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**WOLFVILLE,
N. S.**

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The Acadia Athenaeum

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No. 3

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, O. T. Ramsey, '26; 2nd, R. Marven, '27.

Articles:—A. R. Dunlap, '26; E. Ardis Whitman, '26; G. D. H. Hatfield, '27. (1 unit each.).

Stories:—1st, C. R. Gould, '26; 2nd, G. D. H. Hatfield, '27.

One-Act Play:—Zoa MacCabe, '26.

Humor:—H. F. Sipprell, '27.

Science:—1st, A. R. Dunlap, '26; 2nd, Elizabeth Corey, '28; 3rd, L. I. Puglsey, '27.

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

Athletics:—1st, O. T. Rumsey, '26; 2nd, No award.

Exchanges:—1st, R. D. Perry, '27; 2nd, H. F. Sipprell, '27.

Personals:—1st, E. Ardis Whitman, '26; 2nd, H. F. Sipprell, '27.

Jokes:—1st, R. D. Perry, '27; 2nd, R. Marven, '27.

Seniors: 15 units.

Juniors: 15 units.

Sophomores: 2 units.

Engineers: 0 units.

Freshman: 0 units.

Literary A to O. T. RUMSEY and A. R. DUNLAP

PERHAPS

Perhaps another summer you will walk
 This way again; and by the roadside find
 The grass a yellow sea; perhaps you'll talk
 Again of love and hear the whispering wind
 Take up your words and blow them into dust;
 Perhaps a leaf will stir, a bird will hover
 And all things smile again as smile they must;
 And by your side, perhaps, another lover;
 But I—I shall not mind; and in some long trail
 I'll be afar a-playing with the stars;
 Some day you'll glimpse a silken cloud a-sail
 And hear a laugh behind its shimmering spars;
 You will not know; but mid the thunder claps
 I shall look down and wave at you—perhaps!

O. T. R. '26

 A TALE OF OLD ACADIA

TO open a book from the classical shelf in Acadia Library is to see the name of R. V. Jones written in a small, neat hand in the upper right-hand corner of the fly-leaf. To most of us this is a familiar name. We have heard much of Dr. Jones, who, for many years was professor of Latin and Greek at Acadia University. His is one of the names that has been handed down to us in Acadia tradition, added to the roll of heroes who play so noble a part in the romance of Acadia's beginning.

"A Tale of Old Acadia," written by Mabel Jones Marge-son, the daughter of Dr. Jones, opens to the student another phase of the life of this great man. The appeal of a professor of Latin and Greek to the student is apt to be touched with a

profound feeling of awe and somewhat of an inclination to draw back in alarm. But present to him a fellow student of fine and upright character even though combined with a fondness for Latin and Greek, his attention is caught. So in telling the story of her father's student days, Mrs. Margeson has given to the younger generation of Acadias sons and daughters a book that is well worth reading.

From his home overlooking Pownal Bay in lovely Prince Edward Island, Robert Jones came to the Academy to enter the matriculating class of 1856. Crossing the Strait in the treacherous January weather, and caught in a severe storm, he had a strenuous and exciting journey. From Cape Tormentine to Wolfville was in that day a long and tedious drive by stage-coach, occupying several days. The interest of work, the jolly companionship of the boys, and the ridiculous pranks played soon dispelled his first homesickness and his year at Horton Academy was well begun.

In the fall of that year Robert Jones entered the college as a member of the Freshman class, which that year numbered seven, boasting itself the largest class in the history of Acadia. Though the members of that class appear under fictitious names, one who is familiar with the men can detect the true character.

The remainder of the book tells of the four happy college years of that class,—the social events of those years, the happy times among the boys, the formation of the first literary society at Acadia, all the mishaps and excitements that fill the busy lives of college students. Throughout is woven a charming love story. The whole forms an entertaining glimpse into the Acadia of the older days. It must be read to be appreciated.

Much of the charm of the book lies in its local appeal—the oft visited Ridge and the Gaspereaux valley, Mud Creek, which Dr. Jones preferred to call "Palos Harbor," and the stone in the college woods, inscribed with the names of so many students and dear to the hearts of those before us.

The story is a remarkable tribute to the memory of an honored father and of a man deeply and sincerely admired by

all who knew him. It appeals especially to the many who still hold dear the memory of Dr. Jones, but in that there is bound up with his life much of the history of Acadia, it appeals to all who know, and, knowing, love Acadia.

THE DUNSAY CASE

WHILE we were spending a short vacation amid the fresh breezes and healthy surroundings of the Big Country, Kennedy and I had our first taste of rural tragedy. Kennedy as the result of too much urban activity, had taken this enforced trip northward and, while he felt himself growing interested in the case, had been rather loath to take it up.

"You know, Scarr," he said to me, "I could solve this mystery, I'm quite convinced of it."

"Ego personified," I murmured, although to be sure, I appreciated his ability. "You have been so successful, my dear man," I went on to add, "that you think you are a Master Mind. Remember too that this place possesses no complex underworld with an infinite means of information."

"Go on," he snorted and that cold, analytical sparkle came to his eyes which, they always say, detectives have a corner on.

"Well," I started. I knew that I was arousing his finest and hottest ire. "You haven't a shred to go on. A farmhouse, lonely and far from any other habitation; two women, the husband of one dead from mysterious causes—"

"Scarr, you have enough material there to write a good long novel. Tomorrow we start on the case." The incident was closed. Kennedy went back to his seat on the porch of the hotel. I to the post office for our city paper.

It was on my way to the corner that I saw the funeral procession. It wasn't very long—the hearse, a covered carriage containing two women, a few other teams. That was all.

I overtook a man by the name of Johnson whom I had met at the hotel.

"Poor child," he commented to me.

"A child's funeral?" I asked.

"Yes, the little Medford baby."

"Oh," I looked very wise although then I didn't recognize the possibilities.

The man continued his story. "Blanche Medford was Felix Dunsay's sister."

Aha, I thought, we were striking facts. Dunsay, Dunsay, oh, yes, the name of the murdered man. A little more and I would be able to spring the flood of my vast knowledge upon the indolent Kennedy.

"Yes, yes, Felix Dunsay, whose death has recently stirred the country."

"Exactly. He died day before yesterday. Blanche was his sister. Felix was a hard man, loved neither man nor beast and neither returned any affection except his sister. Now when she married Gene Medford, a likely enough fellow and a sailor who hasn't been heard of for some months, Felix lost all reason. He took to abusing them all, ranting around like mad, and raising the devil. He got them all pretty well scared except his wife who is a red-headed woman with a sleeping devil in her eye."

"You say he abused his sister," I ventured.

"Abused her so much that she took to staying around home. Blanche used to be a real sociable girl," and Johnson sighed deeply as if sad thoughts intruded upon his mind.

I hurried back to the hotel and found Kennedy in the same position viewing the beauties of nature as embodied in the cattle yard and freight shed across the way. I tumbled my story out.

"I have a clue, Kennedy."

"Well, well, who's the suspect?"

"Why, it's clear as day, "I replied, "the sister's husband, of course, come back to wreck vengeance upon the tyrant."

"You mean Tim Medford?" Kennedy asked.

"Exactly. Here it is. Unwelcome marriage, brute worshipped by one creature, namely, his sister. She gets married, has a child, expends her affection upon it. The result is that Dunsay goes mad, harms her, no doubt. Husband hears of it,

returns, calls Dunsay outside and kills him where he stands and disappears into the night."

Kennedy raised himself from his chair and with that deliberateness which I admire so much when I am in fever heat, went to the edge of the verandah.

"I was talking to the manager," he said after awhile, "I got this much. The local police had considered what you have anticipated, and so I have ascertained Medford's locality for the past week. A report came yesterday. Medford has been on the H. M. S. Jamaica all that time."

My face fell, I confess, when I heard Kennedy shatter my theory but he had more to say.

"While you were gone I did some pumping of Andrews in here. There is another quantity which up to now I hadn't known of."

"And that?"

"Mrs. Dunsay has a brother. He's mentally deranged. That's our clue. I'm having Briggs, the local man, over here this evening. We ought to formulate some course of action."

That night, as he had said, Briggs came around. He was one of those short, stocky, fat men with a surprised look in their eyes, who, as police officers, are imbeciles and yet, as such, make good officers. Well, to go on, we decided, or I should say, Kennedy decided that the next morning I should get to work. Consequently he handed me a card with the following inscription upon it.

The Crawley Brush Co., Limited,
New York, U. S. A.

I was to try out the neighbors who, we all hoped, knew nothing of my customary activities.

Came down, as they say in Hollywood. Armed with a traveller's bag which Kennedy had procured somewhere, and with my usual cast iron nerve, I went countryward in a rusty old wagon, drawn by as rusty a horse. I was about two miles to the site of the tragedy.

Two houses away I stopped. All I got for my pains was a

slammed door. The next place was a small, vine-covered cottage a quarter of a mile from the Dunsay farm. Up its inviting walk I directed my footsteps though I must say they lagged considerably, in view of the fact that my case contained three Crawley Brushes. I feared that I would receive a kind reception.

It was so. The occupant of the house was as hospitable as one would wish. Elderly, white-haired, she came to the door and enquired of me my business. Even when I told her and presented my card, she bade me enter.

"I am representing the Crawley Brush people," I began.

"Why is that so?" the lady puzzled. "It seems to me I can recall there being a man of the same firm here a week ago."

Now, neither Kennedy or I had anticipated such an occurrence. I thought for a full one-thousandth of a second before I replied calmly, "Well, you see, we were out of several of our choice lines at the time," and I proceeded to open my case.

Benign gods! The woman raised a refusing hand. "I'm sorry but I can't take anything today. I got a mop and a few other things from your other man."

I heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Can you tell me who lives next door?"

"Why, that's where the Dunsay's live."

"Yes, yes, the man who was—"

"Who was killed," she said quickly.

I thought I'd force the issue so I put in a wedge, "Rather a terrible happening and he so well liked in the community."

That got what I wanted. "Well liked?" she replied indignantly, "and him always quarrelling with my husband."

Clue number three!

"Oh, I suppose you had your arguments with him?"

The woman laughed, I remember. "Mr. Billings, my husband, was always falling out with Felix. It was never very serious until—", she stopped and put her hand to her mouth.

"Until?" I prompted and tried to hide my intense interest.

Mrs. Billings hesitated. "The day Felix was found dead on the door-stoop, that same afternoon Mr. Billings and him had had trouble over the calves. Felix's three got into our

oats so George went over to Dunsay's. I guess they had some quarrel."

I departed in a great hurry, fully satisfied and left the horse cropping outside the gray, old farmhouse. A few bushes and shrubs grew in the yard but it was a lonely spot. As I got part-way up the path, I saw Briggs and Kennedy drive up in a car. It was as we had planned and by the time the door had opened, they were up to me.

Of course, Briggs had entrance to the house. We soon saw the red-headed woman with the sleeping devil, Dunsay's wife.

It was a sickly place. Mrs. Dunsay had put lilacs, the purple variety, in the room where her husband lay. Then and there I knew that I would never like them again. The odor filled the air, that cloying odor that is only paralleled in morgues and death houses.

Kennedy examined the body with especial care. I had my first glimpse of a stern, white visage, the hawk features of a tyrant with a deep red welt extending from the forehead into the mass of black curly hair.

"That was caused by some metal bar," Kennedy observed. "You will notice how heavy the bruise is. If wood had been the instrument, it would have been much lighter, even if accompanied by great force and spread out more, since wood is pliant to a certain degree."

"What do you think did it?" I asked.

"Possibly a chisel. No, the wound is too long for that. A crowbar would probably have shattered his skull. It might be—" he stopped suddenly—"Aha!" he exclaimed as he bent to examine more closely the corpse.

"What's that?" Briggs inquired.

Kennedy scraped a little black matter upon a clean piece of paper. "I think we have it now," he announced but said no more.

Then he took to questioning Mrs. Dunsay.

"We know your brother killed that man," he shot out to her.

She went pale but the sparks glowed in her eyes, and she compressed her rigid lips.

Kennedy continued. "Briggs ascertained something of importance last night, Mrs. Dunsay, that makes it look bad for the boy."

She didn't offer to speak. But just then, the insane lad, Harry came in. He was slight with wandering eyes, and the moment he entered the room he sensed the atmosphere as pregnant with danger.

Kennedy addressed a question to him "Have you found your dog yet?"

The boy nodded negatively, but Mrs. Dunsay started and put her arm around him.

Kennedy turned to me. "Scarr, Briggs told me that the boy had a dog killed by Dunsay last week. There's motive. But let us hear your report."

I told them briefly what I had learned at the cottage. My friend became quite jubilant.

Mrs. Medford, however, broke her silence. She was one of those dark silent women with convincing manners. We couldn't do other than believe her when she said, abruptly, "You needn't blame George Billings. I was present at the quarrel."

So Kennedy had to go back to the boy and his sister.

"Mrs. Dunsay, last night Briggs was up here and he heard Harry calling for his dog. Then you came out and said distinctly enough for him to hear, 'Don't be afraid, I won't let them take you away. What did you mean by that?'"

Well, Mrs. Dunsay went off into a fit of rage and tore around, almost wrecking both the furniture and Briggs' reputation.

"You blood-sucking leech," she hurled at him. "You would convict an innocent boy, would you? I've heard your miserable lies in town, Briggs, and I'll have them stopped now, once and for all."

Briggs looked more surprised than ever while Kennedy pushed the case.

"Just the same, Mrs. Dunsay, we'll have to arrest Harry."

"Arrest Harry?" the woman screamed. "Not if I live to

prevent it!" She turned to her sister-in-law. "I've been silent for days, Blanche Medford, and I'm through. You can shield him if you want to but I won't!!" She looked at Kennedy. "Ask her who killed the baby."

Killed the baby! That was something we hadn't reckoned. Even Kennedy looked rather put out. Soon after we left the house. He seemed quite satisfied although even then I couldn't see the finish.

Returning to the hotel, he called the doctor around. When I came back, after leaving the horse at the stable, the man was leaving so I didn't find out anything new. Kennedy remained very taciturn all evening.

It was a calm woman we saw when Blanche Medford met us at the door the next day.

"I suppose you want me," she stated simply.

I admit I was dumfounded. I had suspected everyone but her.

"I'd like to hear your story," Kennedy said.

It was certainly a story of abuse, as Johnson had said. Ever since the birth of her child, Felix had ill treated her. It was frightful when she told, stoical as she was, how her brother had struck the child and injured it so badly that the doctor had been unable to save its life. It seems that at the time she had said that it had fallen from a chair.

"But what and who killed *him*?" I asked.

Kennedy went to the stove and the kitchen, returning with an iron poker. "This," said he, "I knew that much last night. A great deal of the soot was deposited in the wound.

"And who—?"

"I was the one," the woman said.

Felix Dunsay had sneered at her once too often. Coming from the barn that evening, he had stumbled over her as she had sat on the door-stoop, crying from the loss of her child. The poker was in her hand for she had just fixed the fire.

"One oath from him and I hit him," she spoke very calmly. "That is all. Now, take me."

Kennedy swore then, and walked from the room, dragging me with him.

The next day, we left the village. Briggs was none the wiser, the Dunsays were too relieved to say much. The affair gradually died down and became what Kennedy is pleased to term one of his failures."

C. R. G. '26.

OUR DEBT TO CECIL JOHN RHODES.

ASK any college student what a Rhodes scholarship is, and, in all probability he will answer you quickly, specifically. Ask him, again, whence the Rhodes scholarships came, and what happens? In nine cases out of ten he doesn't know. He has never even heard of the great British statesman who founded them. In this enlightened age, this day of educational advancement, with its established systems of higher education, it seems to me that we are all too prone to take things for granted. What do you think of the Rhodes scholarships? someone asks. Ah, fine indeed! we reply. We accept them as a matter of course and forget that behind them was a man with a vision, a man with a patriotic soul, a man with a keen, enlightened mind, Cecil John Rhodes.

