute toward that end. In this very sphere, the sphere of supreme worth, war works its greatest havoc.

The very nature of war is immoral; and participation in immorality, destroys the moral fibre of men and nations. The discomfiture and defeat of an enemy nation is the object in view, even when that involves the destruction of many of its people. Hence soldiers are trained to outwit and slay other men. In private life, such killing would be called "murder" and would be treated as a crime; in war it may be called "slaughter," but the greater the slaughter of the foe the greater the victory, and the more distinguished the victor. The great God "is no respecter of persons" and He is also "no respecter of numbers," and what is morally wrong for one is morally wrong for a multitude. Hence, when a nation trains its best youths

to make war, it is training them to crime, and that the crime of wholesale murder, for some ulterior purpose.

It cannot be denied that the spirit of crime has its lowering effects upon men and nations. Ideals which make men and nations are broken down and regarded as valueless.

War's subtle evils affect practically all the nation. The soldiers themselves are trained to a dulness of sensibility to wrongdoing. Their very wills are slavishly made the wills of the King or General, for "their's not to make reply, their's not to reason why, their's but to do or die,"—commit, at another's order, a crime which they would never have committed but for the training the nation has given them.

But war has also its evil effects on other classes. The morale of the nation is behind the army, and we were told during the Great War, that only that made victory a possibility. In other words, unless a nation is trained to a kind of patriotism that glories in the death of countless numbers of the enemy nation, unless that sympathy is practically nationwide and characteristic of all classes, success in war would be impossible. Statesmen dedicate their great powers of mind and soul to war, rather than to the development of their own people. The skill of scientists and inventors is devoted to the base aim of slaughter, and men are knighted for high degrees of fiendish inventiveness. The common day-school of the land is made a breeding place of evil, until the child who sings the national anthem is, in a nation devoted to war, taught to hiss the hymn of hate. Gentle women, because of their mighty love for the soldier whom the king has ordered to the front, are brought to exultation in the undoing of fellow beings, whose undoing brings untold woe to other women. Can anything prevent in times of war, or even in times of preparation for war, the subtle and inexpressible demoralization of the rank and file of the nation everywhere? Other evils are more or less sectional, as for instances liquor, which injures morally those who use it to excess, but war blights all the nation, regardless of sex or age, class or profession.

War's mere accompanying evils are beyond calculation. There is a natural abandonment, on the part of multitudes of men engaged in war, of those high claims of God which have

always found response in a peace loving age. Mere camp life makes this possible, and that camp life is made a thousand fold more harmful when soldiery becomes the daily life of the camp. Men's high thoughts of mothers and sisters seem to abandon them in the military world. Even the use of alcoholic drinks, one of the world's giant evils, seems not so harmful to men in war as they had been led to believe, because war places these drinks in the list of rations.

Separation from home environment frees from home's restraints, and sometimes,—all too frequently,—removes the natural restraints upon the homes which soldiers leave behind them. These things are but the accidents of war, so to speak, but they are invariably the accidents and accompaniments of war. And here again the horrors are incalculably great, because they are almost universal.

War's aftermath is almost wholly an unmeasured moral injury. It is immorality condoned by multitudes and in large degree unrestrained, because of the crucifixion of high ideals upon the altar of war. The soldier has become accustomed to the shedding of blood and all the accompanying evils of war. The story of such things no longer shocks the minds of either soldiers or civilians. The condoning of the terrible crimes of war makes easy the condoning of the lesser crimes of civilian life. Hence war is always followed by a period of crime. There is even now sweeping over the nations which have been at war, a huge tidal wave of crime such as the present generation has not previously known. And not only is there the menace of unnumbered crimes, but the still greater menace of a conscienceless administration of justice, and a shocking pardoning of crime and criminals. Robberies and profiteering are of one sort, and are possible because war has wrought its pernicious effects in the nations, the demoralization of those once sensitive to sin and crime and maladministration of justice. Of this deplorable condition war, by its very nature, is the efficient cause.

Surely there is very little that can compare in magnitude with the terrible and immeasurable harm wrought by war, in the realm of a nation's only real wealth—the manhood, the character of its people.

GOLD

SCENE. The interior of a small, dingy hut, lighted by a single tallow candle on table at left. Left front is a door, and back of door, over table, hangs a gun, dimly discerned by the audience. At back is a window with two upper panes partly broken and stuffed with rags. Near window hang a well worn coat and the remains of what was once a felt hat. At various places on the walls are seen white patches, which, on closer observation, prove to be unframed pictures. Right back is a fire-place but no fire is burning. The only other piece of furniture is a stool. The hut has only one story and in the dim light the rafters overhead are scarcely seen.

As the curtain rises, a shabbily dressed, impotent looking old man is discovered, trying to sew a button on his coat. Without, it is raining heavily and an occasional burst of thunder is heard in the distance. The sewing is continued in silence for a few moments until he rises to reach for the scissors. Just then, however, a flash of lightning brightens the whole stage and the old man looks around timorously and shudders with fright as the thunder follows. When the shock is over, he cuts the thread, picks up the candle, and goes to the fire-place. There he proceeds to remove several bricks, and, with a great effort, to take out two heavy boxes. He puts these on the floor, sits down beside them, and lifts their covers. A gleam of gold is revealed to the audience. Then he blows out the candle, but a second later, another flash of lightning shows him with his hands buried in the gold. It also shows what he cannot see, for his back is turned, and that is a face at the window. Thunder follows. There is violent knocking at the door. The old man rises hurriedly. In his confusion he is heard to drop some of the gold pieces on the floor before he pushes the boxes into their hiding place behind the bricks. Knocking again.

Voice (from without): Hallo! Hallo! Hallo, in there. I say, let me in. What's the matter with you? Hallo, I say!

(There is no response from the stage. The old man continues putting the bricks in place).

Voice (more angrily): Old Jim, I say, old Jim Dooley, are

you dead? Get a move on and let us in out of the storm. (Loud knocking.) Make 'er snappy or we'll smash the door in.

(The audience hears the old man shuffling across the room. A third flash of lightning shows him, gun in hand, ready to defend his gold. When the thunder subsides he begins to shout a reply, as though urged by a temporary surge of bravery).

Jim: Get away from my door, whoever you are! I've my gun pointed at you, and I'll shoot if you, try to get in.

Voice (with a harsh laugh;): I say, Bill, Jim wants to shoot his old friend Obed Wallace. What do you think of that?

(At the mention of the name, a gasp of terror is heard from the stage. The rain drives more heavily than ever against the window).

Obed: Hurry up, Jim. We'll give you one more chance. (There is a short pause, and then the window is smashed from without). Atta boy, Bill!

(The lightning shows Bill half way through the window, covering the old man with a revolver. Bill is a tough looking customer, about thirty years of age, clad in an old suit and a slouch hat. His clothes are thoroughly drenched by the rain. Thunder follows).

Bill: Drop that gun and throw up your mitts. (The old man does as ordered). Obed! Oh, Obed! Come around through the window, while I keep him covered. (Obed is heard getting through the window. The old man moves). Stand still there, Jim, or I'll fill you with lead. (To Obed). There's a box of matches in my pocket. Here, on this side. Hurry up and strike a light.

(The first match reveals the candle; with the second, it is lighted. The old man is seen cowering with fear. Obed, also thoroughly drenched, is as ill-clad as his companion. He is the older of the two).

Obed: Keep him covered, Bill, until I get that gun. (Stands gun in left corner, back). This is a helluva fine reception to give your old friend Jim. Bill and I were headin'— Oh! I forgot. This is my friend Bill Ogden. Bill and I were headin' for the light, hoping to get shelter from the storm and all of a sudden it went out. If it hadn't been for the lightnin' we'd have missed her altogether. Didn't I tell you, Bill, that we'd

be given a rousin' reception. (Both laugh.) Betcher life we'll stay here until we're good and ready to leave.

Bill: We seem to be about as popular as two snowballs in h—.

Obed: Never mind, Bill, if old Jim won't show us proper hospitality, we'll have to make ourselves comfortable. Just put up that there gun of yours and perhaps Jim will come out of his shell. Come over here by the fire-place and sit down, Jim. Here, Bill, help me lug over that stool and table. We'll build a fire with 'em and be nice and comfortable and have a peaceful little conflagration while we're warmin' up.

(Bill takes up stool and endeavors to smash it. Old Jim, who has been standing nervously by the fire-place, on seeing this, raises his hand as if to stop him).

Jim: Don't! Don't! Please don't! It's all the furniture I've got left. Let it be. Aw—

Bill (pushing him aside and approaching the fire-place): Go 'way, old man. We're not all as cold-blooded as you. Hallo! What's this? Looka here, Obed.

(Obed, who has been tearing the pictures from the walls, approaches. The thunder, occasionally heard in the distance, gradually dies away. The rain, however, continues).

Obed (with a sarcastic note in his voice): Why, Jim, you're gettin' terrible careless lettin' your gold lie around like this. (Stoops and picks up a coin and holds it to the light). Twenty bucks, Bill. Ain't that nice? Jim must be tolerable rich too don'tcha think?

Jim (faltering, yet with a greedy note in his voice): Gimme my gold—here—it's all I got. You—you wouldn't take my last cent from me. You—

Obed (pocketing the money with a leer). Might as well be my last cent as yours, Jim, old boy. Here, Bill, give us your flask till we drink to Jim's health and also his wealth. (Bill produces a large flask. Both laugh and drink). There, I feel warmer already. We'll not bother with the fire, since Jim can't afford it. Here, Jim, sit on your stool and have a drink on Bill and me.

(Jim sits down but refuses the flask).

Jim: I'm warm enough, I tell you.

Bill: What, you won't drink? Well, we wo'nt coax you. Like as not you can't afford to. It's certainly tough luck to be poor (sarcastically). Obed and me just delight in throwin' away twenty dollar gold pieces. That's part of a rich man's heritage.

(Both laugh at Jim's expense).

Jim (sourly): A fool and his gold are soon parted.

Obed (sitting on edge of table): Ho! Ho! Philosophisin', eh? Well, Jim, Bill'll tell you I'm somewhat of a philosopher myself, and mine and yours don't agree.

Bill: They sure don't. That's why our licker is so d—d scarce tonight.

(Jim shivers and crouches in his chair).

Obed: The fella that said, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrer we die," sure got my number. Believe that, Bill?

Bill: You betcha. Ha! ha!

(Both visitors are becoming hilarious as a result of their recent drinking.)

Obed: What do you think of it, Jim?

Jim: I think you're both fools, as well as rogues, and I wish you'd leave me alone and git out.

Obed: We'd best be keerful, Bill, or we'll be wearin' out our welcome.

Bill: Ha! ha! I don't think we ever had one to wear out.

Obed: (more seriously). Now looka here, Jim, we're here for the night, and you've got to put up with us. I'd be callin' you a rogue yourself, to think of sending us off in the rain. Wake up there and be sociable.

Bill: I've always heard as how Jim was very rich—

Jim: No! No!

Bill: (winking at Obed):—and perhaps he thinks we come to take his money.

Jim: I lost all my money last year. You—

Bill: All except a few twenty dollar gold pieces.

Obed (taking up the flask from the table): Come on, Jim, have a swig of this. (Jim shakes his head and crouches down further on the stool). Well, if you won't, you won't. Aha!—Aha! Here Bill.

(Bill takes a drink too).

Jim (bitterly): I wish it had posion in it.

Bill: Very considerate of you, old man, I'm sure. Say, Obed, just for the sake of a little entertainment, supposin' we have a look at Jim's shekels. You know, I've always been most curious, ever since the time I heard my friend Alf—Ha! Ha!—poor Alf; he's in a place now where gold's no good to him—ever since Alf told me the story of the greedy miser what turned out to be Jim Dooley, here. He called it an ell—an ellergy. Ha! Ha!

Jim: I tell you I have no gold. I lost—

Obed: Accordin' to report and to all appearances, you have, Jim. I wouldn't mind a little entertainment of that sort myself. Come on, Jim, what do you say?

