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November, 1927

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CONTENTS

Awards for the month.....	7
Unexplored—Melba M. Roop, '28.....	8
Nemesis—Olive M. Mackay, '29	8
English As She Is Spoke in Advertisements—Olive M. Mackay, '29.....	15
The Empire and the League—Guy Henson, '29	16
Kismet—Floyd M. Cleveland, '28.....	20
Scottish Customs and Superstitions—D. C. Fraser, '30	22
The Song of a Bachelor Girl—Eva D. Robinson, '30.....	25
The Moving Finger Writes—Eileen Mackay, '29	26
The Voice—Olive M. Mackay, '29	32
Tim and Ag—J. Robert Herbin, '30	36
Dickens—Olive M. Mackay, '29.....	37
A Neglected Industry in Nova Scotia—A. R. Lusby, '28	40
Editorial.....	43
New Members of the Faculty.....	47
Athletics.....	50
Month.....	53
Exchanges.....	57
Personals	59
Jokes.....	65

The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., November, 1927

No. 1

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—1st, F. M. Cleveland, '28	2 units
2nd, Melba M. Roop, '28	1 "
Short-story:—1st, Olive M. Mackay, '29	2 "
2nd, Eileen Mackay, '29	1 "
One-act Play:—Olive Mackay, '29	2 "
Articles:—1st, Guy Henson, '29	2 "
2nd, Olive Mackay, '29	1 "
Humor:—1st, Olive Mackay, '29	2 "
2nd, J. R. Herbin, '30 (special award)	1 "
Unclassified:—1st, D. C. Fraser, '30	2 "
2nd, Eva Robinson, '30	1 "
Science:—1st, A. R. Lusby, '28	2 "
2nd, E. B. Corey, '28	1 "
Athletics:—No Award.	
Month:—No Award.	
Exchanges:—No award.	
Personals:—Mary Roscoe, '31	1 "
Greta Rose, '30	1 "
E. B. Corey, '28	1 "
Jokes:—Eileen Mackay, '29	1 "

On account of scarcity of contributions, the feature has been dropped for this month.

Seniors	7 units
Juniors	11 "
Sophomores	5 "
Freshmen	1 "
Engineers	0 "
Pennant to the Juniors.	

UNEXPLORED

There is an isle surrounded by the sea,
Far off, and in a mystic realm of dreams,
Where only phantom ships glide to and fro,
While breakers wild forbid them anchorage,
And sternly guard the hidden treasure there;
But if they ever find a secret way,
And sail beyond the shoals to poet's isle,
My ships will come across the seas for me,
And bear me back to that elusive land,
To seek the gems of thought still buried there.

M. M. R., '28.

NEMESIS

Once again Doreen was doing the unforgivable. Elbows on the dinner-table, bobbed hair unbrushed, she was deep in the latest edition of the town's one daily newspaper. When she dropped it for a moment to brush back an unruly strand of her hair, one corner of it protruded very nearly into James' salad.

It is a well-known fact that even the worm will turn. Not that James would have tolerated being called a worm. As junior partner of *Horning, Hicks, and Lenant*, he would not have considered being classed as anything less than a serpent. From the way he glared at Doreen now he might have been a serpent trying to charm a poor little bird. Only in this case the bird was stubborn, and unmanageable, and infinitely more dangerous than the serpent.

"Doreen," James said with a sort of ferocious politeness, "If you were just two years younger I should feel justified in requesting that you leave the table."

To which his sister-in-law replied calmly: "If I remember correctly, Jimmie dear, two years ago I should have requested that you be yourself."

James' wife thought it about time to interfere. Her voice was languidly fretful: "James, I hope you are not going to make a scene. You know that you read the paper yourself at the breakfast table. I don't see—" Then, because in her role of peace-maker she felt called upon to reprove both parties, she turned to her sister.

"Doreen, when you know that it annoys James I think you might make some concessions."

Doreen folded up the paper with a bitter air.

"You were the one that picked him," she said, "and I have to suffer for it. I will only say," she added with dignity, "that you are a rotten picker."

James would have scorned to insinuate that his sister did not have to live with them—and incidentally on them. He merely remarked to his wife, keeping his dignity, "If you have quite finished, Lucinda, we may as well retire to the living-room. I should not like to think that we might descend to bickering."

They rose from the table. James tried not to wince as Doreen scraped her chair on the polished floor.

