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December, 1927

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# The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., December, 1927

No. 2

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—F. M. Cleveland, '28 .....	1 unit
Greta L. Rose, '30 .....	1 "
J. R. Herbin, '30 .....	1 "
Articles:—C. H. Starr, Eng. '28.....	3 "
Guy Henson '29 .....	2 "
W. Gordon Ross '29.....	1 "
Stories:—Eileen MacKay '29.....	2 "
Olive M. MacKay '29 .....	1 "
L. H. Jenkins '28 (Special award) .....	1 "
One -Act Play:—Eileen MacKay, '29.....	2 "
Humor:—F. D. Starrat Eng., '30 .....	1 "
W. H. Longley '31 .....	1 "
Unclassified:—Crystal Osborne '29 .....	2 "
Science:—K.V. Kierstead '28.....	2 "
Athletics:—Guy Henson '29 .....	2 "
E. B. Corey '28 .....	1 "
Month:—Crystal Osborne '29 .....	2 "
E. B. Corey '28.....	1 "
Exchanges:—No Award.....	
Personals:—Irene A. Card '28 .....	2 "
Jokes:—Vincent A. White '29 .....	2 "

Seniors ..... 8 units

Juniors ..... 16 units

Sophomores ..... 2 units

Engineers..... 4 units

Freshmen ..... 1 unit

Pennant to the Juniors

**TIDES**

Tides of the marshes, tides of the sea,  
 Tides of the ocean, mighty and free,  
 Ever your songs are as life-blood to me,  
 Tides of the sea!

Ceaselessly stirring, roaming afar,  
 Bold in your splendour, dauntless you are,  
 Holding a lash which may scatter and scar,  
 Reaching afar!

Swift is your coming; swift you depart;  
 Strong is your onrush; courage you start,  
 Courage and strength in my faltering heart,  
 Strength for my part!

J. R. H. '30

**NORTHWARD HO!**

Following are some extracts from a diary kept by the author while acting as wireless officer on the C. G. S. "Stanley" with the Hudson Straits Expedition.

July 17—With much tooting of whistles and a salute from the coast defence guns we cleared from Halifax at three o'clock this afternoon.

We have the expedition personnel and a small "Moth" seaplane aboard the Stanley. With all the baggage and the supplies for a long voyage there hardly seems to be an inch of room left on the ship. The "Larch," poking along astern, has six big Fokker Universal planes, construction crews, and some thousands of tons of building materials, supplies and scientific apparatus aboard.

Lots of fog first thing after leaving the harbour. The "Sambro Swell" seems to be causing most of our passengers much more concern than the fog!

July 21—Abeam Point Ferolle at 8 A. M. About dinner time we anchored at Point Amour, the southern tip of Labrador, to wait for the "Larch." A local fisherman came aboard to



get the doctors to go ashore. Most of the rest of us went along too for a while. Rocky coast, not a tree in sight, but lots of moss and bright coloured wild flowers.

From the landing we walked around to the lighthouse and wireless station. On the way we passed the wrecked hull of H. M. S. Raleigh, piled up on the rocks right at the point.

The equipment at the wireless station consisted of a standard Marconi guyed wooden mast, two gas engine driven dynamos, a ten inch spark coil transmitter, and a crystal receiver. It was up to date equipment in about 1908 and doesn't appear to have been touched since.

The light-keeper was very nice and showed us up in the light. It is about one hundred feet high, and is a beautiful piece of masonry. It is a gas light; the lens at the top is worth about \$40,000.

We returned to the landing, and there played with a bunch of huskies, had a fight with snow balls, mailed some letters, and then rowed the surf boat back to the ship as soon as the doctors were ready to come away.

The "Larch" came up to us about supper time, and we were soon under way again.

Dr. Kelley tells me that in one of the fisherman's cottages he visited there was a big piano salvaged from the "Raleigh" and on top of it was a big picture of Dr. Grenfell. I believe that Dr. Grenfell is due to arrive at Point Amour tomorrow.

July 22—Plodding along steadily all day. The "Larch" a few miles astern. The fog has cleared and we are having beautiful sunshine for a change.

We have been in almost continuous fog since leaving Halifax five days ago and during all this time the captain has relied practically altogether on wireless bearings to navigate the ship. It has meant a lot of extra work for us in the radio room but it has been a very excellent example of the worth of the wireless direction finding service. We've been pretty well swamped with message traffic, too.

July 27—After plowing through loose floe ice all day we finally "dropped the hook" at Port Burwell, at the eastern

end of Hudson Straits, just after supper. Nothing in sight but rocks, two little white box-like buildings bearing a Hudson Bay Company sign, and two tents perched on a ledge of the cliff. However, in a very few minutes a motor boat putted out around the point and two Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Mr. Ford of the Hudson Bay Company and seven or eight natives came aboard. Mr. Ford and the Mounties went up on the bridge to see the skipper and Major McLean, while the natives came back aft to watch our crew launching the "Moth."

I think the easiest description I can give of the Eskimo is to say that they look just like the pictures we have all seen of them at some time or other. They have the general appearance of an oriental—straight black "bobbed" hair, the men with fuzzy beards, and some of the women with quite bright colouring in spite of their dark skin.

They seem quite content to lean against the rail, smoke their pipes or a presented cigarette, and watch what is going on without saying a word to one another or anyone else. Although I did hear one old fellow answering questions in quite excellent English.

Pretty soon another motor boat arrived alongside with about ten more natives.

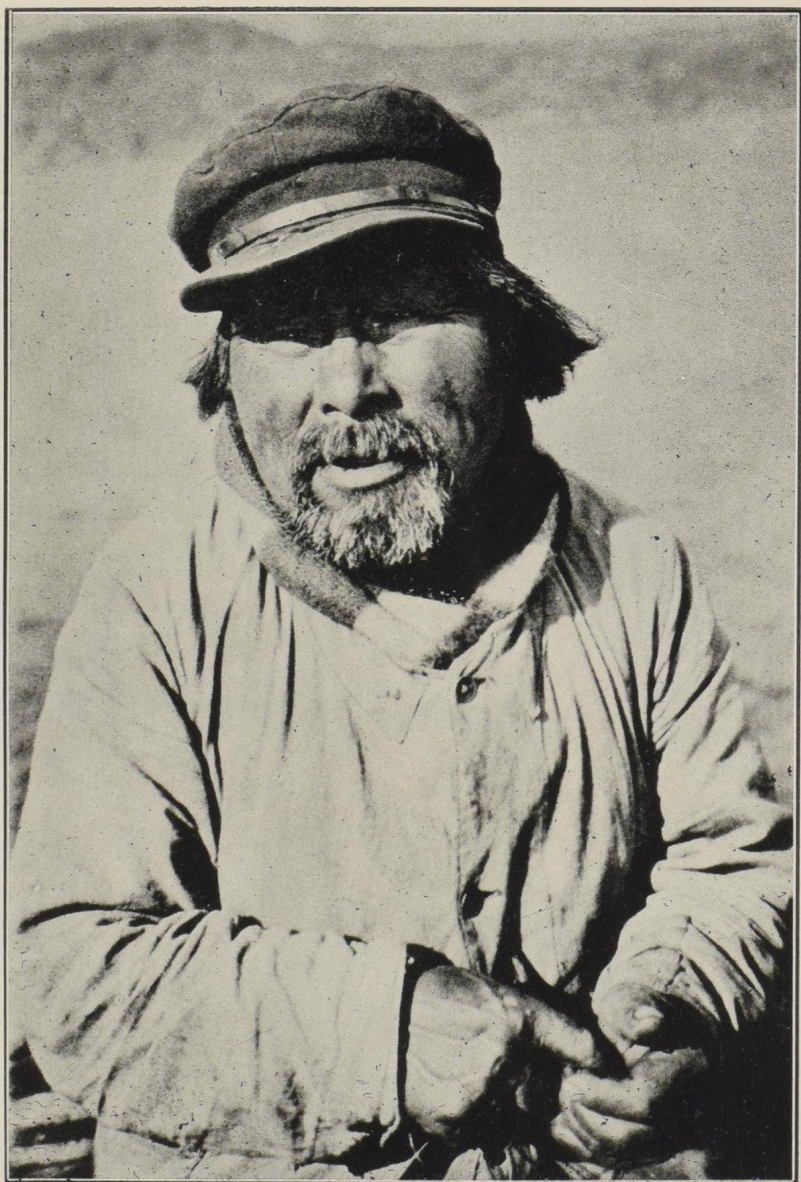
Lawrence and Leitch climbed into the "Moth" and taxied around on the water for a few minutes getting her warmed up. Of course the natives were much interested. I was wondering what they would do when the "Moth" raced back past the ship and took off into the air. Well, all of them but one just watched in dumb surprise; the other fellow made a run aft where he could see better, yelling at the top of his voice.

Just after the "Moth" took the air the "Larch" appeared around a point and came to anchor astern of us.

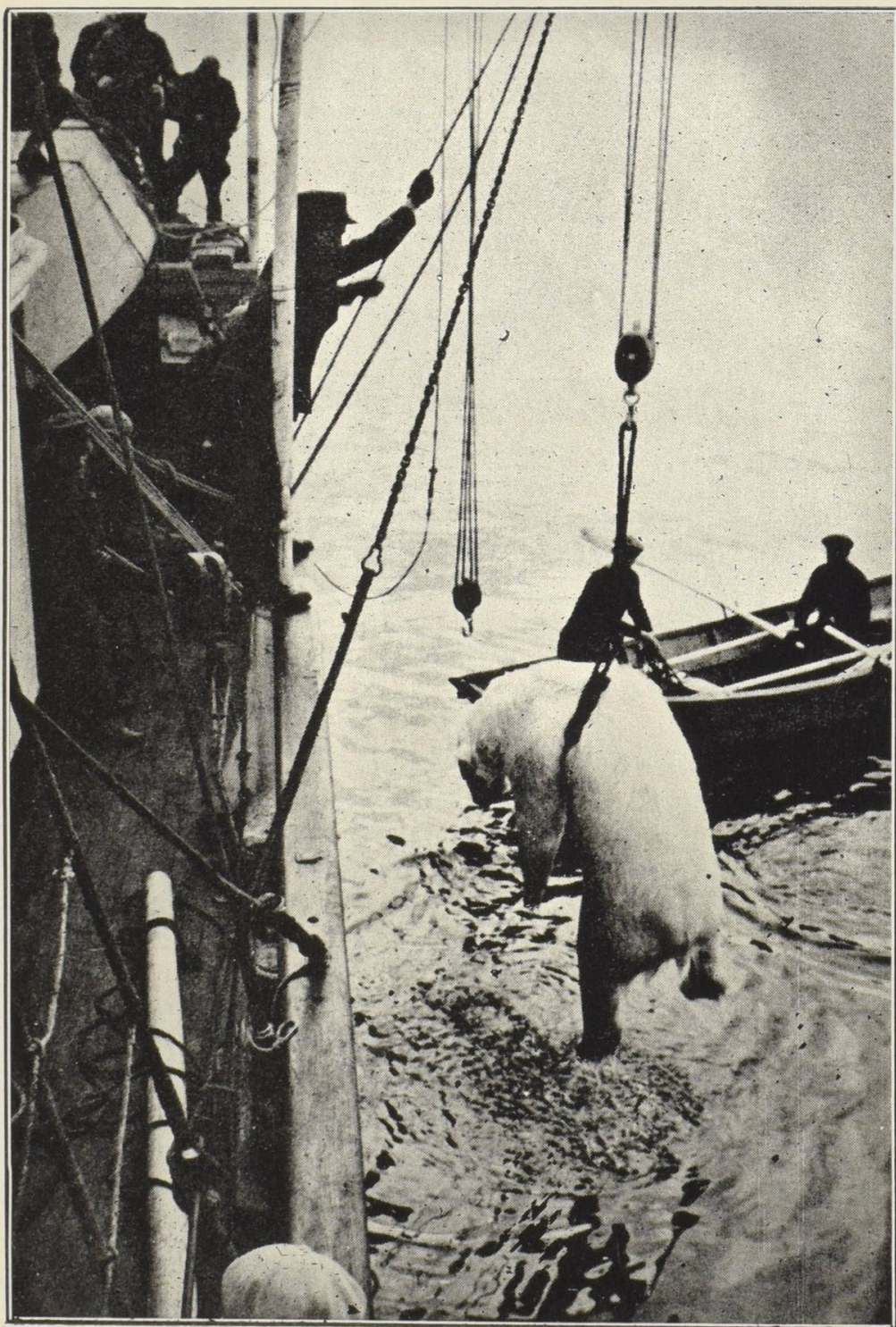
While dories were launched and a scouting party went ashore, the natives were entertained with gramophone records in the saloon.