Back in the year 1853 there was born in Hertfordshire, England, a boy for whom destiny had designed a remarkable career. Always frail and sickly, the boy grew up without the robust health characteristic of most children of his age. So weak was his constitution that his parents were soon convinced something would have to be done to prevent death overtaking him. Consequently, relying on competent medical advice, the lad was sent to South Africa where his brother was a planter. There, breathing the dry air of the inland and living an outdoor life, the fast growing youth gained health for the first time. He began to know what a joy it is to live. Everything took on a new interest and fascinated him; and, feeling the desire to accomplish something worth while, he began to look around. The diamond mines attracted his attention. He was industrious and his labors in this field were soon rewarded with unheard-of success. In fact, at nineteen years of age he had

accumulated a small fortune, just at the time when he was assuming manhood. For the first time the name of Rhodes had come before the public eye!

Did money turn this youth's head? No! His fertile mind was constantly working. He was already planning for himself a career and he was not slow to realize that the advantages of a college education would be invaluable to him in later life. The decision was quickly made and the next year he sailed to England to enter Oriel College, Oxford. The climate of England, however, proved to be his perpetual enemy, and in 1873 he was forced to return to South Africa. During the next few years he became a member of the Cape ministry, for Barkley; he eventually completed his course and was graduated at Oxford; and he again returned to Cape Town to resume his place in South African politics.

It was at this period of his life that the high ideals were formulated, which later characterized all Rhodes's efforts and accomplishments. His various travels in South Africa showed him the rich possibilities of this heretofore undeveloped country. Rhodes was a true Britisher at heart and he immediately conceived the idea of claiming this vast wilderness for Great Britain. In a will written at the age of twenty-two, he concisely stated his highest ambition, which was to help aggrandize and serve faithfully the British Empire. He hoped to live to see the time when the British race would govern the world, or, at least, a large part of it, and to this end he spent his immense fortune and devoted his life.

As a member of the Cape Town assembly, Rhodes was very active in promoting the interests of his chosen country. It was mainly through his efforts that the great crisis in South African politics, in the year 1881, was averted, and that the South African Federation, governing itself within the Empire, was formed. From 1890 to 1896 he was Prime Minister of the Cape. One of the things he most earnestly advocated was a railway between Cairo and the Cape for the benefit of the interior of the continent. It is not necessary to dwell at length upon his extensive efforts in the interior. Suffice it to say that Rhodesia was named after him, a country which his

endeavors had saved for the British Empire. Although severely criticized for some of the things he advocated while Prime Minister, it is generally conceded that he served his country according to the highest ideals of his life, and that he served his country well. He died near Cape Town in 1902.

As far as we are concerned, however, his soul lives on, and the high ideals to which he held with unswerving constancy live on. Mr. Rhodes believed preeminently in the principles that make for the betterment of mankind in the world, and, next in the theory that unity of the British Empire is one of the most beneficial of all the organized forces for universal good. He upheld these principles himself, while alive, and with amazing foresight made certain that they would be carried on after his death. To this end, in his last will, he bequeathed the most of his enormous fortune to a fund which provides the Rhodes scholarship of today.

The terms of the will provide for the maintenance at Oxford, for a term of three years, of about one hundred and seventy-five scholarships. In each state and territory of the United States two scholars are chosen every three years. Mr. Rhodes' object was to develop in American students an attachment to the country from which they have sprung and to inculcate in them the advantages of a world union of the English-speaking peoples. In bequeathing a yearly scholarship to every province of Canada and to every colony of the British Empire, he stated his desire to broaden the views of the young colonists and to instil in their minds the value of retention of unity of the Empire. In addition, Mr. Rhodes assigned five annual scholarships to Germany and in so doing, he contemplated an understanding between the three great powers which would make war impossible.

The will of Mr. Rhodes also requested that the candidates be chosen, first with an eye to their literary and scholastic attainments; secondly, he asked that their fondness for manly sports, such as cricket and football, and their success in such activities figure in their appointment. He did not stop there, however, realizing full well that it takes something else to make the man. The Rhodes scholar of his imagination must possess qualities

of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship; and he must also exhibit during his scholastic days, a moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, for these latter attributes will be likely, in after life, to guide him to the performance of public duties as his highest mission.

The magnanimity of Cecil John Rhodes cannot be over-estimated! To have lived a life in accord with the highest principles of humanity, and to have given to mankind a legacy of endless duration, which cannot fail to help in the development of the youth of the race, in succeeding generations, is to have proved the value of living. We have all seen the Rhodes scholar. We have all realized what a fine type of fellow he is,— a highly developed personality, ready to take his place as a leader in the world of men. Can we refrain from praising Mr. Rhodes for his vision, his principles, his foresight? Always will he continue to rise in public estimation and to be rated as one of the greatest makers of the British Empire.

A. R. D., '26.

LA JEUNESSE

One morning with the dawn fresh on the bay,
 We climbed the cool and dewy heights of Morn,
 While in the east the saffron clouds were torn
 To shed a rosy tint upon our way.
 Then from those fragrant hill-tops gazed we down
 Upon the hills and orchards far below,
 As Phoebus in his chariot rising slow,
 Hurl'd a first dart against the white-walled town.
 Nor did I know, a young and happy boy,
 As on those slopes we stood and far away
 Beheld the sparkling surface of the bay,
 That then we stood upon the heights of Joy.
 Another sun shall rise; 'tho you have gone,
 We hope to climb once more those hills at dawn.

R. M., '27.

THE LAND OF UNWRITTEN STORY.

“This is a land of legend—there is no valley, marsh or misty shore,
Without the charm of mystery and love—unwritten histories
of time and men,
Of love and craft await the willing pen.”

Sometime the little peninsula will pour its flood-tide of legend and lyric at the feet of a master craftsman and the mighty sagas of New Scotland will challenge the mountain children of the old—and the throbbing peace of Acadia find its soul in the lyrics and stories of him who shall understand. Lovers you have had in plenty, little province by the sea, but few have known how to say “I love.” They have left you, perchance, with an ache in their hearts and a mist before their eyes—yet, at the most, they have but kissed your fingers in farewell! He is yet to come who will find in you laughter and tragedy, music and sorrow, passionate fire and silent peace. One there was, long years ago, who, not having seen, yet loved—and left the maid, Evangeline upon your shores forever! “Dear little seawashed province, a thousand Evangelines and a thousand Gabriels beat ever at your heart” and only one has been given liberty to walk your shores! I wonder if Longfellow would have called them forth—those other wistful ones—had he ever stood upon the hilltops of Nova Scotia and heard them whispering to him from the forests and the pale mists of the headlands and the blue depths of the sea? Many, indeed, have sought to release them. Never do I stand, looking down into the Gaspereau

“The windless valley of peace where the seasons go by,
And the river goes down through the orchards where long
shadows lie,”

without remembering an eager lad in his teens who stood just there and heard the “woodland spirit” call,

"Rich your reward is
 Ye who obey me,
 Ye who answer my call!
 What your reward is
 No need to say ye
 Ye yourselves know of it all!"

Bernard Freeman Trotter found another and, perchance, a greater reward "over there" among the poppies and Nova Scotia rightly mourns for the eager young poet who might have answered the "call."

Is it sheer loveliness you ask, you who take your pen in hand? The little people of the sea call "we are blue and silver and gray and gold—we are fire and peace—behold, our flashing moods changeable as the colors of the opal!" The little people of the hills and valleys whisper "Peace! Soft as the wind on violets! We are peace!" Would you seek legend and story? Find it in the bronze caves of the rocky shorelines, in the rambling empty old houses where the aristocracy of another day made the hills and fields of Nova Scotia laugh even when they ran red with the blood of chivalry!

Just what, in the past, has literature found in the great storehouse of Acadian legend and loveliness? We are compelled to admit that few have touched beyond the fringe. The larger portion of the province cannot be found in literature at all. In fact, it is well-nigh safe to say that the literary field of Nova Scotia, so far, has been bounded on the west by Annapolis, on the south by the Gaspereau Valley, on the east by Grand Pre, on the north by the Bay of Fundy—just a little strip along the shore. Here were battlefields and gallantry and color in plenty, yet gallantry and color and peace have built many another habitation within the blue girdle of the Atlantic and the Bay of Fundy.

There is an occasional stray outside the geographical fold. Mrs. Rogers has included in her "Stories of the Land of Evangeline," "The Kadaskak Giant, A Tale of Lake Rossignol," "The Scarlet Spectre of Sandy Ridge," with its scene laid on Sable Island, and "Leon of Louisburg." There is also an oc-

casional legend of the old fort Beausejour. Again, Mrs. Rogers offers practically the only exception in the field of novels. Her "Joan of Halfway" is believed to have its setting in Brookfield, Queens County. Oxley's "With Fife and Drum at Louisburg" is another well-known exception. "Constance of Acadia," a tale of old Port Royal, "A Sister to Evangeline" and one other book by Charles G. D. Roberts, and "Jen of the Marshes" by Herbin are instinct with the charm of the dykelands and the Minas Basin. Of course, I cannot pretend to have covered the whole field of literary romance in Nova Scotia but I think it will be generally conceded to be unfortunately limited in scope for a country so flooded in literary values. To be sure, if you would take the little province with kindly laughter, "Sam Slick" has made every cranny familiar and charming but the sheer loveliness of it—

Poetry clings even more emphatically than prose to the little historic area along the shore. The Tantramar Marshes, the country round about Windsor, and an occasional peep at Halifax, afford almost the solitary exceptions. But the poetry written of the Gaspereau and the tides and the sea and the dyke-lands is not to be lightly passed over. Nova Scotia has not reached the full zenith of her power as a literary inspiration, but some have caught the loveliness of her Fundy shore and apple valleys.

First, from the greatest to the least, the poets who have chosen to depict the Evangeline land have caught instinctively the spirit of peace brooding over the little valley of the Gaspereau and the blue sweep of Minas and the storied shores of Annapolis. There are Theodore Rand's "Willow at Grand Pre," "The Tireless Sea," "Glooscap"; J. F. Herbin's "An Acadian at Grand Pre," "Bliss Carmin's well known "Low Tide at Grand Pre," and many others too numerous to mention. In explaining what I mean by catching the peace of the country, I can hardly forbear quoting all of Bliss Carmen's beautiful "Above the Gaspereau." Here is an instance:

"The slow autumn sun that goes leisurely, taking his fill

Of life in the orchards and fir-woods so moveless and still;
As if, should they stir, they might break some illusion and
spill

The gem of their long summer musing on top of the hill!"

And again,

"The very sun seems to have tarried, turned back a degree
To lengthen out noon for the apple folk there by the sea."

Second, the sea is the great mystery, the great motivating force. From the time that Longfellow wrote of the—"sea-fogs pitching their tents" and of "the mists of the mighty Atlantic" those pale sea-fogs shrouding the possibility of ships afloat—strange ships, surely—ghost ships of pirates and dead cavaliers, have filled the poet world with fancy. There is the challenge of it to some:

"Waft of beaten brine of the Bay
Tonic, keen as steel in strife."

and to some the mystery of it. But more than the fogs and the wraith ships, more than the blue and silver of the variable sea itself, the tide has proved intriguing. There is something so measureless, so silent, and withal so primevally mighty about its steady, unvarying march that it has fired the imaginations of almost every Acadian poet, so we have the peace of it:

"Soft flows the tide to the beaches, swift with the gulls on the
wave,

Reaching and climbing to inlands, soft as a prayer on a grave."

Here, again, its monotony:

"As a tired troop of horses march in sleep
When the weary riders hear not the sounding salves."

and the might of it again from Bliss Carmen's "Above the Gaspereau:"

"To-night.....
a hand will open the sluice of the great sea-mill,
Start the gear and the belts of the tide. Then a mumur will
fill

The hollows of midnight with sound when all else is still
And stray through the dream of the sunflowers here on the hill."

Third, they who write of Acadia never let her play. They write always with a meditative seriousness, almost a sadness, if it were not tempered with the spirit of an utter peace. Even when, once, she is allowed to play it seems natural that she play with tears:

"Amethysts purple the shore and play with the sea as with tears."

The memory of the old days is still with us. There is unmeasured pathos in that line of William Marshall's,

"Thou hadst great lovers in the olden days."

Perchance, the spirit of Evangeline lingers too sadly over the loveliness of the land she lost; perchance, the hush of beauty stills too much for youth and laughter. Be that as it may, Acadia has invited poems of meditation—poems linked with a depth of thought. There is a spirit pulsing through the beauty of the land.

"And then I knew the sea, never alone,
Was coming with its spirit side by side."

Theodore Paul's "The Old Fisher's Song" and William Marshall's very serious poetry come to me by way of example. Is it not true that Nova Scotian poets, especially when they are talking with nature, grow serious and meditative? It is a peculiar coincidence that a large majority of poems written with the background of the Acadian land, are sonnets—the form which seems most naturally suited to very thoughtful poetry?

And so the willows drowse above the old well at Grand Pre inviting still more poets to write exquisitely reminiscent poetry about them, and the fir trees stand stiff and straight on the Hill of Gaspereau and the tide comes and goes out once more uncaring—while still Nova Scotia calls,

"Rich your reward is
Ye who obey me
Ye who answer my call."

Old legends cry to be understood and interpreted. The story-world is eager for an explorer.

In the dark of the moon on a certain night in September, up the Northumberland Strait and into the Pugwash Harbour, sails a burning ship. If you will remember the very night and the very hour, and, with faith believing, stand upon the narrow ribbon of road between the willow-shaded graveyard and the white beach, flecked with violet in the moonlight, you will see it sailing up the narrows of the harbour where once picturesque Portuguese vessels unloaded their wares. If you look closely, you can even see the little cabin boy run up the yards and haul in the sails. Who they are—the ghostly crew—why they are condemned to sail forever up and down the narrow harbour is a problem for story tellers.

If you would seek buried treasure, go patiently every night to the beach at Hall's Harbour on the Bay of Fundy and with the spray lifting about you and the great bronze bluffs at your back, wait for the coming of Captain Hall. He is a bloodthirsty old ruffian, and you never know the propensities of ghosts, so it is well to hide behind a jutting rock. From here, you may watch him land and, with his spectral crew around him, patiently search for the strong box of his lost treasure.

The stories of Captain Kidd are too well known to afford original material, but it might be interesting to find out just which of his victims was slain on Murderer's Point and why the poor fellow is condemned to ride up and down with muffled horse hoofs beside the place of his execution. While the search is still intermittently renewed for his lost treasure, many are the human interest stories which might gather around the little intimate momentoes that have been dug up on the islands they are said to have visited.

Then there is the little hunch back of Port Royal, who never returned to tell of the hiding-place he had found for the riches once entrusted to him. And there is the lonely grave on an island in the North-West Arm, and the cave by the shores of the Arm where an escaped convict—it is said—hid for weeks, fed by one who loved him and—but one grows breathless

with the naming of the legends! And besides Nova Scotia is such a setting for stories of real people. Who could see the bare, bleak houses along the gulf shore of Cumberland with their weather-beaten backs to the sea—without constructing many a tale of stark tragedy? Who could pause on the peaceful sweep of the Wallace River intervals without finding the fabric of an exquisite idyl? Then there is the Devil's Half Acre, Truro the remembrance of which always brings to me ghastly, peering faces and furtive slinking figures. And the fishermen of the Bay shore down to their weirs in oil-skins at all hours of the day and night, their sleeping and waking governed only by the tide, mending their nets on the shore with the tumble-down fish houses behind them and the brine and tang of the sea in their voices and the brine and tang of the sea in their every-day philosophies—out in storm and sun alike; the chug-chug of their motor boats above the roar of the waves—they are, indeed, a picturesque folk!

Then visit the Clare settlements, where the descendants of the old Acadians make their home, where up and down the street you hear them chattering in high-pitched French and in the doors of their houses you see them sitting with their kerchiefs on their heads. Here the old world lives again and not so much as a train whistle distrubs their peace.

Would you find tales of the wilderness? Go out canoeing on the South Mountain lakes—around one beautiful island after the other, into one still inlet after the other, up silent narrow creeks where the trees touch overhead and look back at you from the water, past famous trouting pools and beaver homes, over rapids just dangerous enough, past deserted camps with many a tale around them.