"Oh James dear," remarked his wife, "You remember that tonight's the regular dance at the Country Club?" She did not add that she had laid out his suit, or that a shave would not be amiss. James never required to have these little functions performed for him. Lucinda had never been called upon to coax his tie into place. His studs, too, had the remarkable faculty of remaining strictly with him.

"Mary was so-o put out at having to remain home with Bobbie tonight." James had begun to read an account of the latest murder, but through it all his wife's voice vaguely reached him. "She claims that I promised her the night off, when as a matter of fact I had merely—just merely—temporised."

Then, since James gave her no satisfaction, she turned to Doreen, who was enthusiastically trying to curl the dog's hair, much to her young nephew's delight.

"Doreen, what are you wearing tonight? If you wear your orange please don't come near me. It simply kills my red."

Doreen looked up from her task. "If you think you are going to get me to that club-house affair," she said, "you're crazy. Bobbie Lenant, I didn't tell you to bring that cat here; I merely wondered what he would think of the dog."

A turmoil ensued, in which barks, hisses, shrieks from Lucinda, and stifled laughter from Doreen and Bobbie were mixed. James, almost distracted, managed to seize the cat and hurl it through the window. Doreen caught up the dog and held him against her cheek.

"Would it scratch his darlin' nose," she cooed. Then with a sudden change of opinion, "James Lenant, did you throw that poor cat out of the window?"

"James dear, time to get ready," his wife interposed adroitly. She knew when there was trouble in the air. "Doreen, I thought you would come with us."

"Not on your life," responded Doreen, casting an eye of scorn on the back of the departing James. "Dickey Phillips has his new bus and we're going to give it a little exercise. I say, Luce, call off your infant son, will you? He's eating me alive. He noticed a box of candy on the table, and being of a diplomatic turn of mind, has suddenly decided that he loves me."

"Love you, Dorrie," gurgled Bobbie. But Lucinda, with a decided air, swooped down and carried him off. Doreen had to follow, however, for Bobbie had taken a notion that she and no one else was to give him his bath. The operation was in progress when James appeared at the door.

"Lucinda," he said in a voice of repressed rage, "did you let that human terror loose in the bath-room again?" He glared at the five year old cherub who was now kicking his heels in bed.

Doreen, who had not noticed the glare, drew herself up with offended dignity.

"If you are referring to me, James Lenant," she said, "as I suppose you are, please let us know the worst at once. No doubt I have committed some heinous sin."

"Will somebody please inform me," James proceeded,

waving an empty bottle at no one in particular, "who has used *all* my after-shaving cream?"

"Oh, Jimmie darling," Doreen cooed with sudden sweetness, "I went to use just the least bit for my hands after working in that filthy garden; and the bottle slipped. I'm so sorry, Jimmie."

"I accept your apology, Doreen," the martyr returned, with the air of one who has lost a battle. "I must add, though, that I consider it merely an adding of insult to injury."

"You may use some of my cold-cream, dear," Lucinda said, pouring oil on the troubled waters. There was something essentially oily about Lucinda. She wore her blonde hair drawn sleekly back, and coiled on her neck—a pretty woman, but one who lacked charm. Doreen was dark, and tom-boyish, and everything that Lucinda was not. Her hair was not straight, like the older girl's, but was like a curly mop on top of her head. Doreen in an apron would outshine Lucinda in velvet and diamonds.

"Help me to find my gold stockings, Dorrie," Lucinda murmured. "My dear—for a drive? Are you wearing your orange gown?"

Doreen assumed a terrible frown as she read from an imaginary newspaper:

"Miss Doreen DeWolfe was gowned in a beautiful creation in orange—which she has worn exclusively to every affair for the past three months.' Yes, dear, I'm wearing the orange. I should feel lonesome without it—and we may go somewhere to dance."

"If that is your escort honking down there," said Lucinda, "I wish you'd hurry, Dorrie. You know James does not like to be annoyed in that way."

"James is the most perfect old woman that I have ever seen," Doreen returned imperturbably. With this parting comment on her long suffering brother-in-law she caught up her coat and departed.

* * * * *

Doreen came in shortly after twelve. Her sister was

seated in front of her dressing-table, removing her bracelets. Lucinda affected a great deal of jewelry.

"Although we came home early, we had a charming time," Lucinda gushed. "I hope you did too, Dorrie."

"Oh, excruciatingly sublime," Doreen returned, imitating her sister's tones. "But Luce, Jimmie is so mean to me; it worried me all evening. I told Dick all about it, and he thinks Jimmie is just a brute."