Jim (emphatically): I wouldn't show you my gol—

(Both visitors laugh).

Obed: There! There! Ha! ha! A moment ago you had no gold at all. That's what you call lettin' the gold out of the bag. Ha! ha! Eh Bill?

Jim (realizing his slip): Go 'way and leave me alone, or I'll have the law on you.

Bill: Yes! yes! You're talkin' of the future now. But, in the meantime, be a good scout and produce your money. I'll bet it's more than Obed or me ever saw in our lives before. (Then, more threateningly). If you don't, well, there are other ways than mere talk.

(He takes hold of Jim and lifts him to his feet).

Jim (pulling away). Let me go. I won't! I won't!

(Meanwhile Obed has drained the flask and thrown it on the floor. Both he and Bill have become drunk enough to be brutal).

Bill (manhandling Jim): You won't, eh? Well, if you won't, we'll make you. (Jim resists feebly.) Take a hold of him, Obed.

Jim (cowering): Go away! Don't. Leave me alone (They continue their brutal treatment.) Oh—Oh! Help! (This last is almost a shriek).

Bill: Come on, loosen up, if you know what's good for you. Where's the gold?

Jim: Stop—wait—I'll—(he hesitates)—I'll show you.

(They release him and he moves across stage toward left corner, back. The others watch for a moment and then follow. Suddenly Jim makes a grab for the gun. Before he can get it pointed, however, Obed is on top of him. A scuffle ensues, mingled with groans and curses. Then Jim is dragged back toward the fire-place).

Obed: Hurry up now. Where's the gold?

Jim: There isn't any—er—that is—I won't show it to you.

Obed:—You won't? Listen here Jim. I think I've heard a phrase somewhere which goes something like this, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Jim, there's a danger of you losin' your soul. (They shake him threateningly.) Now will you show us the money?

Jim: No.

(In the following struggle, the candle goes out. The audience hears the furniture being knocked around. A body falls to the floor and groans are heard from Jim).

Bill: What do you say now, Jim?

Jim: No? (There are sounds as if Jim was being kicked by his assailants, and more groans). Stop—I'll—I'll—

Obed: You'll what? Quick now, or you won't have a chance.

Jim: No—I won't.

(The audience hears the stool being thrown. Jim lies still. A moment later the stool is hurled again. This time it hits the bricks. The loose ones fall out and one of the heavy boxes falls with them. It is evident that its cover flies open, for the contents are heard rolling on the floor).

Bill: I guess that finished him, d— him. That sure was a lucky—

(He suddenly stops speaking as a bright light seems to spring up from where the gold pieces lie. The color of the light is green. It reveals the two men in a worse state of drunkenness than ever. Jim lies quietly curled up on the floor. The table is overturned. But strangest and most fantastic of all, to behold, is a tall figure, almost completely enshrouded in green, who seems to have risen from among the coins. The majestic bearing of the figure crows the two men, who draw back

as if overcome by fear. A shrill, cackling laugh pierces the air, and then the one in green speaks.

Figure: Ah, my fine fellows, I have you at last. (Extends a clutching hand). From henceforth you are in my power, slaves of the tyrant Mammon. (Points to the silent figure). Him have you freed from his bonds. However, I have lost but one and gained two. Come here and receive your reward. (The two men approach, as if in a hypnotic state, extending their hands before them. The figure takes from among his green robes a number of gold chains, with which he fetters their hands. Once again he laughs, and the men draw away. Then he turns toward the audience, and, with withering scorn utters these words): "And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The Curtain Falls.

A. R. D., '26.

AUTUMN SHADES

Pale saffron clouds lie loose along the sky,
Like blossoms from an angel's hand;
Above the purple hills, hung white and high,
One virgin star shines o'er the harvest land,
And, midst the tasselled sheaves, the low wind stirs
Like the sweet sound of distant dulcimers.

Saving for this, in all the glimmering reach
Of sundown interval and fallow fair,
There is no song, no sigh, no sound of speech,
But only a great silence everywhere,
With dream and peace and beauty peopled through
And in my heart a starry thought of you.

O. T. R., '26.

THE SPANIARD ON THE HIGH PEAK OF INDIVIDUALISM

A SPANISH contemporary has said of his countryman, "they seem to prefer solitary haunts among the peaks of self, face to face with nature." With that striking sentence he wishes to convey the idea that what we know as the colorful Spanish prose and poetry, the romantic love for the Church and State, the weaving of fairy-like texture into painting are but the culmination of a fierce individualism.

Spain, they tell us, is in that period of transition between a time of chaos working for solution and a time of great unity. F. G. Bell considers that the revolution of 1868 was, perhaps, the beginning of the contemporary period. Without doubt, it was a time of great happenings. The fall of Queen took place simultaneously with the disturbing Carlist war. The reign of Amadeo saw the birth of a republic, with a president losing his badge of authority every few months. The outcome of the revolution was a brief six years of the utmost restlessness. It was inevitable that this restlessness should leave its stamp on the minds and hearts of the people.

The mass is expressed by the few. The mass, handicapped by the lack of fluency, relies upon its representatives to put its thoughts in a concrete form. This is especially true of the Spaniard. He is a being of the abstract and yet, he requires the tangible.

There is no doubt that Spain is, as she has been in the past, as great as the mightiest on earth in the realm of art. The reason for this can readily be seen. Spain has always been a country of the confused. What should have tended toward harmony has come to be a discordant mixture. Spain, in the past, has had to work against the struggle of the Church for supremacy, political intrigues within the State, the utter disloyalty of hard won colonies. During all this time the Spaniard's wish has been for a great Unity. But this has been impossible. Under such circumstances, the will for concordance has resulted in an assemblage of individual forces. This, more than anything else, has made Spain great.

So, the Spaniard has brought harmony out of chaos, not within the State, but within himself. He has placed himself upon a peak of self-sufficiency. Since he is not dominant over others, he is dominant over himself. The revolution of 1868 showed him that he could not adjust the life of one person to another, so he withdrew into the shell of individualism. The Spaniard has been called will-less. On the contrary he is, as a racial type, the most wilful of men—he does not manifest it, he uses it to control self.

Even as the years following the revolution showed Spain that she must look to self-sufficiency, so the great defeat of 1898 taught her what she must do. The outcome of the Spanish-American war was the loss of her colonies. It revealed to her that she must look within herself, not without. The generation of the twentieth century saw the turmoil of its country and sought to express it in the most concrete of language. Witness the work of Benavente. He seems to stand on a high pinnacle reviewing the facts of life and presenting them as they are. His plays are slices of life, neither distorted nor beautified, as real as actuality and as moving as the earthly pantomime. Look, too, at the painting of Zuloaga. It is either ugly or beautiful—usually the former. It very seldom flatters, although it may satirize.

Supposed to be the most romantic of creatures, what the Spaniard does is to be so fortunate as to be able to live Romance. It is not Romance to him. On the contrary, it is Actuality. Singing love lyrics is a business, disporting at the bull ring is a business, faith in the Church is a serious and responsible business. The evident consequence is self-dignity.

It is true that the Spaniard has lived to a marked degree on tradition, that he has won his laurels on the strength of the past. While apparently he has been sleeping he has been confining his struggles, to a great extent, to himself. Thus has his contribution to the sum total of creation been small since creation is the necessary issue of a conflict between the man and life. With individualism as a barrier has the Spaniard prevented such creation and maintained the dignity of the silent.

But the great war was an influence that helped to arouse the Spaniard from his lethargy. One sees a revival of art.

Ibanez, DeRivera, De Ayala are names that have become prominent in the last few years. Blasco Ibanez is held up as the most romantic of writers whereas, in reality, he is the most realistic. So is it of them all. If one compares the Spaniard with the French or the Anglo-Saxon, one will readily note the difference.

One hears much of the pride of the race and considers it as an influential factor in the behavior of the Spaniard. Muna Lee explains it as follows: "The Spaniard is the strongest individualist in the world; the man who clings most tenaciously to his own identity. That sentiment is the basis of the proverbial 'Spanish pride!'" Hence the auditorium of works of art presents not a series of types but a galaxy of colorful and extremely touching portraits.

Some say that Spain is a happy nation, that she is a country of play, a country of flowers, a country for the romantic. That is not entirely so. She is not happy in that she still sleeps, in that she sees her abundant energy reflected in self, in that she sees her flow of human power at low ebb. Her people are exclusive, they live for themselves.

And yet, Spain can not be unhappy. For no person can be unhappy who lives in a dream. One may live, or rather sleep, in a nightmare of the remembrance of undone deeds but the Spaniard can not exist thus. For he is primarily an individualist.

It is only when, as he is already starting to do, the Spaniard steps from his high peak and arouses from his oblivion, that he can take a place of equality with other contributors in that heterogeneous mass that we call art.

C. R. G., '26.

DAISY'S DILEMMA

THE cloakroom at the Palette Club is the oddest of all the odd and awkward rooms which that well known institution possesses. It has more angles and corners than any normal room should possess, and this is perhaps the reason why Mr. Henry Withers left the club one evening wearing an overcoat belonging to another gentleman altogether. It happened to be exactly like his own; and as only a mathematician can be certain where he leaves his coat in the Palette Club, Mr. Withers had promptly taken it.

Withers was a druggist who lived in the suburbs. How he became a member of the club which is supposed to be limited to artists, is open to surmise, but persumably all clubs must have a certain number of members who pay their dues. Herein may be the explanation.

He had reached the subway station on his homeward way when he discovered the letter. In the moment of discovery Withers knew that the coat was not his. An instant later he knew that the letter that he was holding in his hand had been written by his wife.

There was no mistaking that thick angular writing. He looked at the coat he was wearing; it was very like his. He looked at the letter; it was undoubtedly his wife's. He did what any other three out of four would have done, in spite of the convention—he glanced at the letter.

"My Dear," it began. "Good gracious!" said Withers, and continued to read. It was a long letter. In the glaring light of the subway station he read it from beginning to end. Never, even in their courting days, had Mrs. Withers addressed to him such a poignant, love-expressing, stirring epistle. And slowly, as the full purport of the letter sank to his brain, the color drained from Withers's face, so that passers-by glanced curiously at him.

Very carefully he folded the letter, replaced it in his own pocket—as distinct from those of the overcoat—and then made his way back to the club, thinking the while of the action he would take.

At all costs Withers must be dignified. Even with his life tumbling in ruins about him, he insisted on that. It struck him as he walked that he had no idea to whom the coat belonged and in hope of discovering the owner he went through the remainder of the pockets.

The one clue he found was a tobacco pouch—it was clue enough. It was made of a peculiar kind of snakeskin, and even if it had not borne the initials "F. L." he would have recognized it as the property of his friend, Fredrick Leydon. In the opposite pocket, as if to leave no doubt, was his friend's new book, "Daisy's Dilemma." It was a rather short book, printed on thin paper, and the volume was not at all bulky.

His friend—pooh! He might have known that this writer Johnnie was incapable of friendship or loyalty. And yet he had trusted the man, and had welcomed him in his home. Withers saw all he valued crumbling into dust before his eyes.

There were not many members left at the "Palette Club" when Withers reentered it; he made his way at once to the cloak room, outwardly more calm and dignified than most men—even druggists—ever are. And there he found Fredrick Leydon.

Withers instinct was to strike the viper who had wrecked his happiness and his home, but with a great effort he suppressed the primitive impulse. At all costs he must be dignified.

"But I tell you, my good man, this is not my coat," Leydon was saying as Withers came up. "Hang it all! I know my own coat—mine's a good one."

"A very good one!" said Withers with almost superhuman effort. "I am afraid I took it by mistake."

He took off the coat he was wearing and helped the novelist on with it. In his turn Leydon helped Withers into his coat—and together they left the club.