July 28—We left Port Burwell at 6 A. M. and were soon into the ice again. We couldn't keep a perfectly clear lead for the "Larch" as there was quite a strong current flowing and the ice closed right in after us. Finally the "Stanley" got her











nose against a big ice pan and pushed it ahead of her, thereby clearing a good wide lead for the "Larch."

Just before supper we sighted a polar bear on an ice pan off the port bow. We nosed up toward the pan while the bear stood and watched us. Major McLean took a shot at him and missed. The bear turned and ran to the other side of the pan and dove into the water. We went around to the other side of the pan and the Major put two shots into the bear, who turned and made for the ice pan again. We lowered a dory and the Major got in and started after the bear, but by that time the "Larch" had come up and someone aboard her finished the hunt. The bear is an old fellow and a very big one according to the skipper. Unfortunately the skin is not much good at this time of the year, though the meat is supposed to be very good eating.

August 2—We left the "Larch" at Eric Cove and headed for Nottingham Island early this morning.

As at most other places up here the approach to Nottingham is uncharted and as there are bad currents and many rocks and reefs, it is ticklish business getting the ship in near shore.

By dinner time they managed to get the big motor launch over the side in spite of a cold winter gale and [some of the "high ranking guys" went ashore exploring.

August 4—After considerable scouting with the launch and "Moth," a suitable site was selected yesterday for Base "B". The "Larch" was sent for, and unloading operations have been commenced.

I went ashore this afternoon, for a change. With the exception of a few hours at Point Amour it has been twenty days since I have been off the boat.

The Island consists of red granite rock, tarnished black by the weather. There are numerous lakes and ponds, valleys covered with brown grass and moss, and everywhere in the chinks in the rocks and in the valleys there are bright coloured wild flowers. I saw a few butterflies, a big yellow bumble bee, and some birds. All these things delight the heart of Fritz Johanson, our naturalist, who goes ashore with a butter-

fly net, a collection of tin cans, and no hat, and "fades away" for a day or so at a time.

August 6—The "old man" has been off in a dory on a little expedition of his own this afternoon and has returned with a young seal. I see visions of another good feed of liver and bacon to break the monotony of corn flakes, corn meal, corn beef hash, cold tinned corn beef, tinned corn beef warmed up, barreled corn beef, and corned pork.

August 18—Up anchor and away for Base "C" at 6.45 P. M. today. The "Larch" got away a little ahead of us and the last I saw of her she was steaming along up in the sky a little above the horizon. We can never be quite sure what we are looking at in this country. The hot sun and cold water cause the air to refract the light so that one sees all sorts of queer things.

August 21—We arrived at Beacon Island, off Lake Harbour, about four this afternoon. The snow covered mountains of Baffin Land, poking up into the low clouds, looked very pretty and inviting in the distance.

We dropped anchor alongside the "Larch" while the launch went in for a couple of Eskimo pilots. They hadn't been gone long before the tide went down far enough to show that we had come within about half a ships length of running on a nasty reef. Of course we backed out in a hurry.

August 29—We have moved across the Straits of Wakeham Bay and are now well under way with the work of unloading.

We had visitors today. The "Beothic" came to anchor not far away at six this morning. She is bringing us a couple of Eskimo families and a Mounted Policeman for "B" Base.

I didn't manage to get awake in time to go over on the launch's first trip, but got aboard a little while afterwards. Had time for a few words with Meade of the Marconi Company, met Dr. Banting of insulin fame, and then went looking for Lud Weeks and Maurice Haycock.

It would be hard to beat the old "Arctic" for thrills but there is also quite an air of romance about the "Beothic," with the tales of her hairbreadth escapes from being crushed in the ice, the huskies and Eskimo on board. The scientists



with their tales of adventure and discovery, Dr. Banting of world wide renown, the Hudson Bay Company officials, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police wearing their Eskimo boots, striped pants and parkas.

October 6—We have been at Port Burwell for several weeks and today arrived back at Wakeham Bay. Tonight we have two families of Dorset Eskimo with their dogs, tents, Kayaks, and various other belongings on board, ready to leave for Nottingham first thing in the morning.

October 7—Dogs, dogs, dogs—Gosh! If they haven't got their noses in the air howling at nothing in particular they are snarling at one another. We have fourteen of them aboard.

October 14—Today's big event—an impromptu chewing gum contest with Valiquette, O'Malley, Jones, and Harvet as contestants. In a little over five minutes they went through eighty-nine sticks of Mr. Wrigley's well known elastic product. Jones came out head man with twenty-nine sticks in his mouth.

There is a French Canadian seaman and an Eskimo right outside my port as I write this. The Frenchman is trying to make a deal for a pair of skin boots in trade for some tobacco but does not seem to be having much luck as I gather the native hasn't got any. The seaman's English vocabulary is rather limited and he only knows about three words of Eskimo. The native knows a few dozen words of English. They are using all three languages.

October 16—With salutes from the whistles of the two boats, answered by flag dipping at "C" Base and the two trading posts, the "Stanley" and the "Larch" bid final farewell to Wakeham Bay.

October 17—Back at Base "A", Port Burwell, again. I had a joy ride out around the Island with Corporal Nichols and Archdeacon Fleming in the police launch this afternoon. It was a beautiful day, though we nearly froze to death.

Word has just come through from Ottawa that I can transfer to the "Larch" and come out on her instead of waiting for the "Stanley." As she is to leave at four tomorrow morning I have to hustle to collect various souvenirs and scattered belongings.

October 23—A beautiful summer-like day. We passed behind Scatari Island at breakfast time. Got our first glimpse of green grass and trees, churches and factory chimnies—it sure is good to see them again. Only one more day and we will be back in Halifax.

C. H. S., ENG. '28



## THE TEAR

Herr Friedrich Kerner was dying. It had not needed the faltering words of his physician nor the lowered tones of his councillor to tell him that. He had smiled sardonically at their uneasiness, scarcely altering the harsh lines of his face, whose set features had the unnatural appearance of being cut from granite.

Age had made no impression upon the stone-like clearness of his profile, and only the sunken cheeks attested that the approaching hand of Death was now closing upon him—their gray pallor might complete the illusion that the still figure seated in the shadows of the room was the stone effigy of a man. His only companion was Herr Michel Baumbach, his friend for the eighty years of his life and his steward for fifty of them.

It was late in the afternoon of the day that would end in *der heilige Abend*—Christmas Eve. Michel Baumbach was trimming the candles which ineffectually lighted the high, dark room. He moved briskly, stepping down from his stool with an agility belying his age.

"Truly, Herr Baumbach," said Herr Kerner dryly, as he watched his active friend, "one would not think—who had seen us in our youth—that now you should be hopping about with the nimbleness of a goat while I rest here a useless lump of clay."

Michel Baumbach turned to his companion.

"Ach, Herr Kerner, your ways of living have not been mine."

"As the English say, 'there is the rub.' You are right. Our ways have been different, and what have we to show for them? You—a pious soul and a rounded pauch; I—a diseased mind and an ill-spent frame. You chose well, my friend, for which you may thank what is to thank."

"The good God," said Michel Baumbach softly.

Approaching death dulls the senses, and Herr Kerner did not catch the words. He settled farther into the cushions of his great chair, brooding with the intensity of a man who has not many moments more to live. Michel Baumbach

continued his task gravely, pondering the brief conversation in his slow-working mind.

Herr Kerner broke the silence with a sound that was almost a snarl. His companion started, so that some soft wax spattered down his coat.

"The young dog! The despicable, worthless cur!" the old man was saying.

Instantly Herr Baumbach knew he was speaking of Gotthold, the son who had embittered his father's old age by disobedience, who had married a ballet mistress in the face of his father's disapproval—disapproval which amounted to the drastic sentence of expulsion from his paternal home forever. Gotthold Kerner was of a nature as resistant to change as that of his father, and no steps had been taken on either side toward a reconciliation during the nine years of the breach. Indeed, his excommunication so little worried Herr Gotthold, that he easily dismissed all thought of the old man's loneliness with a shrug. Frau Amalie Kerner thought not of him either, but to hope that she should one day be mistress of the great Kerner estate.

A quick jingle of bells without, and the voices of singers roused the two old men. Michel Baumbach stole to the dark window and peered out.

"Ach! it is the carollers at the gate with their *Weihnachts lieder*."

"Is this Christmas?" asked Herr Kerner dully.

"Tis the Eve of it, Herr Kerner. Tomorrow will be the *Freir tag* of gifts and good wishes."

"Much of gifts or good wishes will it bring us, Michel Baumbach; tomorrow I shall not be here."

Herr Baumbach's good face fell and his short round fingers clutched the window-sill convulsively, but the countenance he turned to his old master wore its usual open, cheerful look.

"No, no, Herr Kerner, you shall see yet many an Eve and know its gifts and good wishes."

"Nay, my friend, this time they are for the worthless Gotthold and his *Tanzerin* wife. What better joy for their



Christmas than the old man's death? But I have cheated them, Michel Baumbach; this paper—see it!—gives at the hour of my death, my every thing to you. He shall not bring his dancer to pirouette on her dainty toes within my walls. My spirit shall mock him in that hope."