"Doreen, please, don't air our family affairs before strangers"—fretfulness formed, like a thin layer, over the smoothness of Lucinda's tones. "I don't suppose that James and this Dick know each other at all."

"Heavens, no! I don't believe Dicky even knows James' name. I just met the boy. He's a dear though—suggested that I get a job and be independent. He even offered to get me one."

"Doreen, I hope that you will do no such thing!"

"I may be driven to it," Doreen remarked gloomily. "I have my Business Course certificate."

"Go to bed," Lucinda advised. "You will feel differently in the morning."

Doreen did feel differently in the morning. That is, she felt differently when she rose; later events made her change her mind again. James had just left the house when Lucinda remembered that she had forgotten to order dinner. Telephoning orders always brought poor results, so she requested Doreen to run after James and tell him to order a chicken. All would have gone well had Doreen done as Lucinda had requested, instead of going to a window, opening it, and yelling in a voice calculated to carry past several aristocratic mansions: "Hey, Funnyface, send up a chookie."

It was more than James' dignity could bear. He came back at once; and then and there, there was a nasty scene. For the first time Doreen shed tears. She called Dickey Phillips on the phone.

"James Lenant is a brute," she told her sister later on as she applied cologne to her eyes. "Just wait, though! Dickey has found me a position, I hope. He wrote an application

for me, under the name of Mary Brown. He said it sounded so much more sensible for a working girl than Doreen De-Wolfe. He is bringing me the answer as soon as he gets it

"Oh, Doreen, you are so hasty", Lucinda mourned. "You know that you could always have a home with us," then, seeing an outbreak imminent, she added: "To whom did you apply?"

"I don't know," Doreen answered. "The ad. said that all applications should be addressed to *Inquirer*."

Doreen did not see Phillips all day, but he called her on the phone to tell her that her application had been accepted.

"Congratulations, Mary Brown, you're a pore working girl."

"Dickey Phillips, you're an Angel." Doreen was wild with joy. "Come over tonight and tell me all about it. I'm going, this minute, to tell Luce." She slammed up the receiver.

"Muvver," Bobbie shouted, "Aunt Dorrie talking to an Angel."

Doreen did not heed him; she made straight for Lucinda.

"At last, thank Heaven, I am independent of Jimmie, James Lenant," she announced, swelling with pride. "And I never want to see him again."

"Doreen," Lucinda pleaded, "I don't want my little sister to leave me. For my sake write to *Inquirer*—and refuse the position."

"If you think I'll ever write that letter," Doreen began in her characteristic manner, "You're cr—Oh, here comes James."

All through lunch that day Doreen was proudly self-conscious. To James she was scrupulously polite, exulting in her secret. She would just wait until the next time he started to reprove her, she decided. Then she would suddenly announce that she was free from him and his fussiness—free as the air!

She behaved wonderfully at lunch that day. James could scarcely credit his senses. She did not loll in her chair; she did not take the dog in her lap. The wild idea of seeing

how much food Bobbie could consume did not occur to her that day, neither did she seem to be possessed with a passion for beating out tunes on the silverware. James, surprised and delighted, unbent so far, before lunch was over, as to talk over his business with his wife.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that I am getting a new stenographer. I received several applications, and I picked out one that seemed to come from a sensible girl. Mary Brown, her name is."

"Why—" Lucinda forced back a surprised exclamation. She turned toward Doreen, who was rising from the table.

"Where are you going, Doreen?"

"To write an important letter," Doreen replied in a choked voice.

O. M. M., '29.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE IN ADVERTISEMENTS

He held her in his arms, and gazed
Into her lovely eyes.
(Try *eye-winx* for the lashes—do!
Send for a ten-day size.)

Her golden hair waved o'er his breast
(Try *Canthrox* shampoo,
For softly gleaming hair; you'll be
A knock-out if you do!)

Her teeth were white as any pearls
(From *Listerine* tooth-paste.)
Her *Billie Burke* gown slimly wrapped
Her *Custom-tailored* waist.

"Sweet one! My great and lasting love
For you no words can utter!"
He cried in halting, trembling, tones.
(Try *Penn's School* if you stutter.)

"You're pure as *Ivory* soap," he said,
"As sweet as *Blue-bird* tea;
As rich as *Borden's* malted milk.
Oh, won't you marry me!"

She shook her curly golden head,
Agleam with *Gold-glint Dye*.
And answered "Nix!" (though his best friends
Would never tell him why.)