It struck the druggist as belonging to the world of pure farce that he and the betrayer of his friendship—the wrecker of his life—should walk along peacefully side by side, as if they were ordinary men. Leydon was amusing, and spoke lightly and gaily of nothing in particular; he called Withers "Old Boy," and in crossing the crowded thoroughfare, took his companion's arm. The outraged husband shivered a little at Leydon's touch.

"Yes; I think I have," replied Withers dully. He longed to tear aside the veneer of civilization—to turn on this man and punish him for his treachery, to thrash him within an inch of his life—nay, an inch beyond that even.

But, no; first of all he would see his erring wife. Quietly and with touching dignity, he would place before her the letter which was reposing within his inner pocket and which seemed to burn him. Unaware of the turmoil and agony which wrung the soul of Withers, the man at his side continued to talk affably and indeed almost gaily, to him. They came to the parting of ways at the end of Withers's street. The novelist lived a little further on, and had turned away, when Withers heard him call, "I say!" The other turned back.

"By the way, Withers, old boy," Leydon said, "I have something here for your wife." He took "Daisy's Dilemma" and handed it to Withers, who by this time was almost speechless with suppressed emotion.

"There's a letter, too," Leydon went on feeling in one pocket after another. "No, I can't find it. I thought I had it, too. However it doesn't matter. Just give her the book with my compliments." He turned away leaving the dazed Withers, with the "Dilemma" in his hands, and a far worse one in his heart.

Under the first street light Withers opened the book. On the fly leaf was written:

To Mrs. Henry Withers, in recognition of a literary. From her affectionate friend. The Author.

And then underneath in brackets, was:

See page 128.

Withers turned to that page. Two lines from the top was a letter beginning "My Dear." It was a long letter. Withers read it from end to end with increasing amazement, because it was the same letter he had read earlier in the evening. And then the cold enormity, of the thing raised his blood to the guiltotining point. To publish his wife's shame—his name—broadcast!

Mrs. Withers was still up when he reached home. In silence he handed her the book, and then with what is known as stage restraint, he said in a firm, manly tone:

"Leydon sent you that."

She took the book eagerly. He watched her read the fly leaf, and then turn to the fatal page.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "just as he said it would be—word for word! Isn't it splendid, Henry? Great writer that he is, he can't write a letter from a woman. He asked me to reply to the hero's letter at the crisis of the book. I did so, and he has put it in, word for word. Upon my soul, I feel almost an author myself!"

"I am very pleased indeed, my dear," said Withers feebly. And as he watched his wife glancing through the book he pondered on what a fool he would have looked if he had not been so dignified.

O. T. R., '26.

A WORDSWORTHIAN REVEL IN A POTATO PATCH

(With due apologies).

I put my hat upon my head
And walked out in the field
To see how many barrels
This years' crop would yield.

And there I saw the saddest sight—
It quite depressed my soul—
The ghastly sprayer there had passed
And ta'en its grim, grim toll.

There, all the striped beetles lay—
What should they know of death?—
In pain, they kicked their little feet,
In pain, they drew their breath.

Ten thousand saw I at a glance
All lying on their backs.
What wicked Borgia, thought I,
E'er levied such a tax?

And then an awful vision flashed
Upon my inward eye,
Alas, methought, if Lucy should
Eat Paris Green and die.

H. F. S., '27.

PREPARATIONS

Characters: John Drayton
Harold Frank
Leslie Sanky

Jack Tedford
Joe Porter

Scene: A room in a University Men's residence. Everything is topsy-turvy. When the curtain rises, Harold Frank is seated at a table studying. John Drayton is busily engaged searching for a number of things which he needs, as he is going out for the evening.

John—Harold, have you seen my tie anywhere? (In the meantime he throws things helter skelter).

Harold—No, I haven't, but I'm not going anywhere, so you can have mine for tonight.

John—No, thank you. I bought a new one just for tonight, and I'm going to have it or die.

Harold—Well, I haven't time to help you. You can either take mine or find your own. If you wouldn't throw things around so you might be able to find something. Did you look under the bookcase?

John—Gosh, yes, and everywhere else imaginable. Do you suppose that Leslie borrowed it by any chance?

Harold—No doubt he took it. He hasn't returned my cuff links yet.

John—By the way, where are mine? I have only an hour and if I'm late I'll blame it on—

Harold—Oh you needn't bother blaming it on anyone but yourself. Like as not you gave them away as a souvenir, or raffled them to get enough of the filthy lucre to take you to a show.

John—Get down on your knees there and help me find these things, or I'll throw some water on you.

Harold—Well, I'll look under the bed. I'll be mighty glad when you clear out, so I can get some work done. If I wasn't having a test in this blinking Math, I'd be having a good time too. (on hands and knees pulls out a tie).

Harold—Is this your old tie?

John—Yes, gosh yes, where did it hail from? (Hands it to

him). Heavens! the things a wreck, and I haven't worn it yet. It'll have to be pressed somehow. What shall I do?

Harold—Oh, I guess the best you can do now is to sit on it. Give it here, I'll put it between these books, while you're getting dressed, and then sit on them.

John—I'll help you.

Harold—Hold on. Those are the very books I'm studying out of. Let me do this. There! that'll do till I get ready to sit on them. I'm going to have another look under that bed. Perchance vast treasures have accumulated there.

John—If you happen to find a pair of braces that don't belong to you, just save them for me. I need something like that.

Harold—Well! well! well! if here aren't your foot-ball trousers which you declared someone stole from the room, when you had your back turned. (Pulling out more). And here is a picture of Ted's best girl that the boys hid from him last spring. What next is to be excavated, I wonder?

John—How about looking for a collar?

Harold—Nothing doing. By the way, you should have started to get ready about noon. You'll never get there in time at this rate, and moreover I'll not get any studying done. I think that's enough excavating for one night. It wouldn't be a bad idea to start in again in the morning, and resurrect some more valuables.

John—Brilliant idea, Harold. How about sitting on those books awhile? You know I'm planning to wear that tie tonight.

Harold—Oh, bother. I'll have you know that's no soft seat for studying, but I'll endure it if I can get rid of you by so doing. Anything else to do before I get settled?

John—Oh, you might look out the window and see if Leslie is appearing with my suit. He was on his way to the tailor's anyway, so he said he'd come back in twenty minutes, and bring my suit with him. It's the only one I have to wear, so if he doesn't come, I'll have to stay home.

Harold—Yes, I see you staying home. Dorothy would be mad at you ever after. I see you doing something like that

in a hurry. I bet you'd go in a pair of overalls for the sake of getting there. It's only one of the agonies of a lifetime.

John—Harold, did you look to see if he was coming?

Harold—Great Scott, no! I forgot all about it. (Gets up and looks). No, I don't see anyone in sight. Do you suppose he's playing a trick on you?

John—Well he'd better not. I thought he was one fellow I could trust to do it.

Harold—It's just as safe to do your own work around here.

John—Well, I'm all ready except for my suit, and a few articles I can borrow. Where on earth is that fellow?

Harold—Do you know what time it is?

John—No, what time is it?

Harold—Just quarter of eight. You can never wait for any suit. Here, try mine on.

John—Gosh, no! that would look like hell on me. Why look at you, you're only about half my size.

Harold—Well, it's no harm trying. Here, try it on. (John takes suit reluctantly and goes in closet to try on; comes out shortly).

Harold—Ha! ha! ha! Oh, John, get out of my sight quick, or I'll laugh. That blame thing fits too soon, I'll admit. It kind of looks as if it was picked before it was ripe.

John—(Disgustedly)—Laugh you idiot, laugh. I told you it would never do. Run down town, Harold, and see if you can find Leslie.

Harold—I can't. I've got to get busy. I'll go down to Jack's room and see if he has anything to fit. He's your size.

John—It's no use, Harold, he's going out too, so there's no hope there.

Harold—Well I'll try Jim. He isn't going is he?

John—No, I guess not, but for mercy's sake make it snappy (Harold exits). John nervously rushes back and forth looking out of the window.

John—Just wait till I get that guy. He'll get more than he's looking for. (Harold rushes in).

Harold—Here's your suit. Get it on quick. Leslie's been home for an hour. He was down in Jim's room. He didn't think you were in a hurry or he would have brought it

up before. Jim's going out anyway, so you'd been out of luck.

John—Thanks. But I was sure I told him I was in a hurry. But forget it. I'm nearly ready. (Goes behind screen and changes).

Harold—Does that seem better than mine?

John—Oh!

Harold—What's up now?

John—Oh! what shall I do, this isn't mine. Harold, did you know it wasn't mine?

Harold—Of course I didn't. But Leslie said he brought up Ralph's at the same time. He must have got them mixed. Funny you didn't know your own suit though.

John—I didn't stop to look, but don't you either? Go down and get mine quick. (Harold exits and returns almost immediately).

Harold—I met Les on the stairs, and he said he must have left the other at the drug store. He just looked for Ralph's but couldn't find it. I'll go down for it, if you say, but I think you'd better call it off.

John—No sir, not now. What if I am a little late? But don't take all night about it. (Harold exits).

John—(Hollers across to other room). Jack are you in?

Jack—(rushes over). Yes, what do you want?

John—Say, can you let me have your tie pin for tonight? I lost mine somewhere.

Jack—Sure—take this one, it's my best. (Just then Leslie comes in).

Leslie—Say, John, I'm darn sorry I left that suit. I thought you said there was no hurry.

John—All right, I knew you wouldn't do it on purpose. Harold has gone for it anyway. He'll be right back. (Enter Joe Porter).

Joe—Leslie, I've been looking everywhere for you, but the right place. The fellow at the drug store said you left this there. I thought you might want—

John—Oh that's mine. Give it here quick. Say, you've saved my life.

Joe—Oh I didn't know I was doing anything for you, but it's all right.

John—Three minutes to eight. By one minute to eight I'll be with my girl.

Harold—(rushing in.) Where's John?

Joe—Oh, he's getting into his suit.

Harold—Thank goodness. I didn't know where that suit might be by this time.


John—(appears) Say, boys, I'm all ready. Good-bye. (picks up hat and runs out).

Harold—(calls after him). Don't rush, John. I set your watch ten minutes fast.


Curtain

M. H. M., '20.





Science



SOAPS AND THEIR ACTION

What is soap? How does it remove dirt? Why is it that soapy water can do what plain water cannot? These are the questions which are of interest when we are considering soaps, and these are the questions with which we shall concern ourselves in this article.

By blending the fatty acids in fats and oils, with a caustic alkali, usually caustic soda, a chemical action takes place, the result of which is known as soap, while the process is called saponification. The fact that acids and alkalies neutralize each other, when combined in the right proportions, makes the process of saponification possible.

The composition of soap can be grouped under six headings:

(1) the anhydrous soap, which is generally the principal ingredient, and is the basis upon which the product should be bought or sold and evaluated; (2) the alkaline fillers which determine the suitability of the soap for specific purposes; (3) the inert fillers, which determine whether a soap is pure, or whether it has been deliberately adulterated; (4) if special claims have been made for the soap, special ingredients must be identified, that is, the presence of a rather fine abrasive material would be an adulterant in a laundry soap, while in a scouring soap, it would be one of the most valuable components. Thus it is seen that before the chemist can properly make the analyses of the soap, which is to be made, he must be thoroughly informed as to the uses of the soap, besides being able to identify, as well as possibly measure, the quantity of a wide range of special components; (5) moisture is usually determined in order to check up the complete analyses, but it is not of special importance; (6) the nature of the stock, which has been used in the manufacture of soap, presents a problem which is often more difficult than the analysis itself.

The manufacture of soap, although not very intricate, requires great care with regard to the exactness in which the details of the process are carried out. The following shows the process in a brief general way. The process is carried on in large iron caldrons. Within these caldrons are closed steam coils, for heating, and delivering live steam where needed. The fat or oil is mixed with caustic soda solution which, at first, contains about one-quarter of the amount of the base which is required in the process. When, by continual heating and stirring, a uniform mixture has been produced, the remainder of the alkali is added gradually. The heat is then continued until the reaction seems to be complete. Then salt is dissolved in the mixture, causing the soap to separate in a curd which floats. This leaves what is known as the "spent lye," which contains the salt solution, and much of the glycerine in the lower layer. The process just described is called "salting out." If the process is not carried further than this point, the upper layer is called curd soap. This curd soap may be dipped out and allowed to solidify. Most "Marseilles" soaps are soaps made by this process, as are also a large amount of the imported "Castile" soap.