But the Acadian land is full of fascinating peoples and scenes. Along the St. Mary's Bay are old homes of long dead sea captains, colonial houses with green shutters flapping in the winds and gaping windows—huge, desolate structures speaking of bygone wealth. Along the south shore, phantom pirate ships sail, Shelburne and the somewhat shabby aristocrat of towns, waits with the shadowy glamour of old gaities, faded and gentle around her; Lunenburg backs down to the

sea, silent in her quaint old-worldness, and Chester taunts the deep-sea ghosts of other days with a flung banner of sophisticated gaieties. Up the coast between Halifax and Canso, isolated people of another day regale you with strange stories and superstitions. But there is no end. It is the veritable treasure-trove of the story-teller and he has not yet found it.

For the poet, every inch of the little Acadian land, from sea to sea is replete with the unbelievable loveliness of silent valleys, the unbelievable wonder of silver spray dashing fifty feet over great bronze bluffs, the unbelievable glamour of moonlight on her silent rivers and lakes.

Sometime, little province by the sea, there shall come to you, He of the Magic Pen, He who shall understand—for, still,.....unwritten histories of time and

men,

Of love and craft await the willing pen."

E. A. W., '26.

THE COMING OF SUSAN

SCENE. The stage represents an old-fashioned kitchen. A big iron pot is hanging from a crane in a big fireplace. At one side of the fireplace is an old brick oven. Large, circular, home-made mats cover a painted floor, somewhat the worse for wear. On the mantel-piece ticks an eight-day clock and beside it is an alarm clock. The window panes are small. On the ledge of each window sits a red geranium. On the right is a spinning wheel at which an old woman sits spinning. Before the fire an o'd man is polishing his spectacles in preparation to reading the daily paper. These people are Mr. and Mrs. George Barkley. Mrs. Barkley is slightly stooped. Her face is very wrinkled and always beaming. She wears a Quaker-like dress of grey with a white collar pinned in front by a very large brooch. Mr. Barkley is eighty-two years old and four years his wife's senior. He is very tall and straight, as if he had once been a soldier. He wears a

somewhat tight, worn coat and worn black pants. His face is thin, his hair snowy white. He also has a very pleasant face.

Mrs. Barkley stops spinning and turns to her husband.

Mrs. Barkley: George, when did we hear from Letty last?

Mr. Barkley (not hearing very well): Heh? What's that, Amandy? Did you say it was raining at last? I don't see no rain.

Mrs. Barkley: No, no, George. I said, "When did we hear from Letty last?"

Mr. Barkley: Lettie? Why it must be a month. That's what happens when young folks gets married and have a family. How many's she got now, Amandy—two or three? Blest if I kin keep track o' them youngsters.

Mrs. Barkley: Why she only has two. Your gettin' kinder fergetful, I'm afraid, Pa.

Mr. Barkley: No, I ain't. If I could see them I wouldn't fergit. Now there's Allan's children. I see them because they're right in the place and they seem almost as natural as my own do. I mean used to.

Mrs. Barkley: Wouldn't it be nice to have all our children and grandchildren together for once? Why we can hardly call them all by name.

(A grandson, James Barkley, enters.)

Mr. Barkley: Hello, sonny. I was just wishin' to see you. It does my old eyes good to look at you. Looks like his father did at his age, don't he, Amandy.

Mrs. Barkley: Yes. Bless his little heart. Take a chair, won't you, dearie.

James: Mamma tells me I'm like my dad, too. Only she looks very solemn when she says it.

Mr. Barkley (laughing) Well, well. I remember Allan was sort of a mischief. I wonder if Letty's children is full of mischief, too.

Mrs. Barkley: What's that in your coat pocket? It isn't some mail for us, is it, James?

James (reaching in his pocket): Oh, I forgot. Here's today's paper and here's a letter from somebody.

Mr. Barkley (taking the letter): Why bless my heart It's from Letty. Now ain't that funny, when we was jest talkin' about her. You read it, Amandy. I can't see very good.

Mrs. Barkley (taking the letter and reading): Dear Father and Mother—now don't that sound good?—I've been thinkin' about writin' before this.

Mr. Barkley: Young people is busy now days.

Mrs. Barkley (glancing ahead): My, oh my. Well, well, well.

Mr. Barkley: What's the matter? Anybody sick? Bad news about Letty?

Mrs. Barkley (recovering her breath): Will you listen to thi now. Letty says they are sending Susan to us tonight—for company.

Mr. Barkley: Susan? That's a good old-fashioned name Funny we never heard what its name was before. Of course it's the baby. How old do you suppose it is, Amandy?

Mrs. Barkley (reading on): She says she wants somewhere for Susan to be while she's away. Her husband's father is very sick so she has to go.

Mr. Barkley: How's she sending her?

Mrs. Barkley: Oh, she says a friend's coming thro' and will look after her. Must be fifty mile by train here. Long distance for a baby.

Mr. Barkley: Can she walk yet, do you think? So long since I see a baby I won't know how to handle her. How do you think you'll get along, Amandy?

Mrs. Barkley: Law sakes, I don't know. I hope it won't cry much. I suppose Letty will send her clothes with her. If she don't I'll have to make some. I've give away all that was left.

Mr. Barkley: Haven't you got a rag doll up in the attic?

Mrs. Barkley: Yes, and a teddy bear:

James: She can have my old train to play with.

Mrs. Barkley: Why that will be lovely. Now you bet-

ter trot along, James. Your mother will be lookin' for you.
(James goes out).

Mr. Barkley: Well, Amandy, this will bring back our youth again.

(The door opens and James's mother enters. She is a tall woman of thirty-five, dressed fashionably and with a good carriage. She sits down with an excited air.)

Mrs. Barkley: You seem out of breath, Lizzie. Is anything the the matter?

Lizzie: Nothing. I mean everything. I was coming from the store and met James. He told me that Letty is sending Susan, which ever one that is, to live with you. I told James he must have misunderstood.

Mrs. Barkley: Oh, the boy is right. We are planning to have a real frolic with the little dear.

Lizzie: Well, I call it preposterous. The very idea. Couldn't someone else take her, I'd like to know. Why you'll have to feed it on a bottle. Or is it old enough to eat properly?

Mrs. Barkley: I brought up all my other children on the bottle and I imagine Su-an can help herself. She must be three, don't you think?

Lizzie: Oh, perhaps. When is she coming?

Mrs. Barkley: Tonight on the—

Lizzie: Tonight? Why you haven't a crib ready or child's food or anything. I'll tell the man to bring up some things when I go home. Let me see. Now there is James' old crib you can have just as well as not.

Mrs. Barkley: Now don't you worry. Pa and I will do famously.

Lizzie: But you forget what a care a child is. It must be in bed at seven every night and—

Mr. Barkley: Now, Lizzie, Amandy, remembers all about that. Didn't she bring up seven younguns?

Lizzie: Well, let me know if there is anything I can do. I'll tell Allan to call to see if there is anything we can do later.

Good-bye, I'll be back tonight.

(She goes out.)

Mr. Barkley: Poor Lizzie. I bet she'd like to take that child herself.

(A knock is heard at the door.)

Mrs. Barkley: Come in.

(The Village gossips enter.)

Mrs. Barkley: Sit up by the fire. Little breeze from the south, ain't there? It's the chilly wind that brings the warm weather.

Gossip: Yes, a little chilly. I just heard you was takin' a little gal.

Mrs. Barkley: Yes, we calculate to.

Gossip: Well, I saw an old couple once before that took a baby and it died in a month, poor thing.

Mrs. Barkley: Oh, I'm sure it's more than a baby and besides I've brought up a lot of my own. Now there's Allan—

Gossip: Oh, yes, but when you're old it's different. Children ain't like they used to be.

Mr. Barkley: Ain't they human no more? Allan's boy looks to me just like him when he was that size.

Gossip: Hum. Mebbe so. Where did you say Letty was goin'?

Mrs. Barkley: To take care of her father-in-law. He's very sick.

Gossip: Hum. Funny she left the child with you. What did you say its name was?

Mrs. Barkley: Susan.

Gossip: Susan. (looks at clock). Well, I must go. It's nearly five o'clock. Let me know if there's anything I can do.

(She goes out.)

Mr. Barkley: Some people is inquisitive. I wouldn't want that woman to take care of my child.

Mrs. Barkley: Hush, George. The woman means it in kindness.

(Allan enters with his wife.)

Allan: We heard the train blow and thought we'd just run over to see Susan.

Mrs. Barkley: She hasn't come yet. I suppose the

woman will bring her up in the taxi. Letty said she knows the place.

(Knock at the door. Allan's wife goes to open it.)

Mr. Barkley: Must be her now.

(A woman enters carrying a large box)

Mrs. Barkley: Where's Susan. Didn't you bring her?

Stranger: Why, yes. Then this is Mrs. Barkley. I am very glad to know you.

(She proceeds to open the box while all wait.)

Stranger (holding out a white rabbit by the ears): This is Susan. Isn't she cunning?

Curtain.

Z. J. MacC., '26.

SNOW

an elegy

with apologies to e e cummings and the 'dial

i rise on up my pillow perhaps couch piled
remembering the sadly sunshine—was it yesterday?—

closed by the window
then the day ran way

like water

sadly

or was it tears?

Who knows:

—when night weeps
don't pots and pans speak—

? (and

i fear up looked in)

i see the beginning snow
to cover the strewn dead leaf empty garden
making sense me feel

how grief covers myself
 my buried poppy lips' bones dead
 and clings to myself
 always mind
 like myrrhed lips.

But now more it swiftly falls white
 and the garden blanks white
 with deep snow descending
 with an effectively cigarette

Until i smile with feeling
 —and all about—(of enchanted most gardens!)
 !white—

—white!

trees moon picture (you know what perhaps my mind)
 and the primal space
 whitens
 downward
 with a poured
 shattered myriads but Upward of vast griefs
 carnation-coloured.

snow;

harold f. sipprell '27.

WHAT IS LOCARNO?

Yes, just what is it? Many of us, too busy with the Christmas holidays and Midyears had not the time to follow the newspapers, and therefore know Locarno only as a synonym for peace, and it is for those who know little more about it than that, that the following is written, because it is important that our generation should be fully informed on a matter so vital to itself. First, this article will set forth a summary of the Locarno Treaty; then it will tell how strong that treaty may conservatively be considered to be; what effect it will have on the United States; and finally the splendid rôle Sir Austen Chamberlain played.

Besides being a rival to the dove or olive branch, Locarno is a small city situated in one of the most beautiful spots of the most beautiful country in the world. "Certainly, if her foundations," said Sir Austen Chamberlain on arriving, "can not be secured in so restful and heavenly a spot, Peace must have flown from this earth." Lovely nature and lovely weather inspired the representatives of the seven great Powers with optimism. Locarno has the lowest altitude of any city in Switzerland. Its 10,000 inhabitants were very excited over it being for a few weeks a world capital. The conference was held in the handsome Palace of Justice, which is a more appropriate appellation than Palace of Peace would have been. This is where the drafting and initialing of the treaties took place, but they were formally ratified in the magnificent Gold Room of the British Foreign Office in London on December 2nd.

October 16, 1925, may stand in history as the date when the World War actually came to an end. Hostilities ceased on the 11th of November, 1918, and peace in name was restored when the Treaty of Versailles came into effect, but there has never been real peace. The will of Germany was kept subordinated to the will of the Allies, and this kept alive her resentment and suspicion. When, however, she abandoned her futile, passive resistance, peace came in sight, but it is just

definitely settling on Europe now with the conclusion of the Locarno Conference.

The results mark the dawn of a new era of peace and goodwill in Europe. France and Belgium and Germany, ancient enemies, have promised, like truant schoolboys, never to fight again. To show their good faith, they have signed five treaties and agreed that between them shall stand a demilitarized zone along the Rhine, which neither shall ever fortify or cross to invade the other. To reenforce this security, England and Italy have promised to go to the military assistance of either nation that shall be the victim of aggression by the other. Moreover, Germany has signed arbitration treaties with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, with both of whom she has troublesome boundary questions pending. But let us begin at the beginning.

The cardinal point of this treaty of mutual guarantee is the maintenance of the frontier *status quo* established by the Treaty of Versailles. The rest is the machinery to guarantee its operation. First of all, only by unanimous decision of the Council or Assembly of the League of Nations can either Belgium, France or Germany introduce against the other action amounting to war. Disputes arising out of the clash of political interests or domestic politics are to be referred to a Judicial Tribunal or a Conciliation Committee, according to the nature of the dispute. If their decision is unsatisfactory and a rupture becomes imminent, the matter must come before the Council of the League, which in the capacity of a Court of Final Appeal, will deal with it accordingly.

Article IV is the one that particularly affects Great Britain. In it she guarantees to come to the aid of Germany if that country be attacked by either France or Belgium, and to the aid of these countries if they are attacked by Germany. This is subject to the decision by the Council that an attack has really been made.

Article V guarantees that Belgium, Germany, and France will first submit all disputes to arbitration. The next article safeguards all the special rights conferred on the various allied powers by the Treaty of Versailles.

Article VII provides that the Treaty of Locarno does not in the slightest undermine the power, authority, or position of the League. It strengthens rather than weakens it. The agreements were produced outside the League and are valid without it.

In Article VIII the duration of the Treaty of Locarno is made indefinite, that is, until the Powers are satisfied that the League is strong enough to ensure the protection of the parties to this treaty.

The following article is of especial interest to us in Canada. It provides that no British Dominion is in any way obligated by the Treaty unless such Dominion signifies its own acceptance thereof.

Article X is important in that it provides that the Treaty shall not come into force unless and until Germany enters the League.

Such is a brief summary of the Locarno Pacts.

Now, how **strong** are these pacts? None of the Locarno agreements are any stronger than the one that made Belgium neutral and inviolate but which Germany tore up as a "scrap of paper." But Germany has taught herself and the rest of the world that infidelity brings retribution. So there is a sound basis in these agreements for hope and confidence that good faith and peace will be maintained. There are ways to peace when there is an honest will to peace, and the machinery enacted by these pacts makes that will effective. They strengthen the League as an agent for preserving the balance of power against war in Europe and gives new support to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

Locarno marks the beginning of the outlawry of war. It cannot be expected to prove perfect and friction-proof in every detail, but if a fraction of the hopes of Locarno are realised, Europe can undertake a wholly new and drastic scale of disarmament. It will not introduce a political millenium, but it has introduced mutual faith and confidence. It cannot be said to prevent war, but it is a step toward better understanding that will ultimately result in peace, because though all these agreements are regional, their influence for peace will be

world-wide. Franco-German reconciliation is the cornerstone for European reconciliation. The pacts restore Germany to her place as an equal among European nations, provide for her entry into the League, and make arbitration obligatory. They are voluntarily entered into and are not imposed upon an unwilling nation by force. There is now a co-operative spirit between nations which have been traditional enemies. The pacts voice the weariness of people who cry out to their statesmen that the menace of war be forever removed. They are imperfect but they give Europe a breathing-spell, a time to rest and recuperate and during that time a better understanding among nations may be obtained.

Now how are those agreements and the resulting New Europe going to affect the great republic to the south? Not the least significant factor attendant on them is that moral leadership of the world has been transferred from the United States to Europe, which now realizes that the only road to Peace lies in the orderly processes of the law, **mutual concession**, and **tolerance**. Locarno means a new life to Europe, which now stands on its own feet, a greater prospect for world peace, and, for the time being at least, the end of world leadership for the United States, because by a wave of blind materialism that country was swept away from the course of justice and order in world affairs by human vision and effort that it had previously pointed out for the rest of the world to follow.

When the war was finally over and there came the crisis of organizing a shattered world for peace, Europe cried out to America for salvation but it was then, in this moment of trial, that that country turned back from this course of hers and left Europe to sail through uncharted seas. And after floundering through a few false tacks, the Locarnic compass has finally pointed the way to independence from this hemisphere.

These agreements strike a heavy blow at European nationalism and many authorities, including the representatives themselves, look forward to an economic United States of Europe. There may "evolve a free trade union of Europe, banding the nations of the continent into one economic (not political) unit that would cultivate the prosperity of their peoples

and make a new war an unthinkable crime," for war, they realize, is no longer profitable, bringing ruin alike to both the victor and vanquished. The nations have learned that the rules of conduct that govern individuals in civilised States must be extended to nations if civilisation is not to perish.