OLIVE M. MacKAY, '29.

THE EMPIRE AND THE LEAGUE

The Imperial Conference of 1926 is an official and public recognition that the Dominions of the British Empire are autonomous states, in which the English language, government, ideas, and ideals have been adapted and perpetuated among English peoples, which are fortunate in having a happy custom of obtaining a political figurehead from England, and which, most important of all, are prejudiced in favor of England, but no longer follow blindly, or are forced to follow, any of England's blunders or aggressions.

The Dominions are enthusiastic about their new status. Schooled by books which neglect the unsavory side of British history and convinced by the press of the complete disinterestedness and nobleness of British intervention in the Great War, they regard this last declaration as a further proof of the generous and non-patronizing spirit which controls England's Imperial policy. The press and the public speakers stress unreasoningly the common lot of the Empire. They rejoice in their heritage of British tradition, and evoke patriotism through the sense of common kingship. The people are pleased, and their statesmen, unburdened of the great problems of defence, are supremely satisfied.

Despite the protests of loyalty and devotion which reach England from the dominions, she realizes that since the war, a new spirit and a new attitude have developed across the seas. The keen continental criticism of England at the time of the Boer War did not fail to reach the Dominion. With the advent of war in 1914, however, there was no lack of spontaneity, no doubt or hesitation in the response to Britain's need. But the reasons for war were clearly, if narrowly, before them. They believed themselves fighting for the integrity of small nations, for democracy, for the preservation of the Empire as a power for good. Their own sacrifice was noble. In no immediate danger, seeking revenge on no historical enemies, they stunted their progress for a generation for the good of humanity. Victory brought only a revulsion

against war; today there are no nations with as lofty a sense of international morality as the British Dominions. As a result, when, in 1922, England almost became involved in a war with Turkey, Canada did not rush forth with proffered aid, but remained sternly aloof, debating the justification of war. England did not fight! The new attitude of self-criticism and deliberation before declaring war has disturbed Imperial policy ever since.

So, it is safe to say, England is worried. As a commercial nation, the break-up of the Empire would be an irreparable blow to her industry and to her commercial prestige. England's weakness is in her pockets; we, as her Dominions, are best able to appreciate her difficulty and her desire to keep the empire united.

The instrument by which Imperial statesmen hoped to safeguard against sudden wars in which the Empire might not act together was the League of Nations. When, revolted and more or less ruined by war, the Allied peoples welcome the scheme for preventing its recurrence, fifty nations made a "sacred promise" to unite against any aggressor through the League of Nations. Among the fifty are included individually the seven self-governing states of the British Empire.

The seven self-governing states were pleased; here was a guarantee of their common action—an increasingly pressing question—whether offensive or defensive. The Covenant of League, coming at a time when the desire for some Imperial institution was at its greatest, satisfied the sense of independence of the Dominions while permitting the leadership of England.

There was but one difficulty. The states of the Empire, self-hypnotized by extolling themselves during the war, forgot that it was not impossible for one of themselves to be declared an aggressor. The Anglo-Turkish rupture of 1922 brought the Empire face to face with this crude fact. In such an event, the other six partners would be bound by their "sacred promise," by such a "scrap of paper" as themselves had sanctified but a decade before, to crush the aggressor as they would a marauding pirate. It is hardly conceivable that the

British Empire could stand such a shock and remain united.

The situation, though not pressing, contains the germs of confusion and danger. What is needed is not a blind and unconditional adherence to the British policy in regard to war and the League, but a keen study of our problems in the magnanimous and self-questioning spirit which should characterize younger nations in a time of strife, with a view to making the world a place in which our race can develop mentally and physically, without blind fratricide in the name of an ignorant patriotism.

The great, the underlying danger to the Empire is the failure to respond with one voice to the crisis of a sudden war because different parts feel that they have different moral obligations. It is not possible for Canada to continue to enjoy England's protection yet say to her in the event of war, "We have good reason to doubt your motives; and, besides, this war is of no concern to us as we had no hand in shaping your policy which involved you in it. We can do nothing." Again, Canada can compete with Australia in the apple and similar markets, and boast of a different and superior form of government, yet cooperate with her on the most friendly terms; but should Australia demand positively, "Here, we are in danger of an oriental invasion; you must help us prepare," then Canada could not reply, "You are needlessly alarmed; we are not going to do anything of the sort," and continue under the present relations with Australia. What is to be done?