Tears trickled slowly down the ruddy countenance of Herr Baumbach, at which he dabbed with plump ineffectual fingers.

"No, no, Herr Kerner; destroy it, I pray you. That I should live here without you, my old master,—"

"Peace, my foolish Michel, and hear the carollers at the gate. I have not found the time to do so since I left my mother's home. Stop! do they not sing the old songs?"

Michel Baumbach assented, nodding his head in time to the jingling old tunes outside.

"Truly, Herr Kerner, they are the same."

Herr Kerner raised his head and listened keenly, the harsh lines of his face fading into a smile of reminiscence. With the eagerness of one dying he let his mind go back to the happy days of his life.

"How we made them ring on many such a night in the good old days. We were young then, my friend, and care-free, as, God knows, I have not since been. And the fire—how we gathered around it with our nuts and games. You remember it all, Michel Baumbach?"

Herr Baumbach nodded silently.

"And the fire-log, Michel Baumbach, which we brought the good mother from the woods, you recollect! How we danced with hearts as light as our heels."

"Ach, Herr Kerner,—"

"Calls me Friedrich, old friend; let all be as it was."

The steward's eyes were again suffused with gentle tears.

"Herr Kerner—Friedrich," he faltered. "How long since I have called you that!"

"Too long, good Michel; but silence. They sing a new one."

To conceal his emotion Herr Kerner turned toward the wall, outside which, clearly and sweetly, rose the young

voices of the carollers. The listening friends caught the words distinctly.

*"Stille nacht, heilige nacht!  
Alles schlaft; einsam wacht  
Nur das traute, hochheilige Paar,  
Holder Knabe in lockigen Harr  
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh'!  
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh'!"*

"Holy, night, silent nighty,  
All is dark, save the light  
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep  
O'er the Babe, who in silent sleep  
Rests in heav'nly peace,  
Rests in heav'nly peace."

They listened in silence to the finish of the hymn, then Herr Kerner reached out a hand which his companion clutched tightly to his breast. The figure of the old man shook like a sapling in a tempest, with tearless sobs. His emotion seemed the more terrible to Michel Baumbach, because he had never before known him to give way to feelings of any kind. He tried to comfort his old friend, while his own tears ran freely.

"Ah, Michel, my brother, your tears can flow, but mine are dried since years. If I cannot weep for myself whom else may I expect to do so. For you a world would mourn, but for me—no one save, mayhap, your foolish self. A harsh old man for whom no tear will be shed save those from your half buried eyes. Ach, *mein Gott*, could I know one heart belonging to me would ache at my going, mine would not be breaking now. But no, by myself I drove them away, and by myself I die—alone, with you whose godly soul withstood my tyranny. Take me away, good friend, to my bed where I may turn my face to the wall, and so die."

Herr Baumbach, his face convulsed with pain, assisted his tottering steps from the room.

Ten minutes later he returned. His place, he knew, was



at the side of his master, but he could not stay there in peace just now. Thoughts of Kerner's will troubled him.

What to do? Truly Gotthold had but little right to the land now, after nine years of estrangement. But—it was the blood. Michel Baumbach, the servant, could never succeed Kerner, the master—it was unthinkable. Slowing, hesitantly, the old steward leaned toward the open fire, and dropped the parchment among the embers.

As the sudden flame died down again, Michel heard a moan in the adjoining room. When he reached Kerner's bedside, he found that his friend was dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Herr Friedrich Kerner had been dead for a day. Already Gotthold Kerner and his ballet wife had established themselves as masters of the house. It was Christmas day, and while joy reigned universally outside the house, inside it was found only in the heart of Frau Kerner. Her husband's iron breast was incapable of emotion of any kind.

In the death chamber Michel Baumbach sat, his ruddy, rounded face ridiculous in its sorrow. The body of Herr Kerner still lay upon its bed, awaiting its last earthly attendance at the hands of the undertaker.

Herr Baumbach crept brokenly to the bedside and gazed down on the still form of his old master. His world was in chaos and his mind numbed with the dreadful happening. Herr Gotthold and he had saluted each other in silence, but in that silence Michel Baumbach had read his dismissal. Frau Kerner he did not see nor seek.

A slight motion of the door caught his attention and he fixed his dim eyes upon it. The opening widened, and the small graceful figure of a child appeared around the corner. Herr Baumbach recognized her at once as the daughter of Gotthold, the only grandchild of his old master. He smiled gently at the child, who approached slowly but without fear, and submitted to being lifted upon the bed. She gazed at the still figure with its marble features, then looked enquiringly at Michel Baumbach.

“Who is he, Herr? Is he very sick, or does he only sleep?”

"He is your grandfather child, and he—sleeps. He is your grandfather who longed to know you, who would have loved you if he had, who would delight to play with you in his big halls."

"Then I love him, too. I had no one to love me before. Father and mother do not. I'm so glad we have come here and found him. May I waken him, Herr?"

She reached out her hand timidly to his face. When the small warm fingers touched the marble-cold cheek, she recoiled in terror.

"Herr, he is so cold, I am afraid! Oh, waken him, please!"

Herr Baumbach gently gathered the two small trembling hands in his and held them tightly.

"I cannot waken him, little one. He sleeps forever."

"Forever? He is dead? Oh, Herr, they will take him away, when I want him so."

She unloosed her hands from Herr Baumbach's hold and fearlessly laid her warm young cheek on the cold one on the pillow. A great tear rolled down from her lashes and fell upon the marble forehead. Michel Baumbach watched it fascinated for a moment, then a radiant smile broke over his tear-stained countenance.

"Your tear, my old friend. Are you happy?"

E. E. M., '29



**AREN'T WE LUCKY?**

(Theme from Chekhov.)

Anthony Wren walked into Doctor White's office and laid a large bundle on the table.

"Well, Tony," the Doctor greeted him, "I see you are much better."

"Yes, Doctor, thanks to you," A pause. "You know, Doctor, I am only a poor art collector, and I haven't much money," Anthony said with unconscious irony.

"I know, son. You can forget about my bill. I wish nothing for my services when my patients can't afford to pay me."

"No, no, you have saved my life, and I must give you something as a token of my appreciation." And he began to take the wrappers off the bundle.

"What's that?" queried the Doctor.

"It is a group of statuary; old and rare," replied Anthony. "There you are—a beautifully modelled group."

The group thus designated might have been old and rare, but they had certainly been portrayed in a pose of animation not usually ascribed to antiques. The three women composing the group were arranged in costumes, too, not becoming—pardon, they might have been becoming, as there was no evidence to the contrary—but I was about to say, not becoming modest young ladies, nor a Doctor's office for that matter. That is to say (one must be discreet in these matters), even the traditional costume ascribed to Eve, the fig leaf, was conspicuous by its absence.

The Doctor coughed nervously.

"Isn't it beautiful?" asked Anthony, lost in ecstasy.

"Yes—that is, no. Much as I'd like to take your present, Tony, it can't be done."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, there are lots of women and children come into this office, and I'm afraid it would be somewhat embarrassing."

"Art should never be embarrassing, Doctor. However, perhaps to the common crowd it might have a different meaning. But, you are away above them, doctor; you know what art means. Just look, what symmetry and what grace! The only thing I regret is I haven't its mate. Too bad. But maybe I'll find it some day, and I'll bring it to you. You must take it. I will be offended if you don't."

Seeing that further argument was hopeless, the Doctor thanked Anthony and bid him good afternoon.

After he had gone the Doctor stared at the statuary for a long time.

"I can't hide it," he said to himself. "It's too big. It would be a shame to destroy it; it looks as if it might be valuable. Let me see. Ah, I have it, I will give it to my friend Jack Crawford. He doesn't know the first thing about art, so maybe he'd appreciate the thing."

Away he went to Crawford's house. He nearly threw the work of art before the unsuspecting and astonished Crawford, and with the words, "Here's a present for you," left before that individual had time to protest.

When Crawford recovered from his surprise and had examined the gift that had so unceremoniously been bequeathed to him, he whistled in amazement. He promptly consigned the good Doctor to Hades, and was about to do likewise to the statuary when a thought occurred to him. Tomorrow was George Leave's birthday. He could now save himself the expense of a present.

The guests at George Leave's house who were so fortunate as to see the bizarre gift received from Jack Crawford, howled with delight. George nearly howled in rage. What if his mother or sister should see the disgraceful thing? He was about to destroy it when one of his guests informed him that there was an art collector in town who bought such trash. To the art collector it went.

A few days later a very much excited Anthony Wren again entered Doctor White's office.

"Doctor! Doctor!" he shouted. "I've found the mate



to that masterpiece of art I gave you. Aren't we lucky?"  
The Doctor did not say a word—he couldn't.

L. H. J., '28

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### MY CATHEDRAL

High arched dome of Heaven's own blue;  
Windows stained with sunset's hue;  
Doors that open without key—  
Drooping branches of a tree;  
Pillars tall, the giant pines;  
Aisles where softest moss reclines;  
Flowers that offer incense rare;  
Trees that bow their heads in prayer,  
And the feathered choirs that sing  
While the blue-bells softly ring.

G. L. R., '30

## OUT OF DARKNESS

"I hear them coming now," called twelve-year-old Edith, as she gazed over the summer landscape and down the dusty road.

"All is over with little Norman," said her mother, coming out. "The children will stay with us to-night. Don't let them bother Jean."

Edith slipped away, unnoticed, as the team approached. She made her way to the garden behind the house. There she found the two children, Robert and Mae, busy with something they had found lying in the grass.

"Look, Edie, Robert found the cutest birdie. It won't fly nor anything." Mae's brown eyes looked anxiously at the limp bunch of feathers in Robert's rough little hands.

"Let me have it," said Edith, taking it from the children. "The poor little bird is dead." She laid it beside her in the grass and warned them not to touch it. Then she dug a little grave for it in the soft earth. As she started to cover the soft, feathery body over Mae squealed.

"It's getting all dirty. Oh! Oh!"

Edith pressed the ground over the bird and rose. Robert started to dig it up.

"You mustn't," said Edith, "the bird is dead." She went to the side of the house and peered in the window.

"It's all dead," said Robert cheerfully.

Edith took the children in to see their mother then. At supper Mae asked:

"Where's Buddie, mama?" There was a painful silence.

"Is Buddie in the ho'pital?"

Edith breathed "Yes," quickly.

Some weeks later the children were playing again in the garden when Robert said unexpectedly:

"I know where Buddie is. Buddie's dead. Daddy told me."

Edith watched Mae's sensitive baby face lighten with interest and then droop. Her brown eyes were almost tearful.

"The little birdie was dead," she said after a pause.

C. O., '29



**THOUGHTS ON VORACIOUS INSECTS**

I think that the subject of insects, biting insects to be exact, is of vital importance to a certain portion of mankind. Those most interested in this subject would be, for instance, campers, hunters, and travellers.