The recent determination to abolish war has been caused, first, by Britain's enormous unemployment problem, which can only be solved by having her former best customer, Germany, restored to her; secondly, by the fact that Germany with her reparations debt could never recover economically unless the danger of war were removed; thirdly, France, crushed by her tremendous financial burden and two Colonial wars, could never reduce her armaments or stabilize herself unless the constant fear of another avalanche from Germany were removed. These things they finally realized and from these evils the good that war shall be outlawed has ultimately come. They realized, too, that France and Germany are economically dependent upon each other, and with this knowledge and the destruction of customs barriers throughout the remainder of the continent, Europe may see that she is self-sufficient and need no longer trade with the United States.

The European idea has taken its place beside the merely national idea and hope is expressed that it will forge ahead. Europe must *organize* itself to keep its rank among the continents. The ultimate purpose of the conference was there-establishment of Europe and its freedom from dependence upon the United States. For the conference to yield fruit, a Pan-Europe must be born and place a united continent in juxtaposition to America.

Europe feels it *must* unite if only in its dealings with the United States, to whom it owes vast sums of money for at least sixty-two years. Thus, the League of Nations differences plus the debt settlements plus the Locarnic unification of Europe are all isolating that continent from America. No one European country can cope, single-handed, with the United States politically or economically, and Europe's need for American credit can better be satisfied by a united and peaceful Europe than by a quarrelling continent. Thus economic

pressure may accomplish what political idealism might not. Ideas respecting this union are still, of course, numerous and vague, but give them another decade and who can tell what tremendous events they may bring about?

Finally, a few words respecting the man to whom is due much of the credit for organizing the Locarno conference and bringing it to so successful a conclusion. The signing cannot, of course, be wholly attributed to any one man, but to a universal desire to end world war and get back to peace and normality immediately. This would hardly have been possible, however, but for the conciliatory attitude of the representatives from France and Germany, skilfully guided by the mediatory attitude of Great Britain, and for this attitude of hers Austin Chamberlain is largely responsible.

In recognition of his great service to the nation and to the world, King George has created him a Knight of the Most Honorable Order of the Garter, and today Sir Arthur Chamberlain is the only commoner to belong to this most ancient of orders, founded in 1349. It is not, however, a national honor but an international one, for if the Locarno spirit proves to be as puissant and helpful an influence in international relations as it bids fair to become, he will deserve well of the world and its posterity.

Sir Austen Chamberlain is sixty-two years of age but remarkably hale and hearty. His father, also once an M. P., had him deliberately educated for the highest posts, and he has held many of Britain's most important and vital governmental positions, being second only to Winston Churchill in ubiquity of office. He also stands next to that gentleman for the Conservative premiership should he outlive him. He is perfectly equipped for his present post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, because he is widely travelled and a fluent linguist, which gives him intimate knowledge of the peoples he has so diplomatically dealt with. His year of office in this latest position has been a singularly glorious one of achievement, and on his return from the scene of his most recent triumph, he was magnificently welcomed in Paris and accorded an extraordinary reception in London.

Let the world kneel and thank God for the Right Honorable Sir Austen Chamberlain, the savior of generations yet unborn.

G. D. H. H. '27.

SONNET

Wrapped ever in a glow of golden light,
The sun all day has walked the vaulted blue,
So, in a flame-bright cloak of love bedight,
All day, I roamed mid men and wished for you.

But, when the west in vesper glory burned,
A strident storm-blast from the south arose.
And, mid the wind-tossed gloom, away you turned
And left me prostrate 'neath benumbing blows.

Oh winds! Shake out your locks and soar in race
Across the bending wood or yielding sea:
With windy uproar fill all hollow space:
Your maddest mirth is music meet for me!

Alas, how sad a thing it is to mourn,
My ardent one, a love so newly born!

H. F. S., '27.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY ADAM

“WELL, this case sure stumps me.” Detective Anderson screwed his cigar over to the other side of his mouth. “But we mustn’t admit we’re baffled. To fail to solve such a trivial case in so small a town as this would tend to set the law at naught here, and ruin our own chances for further advancement.”

“You drooled a bibful that time, Joe,” his confederate replied, expectorating a great volume of liquid that lay on the floor of the tiny Littleton Hotel lobby like a pool of spilt coffee, and biting off another chew. “Never do to let these birds think they can fly away with several hundred dollars’ worth of clothes or anything else. And neither of us will ever become a sergeant if we don’t get the thief. Let’s go down to the store and look over everything again.”

They started off, discussing as they went the various aspects of the case. It certainly was a trivial one. Some person unknown had Monday night secretly entered the department store of Jacob Green and removed a few hundred dollars’ worth of clothes. Two pompous detectives were sent down from Fredericton. This was the first assignment either of them could label as “a case” and they wanted to unpack it. Littleton was only a Main Street town, but so far very few clues had been found. The two doors of the store were still locked the next morning, so it was reasonable to suppose that entry had been made by forcing the window in the rear. There were no footprints or any traces whatever to point to the culprit.

Andy Mosher, Green’s only clerk, eyed the two blustering detectives with a cynical smile on his thin lips. Perhaps he, too, had higher ambitions than to sell ladies their powder and dish-towelling or men their pipes and hoes. Perhaps he, too, aimed at one day being a star detective.

Much they had to ask him and little he had to answer. Yes, both he and Mr. Green could recognize any of the clothing if they saw it, but no, he didn’t have any idea who the thief could have been. Then he put his hand in his pocket and felt

again what he was sure would be the clue to the whole mystery.

The detectives wandered around, poking into everything. When old Jacob Green came down to work, Mosher stole out, on some little pretext, and ran to the house of Doctor Gates, who was also the local Justice of the Peace. He answered the door himself and when Mosher had told him a little about his mission, welcomed him in.

"I'm glad you came, Mosher," he said. "You're just the man I wanted to see. Look here, have you ever seen this stuff before?" And he showed him a pile of clothing ranging all the way from men's boots to men's hats. "That old Indian, Honest Pete, brought them to me an hour ago. Said he found them cached in the woods back of his place. I wanted to show them to you myself before those two dern fools from Fredericton got a hold of them."

Mosher stared. It was the identical clothing that had been taken from the shop three nights before. He made a hasty comparison with an inventory in his notebook. There were missing only a complete suit of clothes, a hat, shirt, and coat.

"And see what I have here, Doctor." He thrust his hand in his pocket and held out a dirty, brown, dried-up apple core.

"Why, what about that?"

"Take it, Doctor. Look it over carefully. I found that underneath the back window after those detectives had examined the place for the third time. See, see there—the teeth marks." The doctor looked closely.

"Well, by thunder! who in this place has three front teeth missing but Adam Beazley? I'd swear he made those imprints. Did you have any apples out the night of the robbery?"

"Yes, we had a full barrel open for display. I noticed Tuesday it had been disturbed since I'd locked up."

The J. P.'s eyes glittered. "Perhaps we'll fool those smart-alecks yet. Where is Beazley?"

"He left town two days ago. His brother told me that when the detectives came down, Adam became alarmed, thinking they were after him for that affair of his with Maisie Slo-

kum, and fled. His brother said to keep it quiet but he thought he had gone to Bingham."

The apple core was all the evidence needed. The men returned the next day with Beazley, who in his supposed security, was found wearing the missing suit. Though he protested he had just bought it in Saint John, he gave up when his mouth and teeth were found to synchronize with the indentations in the innocent little apple core, and confessed he had hidden the goods until the investigation was over when he would pawn the stuff in Halifax. He added that he couldn't see now why he had ever been afraid of those detectives.

"Adam Beazley," said Justice of the Peace Gates after the jury had returned its verdict of "Guilty," "Thousands of years ago the original Adam ate an apple, and gave the fact away by straightway making for some clothes. A few days ago you ate an apple and gave the fact away by also walking for some clothes. You both lost out on your alibis. You remember, perhaps, his punishment; he was banished. Well, the same to you. One year at hard labor."

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





Science



DARK SPOTS WITH DRASTIC SIGNIFICANCE.

Last Sunday morning, while perusing the newspaper with the thoroughness that the leisure of that day can alone afford, I chanced upon a short article dealing with the existing prevalence of spots on the sun. The writer informed me that if I took a piece of smoked glass and looked through it at the sun, I should have no difficulty in distinguishing these spots, which are no less than 115,000 miles in breadth. Being of a rather curious turn of mind, I immediately went outside and did as directed; and there, sure enough, were the spots, appearing even larger than I had expected. It seemed to me that I remembered, vaguely, having heard of these phenomena before, in connection with economic depression, with wheat crops, and with atmospheric conditions, but up to this time they had contained very little interest for me. Now, however, all was changed. Nothing would satisfy me but further information, and I decided to take the matter to my friend, the professor, who lives just across the street. Luckily, I found him at home.

Like the typical professor of science, my friend was a live wire and, although this subject was a little out of his sphere, he always managed to keep posted on any matter of importance in the scientific world. As soon as I broached the subject, his intelligent face lighted up with interest.

“Do you mean to say,” he demanded, with evident surprise “you know nothing of sun spots? Why, they have been known to exist, by the Chinese, ever since the third century of our era. Recently I made a study of the history of these strange phenomena, and I found records of their observation between the years 301 and 1205 A. D. Indeed, magnetism, now known to be an invariable attribute of sun spots, was first discovered in China. However, our real knowledge began with the observations made by Galileo and his contemporaries

in 1610; while the discovery that rendered possible the detection of their magnetism, in any definite degree, was not made until 1896.

"In order to understand the sun in its various moods," the professor went on, settling himself more deeply in his chair, 'we should have to reproduce on the earth all the phenomena that occur on its far away surface. This is practically impossible, so we must depend on the general laws of mechanics and physics to guide us in our research work. You likely know that the body of the sun consists of uncombined gases and that the minimum temperature, found at the surface, is some 2000°C above the boiling point of carbon. This surface region of the sun, which yields a continuous spectrum, is termed by scientists the photosphere, and it is there that the sun spots occur."

"But what," I interjected impatiently, "causes these spots? Of what do they exist? I don't—"

"Just a moment," replied the unperturbed professor; checking me. "I am coming to that. If, in your observation this morning," he continued, "you had been able to use the telescope on Mt. Wilson observatory, instead of the simple piece of smoked glass, you would have observed that each spot shows a more or less ring-shaped circle of light, called the penumbra, enclosing a darker area, called the umbra; the latter, which looks black beside the photosphere, is actually as brilliant as limelight. In the shape of the spots there is neither rule nor permanence. They are continually changing, and this fact, more than anything else, makes it very difficult to get any exact information regarding them. Dynamic is the one word that characterizes them.

"During the last century, two important theories were advanced regarding the nature of sun spots. Wilson claimed that they were vast hollows in the photosphere, while Sir John Herschel, in his vortex theory, suggested that they might be vast whirling storms, analogous to terrestrial cyclones or tornadoes. Then in 1892, the spectroheliograph was developed, an instrument that greatly aided students of the sun. Close

upon its heels came the use of hydrogen light, and scientists were at least able to accomplish something definite.

"A few years ago—in the year 1908, to be exact—Dr. G. E. Hale, of Mt. Wilson observatory, by means of the spectrum, definitely established Herschel's theory, and found that the storms were gigantic, often attaining a magnitude greater than that of the earth. He found that the expansion of the hot solar gases, caused by the centrifugal action of the whirl, cools them sufficiently to produce the appearance of a dark cloud—our friend, the sun spot. Dr. Hale was also the first one to detect signs of magnetic fields in the whirling storms, due, he claims, to the whirl of electrified particles in the vortex. This phenomenon may be likened to the effect produced on the field of an electromagnet when a current of electricity sends millions of electrons whirling through its wire coils. The magnetic field in a sun spot may still be very easily recognized by the effect it produces on the lines in a spectrum. This instrument

"Will you please tell me," I once more interjected, impatiently, for the professor was becoming a bit technical, "what effects if any, the sun spots have on us as individuals, or upon the world in general? I think I have read somewhere that this is so."

"Certainly," he responded, cheerfully. "Professor Huntington, of Yale, who has gone into the subject of sun spots and their effect on the climate of the earth very carefully, holds the theory that glacial epochs and lesser disturbances of the earth's climate are largely due to synchronous disturbances in the sun's atmosphere. He does not stop there, however, but goes on further to contend that sun spots may in their turn be caused by the approach or the increased activity of certain stars. He reasons from the fact that if any one star flares up it arouses corresponding excitement in all others within range. All the stars and the sun, you know, are in radio communication with one another.

"Now, the star that is nearest the earth is Alpha Centauri, in the Centaur constellation. It is only twenty-five trillion miles away, and light from it reaches us in about four years.

Astronomers tell us that Alpha Centauri has a period of increased activity every eighty-one years, and that they have observed a large increase in sun spots in conjunction with this activity. It is significant that records kept of solar disturbances during the last two centuries show a period of high solar activity in 1794 and also one in 1875. Another period began in 1914 and may be expected to end about 1956.

"History," the professor continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "gives us a gentle reminder of the activity of Alpha Centauri. In the years preceeding 1388, when our closest friend was most active, Europe was a very uncomfortable place to live in. There were droughts and floods, famines and freezing. The Baltic was frozen so that horse sleighs could cross from Germany to Sweden; and the Danube and the Rhine sometimes inundated the cities on their banks and sometimes nearly dried up.

"Another significant fact is that Alpha Centauri was nearest the earth 28,000 years ago, the date fixed by geologists as the end of the last Great Ice Age. The proximity of Alpha Centauri may have had something to do with the spell of cold weather which almost froze out the human race. We have no grounds to fear, now, in respect to this star, for it is now leaving us at the rate of thirteen miles a second. According to Professor Huntington, however, Sirius is due in this vicinity in 65,000 years, from which we might expect another such period of cool weather.

"To return to sun spots," my friend reverted, "for all this is more or less of a depression, I might add that climatic conditions are not the only things affected by an increase of sun spots. Having established this, however, it is easy to see how crops are endangered, and how poor crops bring on periods of economic depression. Let us take, as an illustration, the case of wheat rust. The years in which the most severe wheat rusts were evident were 1867, 1878, and 1889, making an eleven year interval, which is the minimum length of sun spot periods. Changes in sun spots are closely related to changes in atmospheric conditions and consequently to changes in rainfall. The development of fungus is dependent, to a great extent, on rain-

fall. Thus it happens that rust is prevalent in excessive periods of rainfall. Rust brings about a failure of crops, which in turn brings on a period of economic depression. Besides this, variation in compasses and the increased activity of volcanoes and earthquakes are also attributed to sun spots. The reason your radio has been a bit off-color, of late, is due to the intensity of polar auroras, caused by disturbances in the solar atmosphere."

I was surprised—in fact, almost dumfounded. What could not be attributed to this amazing peculiarity of nature, whose effects were practically ubiquitous?

"The strangest thing of all, in connection with sun spots," I heard the professor's voice go on to say, "is the theory held by the Abbé Th. Moveux, director of the Bourges observatory, who claims that wars are magnetic. He has compounded data to show the correspondence of the periods of maximum sun spots and the periods of war. The increased magnetic influence he claims, seriously affects the nervous system of the race, a fact which he has proved by long experiment with individuals. The Abbé's theory, though a long leap, is nevertheless interesting. In 1910 he warned scientific men to look out for the approaching sun spot maximum. Now, after the Great War, he warns us again that another maximum will occur in 1928. We can only wait and let time prove or disqualify the truth of his contentions. It is—"

Burr-r-r-r-r! The telephone call was for me, urging my presence at home immediately, and so, reluctantly, I was forced to leave. As I walked slowly across the street pondering over what I had just heard, I was struck by a sudden thought. How much there really is for me to learn about the multitude of interesting things that are going on around me every day!