We have seen that curd soaps contain many impurities such as glycerine, adhering lye and salt. In order to prepare a purer soap, the spent lye is run off, and a dilute brine prepared and stirred in with the curd. After separation has again occurred, the brine is run off, and the process is repeated. Water is added and, finally, steam is run in until the curd mixes completely with the water. When the soap stands, it revolves itself into two complete layers. In other words, it is said to have settled. Hence the term, "settled soap" for the upper layer. Settled soap, because it has been washed with brine and temporarily dissolved with water, which removes the impurities, is the purest variety.

Everyone knows that there are different varieties of soap, but how, in the process of manufacture, are the qualities varied? By the process of adding fillers such as sodium carbonate, borax or sodium silicate. Soap powders are often made by merely mixing sodium carbonate with ground soap. In order to make

the floating varieties, air bubbles are mixed with the soap, by the process of beating. Soaps for scouring, are made by adding fine sand, while transparent soaps are made by dissolving the soap in alcohol, or by the addition of sugar or glycerine.

There are certain properties, underlying the action of cleansing, which soap possesses to a greater degree than does any other known solution. Three of these properties are: (1) its low surface tension, (2) its emulsifying power, (3) its power of absorption.

What is meant by surface tension? Compare a drop of water, on a greasy plate, with a drop of soap solution on the same plate. The drop of water draws up into a spherical form, whereas the drop of soap solution flattens out. This behavior is due to the high surface tension of the water and to the abnormally low surface tension of the soap solution, causing the water to keep a certain form, and allowing the soap to spread out into bubbles and sud, which are kept in bubble form by the viscosity of the solution. The extremely low surface tension of a soap solution does more to explain its cleansing action than any other factor. The surface of a liquid may be thought of as a membrane or film. In liquids of high surface tension, this film is trying to draw together, that is, to contract to the smallest area. On the other hand, soap, representing the opposite condition, spreads out its solution to the utmost, and penetrates far into the fibre. The deep penetration of soap into the fibre is the first step in the cleansing process.

Now let us consider the emulsifying power which involves the second step in the cleansing process. When water and oil are shaken together, the oil is temporarily broken up into droplets, which, are, at first, suspended in the water, and then run together but not truly emulsified. When very dilute soap solution and oil are shaken together, the droplets do not run together as do the droplets of oil and water, but remain permanently suspended. True emulsification means not only the breaking up of a liquid fat into microscopic droplets, but the coating of each with a viscous film which prevents their coalescing. Now the droplets formed, when oil and soap solution are shaken together, are small enough to pass out from within the fibres, whereas those formed with water are not. Soap solution,

when rubbed on oils or greasy goods, emulsifies the grease, converts it into droplets, surrounded by soap solution and separate from the cloth. Then, by washing and rinsing, the droplets are washed off with the soap. This is the second step in the process of cleansing. Just as soap-suds can penetrate clothing and surround grease, so can they slip under and loosen the other forms of dirt, but the temperature of the water used in washing should be warm enough to keep any grease, which might be present, in the oily state.

The above mentioned work accomplished by the soap, namely that of slipping under the fibres in clothing and loosening the dirt present, is due to the power of absorption. This absorption is a change in concentration which occurs at the boundary surfaces of two substances in contact. Stated in other words, it is the power residing in one substance to cause to adhere to itself a film of the other substance. Ellen Burs McGowan, M. A., of the Department of Household Chemistry, Teachers College, U. S. A., in a recent article, says: "A familiar example of the absorption phenomenon is furnished by charcoal, such as is made from the fruit pits we collected in the late war. Charcoal is highly porous. When used in gas masks, it's great surface area through these pores holds to itself, or absorbs, the poison gases and prevents their passage thru to the face. In the case of soap, the term is used to throw additional light on the power of soap solutions, or soap suds, to pick up and hold the particles which comprise the dirt in the soiled clothes." Absorption and low surface tension are related to the extent that the solution which possesses the lowest surface tension has the greatest absorptive power.

It is highly important that people in any sort of laundry business should understand the action of alkalies on fibres. Wool and silk are destroyed by caustic alkalies, and deteriorated by other alkalies such as sodium silicate and washing soda. Some of the yellow laundry soaps are faulty, because, when used with very hot water, they set free rosin and alkali. The rosin settles in the woollen fibres and tends to make them mat, while the alkali eats them. Woollens washed in this way are likely to become hard and stiff. Blankets and woollens, therefore, should be washed with soaps that do not suffer such de-

composition, and are soluble in water which is not too hot. When the garments are rinsed, soap of this kind readily leaves them. Rayon, or artificial silk, is also susceptible, and is weakened by alkalies more than by water alone. Cotton and linen are susceptible as well, yet authorities hold that they are weakened by caustic alkalies, especially if the temperature of the water is high. Soaps containing a large amount of excess alkali are sometimes advertised to cleanse without mechanical action, but the mechanical agitation of a mild soap, in cleansing, is far safer for most fabrics than the chemical action of the alkali.

Some soaps not only harm the fibre of goods, but they remove a generous part of the color as well. Dr. Martin H. Fischer speaking on "Soaps" before the Cleveland section of the American Chemical Society says: "The commercial soaps employed at the present time are blunderbuss mixtures containing larger or smaller fractions of a different soap. This makes it possible to use common toilet and laundry soaps in a wide variety of circumstance, though, of course, not with economy."

At the Washington Irving High School of New York City, a course in laundry chemistry has been established. The main object of this course is to teach proper use of materials employed in the cleansing of clothes and to avoid damage to the goods. It has been stated that the fading of dyes has been attributed, falsely, to errors in manufacturing and that this fading may be traced to excessive use of improperly prepared washing material.

Pure white unscented soap is the best cleansing skin application. Colored and perfumed soaps of the cheaper class have an excess of alkali and are irritant. E. S. Gilmore, Superintendent of the Wesley Memorial Hospital, one of the largest and most important hospitals of Chicago, gives his opinion as follows: "Crude oil gives a dark colored soap, which can be refined to a certain extent, but, as a rule, if it is to be marketed as a toilet soap, it is highly colored and perfumed to cover its peculiar odor and color. Dyes and perfumes, however, do not remove the irritative effect on the skin. Soap, to be harmless, should be made from pure fats. If colors and perfumes are

used, it is, generally, to cover the fact that the fats were not pure."

During the war fatty substances of all sorts were very scarce in all countries, and particularly so in Germany. Consequently, the amount of fatty substances available for the manufacture of soap was greatly reduced. These circumstances led to the expending of much ingenuity in the effort to obtain improved methods for transforming, into saponifiable fats, those fatty bodies obtained from petroleum, it being impossible to transform them directly into soap. All fatty bodies which contain fatty acids combined with glycerine in the form of ether, are capable of yielding soap when treated with an alkali. In order to obtain soap from materials which are naturally non-saponifiable, it is necessary to transform these neutral fatty substances into acid products, which can be later made to combine with alkalies. Methods were arrived at which seemed to be very successful, but they did not turn out as was hoped for and, consequently, have not been used commercially, to any degree.

M. A. B., '27.

FACULTY WRITE-UPS

Mrs. Blanche McLean is a native of Ontario and was graduated in 1892 from DeMill College, Oshawa. She afterwards attended Brown School of Oratory and was graduated from the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression and Physical Culture in 1897, teaching, during this time, in the Summer School of Oratory at Grimsby Park (The Canadian Chatauqua) and the following year, accepted a position in the Ladies College, Halifax, remaining six years. Throughout all these years, preceding her marriage, Mrs. McLean specialized in voice training. We are very glad to welcome Mrs. McLean in her new capacity as Dean of College Women.

Rev. Thomas A. Hancock took courses at Clark University for three years and obtained the doctor's degree there in 1918. He studied at Boston University School of Theology and at Hartford Theological Seminary, where he received the degree of B. A. in Divinity. Work for doctor's degree—Major in Psychology and minor in Education. For some years he was pastor of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church at Medford, Mass. Dr. Hancock may feel assured of a cordial welcome in his new sphere of work.

Dr. Ralph Wetmore graduated from Acadia in 1921 and received the degree of Ph. D. from Harvard in 1924. His record at Harvard was one of the finest in the history of that institution. In addition to securing his doctor's degree, Mr. Wetmore won a research scholarship of \$2,500 from the Washington Federal Government, the terms of the fellowship leaving him free to follow research work along the lines of his own interests. During his period of graduate study, Mr. Wetmore became interested in problems connected with heredity and devoted last year to research work in the hybridization of asters and golden-rods as indicated by the chromosome count in the gametes. He is still pursuing his research along this line. We are very glad to welcome him to Acadia.

Does It Pay?

AT the end of fifty years effort by the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board in India, "there were on the rolls in the 85 churches of the Mission the names of 17,503 living in 1,226 villages. With those who have been 'gathered home,' or who have removed to other places, the total of the sheaves for the fifty years is well over 25,000, or an average of 500 every year: whose faith has been or is—

"Forever God, forever man,
My Jesus shall endure;
And fixed on Him, my hope remains
Eternally secure.'"

(Facts secured from Foreign Mission Report)

(Advertisement)

The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LII.

Wolfville, N. S., November, 1925.

No. 1

F. S. Crossman, '26.....Managing Editor.

Margaret E. Hutchins, '26.....Literary Editor.

O. T. Rumsey, '26, Science.

F. H. C. Fritz, '26, Athletics.

Marjorie H. Mason, '26, Personals

A. L. S. Rep.—Not yet appointed.

Gwen R. Spurr, '27, Staff Artist.

E. Ardis Whitman, '26, Month.

M. Grace Perry, '27, Exchanges.

H. F. Sipprell, '27, Jokes.

A.C.A. Rep.—Not yet appointed.

T. H. Taylor, '28, Circulation Man.

D. H. Gordon, '27.....Business Manager.

Subscriptions \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates given on application.
All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



Editorial



Once again Acadia welcomes us to her halls, and a truly royal welcome she extends to us. At the top of College hill where but a few short months ago lay the blackened ruins of the much loved College Hall, now stands our new and already beloved building. Not yet do we fully realize the privilege that is ours. The spacious, well-lighted class-rooms, the fine auditorium and the broad halls and stairways, though become familiar, are still almost like a dream which at any moment may be shattered. Can it be true that we no longer sit on boxes in a dark and stuffy room in the basement of the library, while we vainly try to take legible notes in a note-book which refuses to stay quietly on our laps? What of the hurried rush to the Gym. for Chapel on Thursday mornings? Where are the chairs that bore, in legends boldly and wondrously inscribed, the history of Acadia for many a year and the names of many of Acadia's illustrious sons and daughters? In truth, all these have vanished, and today we meet in a stately and dignified

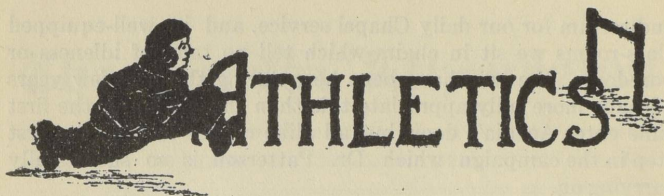
auditorium for our daily Chapel service, and in well-equipped class-rooms we sit in chairs which tell no tales of idleness or boredom. We who have been here during the past few years perhaps more fully appreciate this than those who for the first time enter Acadia's door, but all alike rejoice in this, the first step in the campaign which Dr. Patterson is so successfully carrying on.

But mere words will not suffice to express our appreciation. For in the great effort which is being made on our behalf we face a challenge which must not be ignored. Can we, for whom so much is being done, fail to do our part? Do we not realize that on the campus and in the class-room, in sport and in study, and in all that we do and say, Acadia's students must continue to stand for all that is highest? Thus may we contribute of our best toward the building of a bigger and better Acadia.