Those insects which make camping or hunting famous for the will-power it takes are: the jigger, the mosquito, and certain flies. Those that concern or, rather, cause concern to the traveller are the bedbug, the flea, and the louse.

The Chigoe, or "jigger," as he is popularly named, is a small insect of very attractive qualities. He is so attractive that he may be called the burr of the insect family. He needs only to be stepped on to be given his chance, which he always takes advantage of. Jiggers burrow under the skin of the foot causing painful sores and very great irritation. In fact, I heard one man so irritated that the result was unprintable.

The mosquito is quite well-known and duly appreciated. Its greatest fault is the agility with which it dodges blows. I think there is nothing so disconcerting as the hum of a mosquito when one is too tired to slap at it.

Flies are degraded creatures whose highest ambition, evidently, is to fall into the cream pitcher. No doubt they do fall in only so that their relatives may brag to the other flies about its richness at death. There are others though, more spirited, who enjoy fights and who do their best to get killed because of their bites. They are courageous, after a fashion, because they are persistent. This persistency may be discounted, however, because they are driven to it by hunger.

The domestic variety of insects, in opposition to the wild variety mentioned above, is comprised of the bedbug, flea and louse. We will consider them in order of their unworthiness.

The least worthy is the bedbug, slow, plodding creature that he is. He chooses his bites carefully, going over the field thoroughly first. He has not even the courage to stay with his meal after he has found it, but goes off at the least provocation, to return later if possible.

Next in order is the louse. He is not a fast worker either,

being inclined to be finicky like the bedbug. His redeeming quality is his stick-to-it-iveness, the bulldog tenacity with which he stays by his meal, faithful unto death.

How different, though, is the flea! He is a rover for you—a dash in here, a bite there, rip, slash, nothing calm or furtive about him. He can look north and then jump a hundred times his own length east, taking six bites at the start and ten at the finish without blinking an eye. The champions of this family are the large Italian fleas. who can trace their ancestry without a jump, genealogically speaking, straight from Caius Pulex, who was a personal attendant of the Caesars. Compare the flea then to the other insects and see if your sympathy does not go out to him as the most worthy of existence.

W. H. L., '31



## NOVEMBER 11th, 1927

On this, the ninth anniversary of the close of the Great War, we hear again the warning call of vigilance to Canada, to the Empire. By a curious contradiction, we are invoked in the names of the popular deities of the nineteenth century—the King, the People, National Honor, Duty and so on, to be ready, if need be, for war.

What is this War to which we are responsible as if it were a religious rite or moral obligation? Is it an opportunity for a noble devotion of self to the good of humanity? Is it a service imposed by the place of birth? Or is it a mad false sacrifice to which we are unthinkingly stirred by calculating manipulators who pervert to their own interests our love of self-sacrifice—an instinct common to the human race and emphasized for hundreds of years by all great religions? Is it indeed, a practice withering and blighting to civilization, a whole-sale destruction of the peoples of the combatant nations, to which we are called in defence of our homes and our birthright?

Here are questions which we may be forced to answer. That the world is passing through a period of great danger, no one can doubt. Almost every form of confusion and antagonism seems to be increasing, whether it is national, racial, religious, or social. Central Europe is seething, and the great powers amongst the Allies are suspicious and distrustful of each other. The gulf between Capital and Labour is widening, and Communistic Russia is working, like the French Revolutionaries one hundred and forty years ago, to spread their doctrine against Capitalism all over the world. Dangers loom up around civilization, but a ridiculous mediaeval sense of national honor and national superiority forbids its caretakers to compromise and concede. The sword hangs by a hair over their heads, but pride and dignity tell them not to move.

This is the attitude taken in regard to disarmament, arbitration, and other vital international questions in the face of recent developments of warfare which stagger the mind even in comparison with the destructiveness of the last war. An

exaggeration, you may say. Perhaps—but consider the development of air-craft as a weapon of war. Consider how destructive forces but faintly known, such as electricity and poisonous gases, are being improved daily. What devices and discoveries there are which are being kept secret we cannot say, but that such there are in abundance, is evident from the reports which find their way from headquarters into the press from time to time. Nor can we even guess what marvellous engines would be developed under the stimulation of war conditions. Present conditions of warfare are certainly not limited to those of 1918, but are far more efficient in their purposes—death and destruction.

What does a great war mean, then, when London claims to be able to blow cities as distant as Constantinople to smithereines by pressing an electric button, and continental countries threaten that an air raid can make the city of London as bare as the site of Babylon in forty-eight hours? It means the economic disappearance of the combatant countries, either because of the wiping out of their population or else because of the destruction and depletion of their industries. And indeed, it is hardly conceivable that two great countries should be so burnt without the fire spreading to the rest of the western world; the other countries would either be drawn into it one by one as were England and the United States into the Great War, or else they would become embroiled during the economic redistribution which would follow with the filling up of the gaps left by the lost industries. War reduces itself to this result—the suicide of Western Civilization.

War, judged on the basis of its results, is a folly to be curbed just as insane murder or wanton destruction. Then why, in the light of modern conditions, does war exist at all? When savage hordes believed it a noble occupation to destroy weaker peoples and make plunder their goods, war was natural. When religious fanatics saw room on the earth for none but their own faith, war was justifiable. When geniuses and nations, insane for power, would grind all others in the dust to their own good will and pleasure, war was necessary. When



people were tools and sport of rival kings set up by divine right, war was inevitable. But today none of these conditions can gain a hold the world over. A deeper and more subtle cause has developed during the last century. Today an indignant people spring to arms to redress an affront on the national honor. The affront is taken because the country's claims on a certain Turkish oil-well or rights concerning a dam in Abyssinia are disputed by another country. It is the big business interests which are speaking, and the big business interests are very nice in certain distinctions as to right and wrong in some rich, weak, undeveloped country where competitors of another country are challenging them. Capitalists are making the world unsafe for human habitation.

It seems impossible after popular education for over half a century in most of the countries of the world, that war in its modern character should be allowed by the people. The reasons for its existence are difficult to remove. Hostility between nations has continued with its basis more and more in imagined fears—fears, however, which politicians and schemers have found pleasing to the mob and emphasized in order to advance their own interests. A scant knowledge of history amongst the people have aided in keeping alive these fears. In addition, during recent years, the great financial interest, both direct and indirect, which powers and prerogatives in other countries have to ordinary citizens made them keep a jealous watch on the encroachments of other nationalities. Accordingly, these prejudices hanging over from the middle ages and the rise of nationalism are still a sure and reliable force in "foreign affairs."

They are more than a sure force in current history—they have in them the possibilities of great danger. At any moment, public prejudices may be fanned to fire. Without them and without the peoples consent, war is practically impossible. If the greatness of western civilization is to continue, education must perform its greatest service of all by replacing the national prejudices in the public mind with a framework of international understanding.

And so today, on the 11th of November, 1927, we have come to a turning point in History. Either will the principles of internationalism and cooperation become the dominating factor of History, or the western world will experience such an irreparable shock as did the plains of Russia and Asia when the Tartars poured over them centuries ago. One cannot but grieve to see our speakers still extolling unhesitatingly the Empire's part in the Great War and condemning internationalism as "wishy-washy" but it is hopeful, indeed, to see the English press unanimously pleading for disarmament and stimulating a broader feeling of international sympathy and appreciation. After all, the problem remains with the people; whether duped or inspired, the people will decide.

G. H., '29



**“ALL SMILES STOPPED TOGETHER”**

Old Caleb Brown always said that there were two human curiosities in South Elmwood—one was himself and the other wasn't. The one who wasn't was Angus Laird, and he was interesting for the same reason that Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller are interesting. Laird was far and away the richest man in South Elmwood, and he owned the biggest farm. He had come out from England when he was but a lad, and had made his fortune by starting a steel industry in Brighton, the little town nearest to South Elmwood. Probably the English love of owning land was ingrained in him, for as soon as he retired from business he bought a three hundred acre farm in South Elmwood, and settled down on it.

He married late in life; then, when that wife died, he soon took another. He was seventy years of age at the time of his second marriage.

Caleb, on the other hand, was a nondescript painter, plasterer, and oddjobsman, who frequently appeared in South Elmwood, stayed with whomsoever his fancy chose at the particular moment, and then disappeared as casually as he had come. The worst that anyone could say about him was that he generally wore out his welcome. People employed him with the charitable object of “giving the poor old man something to do,” and with the rather less disinterested idea of making him work for his board. He claimed to be something of a poet, and was, oddly enough, fairly well-read. I liked to talk with the old chap, for he had had some interesting experiences, and could tell a good story when he was in the right mood. He like to characterize people, too. Once, after he had been running down old Angus Laird, it occurred to me to ask about the man's first wife. He told me about her in a round-about way, finding it necessary to have a certain setting.

He had been sitting alone in the grave-yard one day—so he told me—sunning himself, and perhaps moralizing on the frailties of human nature, when the click of the latch on the gate told him that his privacy was about to be disturbed. A girl just past the “flapper stage” was entering the grave-yard.

"She was rouged and she was lip-sticked, and the length of her skirts was a disgrace," as Caleb said. "But there is no denying that she was remarkably easy to look at.

"She went in and out among the tomb-stones first, reading the inscriptions on them. Then she came over and spoke to me. She pointed to a great white monument and asked, 'Who was she?' I looked at the stone: *Marguerite Moulton, beloved wife of Angus Laird. Died, aged twenty-eight.* 'Who was she?' said I. 'She was the sweetest girl that ever lived, I do believe; and she was married to the crabbedest crank. "Died aged twenty-eight." She would be just about twenty-five when she came here. Why she ever married old Laird, I don't know. I've always had a notion in my head—tush, perhaps I picked it up from some fool novel. It was something about the father that loses his money, and the rich old suitor that comes a-wooing of his daughter.

" 'Marguerite Laird was the happiest little critter I ever knew of. She wasn't so little, nuther—about medium build, I guess.' I was sort of warming to my yarn, you see. 'Pretty?' the girl asks me, sudden-like. 'Pretty?' says I 'Well, I guess she was about the most beautiful thing that ever walked this earth. She had the sweetest eyes, and the prettiest mouth that ever I saw—and the cheerfulest smile. There wasn't anything that didn't please her. You'd think she'd find the country dull—coming, as she did, from the city. But not she! She loved the birds, and loved the flowers, and the big-out-doors; and I guess the only thing she didn't love was old Laird. Whenever I'd do any work for her—I'd stop there betimes, you know—she'd say it was just fine. And she loved to have me talk to her; she'd laugh like anything over my stories. Not that she was one of these durn giggling fools. She was just so happy and in love with life that she couldn't help liking everything. And she was brave, too! When old Laird wouldn't buy an automobile she went out and broke the crabbedest horse on the place for herself.'

"The girl was sitting with her hands clasped about her knees, and her eyes were sort of thoughtful and distant-like.

" 'Well,' she said at last 'and what happened to her?'