A. R. D., '26.

TEA

The tea-plant, which belongs to the *Camellia* family of vegetation, is a native of the Far East; but there is considerable difference of opinion as to whether China or India has the honor of being its homeland. There are several varieties of the plant, the principal being the Assam and the China. According to certain statements made by ancient Chinese authors, the tea-plant was growing in the Celestial Empire as early as about 2700 B. C. Moreover, there is a Japanese legend which credits China with being the home of the tea-plant. India, on her side, cannot produce any legendary or historical evidence to support her claim, that hers is the honor of being the original home of this plant. Her claims are based chiefly on the fact that the tea-plant has been found growing wild in the Province of Assam, occupying large tracts of primeval country. No tea plants have been found growing wild in China. The variety of the tea-plant commonly known as "China" has been carefully compared by experts with the principal variety of the plant that was found growing wild in the Assam forests. As a result, the expert opinion has been expressed that the "China" variety is probably the Assam variety, changed almost beyond recognition as such, by centuries of over-cultivation, hard pruning, and rough plucking. Therefore it would seem that a Chinaman must have penetrated the forests of Assam, discovered the tea plant, and introduced it into his native land. For a long time India was ignorant of the treasure that nature had given her and actually began to experiment in the cultivation of tea with seeds and plants imported from China. To China belongs the honor of discovering that a beverage could be made from the tea-plant. At what date she found tea could be made into a beverage is not known, but she certainly learnt how to use tea as early as the fourth century, B. C., for a Chinese author writing at this period speaks of a beverage that could be produced by steeping the leaves of the tea-plant in hot water.

A very natural question arises as to how people found out tea contained any nourishments. No one really knows, we just have to imagine. Perhaps years and years ago some peo-

ple were travelling through the dense forests of Assam, their provisions were low and in desperation ate these leaves which yielded them some refreshment or maybe, the discovery was made by an enterprising savage. In similarly romantic surroundings, and under the stimulus of hunger, thirst, desire for comfort, or curiosity, were discovered many of the raw materials that are the foundation of some of the world's great industries.

The honor of teaching the world to drink tea belongs to China. The beverage became popular in that country during the sixth century, A. D., but it was not till in the sixteenth century that Europe began to sample it. Tea first came to Great Britain from China, in the early part of the seventeenth century, and fetched ten guineas per pound. By 1660, England had so far acquired a taste for tea that the beverage was served in London coffee-houses. In 1664 the English East India Company sent a present of some tea to Queen Catherine, wife of Charles II.; so kindly did she take to the new drink that Society began to patronize it, and it became a fashionable drink. Only the wealthy classes could afford to be fashionable, for tea was then costing about \$14.00 per pound. During the next hundred years larger quantities were imported from China, and as it became less of a novelty, the price fell. The rapid rise of tea to popularity dates only from about the middle of the last century. The supply then began to increase by leaps and bounds, and the price to fall, as a result of the British Empire entering into competition with China in the matter of tea-growing. The first British tea plantations were laid out in India in 1833, and by 1854 Indian tea had won considerable favor in British markets. India's success induced other British colonies to plant tea, and the annual output of the product by all the competitors became astoundingly large, the selling price was brought down by competition among the growers, and the demand grew not only because tea could be purchased cheaply, but because people of many nationalities and all classes rapidly learnt to appreciate both the flavor and the beneficial properties of tea as a beverage.

In many parts of the world the virgin lands suitable for

tea cultivation are covered with jungle. Whenever a tract of such land is going to be put under cultivation of tea, a clearing has to be made. First the undergrowth is cut away, then the trees are felled. A bonfire is made of the great mass of unwanted vegetation. As soon as the clearing has had time to cool, the stumps are extracted and hoeing and path-cutting are begun. The paths are narrow tracks and sometimes are wide enough to be called a road. The paths divide the land into plots and do a little towards helping the people to move about. The difficulties of making tracks on an estate is very serious as often they are situated at an elevation from 3000 to 6500 feet. When the clearing has been made, the tea-plants are brought from an open-air-nursery and set out with about four feet between them. The young tea plants are reared from seed, in a nursery cradled in a valley near a stream. The tea bush is a flowering shrub. When in bloom, it has numbers of little white or flesh-colored blossoms, which scent the air with a delicate perfume. These give place to fruit, which is of a globular form, and has three compartments. In each compartment there is usually a single seed. Plants grown for seed are kept apart from those grown for leaves, and are encouraged to flower according to their natural habit, instead of being trained to produce a compact and wide area of foliage.

The pruning operation is a most important part of the cultivation. The first pruning is generally done when the plants are about two feet high; they are then about two years old and have taken firm root in the ground. They are generally pruned about once a year, so as to keep them from two to three feet high. To keep the plants healthy the ground has to be covered with "green" manure, sulphate of potash and then another layer of "green" manure. The tea plant is very dependent for health and strength on food and drink. It has a long tap root which descends eight or ten feet into the ground, which plays no particular part in feeding the plant except in times of drought. The plant requires a considerable amount of water, but it objects to living in a swamp. For this reason tea is grown on hill sides where there is no danger of having the water stand among the roots. The food that the tea plant re-

quires is nitrogen, potash, lime and phosphoric acid. Often certain trees are planted among the tea bushes to provide the soil continuously with a mild tonic—they also serve to shield the bushes from the wind.

The harvest has to be gathered from the young leaf shoots, and from these, only the top must be nipped off at a particular spot. "Fine plucking" means the bud and first two leaves, "medium plucking" the bud and three leaves, and coarse plucking" is made just below the fourth leaf. The bud gives the tip, which is the finest tea. From the youngest and tenderest leaves the "Pekoe" class of tea is made. The young leaf-shoots are called the "flush." The first flush is the original growth; the second flush is the growth from the axis between the leaf and stalk on the first shoot that has had its leaf nipped off; the third flush shoots out from the decapitated second, and so on. The first flush is ready for plucking when the plant is about three years old, and by regular pruning and plucking, a new flush of any bush will reach plucking size in from eight to twelve days.

Tea leaves harbor various ingredients which make the beverage that can be obtained from them a pleasant and refreshing drink. Foremost amongst such ingredients are an essential oil, which gives the drink its flavor, and an alkaloid known as theine, which gives to the beverage its stimulating power. The object of subjecting the natural leaves to a process of manufacture is to preserve these ingredients, and to make it possible to extract their best qualities quickly and simply.

The first process the tea leaves have to go through is withering. In bright, dry weather the leaves are withered by the sun; in wet weather they undergo a hot-air treatment. This makes them pliable so they will not break up during the next process, which is rolling. Here the withered leaves are bruised to enable the cell juices to become mixed. The roll machines give a curl-like twist to them. During the rolling process, the green leaves turn yellowish and get stuck together. The roll-breaking machines scatter them and make them separate. In connection with the breaking machine there is a sieve which

separates the finest leaves from the coarser ones. At the fermentation stage, the most critical point in tea manufacture has been reached. The leaves have to be oxidized, i. e., they are moistened with water and are thinly spread on a floor made of some glazed material in a position where the air has free access to them. During this stage the leaves turn copper colored. It is of the utmost importance that the oxidation should be thorough, if it is either over done or under done, the tea is spoiled.

When the leaves are sufficiently oxidized they are baked dry or "fired." When the leaves come out of the oven they are black. The modern furnaces have ovens fitted with traveling trays whereby the leaves are carried automatically through a large hot-air chamber.

The tea has already been divided into two classes by the sifters attached to the roll-bearing machine, fine and coarse. The sifting machines, with sieves that have meshes of many different sizes, sort the main classes into many sections. The leaves going thru the mesh tests are the first class Pekoe teas, while those not passing thru, are cut up by a breaking machine and graded as "Broken" Pekoe. After the assortment the tea is once more fired. Bulking is the next process by which batches of tea of the same grade are mixed together so as to produce a large supply of uniform quality. This is done by arranging many baskets of tea, of one grade, in a circle around a thick canvas sheet, which is spread on the floor in the packing room of the factory. The contents of the baskets are then tilted on to the sheet in a heap, and the heap is well shovelled inside out and outside in. Now the tea is prepared for packing. It is packed into lead lined, wooden chests and is ready to start on its way to the market.

E. B. C., '28.

THE DIGESTION OF A PIECE OF CUSTARD PIE

The pleasant taste of a piece of custard pie will make most anybody's mouth water. But few of us ever stop to think what changes it goes through before it is all utilized.

The cause for our mouths watering, as we commonly call it, is the flow of saliva from the salivary glands which contain two starch splitting enzymes, ptyalin and maltase, but they doubtless do not act in mastication, on account of the starch from the flour being covered with a film of fat.

The piece of pie will therefore pass down the oesophagus unchanged into the fundic part of the stomach. The food entering the stomach activates the flow of gastric lipase which acts on the emulsified fats from the milk and the yolk of the eggs.

The protein from the milk and eggs is acted upon by pepsin and rennin, two protein splitting enzymes in the stomach. Pepsin is secreted as pepsinogen which is converted into pepsin by the hydrochloric acid in the stomach.

The rennin in the stomach coagulates the milk protein into an insoluble substance coesin and the proteins are changed by the action of pepsin into peptons and proteases.

When the acidity of the stomach reaches a certain point the chyme passes through into the small intestines. Here it stimulates the flow of pancreatic and other intestinal juices which carry with them different enzymes.

The prosecretin from the intestinal juices is changed into secretin by the acidity that enters the intestines with the chyme and this stimulates the flow of pancreatic juice which contains fat splitting enzymes, steapsin and tripsinogen.

The fats that cover the proteins and carbohydrates, as well as the free fats are broken up in the intestine by the action of steapsin from the pancreatic juice into fatty acids and glycerine. The fatty acids undergo a process of saponification, due to the alkali present in the intestines and are changed into soaps, carbon dioxide, and water.

The bile, secreted from the liver enters the intestine through the pancreatic duct; and it is here stimulated by the pre-

sence of the chyme. It has a reduction effect on the surface tension between the oily particles and water and helps with absorption of the fatty acids and soap through the intestinal wall into the lymphatic system.

During the passage of the soaps and glycerine through the intestinal wall a resynthesing takes place and body fat is formed, which is different from the fats taken into the body. From here the fat travels through the lymph vessels of the mesentry into the blood stream and thence to the various tissues of the body, where it is subject to three different fates. It may be oxidized into heat and energy, may be stored in the connective tissues as reserve fuel, or it may enter into a complex combination with various proteins compounds thus being converted with proteins into various types of cellular protoplasm.

The carbohydrates from the sugar, flour and milk are acted upon by enzymes from the intestinal and pancreatic juices.

Amolopsin from the pancreatic juice converts the starch from the flour into dextrine and maltose.

From the intestinal juices we get maltose which hydrolyzes maltose into a monosoccharid. The sucrose from the sugar is converted into a monosoccharid by the action of sucrase or invertose and the lactose from the milk is changed by the action of loctose into a monosoccharid. and as such they are absorbed through the intestinal walls and here they pass into the capillaries of the blood vessels which surround these organs, and thence into the blood stream which conveys them to the liver, here they are either stored as glycogen or the glycogen is converted into glucose by an enzyme, and carried by the blood system to the muscles tissues.

The proteins from the flour, milk, and eggs, are changed by the action of pepsin and rennin in the stomach to peptones and proteoses and when the chyme enters the intestines the enzymes from the pancreatic and intestinal juices come into play. Trypsin secreted in the form of tripsinogen from the pancreatic juice and made active by enterokinase from the intestinal juices on the peptones and proteoses and changes them with simpler compounds, and thence into amino acids.

Erepsin from the pancreatic juice acts on some proteins that

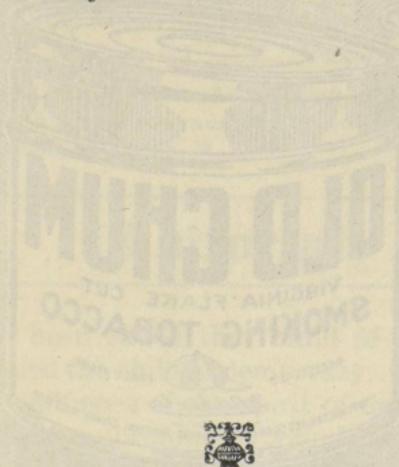
trypsin does not break up, and in a similar manner forms amino acids, and in this form they are absorbed and carried into the blood stream. From here the amino acids go to the liver and after passing through it they are carried to the different activating tissues of the body.

The excess supply of amino acids are deaminized and form chiefly urea and uric acid and pass from the body as constituents of urine.

The water in the pie acts as a stimulant in helping the flow of saliva and gastric juices and is absorbed through the large intestine.

Thus we have one piece of custard pie utilized in the different parts of the body.

L. I. P., '27.



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Editorial



Acadia has been called the "child of Providence." She might also be called the child of democracy. Her founders were under the full influence of the spirit of democracy. Their interests were religious, profoundly religious but it was in the name of democracy that they set their hand to the great task. No doubt it was religious democracy, but that does not alter its significance. Smarting under the injustice of religious disabilities they resolved to establish an institution of higher learning untrammelled by sectarian tests. So Acadia—the child of Providence, and the child of democracy—came into the world. In the long years since then the term democracy has come to have a fuller content and a wider application, and it may be well to ask whether Acadia has remained true to her native spirit.

Walter Hines Page defined democracy as "the unchanging and unchangeable resolve that every human being shall have

his opportunity for his utmost development, his chance to become and to do the best that he can." The question is, does Acadia hold that resolve in regard to every student within her walls?

In the first place, what is the democratic significance of the courses of study offered in the college calendar? For some years courses have been offered leading to the degree of B. A. and to the degree of B. Sc., and also a two years applied science course. This means an opportunity for those who desire a general education, for those who are more especially interested in the sciences, and for those whose bent is toward engineering. With the addition of new courses, providing for specialization in other departments, the curriculum is becoming still more democratic. There have recently been added courses leading to the degree of B. A. in Theology, and to the degree of B. Sc. in Household Economics. So the door of opportunity swings wider, admitting many to hitherto unattainable fields. Gradually, as she is able, Acadia is attempting to give to every student his chance to do his best in whatever field best suits his talents and his inclinations.

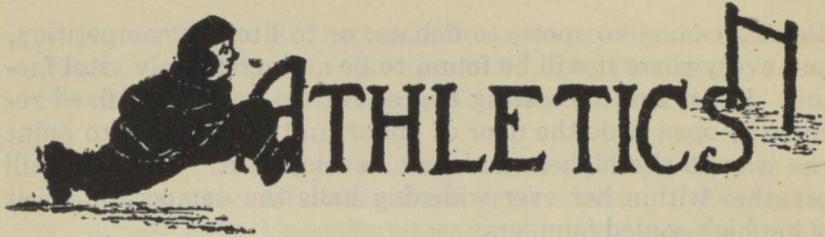
Secondly, what is the place of the individual in the conduct of student affairs? Student government, which is embodied in the Students Union, is thoroughly democratic. Everyone is free to express opinion and to cast his vote on every action of the student body. The positions of responsibility and authority are open to all who prove themselves worthy of these high offices. The same holds true within each class and within each society.

But a question arises in the mind of the observer. In what way does the term democratic apply to the position of the Freshman, especially during his first term? Perhaps its application has seemed doubtful, but with the abolition of hazing, of a public stunt day, and of other practices which have in the past been questioned, the spirit of democracy is making itself felt. When this spirit fully permeates the formation of the rules governing the lower class, democracy will have come to its own in student government.

The test of democracy may be applied to every phase of

life at Acadia—to sport, to debate, or to literary competition, and everywhere it will be found to be an increasingly vital factor. In an ever increasing degree Acadia holds that fixed resolve to open wide the door of opportunity to all, and to point the way to the highest and best development. So there still breathes within her ever widening halls the democratic spirit of her high-souled founders.

Two literary A's have been awarded this month. We congratulate O. T. Rumsey and A. R. Dunlap, both of the class of '26. Mr Rumsey's contributions have been confined more especially to the department of poetry and his poems have always shown the marks of deep and careful thought. Mr. Dunlap has been a contributor to almost every department, and as a result of his diligence in writing has set a record for speed in acquiring units. We rejoice with these two in their winning of the coveted A., but we are exceedingly sorry to lose their valuable material for the *Athenaeum*.



Feb '26

The Athletic activities of the past month have neither been very numerous nor very important. We have had no intercollegiate games since the end of the football season; the sports being confined to interclass basketball competition, which was played off before the Christmas vacation.

In the boys' league, the championship was captured by the Juniors. The best games were those between the Seniors, Juniors, and Freshmen. Owing to certain unfortunate complications the Senior team was barred from the championship honors, but was able to defeat the champion team of the Juniors in exhibition games, without difficulty. In the girls league we were furnished with a series of very interesting and closely contested games. The Seniors carried off the championship honors, with the juniors a close second in the race. Senior, Junior, and Freshette games were most interesting. Probably the best game in the series was the Senior vs. Junior game; it was very closely contested from start to finish. The Seniors won through the superior shooting of their forwards, having very little advantage in the floor work.