We have another evidence of a forward step in the greatly increased registration which is almost a hundred more than that of last year. And we are not only proud of the numbers but still more of the quality,—“the freshmen, we boast, are a very fine crew”—to say nothing of the Freshie-Sophs. We have no fears for the future with such worthy successors to take up our tasks.

A new feature of the opening this year was the New Students Week when all the new arrivals, who preceded the old students by a week, were given a special welcome, were aided in their registration, and were instructed in the secrets of college life. Addresses by members of the faculty on topics of interest to the students took a large place on the program, and a reception given by the faculty introduced them to the social side of life at Acadia.

So another year has auspiciously begun. It is ours to make it “the best in the history of Acadia.”



AS we recede for a moment from the mad whirl of college activities and reflect, it seems to us that, just like everything else at Acadia this year, the sphere of athletics is colored with a glow of bright hopes and prospects. There is football, and lots of it, and just now that sport, occupies the chief centre of interest; but before we dwell upon it at any length, it might be well to mention a few of the other lines of activity. Things started away with a bang on Saturday, October 3, when a picked team from Acadia played the Wolfville town aggregation in a fast game of baseball and finally emerged victorious at the long end of a 6-3 score. The battery for the town team was J. Elderkin and B. Elderkin, and for Acadia, C. Munro and D. Munro.

Aside from baseball, a lot of interest has been shown in tennis. Three of the courts are in good condition, and it looks as if, with a little assistance from the Freshmen, we shall have five new courts on the campus before next spring.

Nor must we forget to mention the Maritime Intercollegiate Athletic Conference, held at Truro on Tuesday, Oct. 6, at which we were represented by Prof. Ross and H. A. Davison. A number of disputes of long standing were cleared up, new schedules for the ensuing year were arranged, and a number of new matters were discussed, among them that of readmitting Dalhousie to the Intercollegiate League. We hope that the yearly meeting of this Conference will be continued, as we feel that it is doing much to clear the way for a better understanding among the various colleges.

At length, returning to foot-ball, we are glad to note the large sized squad that is turning out to the daily practices. Altho the second team players don't get as much chance to show their ability as those of the first team do, it might be well to

remind them that they are doing just as much to uphold the honor of Acadia. We are more than fortunate in having with us this year, as coaches, Messrs. Paul Tingley and Ken Eaton, and we feel that if the present spirit among the foot-ball men is maintained, they should have no difficulty in turning out a winning team.

ACADIA, 11; KINGS, 0.

Captain Elderkin and his crew opened the local football season on Oct. 7th by sailing thru the Kings team for a decisive victory. Rain fell continually thruout the game, and made play exceedingly difficult, fumbles being very prevalent. Acadia controlled the play, although the Kingsmen furnished strong opposition at all times.

A. Noble scored Acadia's first try in the opening period. Davison failing to convert. Kings divided territory with Acadia more evenly in the second period, until Blair Elderkin went over the line for a touch down. Wilson also scored a try a few minutes later, and Davison converted, making the final score 11-0 for Acadia. Ken Eaton refereed.

The teams:

Kings—Moore, fullback; White, Murray, Dysart, McCordick, halves; Turner, Waddington, Andrews, quarters; Ernst, Knickle, Keble, Coleman, Nelson, Mosher, Deathe, Duvernet, forwards.

Acadia—O. Noble, fullback; B. Elderkin, Barteaux, Wilson, Woodworth, halves; J. Elderkin, Davison, MacLatchey, quarters; Kierstead, Shaffner, Estey, A. Noble, Creelman, F. Munro, C. Munro, White, Miller, forwards.

ACADIA, 0; WANDERERS, 3.

On Thursday, Oct. 16, Acadia met the Wanderers rugby squad in what proved to be one of the most thrilling games of the season. In spite of the slippery field, the game was featured with some snappy half-line work by both teams which kept the

large crowd of excited rooters constantly in an uproar. Play in the first period moved back and forth, with neither team having any apparent advantage. Once or twice the Wanderers looked dangerous, but good kicking on the part of the Acadia full-back saved the day. The whistle blew with the play on the visitors' ten yard line.

In the second period Acadia made several determined efforts to break through, but was unable to do so, chiefly because of the marvelous work of Richie McCoy, who was easily the best man on the field. About ten minutes before the final whistle, the Wanderers rushed the ball up the field, and broke through for the only score of the game. Herman failed to convert. Blair Elderkin and Hamilton were the stars for Acadia.

The Line-up:

Wanderers—Full back, Fordham; three quarters, Chipman Farnsworth, Thompson, McLeod; halves, Young, Jones, McCoy; forwards, Anderson, Logan, Herman, Armitage, Cameron, Stech, Schwartz.

Acadia—Full back, Otto Noble; three quarters, Barteau, B. Elderkin, Wilson, Hamilton; halves, Davison, J. Elderkin; forwards, Shaffner, Lane, Kiersted, McLatchey, F. Munro, Creelman, Esty, A. Noble.

Referee: Mr. Finch.

ACADIA, 0; DALHOUSIE, 6.

Another three cornered battle was staged on the Acadia campus on Saturday, Oct. 17, in which Acadia, Dalhousie, and Jupiter Pluvius were the three conflicting elements. Altho Dalhousie upheld her end of the struggle and won over Acadia by a score of 6-0, we must surely give our friend "J. P." credit for a most overwhelming, in fact, a most deluging victory. It is suffice to say that his enemies were almost helpless in his power and could only put up half a battle.

Fresh from their contest with the Wanderers, the Acadia team splashed on the field and was given a rousing ovation. Play throughout the first period centered chiefly around the

Acadia twenty-five yard line. The Dalhousie scrim showed up well and Acadia was forced to play a strong defensive game. Neither team was able to score.

About the middle of the second period, the Dalhousie half-line played a pretty piece of combination, made a long gain, and finally went over for the first try of the game. It was not converted. A few minutes later a similar stunt occurred, and again the convert failed. During the last five minutes, Acadia rushed the ball down to the Dalhousie ten yard line, but, in spite of determined efforts, failed to score before the whistle blew.

The line-up:

Dalhousie—Full back, Rockingham; three quarters, McInnis, Moore, Murphy, Smith, Hewatt; halves, Beardsley, A. Smith, Wickwire; forwards, Baird, McLean, Livingstone, Harrington, Tupper, Wilson, Cox, Baxter.

Acadia—Full back, O. Noble; three quarters, Hamilton, Wilson, Barteau, B. Elderkin, Brady; halves, Davison, J. Elderkin, McLatchey; forwards, Shaffner, Kiersted, Estey, Lane, A. Noble, White, C. Munro, F. Munro, Creelman.

Referee—Mr. Chipman.

FIRST TEAM—SECOND TEAM

The two Acadia teams played a practice game on Oct. 22nd, and as was expected, the First team won. They had to work for their victory, however, and this game certainly showed us what fine football material Acadia has.

PEP MEETING

The first "pep meeting" was held on Tuesday, October 6th in the Gym, the occasion being the game to be played with Kings the next day. Freddie Wright, the cheerleader presided and various snap speeches were given by those in connection with the football team.

Everyone sang and yelled until the "Acadia Spirit" fully

made known its presence. - At the close of the meeting the cheer leader fully expressed the need of everyone attending the game on the following day to back up the team with the yells.

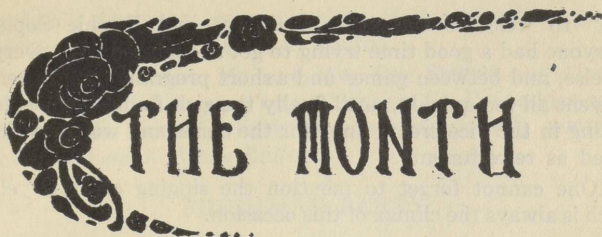
A. A. A. A.

A meeting of the boys Athletic Association was held on Friday evening, October 16 in room A4. The President, Hugh Davison presided.

It was decided that henceforth no trophies should be accepted for any inter-collegiate games, as they tended to emphasize the victory rather than the honor of winning and fair play. It was further decided that in all inter-collegiate games that the foot-ball, puck, or basket-ball used at that game should be given to the winners, or in case of a tie to the visiting team.

On motion the meeting adjourned.



A decorative floral ornament featuring a large rose and various leaves and smaller flowers, arranged in a curved, horizontal shape. The text "THE MONTH" is written in a stylized, serif font across the middle of the ornament.

THE MONTH

New students, new professors, and especially new University Hall make it somewhat different from the College we came back to last year. And altho classes in the new building are as enjoyable as classes could ever hope to be, yet we have spent the usual time on Athletic and Social affairs.

NEW STUDENTS WEEK

New Students week began Thursday, Sept. 25th. All the new students were requested to come at that date and get registered before the others arrived. On the evening of Friday, 20th a reception was held in the gymnasium, at which they met each other, and also the Faculty. At no time during the week were they allowed time to get homesick, as every day, one or more lectures were given by various Professors for the purpose of advising these new students and showing them the opportunities before them.

GRAVENSTEIN RECEPTION

The same night as the Tully party for the girls the men of the University held a stag party in the Memorial Gymnasium. The first year men were guests of honor. Inter-class games were played. At the close of the evening the class yells were given, a new feature being the first official hearing of the Freshman yell

PARTY FOR THE NEW GIRLS

On October 2nd the new girls were the honorary guests at a very delightful party held in the dining room of Tully Tavern. That was the first chance on the part of the "old

girls" to welcome the new Freshettes and Freshie Sophs. Everyone had a good time trying to get acquainted with everyone else, and between games and a short programme the evening went all too quickly, until finally the girls found themselves waiting in the "ice-cream line" for the cones and wafers which served as refreshments.

One cannot forget to mention the singing of class yells which is always the climax of this occasion.

PICTURE OF UNIVERSITY HALL AND STUDENTS

On Thursday afternoon, October 22nd the entire Student Body and Faculty assembled on the steps of the hall and terraces. It had been the wish of Dr. Patterson to secure a picture of all the students earlier, but owing to the inclemency of the weather it was postponed until the above date. Mr. Edson Graham was the photographer.

STUDENTS' UNION

The regular meetings of the Students' Union have been held on Thursday afternoons from one forty-five until two fifteen. As no other convenient time could be found it was voted to continue having the meetings at that time.

On Thursday afternoon, October 22nd, the revised budget was presented by Mr. Israel, the treasurer, and after some discussion was adopted.

JUNIOR PARTY

To the Junior Class belongs the unique distinction of being the first class to hold a party in the new University Hall. It took place on Monday evening October 19th in room A4 which was very artistically decorated in red and white, autumn leaves and the '27 banner.

From the first round of Tucker until the singing of Acadia, the party left nothing to be desired. During the evening Nita Tretheway and Harry Mollins sang vocal selections which were heartily encored. Charades and other games were played also and it is even rumored that the Juniors so far forgot their position as upperclassmen to indulge in "Winkum"—a game

probably recalled to some members of this constituency as a frivolous pastime of their early youth.

The chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Steeves and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mollins were voted "best yet." Pie and ice-cream eaten to the tune of a lively jazz orchestra utterly completed the happiness of all the Juniors.

FRESHMAN PARTY

"And therein lies a tale"—of stolen ice-cream, weeping Freshies, Willet-Hall—bound, laughing Sophomores.

So might the muses have sung. But being only a mortal it is best to stick to cold, hard facts. The awful robbery took place on Saturday evening, October 17 at the Gymnasium where the unsuspecting Freshmen had gathered for their first party. Rules being off they tried to make up for lost time and topics were indulged in, until (owing to lack of practice for the last few weeks we suppose,) tongues grew silent under the awful strain of talking. Games and *what was left of the refreshments* followed.

The chaperones were Mrs. McLean and Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Archibald. May you win out on the ice-cream next year, Freshmen!