“What happened to her?” cried I, getting a bit het up. ‘I wonder if you know a poem called *My Last Duchess*, written by one Robert Browning? Browning never said what happened to *her* — just that *all smiles stopped together*. And he never told anyone whether the old Duke divorced her, or put her in a convent, or what. Sometimes I think she was like Laird’s wife. “All smiles stopped together.” Marguerite Laird was just like a flower that withered away under frost. Her smiles grew less and less frequent, and more and more forced. I went away for awhile; and when I came back she was gone and this marble thing was here. But I can see her smile as well, yet, and the smile around her eyes when her mouth was sober—’ oh Lord, this rheumatism!”

It was really a story within a story that Caleb was telling me. I asked interestedly, “And this girl—what did she say then?”

“She didn’t say anything for awhile,” Caleb answered.” “She just sat there, looking thoughtful-like. Then she got up, and there was a hard look in her eyes, and a snap in her voice.

“‘P’raps you know it, and p’raps you don’t,’ says she, ‘But I’m the girl that’s going to marry Angus Laird.’”

“Well, sir, a baby might have knocked me over when I heard that,” went on Caleb. “I said to her, ‘I s’pose you won’t marry him now, after the hard name I’ve been giving him.’

“She turned to the tombstone, put her hand on it, and said, more soft-like, ‘Poor kid.’ Then she turned to me, hard as ever, and said, ‘I’m going to marry him in two weeks time.’ Then she gave me what I guess you’d call a society smile, and left. She’s been married to him for two years now.”

Suddenly he grasped my arm and cried, “There she goes—there she goes, now.”

A light passenger car of the latest model roared by us so swiftly that I had barely time to catch a glimpse of an ultra stylish figure at the wheel. I turned to Caleb and remarked curiously, “and that is the present Mrs. Laird! So her smiles have not stopped yet?”

“They have not,” Caleb answered. “They’re getting

pretty hard and fixed; but they're there, all right. Old Laird never smiled much, I can tell you; but I have to laugh, now, every time I see him. There's positively a grin of agony on his face—Oh Lord, that rheumatism!"

O. M. M., '29

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### MY DOG

My doggie's dead.  
That's what the man who runned him over said,  
But mamma says  
He's gone to doggie heaven where there's  
Always lots of bones  
And nice soft places to bury them,  
And cats an' rabbits  
Are just meant to be chased  
An' everything—  
But he isn't my dog any more,  
'Cause when I cried  
He didn't come and lick the tears off my face  
Like he used to,  
An' he didn't come when I whistled.  
An' now, now they've  
Taken what was him away an', an'—  
Oh Gee, I want my dog.

F. M. C., '28



### RURAL CANADA

The subject of the welfare of the rural population of Canada is engaging the careful attention of many of the leading men and women of Canada today. Canada has a great rural population, and any great rural population presupposes a reasonable degree of material prosperity, based upon economic justice, but the welfare of this great population depends upon a number of closely connected factors, such as education, government, domestic welfare, morals and religion.

What is the great problem of rural Canada? It is doubtful if the average rural citizen would answer this question with any degree of satisfaction. The opinion expressed would probably be that the problem is purely one of economic considerations. The average man would say that the farmer needs better marketing facilities, a better system of rural credits, and the proper adjustment of tariff legislation.

These statements are undoubtedly true, but the underlying assumption that equal economic opportunities will result in uniform success is untrue to the facts of everyday life. It is regrettable that the present day tendency is to permit economic considerations to supersede all others, whereas they should be regarded as the means to the attainment of the higher values of life.

The truth is that the rural problem is simply the problem of how to live well. The fact must not be forgotten that the farmer is more important than the farm. For this reason it must be recognized that rural prosperity depends to a large extent on the setting in motion of the great forces of education and moral ideals. Any effort to promote rural effectiveness and increased prosperity must be co-ordinated with education, with the promotion of family welfare, and with the development of an attractive community life.

Every group of people with common interests is in need of able and talented leaders. Progress in every phase of rural life depends upon the development of compelling personalities as community leaders. One might state, then, as the primary need of rural Canada, the retention and adequate

training of able men and women on the farm. For this reason, the universities and schools having a rural constituency should provide for the development of leaders in rural affairs.

While it is true that rural education should be adapted to the vocational needs of rural people, and should be broadly practical, it is also true that rural education should be broadly cultural. An appreciative study of the purely cultural elements of education is as fundamental as vocational education.

This all leads to the question of the true aim of the agricultural colleges. The principal object of these institutions seems to be to train men for more efficient work on the farm. The demand for specialists, however, seems to indicate that the training of scientific investigators will soon become the leading function of these institutions. But even if agricultural graduates went to the farm in large numbers, the total group would be small in comparison with the untrained population.

The great need seems to be that a far greater number of the young people of the rural communities should receive an education that would fit them more adequately for country pursuits. Decentralized agricultural colleges can never meet the demand. Whether the necessary education is received through special schools, or consolidated or high schools, matters little so long as the training is brought within easy access of every boy and girl. When this is made possible every rural enterprise will be profoundly influenced and greatly developed.

If there is to be a change in the educational system, there must also be a readjustment of values. The people of farming communities are sometimes looked down upon as inferior beings. The man who leaves the farm and amasses a fortune in business or fortunate speculation is presented as the ideal of success. The dignity of labor is much talked about, but far from generally accepted. The rural dwellers themselves have been all too slow to realize the benefits of adequate training. The only language which a great many of them understand is that of dollars and cents. They do not always move intelligently toward the accomplishment of a higher type of community life. But in every locality there are those who are seized with a determination to improve



conditions. Upon those the future largely depends. With an ever-widening vision of the desired goal, and with a determination to accomplish big things, there is every reason to hope for the establishment of a solid foundation for future progress in rural communities.

W. G. R., '29

## A WARNING ON WARNINGS

It seems that we are required to make use of that part of speech known as the first personal pronoun singular (I).

Because of my tardiness, not only at meal time, but also with my work, the first use should be one of comparison:

"I am like a cow's tail" because I am always behind.

I am tired of explaining to my professors about being keeled over for the first three or four weeks with a cold or la grippe or the influendways or whatever it was that I had, and that consequently I have not finished my work. I say I am tired of giving this explanation, but I am sure that my patient professors are far more tired and bored from hearing it than I am from giving it.

You can imagine my delight when a few days ago I received a letter containing a neat little note with the word "Special" written over the top of it with blood-red ink. Of course I was naturally curious to know *who* it was who held me in such high esteem that he would take the trouble to send me a special note. Without stopping to find out if it was a special request for me to attend some party or to address some great public gathering or to be a functionary of some noble undertaking, my curiosity directed my attention to the bottom of the paper in search for the signature of the one who had been so thoughtful. You can imagine my disappointment at finding a scrawl for a signature which I could not make out. My disappointment was soon changed to that of great pleasure, for when I glanced up from the signature my eyes visited upon a request for me to spare a few moments of my time on Tuesday to call on Doctor —(Of course I was not surprised). I was beginning to feel pretty important, because a man like Doctor — had sent me a special request to call on him, when my eyes happened to wander farther up the note and to rest upon these words:

"Your work has been reported unsatisfactory....."

I was suddenly brought down to this harsh earth. My growing importance had left me with a bang.

When I looked more closely at this friendly little note I realized that there must be something more wrong with me



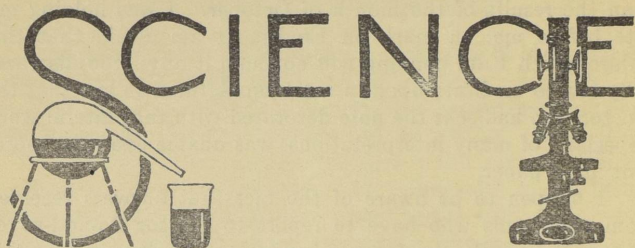
than the results of the month of October. I was holding my fate before me: a mark on English (I am afraid that this failure which I am penning will not help it any) too disgracefully low to meditate upon; a mark on German so low that the Doctor who had sent the note decorated with that fateful word "Special," of many interpretations, was unable even to represent it on paper.

I happen to be aware of the fact that answers received from poor souls who have to report to Doctor So-and-so or Doctor Somebody-else for not having a high enough standing in their work, are classified as excuses and reasons, but mostly excuses. After several unsuccessful attempts to pluck up enough courage I entered Doctor ——'s offices. In reply to his inquiry I told him (to save the trouble of classifying answers) my excuse is I have been sick (the Doctor looked doubtful) and my reason is I am naturally stupid. Needless to say the Doctor did not disagree with me.

When I look back over what my faltering pen has left behind as it has scratched away on the succeeding pages, I am forced to think that here is strong proof of the often quoted words, "Fools rush in where angles fear to tread."

It is an old saying: He who laughs last can laugh the longest. But, I say: If a person is going to play with a high explosive he has to do so before it explodes. Gentle readers, no doubt you will say that it is fool-hardiness to deal so lightly with a special warning. My reply is this: I am doubtful about the final outcome being too pleasant; I am not waiting until all has blown over in hopes that I shall be able to deal more lightly and laugh longer over it; I realize that my pen has been scratching dynamite.

F. D. S., Eng. '30



### ASTRO-PHYSICS

The ordinary phenomena of astronomy are familiar to even the most unobservant of mankind, and rapid strides in growth were made during the early stages of this science. This, however, did not continue indefinitely, and for a time developments seemed to be at an end, as the results obtained by making larger and better telescopes did not justify the skill and the expenditure of time necessary to make these instruments.

About seventy years ago the use of the spectroscope was introduced into the study of astronomy, and with this begins the age of astro-physics.

The spectroscope is an instrument which divides light into the rays of which it is composed. It was first used by Newton, who analysed the light of the sun by a prism, and showed that it consisted of rays of every color which when blended together in the eye give a white light.

Up until this time the study of the sun had consisted chiefly of its relation to the earth and to the general solar system. Very little was known about the stars other than their apparent relative positions on a hypothetical sphere. With the coming of the spectro scope more knowledge could be obtained as to their composition and general state.

The sun was found to contain many of the elements known on the earth, while at the same time dark lines were observed which suggested elements hitherto unknown to the scientist. The stars varied in composition, some being similar in their



make-up to the sun, and others consisting almost entirely of hydrogen.

The nebulae were next observed, and under the spectro-scope they were seen to be masses of glowing vapor indicated by the high density and pressure at the source of radiation rather than groups or clusters of stars so remote that they could not be clearly perceived by the telescope.

Photography now came to be used, and needless to say it proved to be a great source of benefit to the astronomers, who can preserve their records indefinitely, and can make their measurements much more accurately. The effect of light upon a photographic plate when exposed is cumulative, and in this way the ultra violet rays to which the eye will not respond can be recorded.

The spectra can be obtained by use of two instruments, the grating, or the prism. The grating is made up of a number of very finely ruled parallel scratches on a reflecting surface of polished metal. This surface is usually concave thus allowing for diffraction. By this means the component rays of a complex beam of light are separated from each other, and since the deviation of any particular wave depends on the wave length of the light, the spectral lines obtained have positions depending on the vibration of corresponding rays of light, thus differing from those of the prism which depends on the qualities of the glass as well as on the vibration of different rays.