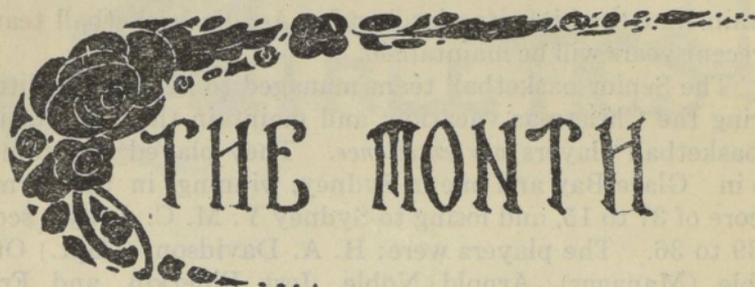
The interclass series of basketball are played largely for the purpose of getting a line on the best material for intercollegiate teams. Judging from the material discovered along with that already proven, we should have a very successful basketball season this year.

The college basketball practices are now underway; there are fairly good numbers turning out for both teams, yet more would be very acceptable. Miss Annie Doherty is captain of the co-eds team this year. Mr. H. A. Davidson is captain of

the boys' team Otto Noble is business Manager. We feel certain that the high standard set by Acadia basketball teams in recent years will be maintained.

The Senior basketball team managed to keep in condition during the Christmas vacation, and maintain their reputation of basketball players *par excellence*. They played two games, one in Glace Bay and one in Sydney, winning in the former a score of 37 to 15, and losing to Sydney Y. M. C. A. by a score of 39 to 36. The players were: H. A. Davidson, (Capt.) Otto Noble (Manager), Arnold Noble, Jost Elderkin, and Fred Wright.

Our attention is now becoming divided between basketball and hockey. The boys are practising very industriously with the puck. As yet no regular coach has been appointed, but it is rumored that Prof. Norman Rogers is going to demonstrate the proper method of placing the puck in the net. Mr. F. W. Wright is again captain of the team and is ably assisted by no less a personage than Mr. A. L. Neal as business manager. Mr. Neal has drawn up a good programme for the hockey season, in which he has arranged for several practice games, which should result in turning the best possible team for Acadia. We are sorry to learn that some of our best players intend to play on other teams this season. This means that they will not be able to give all their time and energy to making our team a success.



THE MONTH

CLASS OFFICERS

The various classes have nominated class officers and the elections have taken place. The following are the class officers for the ensuing term:

Senior

Pres.—R. B. Curry.
 Vice-Pres.—Serena True.
 Sect'y.—Mary Currie.
 Treas.—Arnold Noble.

Junior

Pres.—R. D. Johnson.
 Vice-Pres.—Mary A. Bishop.
 Sect'y.—Janet Murray.
 Treas.—Benjamin Gullison.

Sophomore

Pres.—Percy Bishop.
 Vice-Pres.—Eleanor Harris.
 Sect'y.—Annie McLachlan.
 Treas.—H. Fenwick.

Freshmen

Pres.—James Baker.
 Vice-Pres.—Miriam Duffy.
 Sect'y.—Dorothy Powell.
 Treas.—Gilbert Titus.

FRESHMAN-FRESHETTE DEBATE

The Freshmen, thinking to steal a "march" on the upper classes and learn the art of debating among themselves, held a Freshman-Freshette debate in Room A on Nov. 30. The subject was "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished." The freshettes, Virginia McLean, Mary Chase and Miriam Duffy, supporting the affirmative of the resolution, gained the decision. The boys were represented by Fleming, Sharpe and Ross.

Linton gave a critics report.

SING

A number of the Tully girls, feeling socially inclined, invited an equal number of boys to a Sing in Tully Club-room on Sunday evening, Jan. 10. A special feature of the evening was a solo, "Teach Me To Pray," by Helen Simms. When some of the voices had become weary, refreshments were served. If one is to judge by the reports a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND PARTY

A delightful party was given in Parish Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 11, to which all Church of England college boys and girls, Sems and Cads were invited. The party was very informal and a general good time was enjoyed.

POETRY GROUP.

There has been only one meeting of the Poetry Group during the month. This one, however, proved well worth while. Charles Allaby '28 addressed the meeting, taking as his subject "The Technique of Poetry." He pointed out the necessities of good poetry and went thru the various forms. The whole address proved to be highly interesting.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The week of Dec. 14, being a very full one, the Dramatic

Society felt that there was no time to prepare any kind of party, except a Theatre Party. Consequently a Theatre Party was held, and the members of the Dramatic Society, as well as the Engineers and Enginettes enjoyed "The Freshman." After the show, refreshments were partaken of at Mr. Newcombe's, by all except the members of the cast of the College Play, who hurried away to a belated play practise.

The chaperones were Prof. Howald and Miss Vivian Vaughn.

On Thurs. Dec. 17, the Dramatic Society gave its first production in University Hall of "The Goose Hangs High", a Comedy Drama under the direction of Miss Olah M. Teabeaut.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Bernard Ingals—Charles Allaby '28,
 Eunice Ingalls—Olive Archibald '26.
 Lois Ingalls—Mary Bishop '27.
 Bradley Ingalls—Harold Sipprell '27.
 Noel Derby—James Baker '29.
 Leo Day—Carl Messenger '27.
 Julia Murdock—Grace Perry '27.
 Mrs. Bradley—Helen Simms '27.
 Hugh Ingalls—John Woodworth '27.
 Ronald Murdock—Vincent White '29.
 Dagmar Carroll—Marguerite Milner '28.
 Elliott Kimberley—Theodore Taylor '28.

During the Christmas holidays the players went on tour, and presented their play in Truro, ^{Sackville} Moncton, Fredericton, St. John and Kentville.

LITTLE THEATRE GUILD

In the presence of a large audience, the initial performance of the Little Theatre Guild took place on Friday, Nov. 27, in University Hall. Five one-act plays, written, directed and played by the five members of the Guild were presented. Before the presentation of the program, Dr. Rhodenizer gave a

talk on the inception and development of the Little Theatre Guild in America and other countries. The stringed orchestra of Acadia Conservatory of Music rendered selections between acts and Miss Langley, director of the orchestra, and Miss Grace Perry gave a violin duet.

The characters of the play "For the Empire", directed by the author, G. D. H. Hatfield, were taken by Charles Allaby, Harold Sipprell, Ardis Whitman and Olive Archibald.

"The Lost Queen" was written by Olive Archibald and directed by Ardis Whitman. Those who took the roles were O. Archibald, Ted Taylor and Lydia Miller.

A. R. Dunlap's play "Gold" was directed by G. D. H. Hatfield and acted by Hatfield, Coy, Dunlap and Allaby.

"The Red Shawl" written by C. R. Gould was played by Mary Bishop, Ardis Whitman, Lloyd Jenkins and Fenton Elliot.

The last play presented was "We Wives" written by Ardis Whitman, and played by Douglas Gordon, Elizabeth Murray, Doane Hatfield, and Barbara Walker.

The Little Theatre Guild held a meeting on Friday, Dec. 11. A five-minute speech was given by each of the five members on some subject, closely affecting the Little Theatre Movement.

MR. JUSTICE M. A. McDONALD.

One of the outstanding events of the past month was the lecture of Mr. McDonald, of the Court of Appeals of the Supreme Court of British Columbia. His address was on "Pacific Problems" and he, knowing the west and its public life intimately, was well fitted to address on this subject, which is becoming graver as time goes on. A large audience listened to the address and many enlightening facts were learned.

SENIOR CORRIDOR PARTY.

A very elite party was held on the evening of Dec. 16, when each splendid young swain of Senior Corridor of the College

Women's Residence escorted his fair lady of the same Corridor of the same Residence to a fancy ball in Room 22, which was cleared and decorated for the occasion. A fine orchestra was in attendance and dancing was indulged in, after which dainty refreshments were served, and gifts, not exceeding .05c in value, were distributed to each guest, from the Xmas tree. The party came to an end at a modest hour after much merry-making had been enjoyed.

ENGINEERS' PARTY

The engineers' feeling that they needed some form of gaiety indulged in a Theatre Party, on Dec. 14., enjoying Harold Lloyd's "The Freshman." After the picture they made their way to Room A and games and Tucker were enjoyed. Frieda Smofsky gave a piano solo and an orchestra was in attendance. After refreshments had been served, the party came to an end, everyone having had a good time.

Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock were chaperones.

SOPH PARTY

Something new in the line of class parties was staged by the Sophmores in Room A on Friday evening, Dec. 11. The room was beautifully transformed by holiday decorations, and a Xmas tree, upon which was a gift for every member of the class and for the chaperones, Prof. and Mrs. Jeffrey. A novel entertainment was prepared with refreshments as part of the program. It was declared to be, (by the Sophs, of course) the best party ever.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

The activities of Le Cercle Francais during the past month have been limited to a few business meetings. It was the intention of the club to give their "Annual French Night" before the Xmas recess, but owing to the rush of events, this has been postponed until the second term.

IMPERIAL DEBATE

On Jan. 12, a very large audience had the privilege of listen-

ing to a close debate between three representatives of Acadia University and three representatives of the universities of the British Isles. The visiting debaters were A. E. Molson, Oxford University; R. Munn-May, Birmingham University and T. P. McDonald, Edinburgh University. Our own college was represented by R. B. Curry, F. S. Crossman and R. B. Swim. The subject under debate was "Resolved that the Protocol is Worthy of the Support of Great Britain and her dominions." The visiting team defended the affirmative resolution. The argument on both sides were well thought out and well presented. The judges gave a 2-1, decision in favor of the Imperial team.

Immediately following the debate a pleasing banquet was tendered the debaters by the University. Speeches were given by the judges, by Prof. Rogers, in behalf of the University, and by Mr. Curry, leader of the Acadia team and Mr. Molson, leader of the Imperial team.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

The Annual Christmas Dinner was held at Tully Tavern on Saturday, Dec. 19. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, the new members of the faculty, Karl Mason, and the Seniors living in town.

PROPYLAEUM

At the meeting of the Propylaeum Society on Monday 23, the entertainment was in the hands of the Sophettes. The programme which ran as follows, revealed in its 4th number, some startling facts to the Freshettes.

1. Playette.
2. Synopsis (given by Connie Barteaux)
3. Pantomine.
4. Reflections.

The critic's report was given by Dot Dakin.

The regular meeting of the Propylaeum Society was held

in Room A4 on Dec. 14. The programme consisted of a debate between the Sophettes and Freshettes on "Resolved that poverty is more an occasion and provocation for crime than wealth" The Sophettes, debating the negative side of the question, were upheld by Emily Moore, Annie McLaughlin and Cora Davis, while the debaters for the Freshettes were Dot Dakin, Mary Chase and Dot Powell. The decision was given to the Sophettes.

Eva Marshall gave a witty critic's report.

Owing to the rush of events during that week the only available hour for Xmas Propylaeum was the unseemly one of 11 p. m., Dec. 17, immediately after the College Play. An interesting programme was presented: 1. solo, 2. Reading. 3 Twas the Night Before Xmas.

This was followed by Santa Claus who distributed gifts from the laden tree.

General Propylaeum was held Tuesday, Jan. 12. Clever programmes resembling little red sleds were passed around, and the entertainment was as follows:

Slide I.—Synopsis.

Slide II.—Male Quartette.

Slide III.—Reading.

Slide IV.—Tit for Tat.

Margaret Hutchins gave the critic's report. Margaret Freeman, chairman of the Debating Committee, brought in the report that the following girls had been selected to debate with Mt. A. in March: Serena True, (leader) Ella McMahan and Mary Bishop.

JOINT S. C. A.

The meetings of the Joint S. C. A. this month have been most interesting. On the evening of Nov. 25, we listened to a fine address from Robinson, one of our own students. This address was followed by a short song service.

The meeting of Dec. 2 took the form of a sing, in which everyone heartily joined and which was greatly enjoyed.

The speaker on Dec. 9 was DeLong who gave us a helpful

talk from the text, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me."

The meeting of Dec. 16 was given an inspiring address by Dr. McDonald, after which a short song service was enjoyed.

Another phase of the work of the S. C. A. was the collection taken to buy Xmas gifts for poor children of Morine mountains. A number of our members made a trip to the Mountain, shortly before Xmas, giving an entertainment and distributing gifts to the children.

GIRLS' S. C. A.

The girls' unit of the S. C. A., on Nov. 22 was addressed by Prof. Rogers who gave an enlightening talk on the Chinese situation. A solo, "Teach Me To Pray" by Helen Simms was a pleasing feature of the programme. The following Sunday Elizabeth Murray led in a discussion on China. A duet was sung by Meredith White and Ethel Schurman. On Dec. 6, the meeting took the form of a "sing," during which Sadie Newcombe played a violin solo, while on Dec. 13, Mr. Barss, returned missionary, spoke on "Woman's Place in India." At the meeting of Jan. 10, a pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Besides the regular meetings, study groups have been organized and interesting discussions are being held weekly.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

During the past month regular meetings have been held by the Student Volunteer Band and many interesting topics have been discussed. On Sunday, Nov. 22, Mr. Sleep spoke on "China." On Nov. 29, Mr. Robinson led a discussion on, "India." Mr. DeLong, who addressed the Band on Dec. 6 chose as his subject, "Africa". On the following Sunday, the discussion, on "South America," led by Stultz was most interesting, "intimate touches" being added to it by Miss Wilson, returned missionary from South America.

At the first meeting following the Xmas recess Ben Gullison gave a résumé of the book, "Faiths of Mankind", which is to be studied this term.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

Mr. Robinson, of the Sophomore class carried off the honors in the Annual Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest, held on Dec. 18, in University Hall. Mr. Robinson's subject was "The Book of Books." The one other speaker was Charles Allaby, also of the Sophomore class, who spoke on "Western Civilization."

The judges were Dr. McDonald, Dr. DeWolfe and Dr. Marshall.

ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

On Dec. 5, the Athenaeum Society met in Room A4. The program of the evening was to have been the Sophomore-Engineer Debate, but the debate was forfeited by the Engineers to the Sophs. The intercollegiate debaters were discussed and Curry, Crossman and Paul were chosen.

On Dec. 12, the Sophomore-Freshman Debate was held. The following subject was debated, "Resolved that United States was justified in excluding Japanese immigrants." The Sophomores, Fraser, Leslie and Black, supporting the negative, won. Roberts, Williams and Ross debated for the Freshmen.



This month on our well-filled exchange shelf we have had the opportunity of welcoming a few new publications in addition to the many magazines and papers already familiar to us.

Most of the monthly magazines are sincerely attempting to maintain a high literary standard, and this represents the real function of the college monthly as we understand it, after all. The news of college social and athletic events is little better than a mere record of university life. In the literary department, however, there is abundant opportunity to develop creative writing of permanent interest.

In the weekly newspaper, on the other hand, space is at a premium and as a result, we notice that there is a tendency to neglect literary material of enduring quality to feature news articles of a purely transient nature. Occasionally in the college newspaper the reader is delighted to come upon a little lyric of rare beauty—tacked inconspicuously, alas, in some small corner.....

However, we believe that we have reached the turning of the road and that a radical change in the content of the weekly newspaper will soon take place. Already the prophetic shadow is cast before our eyes, and we find the extreme east and the extreme west upholding the new movement. Dalhousie in Halifax is attempting sincerely to develop a literary weekly that will still be a newspaper, and is meeting with a large measure of success; while simultaneously in Vancouver, U. B. C., is independently making efforts in the same direction. We wish both universities success in their praiseworthy endeavors and,

in the meantime, hope that the time is not far distant when the literary talents of our sister universities will be given adequate opportunity for expression through the medium of a new type, the weekly literary newspaper.

MINNESOTA QUARTERLY

To review a magazine of as high a literary character as this one, is more than a pleasure, it is a privilege. Just what we might say about it we do not know for we can scarcely criticize it from the ordinary standard of a college magazine. For one hundred pages we gloried in the work of your contributors which could not but create a distinct impression of well-balanced literary excellence. Through it all we hesitate to discriminate between the comparative value of the different selections, but there was a subtle beauty in "The Youth who Loved the Moon" which gave it the first place in our minds. Short stories of more than ordinary value we found in abundance, while the humour in "On What to Say When Dying" was excellent. Poetry too occupied a prominent place. The crooning melody of the "Three Southern Songs" was perhaps only surpassed by the vivid imagery and mystic beauty of "Rain" and "Endings." Might we quote from "Rain."