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

The "grave old Seniors" just to show that they had not quite gotten over the state of being Jolly Juniors, were the first class to have a party.

The date was set for Friday, October 3rd. Fate and Nature were kind for the evening was perfect with a glorious moon thrown in for good measure.

The jollification took place at the Dug Road. Numerous ears of corn were consumed by the dignified Seniors, not to mention all the marshmallows. Games were played around the bon-fire and songs to the tinkle of the "uke" rang through the cold bright stillness.

Prof. and Mrs. Osbourne and Mr. Troop made very delightful chaperones.

Sunday morning, Oct. 4th, the Senior class revived an old custom of going to church "en masse" with each member swinging their newly acquired canes in a very debonair manner.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

The Dug Woods was the scene of an interesting event on October 14th when it beheld approaching many individuals known to the college world as Sophomores. Doubtless having seen classes of other similar beings it survived the shock! But did ever any class have so varied and daring a combination of edibles? The party took the form of a corn-boil, a marsh-mellow toast and hot-dog fry all in one.

Of course there was a bonfire and for a while stories, true and otherwise were told. However the Sophs enjoyed it all and after games and songs returned. Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft were the chaperones.

ENGINEERS PARTY

On the evening of Thursday the 8th the engineers collected their usual assortment of enginettes and conducted them to the "dug road" for a corn-boil. Many extraordinary things happened on the Ridge that evening, but the Engineers went on their way undisturbed and unanimously voted this party the "best yet." Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Wetmore were the chaperones.

PROPYLAEUM

The first meeting of the Propylaeum was held in the Gymnasium on Friday evening October 9, with the president Laura Davidson in the chair. This position she soon relinquished in favor of certain Sophettes. The occasion of this assembly was the initiation of the new girls into that Ancient and Honorable Society. No disturbing masculine presences were admitted and the form of the initiation will forever remain a deep mystery.

S. C. A. RECEPTION

The first reception was held under the auspices of the

Student Christian Association in the Memorial Gymnasium on Thursday evening, October 15. Garnet and blue streamers and subdued lights made the room very attractive. Freshman rules were off for the evening, although some persons were hardly recognisable without their marks of distinction.

The first topic started with a Grand March. Then Mr. Ted Taylor, President of the S. C. A. welcomed all those present. A short programme between topics consisted of vocal solos by Nita Tretheway and Harry Mollins and a violent duet by Grace Perry and Kathleen Bancroft. All too soon the evening passed away, until at the final topic class groups were formed. They sang their class yells and not contented with that yelled them after the singing of A-C-A-D-I-A, which is only additional proof that the first reception was a great success.

ORDER OF THE NUTS

Immediately after the Pep meeting on October 6th the rest of the audience was invited to stay for the initiation of all the first year men into the Grand Order of the Nuts. Elbert Paul who filled the position of Grand Peanut presided, and fully explained to those desiring entrance to the sacred society all the grim duties of said society. Other Nuts from the Sophomore class helped him in this duty.

After numerous exhibitions of an athletic nature it was felt that the first year men could truly count themselves as Nuts from henceforeward.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society held its first social affair for this year on the evening of Tuesday, the 20th. Tucker and various other suitable games were played, and dainty refreshments were served. The event of the evening however, was the production of a one act play, written by Clarence Gould, entitled "The Red Shawl." The play was ably directed by Olive Archibald, and the cast was as follows:

Nadia.....	Mary Bishop.
Her mother.....	Ardis Whitman.
Clinton Roberts, an Indian.....	Jenkins.
Nadia's half brother.....	Fenton Elliot.

The Dramatic Society is to be congratulated on the talent of its members, both for writing and acting plays.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

French club has held only a brief business meeting this year, for the purpose of reorganization and getting things in order for another year's work. Several new members have been received, and we hope that this year this new Society will be even more successful than it was last.

ATHAENAUM SOCIETY

Saturday evening the 10th, the Athaenaum Society held an open meeting in University Hall. The speakers of the evening were Professor Balcom and George Nowlan, M. P. P., who presented us with both the Liberal and Conservative aspect of the coming election.

S. C. A.

The Girls branch of the S. C. A. held its first meeting for this year in Tully clubroom, Sunday the 4th. The meeting took the form of a sing, and was enjoyed by all the girls.

On Sunday evening the 11th, the S. C. A. held its regular meeting in the clubroom. Helen Simms gave a short talk on "Prayer" and Janet Murray sang a solo.

Sunday the 18th the girl's and boy's S. C. A. united and held a sing in Tully club room.

The first mid week meeting was held in room A4 Wednesday the 21st. Harry Mollins was chairman of the meeting and led the brief song service, after which Mr. Paul gave a short address directed principally to the new students.



The July "Canadian Bookman" contains a long poem in blank verse, "Canada for Man," by V. B. Rhodenizer, M. A., Ph. D., Professor of English Language and Literature at Acadia University.

At the last Commencement of Bates College, Mrs. Edna M. Wilson, former Dean of Women at Acadia, received the degree of B. A., dated back to 1902, thus being enrolled in the class of which she was a member.

Mrs. J. S. Margeson is publishing a book, "A Tale of 'Old Acadia,'" dealing largely with material connected with the life of her father, the late Prof. Robert Van Clure Jones, Ph. D., who was associated with Acadia as student and teacher for over sixty years.

Miss Bertha Oxner has accepted the position of assistant professor of Household Science at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

'69—The Athenaeum extends its sympathy to Mrs. Arthur Chute on the death of her brother, James Johnson Hunt, who died at Halifax, September 30, 1925.

'85—Mrs. Donald Grant who has been a successful teacher at Acadia Ladies Seminary has been granted leave of absence for a year.

'90—Miss Adelaide Jackson, who has been on the staff of Acadia Ladies' Seminary has been granted leave of absence for a year.

'91—Mr. R. O. Morse, editor of the Maritime Baptist has removed from St. John, N. B., to Halifax, N. S.

'91—Dr. A. T. Kempton gave an illustrated lecture on "Egypt, the Land of Long Ago" in College Hall, Oct. 30.

'95—Neil Herman recently became pastor of the Christian Church, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

'95—Rev. Ralph E. Gullison and Mrs. Gullison left for India a short time ago.

'96—Charles W. Jackson, M. A., is teaching History in a High School at Long Beach, California.

'97—Daniel E. Hatt, who has been manager of the Canadian Branch of American Baptist Publishing Society at Toronto, has been transferred to the branch at Seattle, Washington.

'00—Edgar Nelson Rhodes was made premier of N. S., in June, 1925.

'03—Dr. F. R. Shankel is now practising medicine in Windsor, N. S.

'05—Percy Fash has removed from Halifax to Kentville and is now manager of the Kentville Branch of the Royal Bank of Canada.

'05—Rev. E. S. Mason, who was operated on for appendicitis at the Westwood Hospital is doing well.

'06—Rev. Gordon P. Barss, returned Missionary from India is now occupying the mission house with his family at Wolfville.

'08—The Athenaeum congratulates Mr. Fred S. Nowlan on receiving his Ph. D. "cum laude" from the University of Chicago.

'10—James A. Green is teaching manual training in South Vancouver, B. C.

'10—Len N. Seaman, officer in charge of timber testing

Forest Research Institute, India, visited his home in P. E. I., last summer and returned to India to begin a second five year term.

'11—Mrs. Olive Sipprell MacNee is the head of the English Department, in the High School, Monro, Wash.

'11—Ivan M. Rose recently became pastor of the First Baptist Church at Philadelphia.

'11—Mary Staratt is on the teaching staff of Acadia Ladies' Seminary.

'13—Dr. William Charles Archibald was married to Grace P. Jefferson of Lawrencetown, N. S., on 9th September, 1925.

'13—Aubrey S. Bishop has recently published "History Resources and Tourists' Attractions of Albert County, N. B."; and has written other articles in "Busy East of Canada."

'14—Malcolm Foster has been appointed professor of Mathematics at William's College, Mass.

'14—Mrs. Mildred Brown Huffman is taking a course in education at Newton, Mass., and graduates this year.

'15—Athenaeum congratulates Mrs. Evelyn Smallman Goodwin, on the birth of a son at Wolfville, Oct. 12.

'16—Lillian Chase, M. D., is practising medicine at Regina, Sask.

'16—The Athenaeum congratulates Mr. William Chase and Miss Webster, a former teacher in the Seminary, on their marriage last September.

'16—Miss Bessie Lockhart has been appointed by the U. B. W. M. U. to succeed Mrs. C. S. McLearn as Provincial Secretary for Nova Scotia.

'17—Herman L. Porter has been appointed head of the Preparatory Department of Brandon College.

'17—Dr. Charles Schurman is practising medicine at Island Pond, Vermont.

'18—Esther Gould has this fall been appointed head of the Preparatory Department of Brandon College.

'19—Francis Archibald has an assistantship in Chemistry at Toronto University.

'20—M. Jean Bishop is teaching in Auburn, Kings Co., N. S.

'20—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Miss Angela Herbin on her marriage last August to Mr. Charles Clarke.

'20—Joseph Dobson who graduated from McGill in medicine '25 is continuing hospital work at McGill.

'20—Mrs. Mary Mercer is teaching in Acadia Ladies' Seminary.

'20—Dr. Victor Burden is on the staff of the Boston City Hospital.

'20—Dorothy Schurman is teaching in Penn School for Girls, Chambersburg, Penn.

'20—Mildred Harvey is teaching in Penn School for Girls, Chambersburg, Penn.

'20—Dr. Paul Tingley, who graduated from Edinburgh University is visiting for a time at his home in Wolfville. He is assistant coach for the Acadia football squad.

'20—Mr. George Nowlan was elected to the provincial parliament as a member from Kings County in the recent provincial elections.

'20—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Dr. D. D. Foster and Mrs. Foster (nee Miss Gerda Holman) on the birth of a son. Dr. and Mrs. Foster have recently moved from Rochester, N. Y., to New York City.

'21—Hilda Bishop is on the staff of Windsor Academy, Windsor, N. S.

'21—Raleigh Bishop is on the staff of Manhasset High School, Long Island, N. Y.

'21—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Mr. Jack Mosher and Miss Olivia Lamont (Ex '23) on their marriage at Kentville, N. S., in September. Mr. Mosher is teaching Economics in the University of Texas.

'21—Miss Gladys G. Corbett is vice-principal of the school at Bridgewater, N. S.

'21—Frederick R. Cole is studying in the business department of Harvard University.

'21—Wylie Collins is studying medicine at Harvard.

'21—E. Reta Fost is at her home in Hantsport, N. S.

'21—Kathleen Fitzpatrick is teaching at Hillsboro, N. S.

'21—Marion Grant has a fellowship in the department of education at Toronto University.

'21—Ralph Harlow is teaching at Swift Current, Sask.

'21—Arthur Hickson is instructor of Mathematics at Brown University.

'21—Isaac Kenney is on the Pictou High School staff.

'21—Everett Leslie is barrister in the office of M. A. MacPherson, Regina, Sask.

'21—Ronald Longley is principal of the Liverpool Academy, Liverpool, N. S.

Eng. '21—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Mr. Ralph O. Bates upon his marriage to Miss L. O. Gillies last September.

'21—John MacNeil is in the department of Justice at Ottawa.

'21—Karl Mason received his Ph. D., in Biology from Yale, and is doing Research Work there.

'21—John Mosher is professor of Economics at the University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

'21—Miss Lily Perry is assistant in Systematic Botany at the Herbarium, Harvard University.

'21—Horace Read has accepted a position as professor on the teaching staff of Dalhousie Law School. Prof. Read concluded a brilliant post-graduate course at Harvard last year.

'21—Claude Richardson is practising law in Sydney, C. B.

'21—William Steeves is teaching in Byng High School, Montreal.

'22—Marion Brown is working in St. John, N. B.

'22—Albert Corey and Inez McCallum (A. L. S. '24) were married in September. They are now living in Wagnsburg, Penn., where Mr. Corey is teacher of History and Economics in Wagnsburg College.