The frequency by which waves of light are received by the nerves of the eye determines the color perceived by the brain. By use of Doppler's principle we find that when the observer approaches the source of light waves there will be an increase in frequency, and a slight shifting towards the blue end of the spectrum will be noticed, and when the observer moves away from the source a reddening of the light will be perceived. This change is not as great as it is in the case of sound waves but in accurate computations it is very noticeable.

Sun spots were known to exist in very early times, and were known of by the Chinese. During the last century they have been noticed to increase and decrease during a cycle of ten years. Some spots have been found to be the source of

movements of gases on a large scale, and also of continuous radiation out of which definite rays are abstracted by cooler gases in higher regions.

Many stars are known to move in pairs, and the light from these undergoes fluctuations in intensity. This is due to the partial concealment of one star by the other, as they circle around each other in their orbits. These stars are often too close together to be separated by the telescope.

The rings around Saturn have long been a matter of wonder to astronomers. The old theory was that rotating rings of continuous matter whether solid or liquid would break up under the forces which exist, but Kenner found by observations with the spectroscope that the inner parts revolved faster than the outer parts, and that the rings consisted of tiny meteorites each revolving, in its own separate orbit around the planet.

During a total eclipse a vast radiance surrounding the sun is often observed, and this is known as the corona. In this corona, calcium, helium, and hydrogen, the main constituents of the chrosmosphere are not to be found. The green light which is observed seems to be due to a brilliant sun line not produced by any substance known to scientists. The hypothetical element emitting this light has been called coronium.

Since the advent of the spectroscope, the appearance of temporary stars has been carefully studied. These stars would appear in the Heavens and a few days afterwards would rise to a maximum brightness, and would then decrease until a faint nebula with a different kind of spectrum was noticed in its place.

The science of astronomy has made rapid advancements, and startling discoveries, since the application of physics was first made by Newton, who applied, the mechanical knowledge of previous ages to the celestial spheres. This field, however, has unbounded opportunity for further developments, and it is thought that the developments of the next fifty years will be of even greater interest than the ones already achieved.

K. V. K., '28.



# The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., December, 1927

No. 2

W. T. Taylor, '28	-	-	Managing Editor
R. B. Fraser, '27	-	-	Literary Editor
L. H. Jenkins, '28, Science			Eileen McKay, '29, Month
K. V. Keirstead, '28, Athletics			D. D. Wetmore, '29, Exchanges
E. Kerr, '28, Personals			E. B. Corey, '28, Jokes
H. Miller, '30, Staff Artist			James Hubley, '30, Circulation Man.
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Once again our annual receptions have come and gone—the only general “get-together” parties of our college year. Their recurrence, and the resuming of class social functions, remind us once more of the crying need at Acadia for some form of amusement less redolent of the nursery than our old stand-by, “tucker.” Of course, we have other games, too—“Sir Roger de Coverly,” for example, and “wink,” and several others. But it must be admitted that these estimable pastimes are far from exhilarating when over-worked, and four years of class parties rather dulls their edge of keen delight.

Agitation for dancing at Acadia dates away back to prehistoric ages—no Alumnus, however reminiscent, has ever recalled in our hearing the beginning of that ancient dispute. Always it has been a pet grouch of the students, and a thorn in the flesh of chaperons and deans. The *Athenaeum* begs permission to add its contribution to the general cry.

The first thing to consider is the comparative seriousness

of the matter in our college life. Our elders have a habit of dismissing the topic as trivial—right or wrong, dancing is of such small importance that it is silly to argue about it. There is just one remedy for this attitude. Try to put on a successful party when the guests are only allowed to amuse themselves by silly games that are intended only for children not above twelve years of age. We realise, of course, that parties are not the most important things in the world. But they do make up a large part of our social life, and when they are forced to be dull failures, college and class spirit cannot help but suffer.

The success, or rather non-success, of class parties has also a considerable influence on the financial welfare of the class. The treasurer who tries to collect dues is met at every turn with the question: "What's the good of belonging to the class?" and he is rather hard put to it to answer that query. Undoubtedly, a student can have just as good a time out of the class as in it.

"But," we are told, "dancing is immoral. If you cannot have a good time without immorality, the good times must be called off." Very well, then, why not be consistent? The "topics," with which we are so familiar at the S. C. A. Receptions, are just as liable to misuse as dancing. Why not ban them? Above all, does it seem consistent to look upon dancing as a tremendous moral danger, and at the same time treat the amorous reputation of the "Ridge" as a standing joke? Of the two, we should think the popular practice of "parking" on the Ridge to be rather more dangerous.

It is high time that the matter was at least talked about. Some mention of it in Student Union—anything to remind the Powers That Be of our wishes. If the question were really agitated, we might get some definite action at last.

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We were agreeably surprised, this month, to receive several contributions from first-year students. In spite of all encouragement, the budding geniuses of the Freshman class are seldom heard of until at least the latter part of the year. We note the change with great pleasure.



By the way, new contributors, don't forget the existence of the General Department—exchanges, Month, Personals, Athletics, Jokes. Competition is almost always light in these departments, and this year it has been particularly so. Many good units have gone to waste already this year; don't let any more go.





# ATHLETICS

The past month has been one of great activity around the campus.

The football season has been very successful, and out of seven games played the boys won four and tied one. The Interclass games were also run off in Soccer and although the class champions have not yet been agreed upon, many interesting games have been played.

Another feature of the past month has been the inter-section games which provided a great deal of excitement for those who hadn't turned out for varsity practice, as no first team men were allowed to play upon the sections' line-ups. Many and varied were the spectacular runs by the half lines and the tackling and scrum work was really a revelation to any would-be foot ballers.

There has also been an Acadia-Dalhousie Freshman track meet, and under the guidance of Manager Creelman the Acadia team won the honors, and many of the entrants show signs of intercollegiate material if properly trained.

Altogether the fall sports have been good, and the students have shown a great deal of college spirit by backing the teams to the fullest extent.

DALHOUSIE 8—ACADIA 0

In the first game of the season on the home campus, Dal-



housie trimmed Acadia 8-0. It was a gruelling game, rather ragged at times, in which Acadia played her opponents to an even break in territory but failed to prevent Langstroth and Murphy from puncturing her line on the two occasions when Dal. threatened seriously. In the second period Acadia just failed to score when Bannie Davis came within an ace of pushing the ball over the line after Dougan's brilliant kick had brought play from Acadia territory to Dalhousie ten yard line. Throughout the game Dalhousie's surer passing and stiffer tackling by both forwards and halves evened up matters with Acadia's stronger scrum and gave them the scoring punch. For Acadia, Capt. Jimmy Wilson, Ryan, and Dougan did some great work.

The line up:—

Dalhousie—Forwards, Baird, Townshend, Campbell, Irvin, Dunlop, Tupper (Capt.) Smith; half-line, A. Sutherland, MacLean, Wickwire; three-quarters, A. MacDonald, Langstroth, R. Murphy, Hewatt; full-back, B. MacDonald.

Acadia—Forwards, Cleveland, Titus, Hubley, Fetterley, Kierstead, White, Price; half-line, Hatfield, Ryan, Dougan; three-quarters, Wilson (Capt.), Matthews, Davis, Noble; full back, Mac Odrum; sub, Crandall.

### ACADIA 5—WANDERERS 3

Showing perhaps the best form of the season, the Acadia fifteen trimmed the Wanderers, last year's maritime champions, at the campus by a score of 5-3. The game was one of the best to watch seen here for a long time. Play was open and fast, with the Acadia team working like demons against the redoubtable Reds. Captain Jimmy Wilson, playing the game of his life, was the best man on the field, his touch and convert in the first period accounting for all Acadia's points. Reversing the play in the second period, the Wanderers had the advantage in territory with their scrum working well, and only unbelievable tackling, running, and booting by the back-field held them to one touch. All the Acadia back-field were brilliant, while the forwards worked hard and followed the ball up exceptionally well.

The line up:—

Wanderers—Forwards, Boyd, Hogan, Armitage, Oxner, Schwartz, Grant, Logan (Capt.); halves, Turzey, Thompson, Piers; three-quarters, Hunter, MacLeod, MacInnis, Fordham; full back, Lindsay.

Acadia—Forwards, Kierstead, Titus, Hubley, White, Fetterley, Price, Miller; halves, Hatfield, Ryan, Libby; three-quarters, Wilson (Capt.), Matthews, Dougan, Noble; full back Mac Odrum.

### ACADIA 3—N. S. TECHNICAL COLLEGE—3

After their showing against the Wanderers, Acadia didn't do so well in their next game, being tied by Tech with a score of 3-3. After a brilliant start, in which Wilson ran across for a touch, Acadia made a disappointing showing, as they failed to hold Tech to an even break in territory and allowed them to score. The game became rather ragged with a lot of scrim pushing spoiling the play. Tech made some great attempts to score in the final period, several old Acadia Engineers featuring in their attack. Wilson and Ryan played a steady game for Acadia, and for Tech MacWha and MacIntyre played well.

The line-up:—

Acadia—Forwards, Titus, Hubley, Price, Fetterley, Keirstead, White, Miller; halves, Hatfield, Ryan, Libby; three-quarters, Wilson (Capt.), Dougan, Noble, Crandall; full back, Mac Odrum.

Technical College—Forwards, Raymond, Clancy, Lane, MacNeil, Mahon, Malone, MacAlpine; three-quarters, Roper, MacKenzie, Brown, Crombie; halves MacIntyre, Boutilier, MacWha; full back, Hume.

### UNITED SERVICES 0—ACADIA—39

Nine tries and six converts accounted for Acadia's 39-0 score over the United Services. It was a terrible lacing, but the sporty tars fought gamely all the way, making the play



much more interesting than the score would indicate. It was the Blue and Garnet's three-quarter line which shone throughout, though the whole Acadia team outplayed their opponents in every department of the game. Noble and Matthews copped three touchdowns each, while Dougan, Wilson, and White got one apiece. Wilson was outstanding both in field work and kicking, converting six out of nine touches.

The line up:—

Acadia—Forwards, Hubley, Titus, Kierstead, Fetterley White, Price, Miller; halves, Ryan, Hatfield, Libby; three-quarters, Wilson, Noble, Dougan, Matthews; full back, MacOdrum.

Services—Forwards, Mitchell, Napie, Richardson, Storey Coldwell, Dreyld, Johnson; halves, Hope, Gilhen, Rhodes; three-quarters, Foster, Muller, Thompson, Williams; full back, MacDonald.