' I can remember days—and nights—of rain, long since—
Rain dripping silver like slow music in the dark
And crushing fragrance from the sprays of blossomed
quince,
Or running in cool smoothness on an oak-tree's bark."

"At Random" can perhaps not be excelled for exquisite and poetical phraseology.

THE WILLOW PATH

The Willow Path, though it appears but occasionally, is one of our most valued exchanges especially from a literary point of view. On opening your Fall number we were first

struck by the well-written story, "Misplaced Goodness", and the genuine humor which it contained. Further examination revealed a wealth of poetry in this issue from which we would give our choice as "Southern Garden" and "October-Storm". We cannot but rejoice that such an excellent magazine as yours proves to be, can be run without reliance upon the fair sex for material'.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

The current issue of your paper comes to us with its usual wealth of literary material. In the November issue "Marie" is undoubtedly the best contribution and we might indeed say one of the best stories which it has been our pleasure to review this month. The Prize Essay in the December edition appealed to us very much and we liked the expression which we found in the poem "The Call". Might we suggest that a little more attention to the general departments of your paper might even it up a little better.

KINGS COLLEGE RECORD

"Ki-ye, Ki-ye, Ki-yippi, Ki-ye!"

Hail to the new *Record*, bigger and better than ever before! We hasten to extend our most hearty congratulations to the new editorial staff on the successful resuscitation of what we had feared was a rapidly expiring publication. The first number was delightful reading and was filled from cover to cover with the spirit of Kings. Especially would we commend the humorous essay "Epitaphs" and the very timely article "Roberts and the School of Poets." Kings certainly occupies an enviable position in the history of Canadian literature. The "Vox Popule" is a good idea and one rarely found in college monthlies. We feel compulsory lectures somewhat of a sore spot also. "Fare Please" was a clever sketch and evidences considerable powers of observation. In your Christmas number, we were particularly pleased with the article on Pauline

Johnson and the very interesting and informing "Charles Dickens and Halifax of the 40's." The delightful satire, "The Light Fantastic," added a lighter touch and helped to balance the magazine. But why not continue the excellent drawings that enhanced your first number? We thank you for your kind and appreciative critique on our publication. Constructive criticism such as yours is always welcome and most helpful. Congratulations, Kings, may you experience the best year yet.

MANAGRA

Two numbers of this western magazine await reviewing on our exchange shelf. *Managra* has long enjoyed an enviable reputation for its "personal experience" articles, its joke department, and its thorough attention to college new and athletic events. Unfortunately, however, the more literary side of a college publication has been neglected, consequently, it was with considerable pleasure that we noted the announcement of prizes to encourage creative writing. Why not institute a series of awards leading to a literary distinction such as is in vogue in many of our eastern universities? The article "Panama" with its clear illustrations, the instructive and timely article "The Little Theatre," and the amusing "A Diamond—In the Rough" with its original cartoons are especially worthy of commendation.

"RED AND WHITE" (SAINT DUNSTAINS)

We were somewhat disappointed with your latest efforts and regretfully noticed a decided falling off in the quality of your literary material. However, "Epic and History" impressed us as a carefully thought out and well written article. "The Funny Man" was well up to form and the following so delighted us that we feel we must pass it on:

Hot Dogs
 Nine little doggies
 Sizzling on a plate,
 In came the boarders
 And then they were ate.

We thank you for your appreciation note on our magazine and would congratulate you on the excellence of your exchange department, a department that is neglected in too many cases.

OAKWOOD ORACLE

This is a well printed, fully illustrated magazine in which the various departments are equally well developed. The literary department is especially worthy of praise and would be a credit to any magazine. The romantic "Prince Roland," so delicately developed, is perhaps the best of the stories, while the two lyrics by I. M. J. are excellent and display a genuine talent for versification. Such beauty of phrase, striking imagery, and musical diction is rarely met with even in the work of much more experienced poets. We thought the original illustrations to the various stories both artistic and appropriate. Your French Department is a good idea and contains good material.

VOX LYCEI

The first thing which struck us on picking up your magazine was the most attractive cover design by Clark. Incidentally the same young artist has several excellent cartoons in this issue. This number which is dedicated to your Rifle Team has good news features which certainly make your magazine what the editorial in it professes it to be 'a complete and accurate account of what the school has accomplished'. Like many of your contemporaries, you conduct a good "Just for Fun" column. From the more serious literary standpoint we find "Tonight is Dreaming Night" one of the best longer poems which we have on our shelves this month. From the literary talent shown in the two short stories in your latest issue, we hope greater things from you in the future.

LUX GLEBANA

We welcome this new magazine to our college exchange

shelf. It is a neat volume, freely illustrated with photographs and cartoons, and contains a careful record of school events and athletic news together with a copious supply of "peppy" jokes, but an apparent lack of literary material. We would suggest that you round out your magazine by developing the literary department. The discovery of an original outburst of Latin in this enlightened twentieth century was nearly fatal—we can only stand such a shock once a year! It is doubtlessly an interesting literary gymnastic for anybody with a mind perverted enough to attempt such a feat, but why on earth put a premium on compositions in Latin? It would seem much more profitable to us to turn this mis-spent energy into another channel by encouraging the writing of both poetry and prose in our own rich mother-tongue.

"Nunc tamen interea haec, prisco, quae more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale."

SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

The Christmas issue of this magazine is particularly distinguished by the writeups on your various football teams. However there is some material of a more literary nature which we find very readable. "An Ideal" is good and we think "School Day Memories" descriptively humorous. Might we commend particularly your joke column which is interspered with several original and witty cartoons. We should like to see more strictly literary material and a better exchange department in your otherwise well-edited paper.

TECH FLASH

The well written character sketches were the main feature of your Fall edition and some of them presented old friends of ours in a new light. We are glad to note by the editorial that you intend to expand and improve your magazine in the near future. Here's luck.

ACADEMY LEAF

This paper represents a most commendable effort by the students of Windsor Academy. Primarily it is a newspaper reporting all scholastic activities in an interesting way and having an excellent humour department. We wish you luck in your new venture.

ARGOSY WEEKLY

The Argosy is one of our best weekly exchanges and we never lack for news of our friends at Mt. A. as long as we have the privilege of reading the columns of this paper. We noticed in the Nov. 21 issue that you have already started your Mock Parliament and we look forward to the time when Acadia will have one. As usual the sports department shows a capable editor and good work by the reporters.

The Christmas number is mainly taken up with biographies of your last year's graduating class. Amidst all the wealth of biographical material we found a little sketch by our old friend Geedee eulogizing "Fame". Geedee always has a smile or two to pass along and we thank him (or her as the case may be) for his latest contribution.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

A weekly which is always of interest to us, reporting as it does the activities of our nearest sister university. The news items are written in a snappy up-to-the-minute style and the editors are successful in working in a little literary material which adds much to the magazine. In your recent issues we liked the "Undergraduate's Dream" and found the thought content of the poem "Dawn" excellent. Your exchange reviews are worthy of praise. This is a department which we feel is too often overlooked in the college weeklies.

Again we note the stirring editorial in your Dec. 3rd issue under the caption "Wake up, Dalhousians." We hope that it *will* help in your efforts to make your paper paper "the very best".

XAVERIAN WEEKLY

The current issues of your magazine show a decided improvement over those which you published earlier in the fall and you seem to have plenty of contributed material to make the "Xaverian Weekly" the success that the old "Xaverian" was. We would pronounce the Dec. 19th issue as "the best yet" in which we took particular delight in the parody, "Elegy in a Country Barnyard."

MCGILL DAILY

We enjoy the McGill Daily, not only as a college paper but also as a daily newspaper which publishes news of cosmopolitan interest. We envy you Bliss Carman's visit to your campus. Poetry seems to take the main literary place in the "Daily" and we found the selections entitled "Encore la lune", "White Magic" and "They come not now" excellent. We also enjoyed the correspondence on "Maritime Rights" which seems to have provoked quite heated discussion at your University. We take this privilege of thanking you for reprinting a lyric from our magazine.

WESTERN U. GAZETTE

A weekly which shows plenty of pep and college spirit. Literary material seems to be entirely lacking but your timely editorials help to make up for this deficiency. We note with interest Ralph Connor's visit to your school and we were glad when you penetrated a mystery that had bothered us for some time—the names of the Imperial Debaters which appeared in your Christmas edition.

BLACK AND GOLD

This little paper is just reorganizing after three years of inactivity and we take this opportunity of extending our best wishes to the editorial staff. We hope that your paper may continue to find its way to our exchange shelf. As is usual in a paper which is just getting organized we find that the editorials are the best part of your material, that in your Nov. 16th issue

being especially apropos. We look for some literary material in the forthcoming numbers.

THE SHEAF

One of the newsiest of the weeklies that come to us out of the "great open spaces." Your Christmas number was very attractive and quite distinctive but it seems a pity that no attempt is made to encourage the contribution of literary material Dalhousie has proved that there is room in a weekly for such material. Why not follow her good example? We should also like to see an Exchange Department instituted in your paper.

THE GATEWAY

This is one of the best all round college weeklies on our exchange shelf. The various news departments are efficiently handled, the jokes are amazingly new, and the illustrations plentiful and excellent, but where are your budding literary geniuses? Are they completely crowded out? The very news write-ups themselves are of such high merit that they give evidence of a considerable talent in good prose writing, so why not give a vent to the pent up creative energy of Alberta? We thank you for reprinting a poem from the *Athenaeum*.

UBYSSEY

This bi-weekly from the Pacific coast represents the type of newsy college magazine. There is only a 'Literary Corner' but a short description on "The Temple of the Sun" which we found there, shows that you do not lack talent. However, we notice by your editorial that you also publish an Annual from which we expect great things. Another thing which took our attention was a sentence in the write-up on your Christmas plays which we can fully appreciate after our course in English 4. In your reference to the 'Second Shepherd's Play'—we found "It is a curious mixture of horseplay and religion, asininity and devoutness." The sketches of your Christmas plays were very fine. We should like to suggest that you give further room for such artistic ability.

Personals.

Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer, Professor of English Literature at Acadia, recently contributed an article "Canadian Juvenile Fiction," to the *Maritime Baptist*.

Miss Frances McNally has accepted the position of head of the department of Household Economies in this university and will take up her duties immediately after mid-years.

'61 & '63—Rev. W. H. Porter and Dr. E. D. King, '63 hold the distinction of being Acadia's oldest living graduates.

'65—Dr. Steele, one of Acadia's oldest graduates, has an interesting article in a recent issue of the *Maritime Baptist*.

'67—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to Dr. J. W. Manning on the death of his brother, Edward Johnstone Manning.

'72—Mortimer L. Smith died in Halifax on January 2nd, 1926. The Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy to the family. Mr. Smith's will contains a generous bequest for Acadia.

'74—Mrs. Marcia Armstrong Currie, widow of Rev. Geo. F. Currie '74, passed away recently in Nelson, B. C. She was one of the last surviving members of the band of seven Baptist Missionaries who sailed to Asia in 1873.

'75—Dr. Benjamin Rand of the Department of Philosophy, Harvard spent some time in Europe during the past summer and won the distinction of discovering a very old painting of the early founders of Georgia.

'78—Rev. Raleigh Hall Bishop passed away at Greenwich, N. S., Nov. 20th, 1925. The Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy to the family.

'79—The death of Judge J. J. Hunt occurred on Sept. 30th. Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy to the family.

'79—Henry B. Ruggles died at his home in Bridgetown in Dec. last. Sincere sympathy is extended through the Athenaeum.

'81—Arthur Crawley Chute, Wolfville, is collecting very interesting data regarding all past graduates of Acadia. It is expected that the matter will soon be in published form.

'81—O. T. Daniels, Ex-M. P., has retired for the time being from the active arena of Canadian politics and is, at present, at his home in Bridgetown.

'83—Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M. A., D. D., LL. D., pastor of Eutaw Place Baptist Church, Baltimore has recently published a book "Looking Toward the Heights." The book has been spoken of in highest terms by the reviewers.

'83—Judge Rogers is confined to his home in Halifax, by illness.

'86—Rev. W. B. Hutchinson, D. D., died in Charles City, Iowa, June 9, 1925. He was once, for a brief time, President of Acadia.

'86—Dr. Austen K. DeBlois has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Boston to join the editorial staff of the Watchman-Examiner.

'86—Rev. F. H. Beals has retired for a time from the active work of the ministry and is residing in Wolfville. He is the editor of the Baptist Year Book.

'87—George Ernest Whitman has been enjoying a furlough from his missionary labors.

'89—Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, D. D., LL. D. is a re-

cently elected member to the U. S. A. Congress for the State of New Jersey.

'90—Howard G. Harris is the newly elected Registrar of Probates for the town of Kentville.

'91—We extend congratulations to the Rev. L. J. Ingraham on his recent marriage to Miss Cora A. Laidlaw at Tony, Wisconsin.

'93—Fred Malcolm Munroe of Kingston has been re-elected president of the Kings County Liberal Association for the ensuing year and is also Warden of the Municipal Council for the County.

'94—Rev. J. A. Ford who is now with the First Baptist Church, Cashmere, Wash., recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry.

'94—Rev. L. F. Wallace, as Home Mission Pastor-at-Large, is supplying for a few weeks at McAdam Junction, N. B.

'94—Rev. M. B. Whitman has recently become pastor of the Weymouth Baptist Church.

'95—Rev. F. E. Bishop has recently resigned from pastorate of the Baptist Church of Newcastle, N. B. and is now taking up pastoral work at Digby, N. S.

'95—Mrs. Faye C. Stuart is spending some time this winter in Boston and New York. From these cities she is continuing the Bluenose Column in the Halifax Morning Chronicle.

'96—Yale University Press has just published a volume entitled "The Mind—Its Origin and Goal" by George Barton Cutten, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., President of Colgate University.

'97—Dr. W. I. Morse recently presented a very valuable collection of books to the University Library.

'97—Rev. Charles R. McNally, D. D., of the First Baptist Church in Winnipeg has received a call to the First Baptist Church in Boston, Mass.

'97—Harry C. Todd, M. A., M. D., F. A. C. S., LL. D. of the University of Oklahoma read a paper before the Southern Medical Association which met in Dallas, Texas in November.

'97—Dr. Reginald Morse recently returned to the missionary field in China.

'98—Mrs. O. Ledford (nee Winnifred Coldwell) of St. Louis Mo., spent the summer in Europe, accompanied by her two daughters.

'00—Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia, was recently obliged to undergo treatment in the Victoria General Hospital.

'00—Rev. J. A. Huntley, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Moncton, N. B., has accepted a call to the pastorate of James Street Baptist Church, Hamilton, Ont.

'01—Rev. M. S. Richardson is now pastor of the Highfield St. Church, Moncton, N. B. He was recently married to Mrs. (Dr.) Knapp of Sackville, N. B.

'01—E. O. Temple Piers has been appointed Dean of Engineering at the McKenzie College, San Paulo, Brazil.

'01—Rev. J. B. Champion, D. D., has accepted an appointment to the Chair of Systematic Theology in the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary.

'03—J. Garfield Sipprell has accepted a position as mining engineer in Quebec.

'03—Rev. Walter S. Schurman of St. Alban's, Vt. recently made a tour of the Maritime Provinces, supplying at Amherst and Moncton during his vacation period.

'03—Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Chipman of St. John are spending the winter in California.

'03—Rev. W. A. White, pastor of Cornwallis Street Baptist Church, Halifax was presented on January 3rd with a purse of money by his congregation.

'04—Miss Rosamond Archibald spent a portion of the summer vacation at a most interesting re-union of her mother's family, many of whom have achieved fame in one direction or another.

'04—Rev. Gordon C. Baker preached the annual sermon at the New York Baptist State Convention at its recent meeting in Syracuse, N. Y.

'05,—Rev. E.S. Mason, who after his operation for appendicitis, has been confined to his bed with pneumonia has somewhat recovered from a severe attack.