'22—Margarita Cutten, who graduated from the School of Social Work, Smith College in Psychiatric Social work, and then spent a year in Boston as Community Supervisor of the Feeble Minded in the State Dept., of Mental Diseases. Last year Miss Cutten was Director of the Child Guidance Clinic in St. Paul, Minn., From this Miss Cutten has been promoted to the position of head of social work.

Ex '22—Frances DeWolfe has been appointed as a teacher of voice in the Faculty of the Conservatory of Music of Acadia Ladies' Seminary. Miss DeWolfe has been a successful teacher for the past few years at Berea College, Kentucky.

'22—Kenneth Eaton is taking his M. A. in Economics at Acadia University. He is also acting as coach to the University foot-ball team.

'22—Mr. John Rogers is teaching Physics in Western University.

'22—Arthur Prince has the Austin Teaching Fellowship in Botany, Harvard.

'22—Leon Steves is teaching in Indian Mountain School, Lakeville, Conn.

'22—The Athenaeum congratulates Mr. H. W. Douglas Fritz and Mrs. Fritz (nee Miss Marie Underhill) on the birth of a daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Fritz are living in Saint John, N. B.

'22—Albert Rogers is instructor in Physics at Western University, London, Ontario.

'22—Herbert Thurston is on the faculty of Brown College, Providence, Rhode Island.

'22—Ludlow Weeks who has been attending Yale was last summer appointed Geologist on Canadian Govt., Steamer "Arctic" and after an adventurous and perilous summer in Northern Seas, touching at different points in Greenland, Baffin land, returned the 10th of October to Quebec, whence he sailed and is at present engaged in work in office of Geological Survey in Ottawa.

'22—Horace Wetmore is on the Sydney Academy High School Staff.

'22—Hubert Tucker is preaching at West Newburg, Mass., and is continuing his studies at Harvard.

'22—Hazel Freeman is attending the Provincial Normal College, Truro, N. S.

'23—Athenaeum extends congratulations to Josephine Harris, who was married in August to Gerald MacElhinney, of Windsor, N. S.

'22—Ralph Marshall is on the Halifax High School staff, Halifax, N. S.

'22—Mr. T. K. Cleveland has received his Ph.D. in Chemistry from Yale University and is now in the research department of the Robin and Haas Chemical Company, Bristol, Pa.

'22—Mr. Merle Mason, who received his B. D., from Newton last spring and was ordained by the convention in August is now studying at Edinburgh. He intends to take work at Oxford as well before returning to Canada.

'23—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Mr. Roy Wigmore and Miss Marjorie Fitzpatrick on their marriage, September 21. Mr. Wigmore is connected with the Castle-Trethaway Company of Beatel, Ontario.

'23—Spurgeon Hirtle is studying theology at Newton.

'23—Ruth Hennigar is teaching in the High School at Charlesmont, Mass.

'23—Harry Grimmer is studying theology at Newton.

'23—Janet Kinsman has a position in the Brooklyn Public Library, New York.

'23—Clarence MacCready has a position in Sandusky, Ohio.

'23—Mary Patriquin is working in Wolfville.

'23—Irene Rand is at her home at Parrsboro.

'23—Mary Read is teaching at Newtown, Conn.

'23—Stewart Read is working in N. B., in the interest of Louis Myers & Co., Toronto.

'23—Edna Sanford has a position at the Pratt Institute Free Library, N. Y.

'23—Margaret Sylvester is teaching in New Glasgow.

'23—Vivian Vaughan is taking her M. A. degree at Acadia University.

'23—Harold Camp is pastor of the Calvary Church, New Haven, Conn.

'23—Austin Brownell is teaching in Pictou Academy.

'23—Reverdy Prosser has gone to California on account of ill-health.

'24—Winnifred Armstrong is teaching at Kingston, N. S.

'24—Florence Bagnall is working in St. John, N. B.

'24—Gwendolyn Belyea is teaching at Grande-Men, Quebec.

'24—Harold Bannerman has an assistantship in the Dept. of Geology, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

'24—Eldred Bridges is teaching at Island Pond, Vermont.

'24—Athenaeum extends congratulations to Helen Chase who was married to Herbert Prowse early in June. She was the first girl married in '24. thus capturing the class banner.

'24—Mr. Don Messenger and Mr. Sydney Chipman have returned to continue their medical courses after visiting in Canada during the summer.

'24—The Athenaeum extends its heartiest congratulations to Miss E. Louise Morse, former Literary Editor, upon her marriage September 10 to Mr. Herbert M. Warne at Paradise, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. Warne will reside in Digby.

'24—Mr. Thomas H. Robinson, Rhodes Scholar for Nova Scotia, who, last spring, completed a very successful year in the Graduate School of Social Service Administration, University of Chicago, from which he received his A. M. degree, is now continuing his studies in the field of labour at Oxford University.

'24—Edwin Estey is principal of Andover High School, N. B.

'24—Madeline Flewwelling is teaching at Newtown, Conn.

'24—Edith Goodwin is tutor of Maryland School for Blind, Omerlia, Maryland.

'24—Herbert Hatt is studying at Rochester Theological Seminary, N. Y.

Ex '24—Percy Kempton is teaching at Canning, N. S.

'24—E. Churchill Longley is principal of Paradise High School.

'24—Dean Lusby is teaching at Bristol, Vermont.

'24—Raymond Thompson was awarded '23-'24 Encleth Scholarship in Dept. of Engineering and again for '25-'26 at Harvard University.

'24—Mansell McLean is working at Engineering at Narrows, Virginia.

'24—John MacLeod is teaching in Quebec City.

'24—Leon Rhodenizer is teaching at Pictou Academy.

'24—Jean Walker has a professorship in Biology at Wellsley College.

'24—William Wasson has returned from Edinburgh and is taking his M. A. degree at Acadia.

'24—Charles Wright is studying at McGill.

'24—Curry Spidell is a student of Theology at Rochester, N. Y.

'24—Allan Smith is teaching at Grand Falls, Newfoundland.

M. A. '25—Mr. Paul Rogers is instructor in Cornell Univ., where he is continuing his studies.

'25—Grace Beadsley is teaching at Hammond's Plains Halifax Co., N. S.

'25—Evelyn Bentley is visiting in Boston, Mass.

'25—Carol Chipman is teaching in the Martha Industrial School, Beaufort, South Carolina.

'25—Leister Coit is working with the New England Telephone Co., Boston, Mass.

'25—Pauline Colbath is teaching at Fairfield, Maine.

'25—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Mr. Thomas Cook on his marriage to Miss Dorothy Cochrane last May. Mr. Cook is taking a post graduate course at Harvard.

'25—Claire Cutten is studying medicine at Rochester University, N. Y.

'25—Charlie Fillmore is on the staff of the High School at Colchester County Academy, Truro, N. S.

'25—Arthur Harris is principal of Birch Grove School, C.B.

'25—Edith Illsley has accepted a position as assistant librarian at Boston University Library.

'25—Ralph Ingalls has a fellowship in Botany at Ruthers University, New Brunswick, N. J.

'25—Mark Inman is continuing his work in History at Harvard.

'25—Charlotte Kinsman is teaching at Margaretville, N.S.

'25—Marian Kinsman is teaching in Lower Sackville, N.S.

'25—Helen Lawson is on the High School staff at Amherst, N. S.

'25—John and Henry Copeland are both working in Toronto.

'25—Jean MacLaughlin, who spent the summer at Columbia University studying physical education, has accepted the position of assistant in gymnasium at A. L. S., and is taking her M. A. in Psychology at the University.

'25—Alce McLeod is teaching at Stetson, Maine.

'25—Archibald McLeod is pastor at the Kingston Baptist church, Kingston, N. S.

'25—Frank Mollins is at his home in Moncton.

'25—Henrietta MacPherson is at Simmons College, studying secretarial work.

'25—Lee Martin is teaching in Quebec.

'25—Mr. Albert Marshall is in the insurance business in Boston.

'25—Harding Moffatt is on the Sydney Academy staff.

'25—Moore Perry is on the faculty of the B.U.Night School Boston, Mass.

'25—Willoughby Phinney is studying medicine at Edinburgh University.

'25—Elwood Rafuse has employment in Boston, Mass.

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

'25—Theodore Roy is studying medicine at McGill.

'25—Stanley Seaman has accepted a position as travelling salesman.

'25—Vernon Shaffner is studying medicine at McGill.

'25—Vyval Short is teaching in New Jersey.

'25—Luville Steadman is studying Physics at Yale.

'25—Beatrice Smith is teaching near Lunenburg, N. S.

'25—Muriel Stevens is taking her M. A., in English at Dalhousie.

'25—Inga Vogler is principal of Riverport School, N. S.

'25—Preston Warren was ordained last August and is now studying in the Dept. of Missions at Yale.

'25—Ren Thorne is teaching in Georgia, U. S. A.

'Eng '25—Douglas Anderson, F. T. Boutilier, Gordon Brown, Gerald Freeman, Edward Orlando, Cyril Parks, Alan Longley, and Morley Taylor are at the Nova Scotia Tech., Halifax, N. S.

Eng. '25—Charles Low is continuing at McGill.

Eng. '25—Kenneth MacKenzie is at the M. I. T., Boston, Mass.

'26—Mr. Gerald Guiou was ordained by Convention in August.

'26—The Athenaeum extends its sincere sympathy to Laura Davison on the death of her father.

'26—Athenaeum extends congratulations to Max Munro, on his marriage to Althea Marshall, the latter part of September.

Ex '26—Kathlyn MacLean is teaching at Alden College, West Virginia.

Ex '26—Hugh Peel is taking his senior year at Whittier's College, Whittier, California.

Ex. Eng. '26—Mr. Glenn H. McLaughlin is studying at Dalhousie this year.

Ex. '27—Miss Mary McPhaill is at her home in Perth, N. B.

Ex. '27—Mr. Harold DeWolfe is studying at the University of Maine.

Ex. '27—Miss Ruth Clark and Miss Isabel Olmstead are continuing their studies at Dalhousie.

Ex. '27—Miss Lottie Hartt is now attending Columbia University.

Ex. '27—The many friends of Mr. Harold Chipman of Port Williams, N. S., will be pleased to learn that his condition has so improved that he has been able to attend several of the university functions.

Ex. '27—Mr. Henry Hill is preaching near Sackville, N. B., and continuing his course at Mount Allison University.

Ex. '27—Mr. Francis Musgrave is at his home in North Sydney, C. B.

Ex. '27—Mr. Daniel Hevenor is studying at the University of Maine.

Ex. '27—Mr. Percy MacKay, has begun his medical course at Dalhousie.

Ex. '27—Miss Gladys MacKeen is teaching in Sherbrooke, N. S., where she is vice-principal of the school.

Ex. '27—Mr. A. K. Fillmore is both preaching and teaching at Belyea's Cove, N. B.

Ex. '27—Mr. Thomas G. Manning is continuing his dental course at Tufts.

Ex. '27—Miss Elsie McCabe is teaching in Cumberland County.

'27—The Athenaeum extends its sincerest sympathy to Mr. J. Walter Graham in the recent death of his father.

Ex. '28—Mr. Robert Mallory is continuing at the University of Maine.

Ex. '28—Mr. Leslie MacKinnon is at his home in Sydney Mines, C. B.

A. L. S. '24—Miss Minnie A. Poole who completed a post-graduate course in piano last May and continued her studies in Boston during the summer has returned to the Seminary as instructor in piano and is taking further studies at the university.





AS we turn once more to our exchange shelf and find it well filled with commencement magazines, we are filled with the desire to extend our hearty congratulations and many thanks to the various publications which we hasten to acknowledge. Well do we realize the precarious position of a critic, who, though compelled to criticise, yet must exert a moderate amount of restraint and not criticise too harshly. Our endeavors, we assure you, are sincere.