#### ACADIA—6—ST. JOHN TROJANS—0.

In perhaps the most stubbornly contested game of the season, Acadia beat the Trojans 6-0. at St. John on Thanksgiving Day. So great was the enthusiasm that the police had difficulty in restraining the spectators. Acadia's scores came when in the first period Hubley seized the ball in a mix-up on the Trojan ten-yard line and went across for the first score. In the second period, Ryan, the outstanding man on the field, made a long run for the second touch. Both were unconverted. Although the St. John scrum got the ball out well, the Blue and Garnet squad kept the advantage in territory by good following up of the ball and nice back field work. Ryan, Wilson, and Hubley played a shining game for Acadia.

The line-up:—

Acadia—Forwards, Fetterley, Kierstead, Titus, Hubley, White, Cleveland, and Price; halves, Ryan, Libbey and Hatfield; three-quarters, Wilson (Capt.), Matthews, Noble and Dougan; full back, MacOdrum.

Trojans—Forwards, Malcolm, Hollies, Britt, Styles, Arm-

strong, Feldstein, and Howard; halves, Peters, Howard, and Noble; three-quarters, Bayly (Capt.), Cubbertson, O'toole and Wilson; full back, Mac Odrum.

### ACADIA 3—CALEDONIANS 20

A lone score by Libby near the end of the game was the best our boys could do against Caledonian's 20 points in their bid to go into the finals for the Nova Scotia championships. The formidable Cape Bretoners made good use of soccer tactics, and gained the day with their dribbling and scrim work. Four of their tries came in the first half and two in the second only one of which was converted.

For Acadia, Libby, Wilson, Ryan, Matthews and MacOdrum put up the best game, Libby's score being a particularly good effort.

The line-up:—

Caledonia—Fullback, Sheppard; three quarters, Driscoll, "Toots" Boutilier, G. M. McLean and McDonald; halves McMullen, D. Boutilier and C. McLean; forwards, Scott Leslie, D. Nicholson, D. McLean, Lawley and Daye.

Acadia—Fullback, MacOdrum; three quarters, Noble, Matthews, Wilson and Dougan; halves, Ryan, Hatfield and Libby; forwards, Titus, Hubley, Fetterley, Price, MacKenzie, White and Cleveland; subs, Crandall and Miller.

### ACADIA FRESHMEN 61—DALHOUSIE FRESHMEN 34

In a lively track meet, the Acadia Freshmen swamped the Dalhousie Freshmen by 61 points to 34 at the home campus. It was an altogether new stunt for Maritime Universities and has met with such approval that it will probably become a regular autumn intercollegiate event.

Some excellent records were made, those in the broad jump, 440 and 220 yard dashes being good for intercollegiate matches. The mile and the 440 and 220 yard dashes were very close and exciting, the 220 especially, when Hewitt, of Dalhousie barely failed to nose out Crandall after a brilliant spurt on



the home stretch. Grant, of Acadia, was the highest scorer with 12 points to his credit. Hewitt was a close second with 11 points; while Comeau, of Acadia, and Anderson of Dalhousie tied for third place with 10 points each.

The events:—

100 yard dash—1st, Hewitt (Dal.); 2nd, Crandall (Acadia); 3rd, Ryan (Acadia). Time 10.4.

High jump—1st, Miller (Dal.); 2nd, Corning (Acadia), and Grant (Acadia). Tie heights, 5 ft. 2½ in.

Mile run—1st, M. Sarty (Acadia); 2nd, Irving (Dal.); 3rd, D. Sarty (Acadia). Time—5 min., 21 secs.

220 yard dash—1st, Crandall (Acadia); 2nd, Hewitt (Dal); 3rd, Ryan (Acadia). Time—25-2-5 secs.

Broad jump—1st, Anderson (Dal.); 2nd, Ryan (Acadia); 3rd, Corning (Acadia). Distance, 18 ft. 9½ in.

440 yard dash—1st, Comeau (Acadia); 2nd, Parmeter (Acadia); 3rd, Wilson (Acadia). No time.

Hammer throw—1st, Grant (Acadia); 2nd, Montgomery (Acadia); 3rd, Hebb (Dal.). Distance 61 ft. 2 in.

880 yard run—1st, Comeau (Acadia); 2nd, Hewat (Dal.); 3rd, Sarty (Acadia). Time—2 min., 15 3-5 secs.

Hop-skip-and-jump—1st, Anderson (Dal.) and Ryan (Acadia) tied; 3rd, Parmeter (Acadia). Distance, 37 ft. 2 in.

Shot put—1st, Grant (Acadia) 2nd, Sarty (Acadia); 3rd, Montgomery (Acadia); No distance.

Quarter mile—1st, Whitley (Dal.).

Total points: Acadia, 61; Dalhousie, 34.

## GROUND HOCKEY

### ACADIA 1—DALHOUSIE 2

Dalhousie coeds won from Acadia coeds in a hard and swift game, by the score 2-1, played on the Studley campus Halifax, on Nov. 2, 1927. Although the Acadia girls were playing well, they were at a disadvantage, by not being ac-

customed to playing on so large a field, which required long drives, at which the Dal. girls were particularly good. The scoring was opened early in the game by Virginia MacLean, Acadia, being followed up closely by a score made by Lilian Barnstead, Dalhousie.

The ball was see-sawed over the field with an occasional rush, which in one instance resulted in a goal for Dalhousie. The period closed 2-1.

In the second period, the Acadia team played up having a decided advantage of the territory, but were unable to score.

Line-up—

Dalhousie—Eileen Cameron, Isabel Wood, Jacqueline Dumaresq, Anne Clark, Helen Robertson, Alene MacCurdy, Elene Vavicchi (Capt.), Helen Sexton, Lillian Barnstead, Jean MacKenzie, Kay Winfield.

Acadia—Frances Brown, Helen Ingraham, Cecilia Bradshaw, Beatrice Foote, "Mim" Duffy (Capt.), Queenie MacLean, Constance MacArthur, Evelyn Jenkins, Louise Clough, Audrey Gregg, Frances Parlee, Emma Bradshaw, Virginia MacLean, Elizabeth Corey.

#### ACADIA 4—DALHOUSIE 0

The Acadia coeds decisively defeated the Dalhousie coeds in a return game, played in Wolfville, Nov. 12, 1927. The team work, accurate and fast passing on the part of the Acadia team, were the winning factors of the game, in which Dalhousie was entirely outclassed.

Two of the goals scored in the first period were secured through mix-ups in front of the Dal. goal, the third being shot by Evelyn Jenkins. This period was characterized by brilliant rushes and good forward play, with effective attacking on the part of the full-backs.

In the second period, the Acadia girls had to play against the wind, which slowed up the game somewhat. Only one goal was scored in this period, that by Elizabeth Corey.



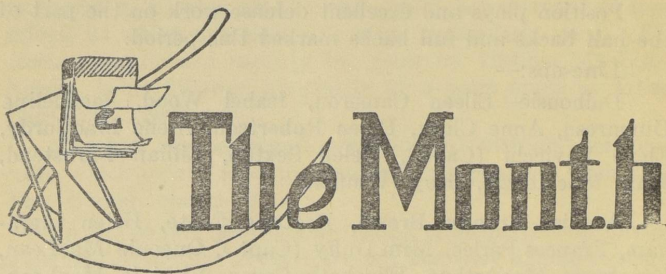
Position plays and excellent defense work on the part of the half backs and full backs marked this period.

Line-ups:—

Dalhousie—Eileen Cameron, Isabel Wood, Jacqueline Dumaresq, Anne Clark, Helen Robertson, Alene MacCurdy, Elene Vavicchi (Capt.), Helen Sexton, Lillian Barnstead, Jean MacKenzie, Kay Winfield.

Acadia—Frances Brown, Beatrice Foote, Helen Ingraham, Frances Parlee, Mim Duffy (Capt.), Queenie MacLean, Constance MacArthur, Elizabeth Corey, Virginia MacLean, Evelyn Jenkins, Louise Clough.





Another month is gone, varying but little from the preceding one save in the passing of the football season, into whose place has come class basketball, and the fact that the Freshmen no longer bear any external evidence of green. The monthly tests have come and gone, as a result of which the first five letters of the alphabet have acquired a peculiar significance in our minds, and now we have settled down once more firmly resolved to do better, but *always* keeping one eye on the future—for is not Christmas coming?

#### FINE ARTS

On the evening of October 17, Dr. Ayscough of Shanghai, China, gave an interesting lecture in University Hall. The lecture was entitled "The Purple Forbidden City, Peking" and was illustrated by lantern slides, the pictures for which were taken by the Japanese during the Boxer trouble in China, when the Emperor had left the capitol. Dr. Ayscough vividly described the wonderful scenes and the people of her far-away country.

Dr. Patterson in closing the meeting, announced that Dr. Ayscough was offering a prize of one hundred dollars to the best essay, written by an Acadia student on the political affairs of China.

On October 20, Dr. John Niven of England gave a lecture recital on "King Lear." Dr. Niven is a lecturer and author who is especially famous for his Shakespearian recitals. During the chapel period on the following day, his lecture on



"Julius Caesar" held the attention of the students and, on the evening of that day, he lectured on "The Merchant of Venice." Dr. Niven brought out vividly the characters in the great Shakespearian plays which he presented.

Earle Spicer, the famous baritone, gave a song recital in College Hall on October 27, that was greatly enjoyed by everyone present. His German songs were especially pleasing.

Barnum Brown, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City gave two of his famous Travelogue lectures on the evenings of November 1st and 2nd. Mr. Brown's first lecture was entitled "Hunting Big Game of Other Days." It was illustrated by lantern slides and by motion pictures from "The Lost World." On the first evening the pictures were dim but they were repeated the second evening with a film on his second subject "Burma." In this second lecture Mr. Brown described delightfully the far-away country where the people worship the great god Buddha and where the scene of Kipling's "Road to Mandalay" lies.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day, November 7, Acadia students had a special treat when Mr. Greenwood-Adams gave an illustrated lecture on "Australia and it's Wild Northwest." Mr. Adams came to Canada under the auspices of the Council of Education. He has been a traveller in Australia for twenty years and, therefore, could well describe the curiosities of that island, of which so little is known to most of us.

Mme. Norah Drewett de Kresz, a famous pianist, gave an exceptionally pleasing concert in University Hall on the evening of November 11. Among the delightful numbers of her programme were a sonata of Beethoven's and, in closing, three especially beautiful selections, the last of which was by the English composer Cyril Scott.

S. C. A.

The girls' unit of the S. C. A. have had especially pleasing Sunday evening meetings this month. On October 16, the

reports of the conference at Deep Brook were given by the delegates. On October 23, the girls invited the boys to a joint sing in the reception room.

Lena Keans addressed the girls' meeting on October 30. Her address was entitled "Sunlight and Shade in South India."

On November 13, the girls' unit of the S. C. A. held a very enjoyable poetry night.

The Joint S. C. A. held four interesting meetings this month. On October 18, Mr. Stanley Lee spoke on the International Student Service of which the S. C. A. is a local unit. The address was interesting as well as instructive.

On October 26, Miss Jean Gates addressed the S. C. A. on the recent political events in China. As she had experiences of her own and of her friends which she could describe vividly, Miss Gates' address was of singular interest.