'05—Edgar S. Archibald, the Dominion Director of Experimental Farms has recently made a most favorable report on agricultural conditions in the Maritime Provinces.

'06—Ernest Robinson, Ex-M. P., has recently been appointed acting-principal of Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy.

'07—Dr. Miles McCutcheon has recently, by a union of the Olivet and First Baptist Churches of Montreal, become pastor of both congregations.

'08—Judge Willis Margeson died in a hotel in Halifax on October 2nd, 1925. The Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

'08—Dr. M. R. Elliott recently attended clinics on children's diseases in New York.

'08—Mrs. O'Brian, nee Bertha May North, is principal of the school at Canard.

'09—Josephine McLatchy of the Bureau of Educational Research at Ohio State University, addressed the International Kindergarten Union at Los Angeles, California, in July.

10—Born on August 12th to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Kaiser, a daughter.

'11—Professor Merle F. Bancroft attended the sessions of the Geological Society of America at New Haven, Dec. 28-30.

'11—(ad eundem) Rev. E. H. Cochrane, pastor of the Zion Church, Yarmouth has recently recovered from a very serious operation.

Sem. '11—Mrs. Hugh Reynolds, nee Marion Estabrooks, is spending the winter with her parents in St. John.

'11—Grace Dean McLeod Rogers was in Wolfville this month attending the Board of Governors' meeting.

'12—To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tauch, Dartmouth University, a daughter, Jean Elizabeth, born Dec. 16th, 1925. Athenaeum extends congratulations.

'12—Rev. A. K. Herman is in Louisville, Ky. taking a year's post-graduate study in Union Theological Seminary.

'13—Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Haley, St. Stephen, on Sept. 5th, a son.

'13—Dr. J. F. Logan, B. A., Ph. D., formerly professor of Biological Chemistry at McGill, has received an appointment

of Associate Professor of Chemistry at Queens University, Kingston, Ont.

Ex '13—Rev. F. A. Hubley has recently settled at River Hebert Baptist Church.

Ex '13—Lloyd Welsford Black has been awarded a government position in Amherst.

'14—Arthur Clarence Bruce was married to Olive Hope Allen on September 10th. They will reside at Shelburne, N. S.

'14—The Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy to Owen Winchester Graves of Bridgetown, who has recently lost his father.

'14—Rev. A. Gibson has resigned the pastorate of the Annapolis Royal Baptist Church to become Field Secretary of the Board of Religious Education of the Maritime Baptist Convention.

Ex. '14—Rev. F. R. Doleman has returned from Nebraska and Colorado. He is temporarily residing in Lydgate, N. S.

'15—Mrs. Mary Kinley has had a most timely article on Stephen Seldon published in a recent Maritime Baptist.

'15—Rev. W. S. Ryder, pastor of the Baptist Church, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, conducted a very successful vacation school through the summer with an enrollment of 133.

'15—Alden B. Dawson, Ph. D., has resigned from his position as Associate Professor of Anatomy at Loyola University, Chicago and is Associate Professor of Biology in New York University, University Heights Division.

'15—Rev. John W. Meisner is pastor of the Baptist church at Nictaux.

'15—Mrs. Mary Kinley Ingraham recently reviewed the Collected Poems of James Harold Manning '19 for the Maritime Baptist.

'15—Rev. N. A. Whitman is pastor of the Baptist Church in Middle Sackville.

'16—At Westwood Hospital, August 1st, 1925, to Professor and Mrs. Max Saunders, a son. Athenaeum extends congratulations.

'16—Wm. Henry Chase is practising medicine in Toronto.

'16—Rev. J. S. Millett has accepted a call to St. Martins, N. B.

'17—At Newport, Vermont, July 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Good Schurman, a son. The Athenaeum extends congratulations.

'17—Ralph Smallman is practising medicine near Buffalo.

'17—Herman L. Porter has accepted a position as Principal of Academic Department of Brandon College, Brandon, Man.

'18—Muriel Roscoe spent the Christmas season at her home in Centreville, N. S. She is engaged in post-graduate work at Radcliffe and will get her Ph. D. this spring.

'18—Annie Durkee Allan is teaching in Glace Bay.

Ex '18—Vera Glisson Ogilvie has returned home from Toronto. She will probably reside for a time at her home in

Glace Bay. The Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy to her on the recent death of her father.

Ex '18—Rev. H. J. Blossie of Hebron, N. S., has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Canso, N. S.

Ex '18—Charles Messenger is doing editorial and statistical work on the "Spectator," an insurance paper in New York.

'19—To Mr. and Mrs. George Boggs (nee Helen Starr) on Dec. 22., a daughter.

'19—Prof. Norman McL. Rogers delivered an address, "The Happy Warrior," one of a series for students at the Fort Massey Church, Halifax, December 13.

Ex '19—Wm. Harold McCrady of St. Stephens is studying medicine at Harvard.

'20—Reginald Salter and Breaton Hall are taking their senior year in medicine at McGill.

'21—To Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Lumsden, Dartmouth, N. S., we extend our congratulations on the birth of a son.

'21—To John McNeil, who was married in Ottawa on Christmas day we extend our heartiest congratulations.

'21—Mr. John T. Mosher has received his M. A. in Economics from Harvard and accepted a professorship of Economics in the University of Texas.

'20—Paul Tingley, M. D., who recently graduated from Edinburgh, has returned to Wolfville where he intends to practise his profession.

'21 and '23—Horace Reid of the Faculty of Dalhousie, and

Helena Miller were married on Dec. 23rd, 1925. They will reside in Halifax. The Athenaeum extends congratulations.

'21—F. R. Cole is taking a course in Business Administration at Harvard.

'21—The marriage is announced of Claude Richardson, LL. B., and Eva Mason, both of Sydney. They will reside in Montreal.

'22—Margarita Cutten is now head of the department of social work, Saint Paul, Minn.

'22—T. M. Webb has recently accepted the pastorate of New Ross, Lunenburg Co.

'22—Mrs. C. M. Hoyt, nee Mabel Brown, has recently lost her father. The Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy.

'22—A. Kenneth Eaton has been awarded the I. O. D. E. Overseas Scholarship for 1925 and will spend next year at London University. He has concluded his studies here and gone west to teach.

'22—Hazel Freeman obtained her Superior First Rank license at Christmas time.

'22—Winnie Chute is practising as an R. N. in Montreal.

Eng. '22—Neil Morrison is with the Andes Copper Co. as Associate Engineer in construction work in Chili.

'22—Mabel Gertrude Nichols is teaching in Kentville.

'22—Reginald Prince was on Geological Expedition with Profs. Perry and Wetmore this summer.

'22—Ralph Conrad is working with the Bell Telephone Co. in Montreal.

'22—Mark Lowe is working with Canadian General Electric Co., Peterboro, Ont.

'22—Vernon L. Pearson has been admitted to the Nova Scotia Bar and will practise in Bridgetown.

'23—Mrs. Robert Sterling, nee Miss Jennie Tamplin, was operated on recently, in the Westwood Hospital, for appendicitis. She is doing nicely.

'23—Elsbeth King goes this month to Brooklyn Hospital to train.

Sem. '23—Since the death of her father, Miss Frances Corning has continued his work which was the development of Guernsey cattle and this year exhibited a herd at Toronto winter Fair. She has also been given the position which he held of Sect'y of Canadian Guernsey Breeders Association.

Sem. '23—Bertram Blenkhorn is in Florida seeking recovery of health.

Sem. Ex '23—Freda Reid was married to Ross Cameron of Portland recently. They will reside in Portland.

Sem. '23—Hermina Benesch graduated from Leland Power School of Expression last spring.

Sem. '23—Helen Begg is a sophette at Dalhousie Univ. this year.

'23—P. L. Judge has been elected President of the legal fraternity Phi Delta Phi at Dalhousie.

'23—Norma Webster has just taken a position as teacher in a girl's school in Calgary.

'24—Leon Rhodenizer, who is teaching at Pictou Academy spent a few days recently with his brother Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer.

'24—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to Harold Bannerman on the death of his father.

'24—Edgar A. DeWolfe is teaching at Liscomb, Guysboro Co.

'Hon. '24—The many friends of Dr. Eva D'Prazer will regret to learn that she has been very seriously ill with rheumatic fever at the Hospital at Coonoor, India.

A. L. S. '24—Miss Annie Palmer has accepted a position with the Bank of Montreal, Wolfville, N. S.

A. L. S. '24—Dorothy Hunt is at her home in Saint John.

'24—Kathleen King is secretary in a Bank in Boston.

'24—J. H. Dexter has been awarded a fellowship in the Department of Physics at Yale.

Eng. '24—G. Hawley Morrison is with the International Paper Co., Three Rivers.

Ex. '25—A. David Flowers is teaching at Hibbets, Ohio.

'25—Mark Inman is at present at his home in Clyde River, P. E. I.

'25—Muriel Stevens is at her home in Campbellton, N. B.

Hon. '25—Rev. C. Wellington Camp, D. D., has left Campbellton and is now in the Canadian West.

'25—Rev. A. A. McLeod has recently removed to Summerside, P. E. I.

'25—The *Athenaeum* extends its heartiest congratulations to Rev. Atherton Thorne on his recent marriage to Miss Grace Rockwell of Wolfville, N. S.

'26—We are glad to report that Miss Julia Covert and Miss Laura Duncanson, who were recently operated on for appendicitis at Westwood Hospital, have recovered and resumed their studies.

'26—The Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy to Mr. W. A. Geldert on the recent death of his father.

Ex '27—The many friends of Howard Grimmer will regret to learn that the condition of his health has made it impossible for him to return to Acadia this year. He is at his home in Saint Stephen, N. B.

Ex. '27—Harold DeWolfe is attending the University of Maine.

'27—Miss Ethelyn Osborne has accepted the school at Curry's Corner, Hants Co. for the remainder of this year.

Ex. 28—The marriage of George Bryden and Laura Wolfe (ex. A. L. S.) took place in December. Mr. Bryden is now preaching in Pugwash, N. S.

Ex. '28—Thomas McDonald is teaching in Canning.

Ex. '28—Heston Flannigan is preaching at Cheverie.

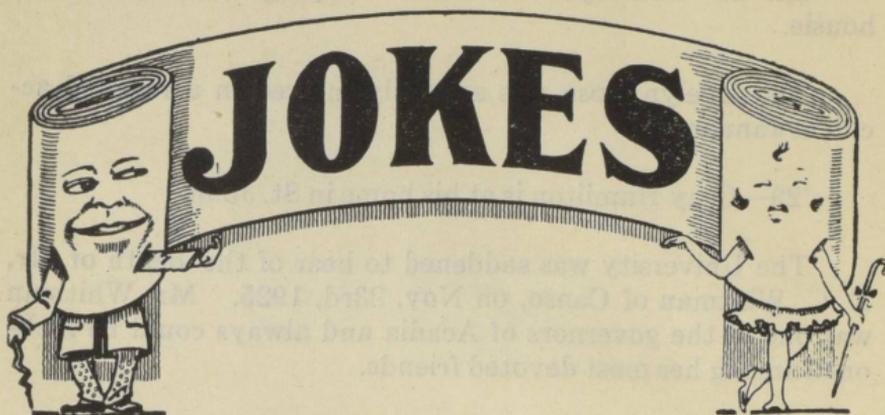
Ex. '28—Murray Nicholson is studying dentistry at Dalhousie.

'29—Evelyn Rose was seriously injured in a railroad accident January 25.

'29—Gray Hamilton is at his home in St. John.

The University was saddened to hear of the death of Mr. E. C. Whitman of Canso, on Nov. 23rd, 1925. Mr. Whitman was one of the governors of Acadia and always could be reckoned among her most devoted friends.





Rumsey '26.—What is a six-letter word meaning mushrooms?

Gould '26.—Stacks.

Ken.—What are your habits at night, Mellish?

Lane.—Pyjamas.

Gwen.—What do they call baby pigs, Ralph?

“The Russian” (having just emerged from a sleepy English session).—Hamlets, I suppose.

Ann '26 (seeing certain ladies monopolizing the Imperial debating team).—The next College I go to I'm going in strong for S. C. A.

Gould—What do you suppose they call the campus at the University of Paris?

Landers.—I'll bite.

Gould.—Paris Green, of course.

Marguerite '28.—Who had the first radio set?

Stub.—Adam. He had a loud speaker made out of a rib.

Street Car Conductor.—And how old are you my little girl?

Freida '28.—If the company don't object I prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics.

Smart Soph.—Are you doing anything Tuesday evening?
Fair Freshette (expectantly).—I guess not.

Smart Soph.—Fine. You won't be tired Wednesday morning, will you?

Baker.—You look sweet enough to eat, Barbara.

Barbara '26.—I do eat. Where will we go?

Dr. Thompson (discussing verb construction).—What mood, Mr. Cross?

Cross '28 (just waking).—The cow, sir.

Physics Prof.—If it were not for the law of gravity we would all fall off the earth.

Dumb Frosh.—What did they do to stick on before the law was passed?

Lawrence '28.—Dr. DeWolfe is surely absent-minded. Why I've seen him time and again trying to strike a match on the wrong end.

Paul '28.—Is that how he wore all his hair off?

Prof. Rogers.—“Mr. Israel, what is patriotism?”

Israel '26.—“The feeling that a flea has that the dog that he lives on is the finest in the world.”

Mack '26.—“Freddie, did you ever do any public speaking before coming to Acadia?”

Crossman, '26.—“I once proposed to a girl over the phone, in my home town.”

Gould '26—"Byrns seems rather narrow-minded in an argument."

Rumsey '26.—"Oh no, he admits there are two sides to the question, his own view and the wrong one."

They sat alone in the moonlight
 And she smoothed his troubled brow
 "Dearest, I know my life's been fast
 But I'm on my last lap now."

Prosser '25 (desperately).—"If you can't lend me a shoe lace, lend me a pair of spats."

Foulis (at Seminary).—"I am going to kiss you when I go."
 Sem.—"Leave this building at once."

Freshman (Chem lab).—"Shall I take sodium or potassium?"

Dr. Hill.—"—Neither—take arsenic."

Dr. DeWolfe (to Gould who comes to class with rubber boots on).—"Expect to get into deep water, Mr. Gould?"

Schaffner (hopefully presenting German test to instructor).—"I don't think that I deserve zero on this paper, Sir."

Prof Ross.—"I don't either, but its the lowest that I could give you."

Prof. Silvester (looking earnestly Co-eds writing a test in Eng. 1.).—"Remember that I have no desire to "*rush*" any of you."

Tammy (discussing the relative standing of the students in German A.).—Ken Kierstead and I are running neck and neck for fourth last place—That is I'm doing the running, Ken. the necking.

We wonder how much Ardis is Ow-ing?

In College Circles, Russian, Gwen, and Marven are synonymous terms.

Howard '27.—I have had three pieces of pie this evening.
Close '27.—You are a very pious man, Howard.

I stole so many kisses
My lips began to sag
And then the doggon woman,
She hid the candy bag.

"A fellow just told me that I looked like you."
"Where is he? I'd like to knock his block off."
"I killed him."

Prof.—"This is the third time you have looked at Smith's paper."

Student.—"Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plainly."

Dr. Hutchins:—We shall now take up Samuel's life.
Grant (aroused)—Whose life are we takin'?

Eloise:—Can you drive with one hand?
Punk.—You bet I can!
Eloise.—Then have an apple.

Co-ed.—Where is that canary you had that used to sing so clearly?

Lady—The maid left the cage on the radio set and he learned static.

Sem Teacher.—You were good at church this morning, dear?

Innocent Sem.—Oh, yes, ma'am. a man offered me a plate of money, and I said, "No, thank you."

We hear that a certain professor was so absent minded that he gave two tests on the same subject during the same period.

Seen in Personals:

'28. The Athenaeum offers heartiest congratulations to C. Allaby on his boyish bob.

Archie '27.—(as he runs down a pedestrian)—Hey! While you're under there, take a look at my brake rods.

American in England.—Why don't they show a comedy instead of this scenic?

English Host.—Oh, they never show comedies at the cinema in England on Saturday night. They're afraid they'll cause laughter in the churches.

Prosser.—I'd be much better off if they'd put that sign on the mail box.

Patriquin.—What sign?

Prosser.—Post no bills.