Taken as a whole, the commencement numbers all tell a culminating story of progress and are well worthy of the institutions they represent. More and more do we feel that the college magazine is playing an important part in the educational advancement of our country and we hope and trust that the new editors will grasp this responsibility fully. The challenge has been thrown at our feet. Let us seek to carry on the illustrious work of our predecessors.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

We are glad to welcome this publication to our exchange shelf. The editorials and poetry are especially worthy of note. We also liked your college review and thought that the pictures of your buildings were very appropriate for a commencement number. Keep up the good work.

McGILL DAILY

This sheet holds the unique position of being the only one of its kind, at present, on our shelf. We acknowledge with thanks the republication of one of our last year's poems in a

recent issue. The editors of the paper are to be complimented on the newsy appearance of the paper which must well fulfill the needs of McGill's large student body. Although we would like to see more expression of McGill's literary talent, which we feel sure must exist, yet we realize that such an attempt would hardly be feasible in a daily paper.

ARGOSY WEEKLY

As usual we find much of interest in this publication of our neighboring college. Humor is everywhere and the editorials and college reviews are well written. Let's have some more literary material, Mount A. !

MINNESOTA QUARTERLY

Filled with excellent short stories, too numerous to mention and with a quantity of poetry of equally high standing, it is extremely difficult to pick out anything in this magazine that could be called "the best." The editors have adopted the slogan "A Literary Magazine" and we feel that it is a good example of what heights a purely literary publication can attain.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD

The usual peppy, attractive appearance of this magazine is not at all lacking in the commencement number. The editorials are thoroughly readable, and the article "El Camino Real" is very interesting. The poem "A Tree" also deserves comment. We feel that the success that the King's literary organ enjoys depends to a large extent upon the competitive system of awards.

THE COLLEGE TIMES

We acknowledge this paper with many thanks. There is a good variety of material and on the whole the magazine is well balanced. We would like to suggest that one or two articles of a general nature might improve your publication. In passing, we must not forget to mention the delightful little poem, "Hidden Beauty".

XAVERIAN WEEKLY

May we congratulate you on your thirtieth anniversary and express our appreciation of how much your past editors have accomplished in improving the "Xaverian" and incidentally St. Francis Xavier as a whole. By means of exchanging our publications may we continue to foster the friendly spirit that now exists between us.

THE GATEWAY

A splashing array of color announces to us the Freshman number of "The Gateway." Interesting editorials and a snappy sport page go a long way in making this production what it is. We feel it a compliment to exchange and we hope that the incoming Freshman class will some day be able to keep up the high standard of the present editors. We would like to see a way opened up for a little more expression of literary talent.

WESTERN U. GAZETTE

The humorous cut of the Freshmen on the front page recalls similar reminiscences of our own initiation. Humor and pep are written all over this publication. The "Who's Who" idea is worthy of particular attention. This is one of the foremost papers on our shelf and we extend the new editorial staff our best wishes for a successful year.

POLYTECHNIC REPORTER

From among our American exchanges we welcome this newsy sheet. As we turn over the pages, a sense of the news, all the news, and nothing but the news, is everywhere in evidence. Isn't there room for a little literary material of a more serious nature?

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

The commencement number is more of the nature of a college year book than a literary magazine, but the class history, class prophecy and reviews are well done indeed. A

prominent place is given to debating, and Dalhousie certainly has reason to feel proud of her debators. We await with interest the appearance of the Gazette on our shelf this year.

COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK

For a collegiate magazine, this is certainly well conducted, and the editors should feel well satisfied with their work. The article "Prehistoric Reptiles of Red Deer Valley" contains a large amount of interesting information, but we feel that it would be better to have more articles from the students themselves. A poem here and there would also improve your magazine considerably.

THE TALLOW DIP

This magazine has the distinction of being the only one on our shelf from a girl's school. We thought the headings were well done and that the class prophecy was well written. From among the various short stories and poems, "When Hearts are Young," and "Why" are the most worthy of praise.

THE FRONTIER

Here we find another purely literary magazine from across the line. "The Ego and His Own" is a clever bit of originality, and "The Mountains" a delightful bit of free verse. Taken as a whole, the paper is worthy of praise and we will be glad to exchange at all times.

RED AND WHITE (St. Dunstan's)

Artistically and beautifully bound, this magazine gives a promise of better things which we find is fulfilled when the covers are opened. There is lots of variety throughout, and the literary material is exceptionally good. "A Review of John Keats" cannot pass unmentioned, and a touch of novelty is added to the whole by the publication of the French poem "A Mes Yeux." Good luck for the ensuing year, St. Dunstan's!

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE RECORD

Of the numerous interesting articles in this publication, we liked "Is the World a Whirling Globe?" and "Monte Carlo" the best. The latter proved to be full of excellent description and was written in a very pleasing style. We feel that a more favorable balance could be maintained in your paper by publishing a little more in the line of poetry, and we offer this as a suggestion. Surely the Muses have not wholly forsaken you.

RED AND WHITE (Smith Falls Collegiate Annual)

Although this paper visits our shelves but once a year, we are always on the lookout for it, because of the well written stories and reviews that it contains. Of special interest are the cartoons that we find inserted here and there. Congratulations! Keep up the good work!

THE BRUNSWICKAN

Here one of our old friends greets us and we give it a most hearty welcome. "The Brunswickan" has always compared favorably with the best publications on our shelf and we feel that the new editorial staff will have a difficult task in preserving the high standard of its paper. Remembering the various numbers of last year, we would suggest that a little more space be devoted to poetry during the ensuing semesters.

INTEGRAL

As per usual, engineering and science articles are most numerous throughout this publication, a fact which should prove of interest to our Engineers at Acadia. Also there is no lack of humor to be found on any page, which helps to make the paper much more attractive. Thanks! Come again!

THE SCREECH OWL

On turning the pages of "The Screech Owl" we find numerous attractive headings for the various departments. Ath-

letics are well reviewed, but there is room for improvement in the exchange column. We would also suggest, in passing, that you give a more prominent place to the literary endeavors of your contributors.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

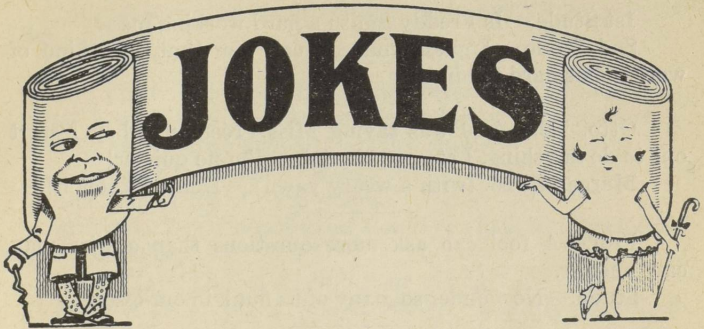
We find the commencement number of this magazine very well balanced and have no criticisms to offer. We liked the poem "Autumn Leaves" very much and we also thought "From a Kashmir Diary" a very entertaining article. It was with a great deal of interest that we read of the high standard of the plays presented by the Women's Literary Society, and we hope they carry on the good work this year. Nor must we fail to mention the enlightening editorial on books, which held our attention until the very end. Yours is a paper of which you may feel justly proud.

THE SHEAF

Here we have a striking, up-to-date weekly, featured by a lively front page and snappy athletic reviews. We would like to suggest that the printing of the week's programme in bold type on the front page might be an improvement. The editorial expressing the why and the wherefore of "The Sheaf" appealed to us as being very appropriate, especially for the new students.

MANAGRA

The feature we liked the best in this publication was the exchange column, which was essentially different, to say the least. We are pleased to acknowledge the republication of the sonnet "Age" which originally appeared among our pages last year. Another good feature was the humorous headings which some budding cartoonist has supplied for your various departments. We hope to have the pleasure of exchanging again this year.



Graham.—It is not faces^u alone that I paint, it is souls.
 Goudey.—Oh! you do interiors then?

Prof.—You're very contradictory, Mr. Patriquin.
 Pat. '27.—No, I'm not, sir.

Caller (at Tully).—Marion Browne is a long time making her appearance.

Her room mate.—“Well she would be a sight if she came down without making it.

Prof.—Why did you come to college? You haven't done any work for me since you came.

Henry, '29.—Well, Mother says its to fit me to become premier; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry; and Dad, to bankrupt the family.

Stude.—Doctor, I've tried everything and I can't get to sleep can't you do something for me?

Dr. DeWitt (kindly).—Yes, just hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby.

Economic defense.

“Why don't women dress sensibly?”

Answer: “If they did, half the industries of the world would go smash.”

1st Stude.—Is Freddy Smith a hard working man?

2nd Stude.—I guess you can call him that, any kind of work seems hard to him.

Otto, '26.—As I was saying Miss Freeman, when I start out to do anything, I stay on the job. I'm no quitter!

Margaret, '26. (with a weary yawn).—Don't I know it!

Prof.—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Stude.—No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams.

Prof. (in geology).—The geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years.....

Soph. (half asleep).—Gosh! And I loaned him ten dollars yesterday.

She—All extremely bright men are conceited anyway.

Punk '27.—O, I don't know, I'm not.

Crandall '28.—Do you think women are quite fair to men?

Marr '28.—From the amount of make-up they buy and use, I'm sure they try to be.

Peg '29—O! there goes Olive. Isn't she lovely? I wish I were half as good looking.

R. B. C. '26.—O! but you are.

Art Brady '27 (wearily).—I suppose I'll be up all night tonight, I have to make out my expense account.

Punk '27—(more hopefully), Why don't you tell the truth and get a good night's rest.

Glen '27—What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?

Smithy '27.—Hold the hammer in both hands.

1st Stude.—Goudey claims to be an agnostic, doesn't he?

2nd Stude.—Only as to religion, as to everything else, he knows it all.

Dot Powell '29.—No, Blair, I'm afraid I can't marry you. I want a man who possesses noble ambition, whose heart is set on attaining some high and worthy object.

Blair '26—Well, don't I want you?

Dot '29—O Blair! I'm yours.

Marven '27—"Do you know Gwen you look simply charming this morning."

Gwen '27—"Nonsense, stop your joking."

Marven '29—"No, but you do, really. I hardly recognized you at first."

The woodpecker wept in deep dismay,
As the shades of evening came,
For he had been pecking all the day,
On a head we will not name.

Byrnes '26.—"Why does a stork stand on one foot?"

A. P. '26.—"I'll bite, why?"

Byrnes '26—"If he'd lift the other foot he'd fall."

Fresh—"How far is it from here to Tully?"

Soph—"It's just about five minutes walk if you run."

Olive '26—"How did you hurt your eye?"

Mac '26—"Aw, a lid fell on it."

Grimmer '27—Do you drive your own car?

Woodworth '27—No, I have to coax it.

Stultz (in Logic).—Is the statement, "The child is father to the man" logical?

Dr. Spidle.—No, neither logical nor biological.

Owen '26.—I wonder why they call it free verse?

Ardis, '26.—That's simple. Did you ever try to sell any?

Freddy Wright—Hey! What's this?

Waiter—Its bean soup.

Freddy—I know its been soup, but what is it now?

Doane '27—I played "Hamlet" once.

Olive '26—Indeed! And did you have much of a run?

Doane '27—About six miles.

Co-ed—Good-bye, dad! I'll write before the end of the week.

Father—Good gracious, Mary, you must make that cheque last longer than that!

Dr. Rhodenizer—What is there to substantiate the opinion that Shakespeare was a prophet?

Dunlap '26—He was fortelling the era of Tully hash when he wrote the recipe for the Witches' Broth in "Macbeth."

Co-ed—Is Crossman fond of an argument?

Lady—Rather—why, he won't eat anything that agrees with him.

Athenaeum Editor—You waste too much paper.

Marven—But how can I economize?

Editor—By writing on both sides.

Marven—But you won't accept stories written on both sides of the sheet.

Editor—I know, but you'd save paper just the same.

Mother—Poor Arthur is so unfortunate.

Caller—How's that?

Mother—During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had in college.