On November 2, Mr. Thomas, of the English department of Acadia, gave an interesting address. A week from that night, the speaker was Dr. Keirstead, formerly head of the same department at Acadia and professor at MacMaster University. Dr. Keirstead's subject was "The Application of Religion to Student Problems."

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The dramatic society under the direction of Miss Graves will stage the Christmas play on December 10. Instead of producing a three act play, the society this year is putting on three one act plays, thus permitting a larger cast. The following casts have been chosen:

#### *The Clod*

Kathlyn MacLean, Carroll Snell, Vincent White, Hinson Jones, J. Habel.

#### *The Potboiler*

Blair Fraser, Audrey Gregg, Mona Parsons, G. Ross, A. Black, Bill MacLean, Don Wetmore.

#### *Why the Chimes Rang*

Virginia MacLean, Emma Bradshaw, Marguerite Mil-



ner, Don Wetmore, Miriam Coit, Frances Parlee, Annie MacLaughlan, Eleanor Kerr, Blair Fraser, and J. Habel.

*Manuscript*—E. Corey.

### PROPYLAEUM

On October 17th the Freshettes presented their first Propylaeum program. The program was original and entertaining, showing that much may be expected of the new girls. A very witty critic's report was read by Evelyn Powell. The program was as follows:

Piano solo—B. Smallman.

Highland Fling—M. Eaton

Duets—B. Foote, E. Hatt.

Synopsis—R. Taylor.

### ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

The Senior-Junior debate was held on November 4. The subject was "Resolved that the Annexation of the Maritime Provinces to the United States would be more conducive to the economic prosperity of the above mentioned provinces than continuance of the present connection with the Dominion of Canada." The Senior team, composed of R. C. Henson, S. M. Chipman and C. Weagle supported the affirmative, while the negative was upheld by T. McDormand, C. Snell and G. Henson. The decision of the judges was 2-1 in favor of the Juniors. The critic's report, read by E. Paul '28, was witty and instructive.

The Sophomore-Freshman debate followed on November 12. The subject chosen was: "Resolved that the proposed development of the St. Lawrence waterways, now under consideration by the Canadian and United States' governments, will be in the interests of the commercial development of Nova Scotia." The affirmative was upheld by Sarty, Hankinson and Harper of the Freshman class, while the Sophomore debaters, Miller, Wescott and Tingley supported the negative. The debate was interesting and informative, considering the technical subject. Mr. Ross read the critic's report.

On the evenings of October 19 and October 22, two very

interesting and instructive lectures on debating were given by Dr. Spidle and Professor Balcom.

### FIRST YEAR STUDENTS' ENTERTAINMENT

On the evening of October 22nd the first year students presented their entertainment to a large audience in the auditorium.

The Sophomores, of course, recaptured their youth for the evening and appeared in very juvenile attire.

The entertainment opened with selections by the orchestra and from then on the program progressed quite smoothly to its finish.

The program, which consisted chiefly of songs, pantomimes, and dances, was excellent, and gave adequate opportunity for the display of the talent of some of the new students and of the antics of others. The usual number of yells were given, which appeared to be known by fully half the class.

We feel that we have gained many valuable additions to the student body from among the "Freshies," and that the class of '31, when it recovers from the novelty of being "new", will be one to uphold the old and create new traditions in the history of Acadia.

The appreciation of the old students was shown when the performers were "showered", but not with flowers.

At the close of the entertainment the hearts of the new students were gladdened by the removal of the Freshman rules and their accompanying green.

### SOPHOMORE RECEPTION

The Sophomores entertained the college in the gymnasium on October 29, when they gave a Hallowe'en reception. This took the form of a masquerade and, while the orchestra played tempting music many interesting dames and knights joined the Grand March. Among the different features on the program were a solo by Miss Metcalfe and a witty speech by Dr. MacDonald. The chaperones were Miss Metcalfe, Mr. Newnham, Mr. and Mrs. Havelock, and Mr. and Mrs. Massey.





Come on, you folks who are hunting units. This department has gone hungry for two months. Give it a chicken dinner sometime.

The following have been received:—

Magazines:—

The Brunswickan.

The Acorn, Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C.

The Black and Gold, St. John's College School, Winnipeg.

The Tech Flash.

The Integral, Tri-State College.

The Boston University Beacon.

The McMaster University Monthly, Toronto.

The Minnesota Techno-Log.

The Argosy Graduation Number.

Newspapers:—

The Ubysey, University of British Columbia.

Western U. Gazette, University of Western Ontario.

The Xavrian Weekly.

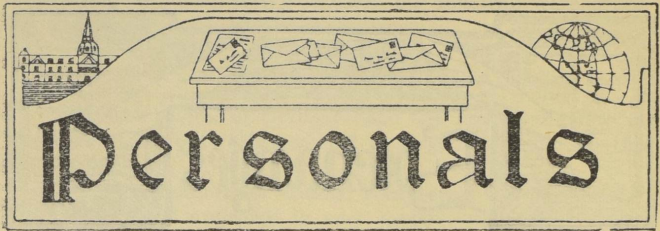
The Argosy Weekly.

The Gateway, University of Alberta.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

Brandon College Quill.

McGill Daily.



Mr. Farnsworth, who resigned from his position as Director of the Music Department of Acadia University, last spring, is at present in charge of the department at Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, West Virginia.

The "C. H. Martel Library Fund" of \$500 has come to the University as a bequest from the late Rev. Dr. G.A. Martel ('97)

'78—Rev. E. P. Coldwell is living at Bridgetown, N. S.

'86—Dr. A. K. De Blois ('86), Dr. C. A. Eaton ('90) and Dr. O.C. S. Wallace ('83) had the honor to be chosen as speakers to the Canadian Club of Washington D. C. when the British Ambassador and the Canadian Minister were guests of honor.

'90—B. H. Bentley is in Business at Pittsburg, Pa.

'90—Dr. Freeman S. Messenger is a successful physician at Middleton, N. S. His son Carl ('27) is following his father's profession, and is studying medicine at Dalhousie University.

'91—Dr. J. H. MacDonald has been re-elected President of the Acadian Alumni Association.

'94—Miss Helena Blackadar has returned on furlough from India, and is making her home at Great Village for the present year.

'94—A. E. Dunlap has an office in the Sayward Building, Vancouver, B. C.



'95—Rev. Neil Herman has accepted a call to the First Baptist church of Moncton, N. B.

The First Baptist Church of Brockton, Mass. has placed a glass window in the church building in honor of a former pastor Rev. A. C. Archibald, '97.

'98—Rev. I. A. Corbett is pastor of the First Baptist Church, New Glasgow, N. S.

'00—L. M. Duval, who has been on furlough, has resumed his missionary duties in Africa.

'08—J. H. Geldart has returned from China to take up Y. M. C. A. work in this country.

'12—Rev. C. A. Britten has taken up the work at the Hantsport Baptist church.

'14—Margaret Palmer is spending the winter in Boston.

'21 William Steeves is teaching in Montreal.

'20—Charles Cory has a responsible position with a financial house in Detroit.

'21—Claude Richardson has been admitted to the Quebec bar.

'22 —Claude Hicks who received his Ph. D. in Biology at Harvard last spring, is also receiving congratulations upon his marriage in August to Miss Irma Fash of Lewisville, N. B.

'25—W. P. Warren is continuing his study at Yale.

'25—R. A. Thorne is teaching at Thomasville, Ga.

'26—“Benny” Swim has accepted a position as principal of the High School at Yarmouth.

A. L. S. '24—Minnie Poole plans to go to Boston shortly to continue her studies in piano.

A. L. S. '26—Vera Olts is at her home in Fredericton.

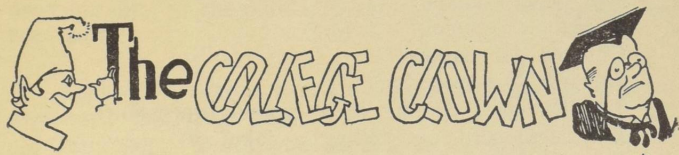
A. L. S. '26—In a recent contest conducted by the Halifax Chronicle, Frances Whitman won the prize for her poem on confederation, out of two hundred entries.

'27—Nita Trethewey is teaching at Mansfield, Mass.

'27—Curtis Newcombe is assistant professor of Zoology at the University of West Virginia, Morgantown, Va.







Whitney '29: What would you give me for these jokes?  
 Editor: Ten yards start.

Guy '31: Is that your flaming Jane in the red dress?  
 Hugh Bishop: Yes. Why?

Guy '31: Well, she's out on the porch having fire drill  
 with some other guy.

Irene '28: S'matter, don't you like my company?  
 Stubbie '31: Where is it?

Mary had a wad of gum,  
 She chewed it long and slow,  
 And everywhere that Mary went,  
 That gum was sure to go.

Jim Baker '29: Are you a globe trotter?  
 Mona: I don't know that dance step, lets see it.

It is rumored that after seeing a few choice Freshies, several of our Fundamentalists have accepted Darwin's Theory.

Scotch MacKay '29 says he never smokes cigarettes when he has gloves on—he hates the smell of burning leather.

Yank '29: Do you know the last thing in strip poker?  
 Stubbs '28: No.

Yank '29: B. V. D.'s.

Stude: Do they charge you for the water in the coffee?  
 Waiter: That of course, is thrown in.

Mim '28 says, "The bigger you are, the harder you fall."

Can you imagine:  
Ducky a theolog?  
Chicken for supper?  
Stevens '30 a pugilist?  
Ted Richards driving in a funeral procession?  
Dr. McDonald not telling a joke?  
Dr. de Wolfe speaking slowly?  
Jerry studying in the library?  
Mrs. Ingraham, kicking up a row in the library?

Lowie '28: I have just finished writing a modern novel.

Blair '28: Great. Does the heroine marry the right man?

Louie '28: She does—a different one in each chapter.

Obviously the class '30 has forgotten already that it was once the Freshmen class.

Prof. Davis says, you can always tell a college graduate, he is always looking for a job.

Mersereau '28: I can't figure the modern girl.

Blair '28: Gaze on her, gaze on her, brother, the answer will gradually shape in your mind.

Popular lies:

I think Latin interesting, don't you?

I shall never love another.

I haven't been to a show for ages.

I'll be home early.

Registered, "Library."

I think your hat is too sweet for words.

I'll pay you back next week.

I've never been kissed.

Bill '30: How does your cigarette lighter work?

Jack Gunter '28: Fine, I can light it with one match now.

Dr. Hill: But surely you didn't look for the escaping gas with a match?

Squank '30: Ah, but this was a safety match.



"Oh well," sighed the Freshette, "such is the ups and downs in life," as she pulled up her stockings and tugged down her skirt.

English I students, here's a tip on punctuation which we overheard the other night.

Improper: "Don't you dare kiss me again."

Proper: "Don't you dare. Kiss me again."

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