In all such emergencies, war, or the possibility of war will create the difficulty. We may say, then, that the condition for the disruption of the British Empire is the condition of world convulsion. If this is correct, the solution lies in precluding the condition—war. Let us see what policy the Empire has adopted toward the great and growing organ for preserving peace, the League of Nations.

As the great interest of the Empire is so closely bound up with the object of the League, one might expect the utmost enthusiasm and perseverance on the part of the states of the commonwealth for the furtherance of the "League to abolish war." What have they done? When eager to supplement the Covenant, weakened as it was by the deliberate confusion

of its terms, with some new preventative against war, the nations of Europe hit upon compulsory arbitration as the best step open to them; the continental powers promised, and turned to England. England sadly shook her head. Unfortunately, for good conservative reasons, no doubt, our statesmen have chosen to halt on the brink of the narrow chasm, preferring to remain in danger rather than risk an easy if serious leap. The reply of Sir Austen Chamberlain to the famous "optional clause" of compulsory arbitration, the day after Germany had signed it, was a solemn: "Gentlemen, you know not what you ask; you ask the disruption of the British Empire." In other words, he was deprecating a guarantee of the addition of the Empire's strength to the forces for the punishment and suppression of lawlessly aggressive states lest some internal dispute, impossible of settlement within the Empire, and especially Canada, become opposed to the United States on a subject of no concern to both or lest some internal dispute, impossible of settlement within the Empire, be referred to a so-called foreign tribunal. The first risk is a danger common to every member of the League; in the event of the second, we would be indeed fortunate to have a higher tribunal than our own as a last resort. Are these two remote possibilities, of which the evil may be questioned, to prevent the British Empire from adding her own decisive prestige to that of the other great powers in a declaration that would deter any would be offender from contemplated wrongdoing and thus, from giving the greatest assurance of world peace?

Such is the question which faces the statesmen of our Empire at Geneva—the question of establishing barriers against war which cannot be nullified by skilful legal interpretation. There is a tendency in certain quarters to confuse the issue by stressing England's participation in the separate sphere of social and labor problems. The people of the Empire must see the matter clearly, and decide whether or not they refuse the responsibility of risking a war in which they have no concern (an event indeed hardly possible) rather than almost ensure by their guarantee the maintenance of peace and the

existence of the Empire. Not long ago, the Empire was faced with a risk which it did not refuse; shall it ruin its former sacrifice and attainments in this supplementary but less dangerous situation? The powers of the continent are awaiting an answer. It is we who shall give it.

KISMET

(Nothing Matters)

Born of a good old lineage,
Gifted with a dreamer's soul,
What if the Fates have destined
That I'll never reach the goal
Of Fame in the world about me?
Kismet.

What if I don't see as others?
I have the dreamer's eye.
What if I don't hear as others;
I hear the immortal cry
Of those who have gone before me,
Kismet.

What if I live to flourish?
The world will forget when I die;
Neither my living nor dying
Can stop the sun in the sky.
I'll be forgotten as those before me,
Kismet.

What if my dear one fails me?
Why should I weep or cry?
• Love's as false as the world about me,
Old as the stars in the sky,
And will die as those around me,
Kismet.

What if I drink to oblivion
To drown the cares of life?
What if I shorten life's tiresome span,
By the quick, sharp slash of the knife?
I'm the product of those before me,
Kismet.

What if I go tomorrow?
The waves will roll on and on;
Sunset won't be retarded,
There'll be another dawn
Just as countless others before it,
Kismet.

What if there is a right and wrong?
Just who is there to tell?
If Earth is a foretaste of Heaven,
I'd sooner go to hell,
As those who have died before me,
Kismet.

I didn't ask for the gift of life,
Therefore this life is mine;
If I choose to spurn the common thing
And sink in the depths of Time,
As those who have lived before me,
Kismet.

F. M. C., '28.

SCOTTISH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Belief in witchcraft and evil spirits has almost disappeared from among our English people, but I know well five or six Scottish families that still firmly believe in such superstitions as "the evil eye," good and bad omens, forerunners of death, and the existence of evil spirits in their neighbors. Although superstition is not confined solely to the uneducated, these people, as you may readily believe, are simple peasant folk with ways of thinking and doing fully a hundred years behind the times. Furthermore, these families are each composed of unmarried brothers and sisters, and hence receive no enlightenment from children attending the public schools.

During my vacation last summer, I visited one of these Scotch families who cling tenaciously to strange beliefs, obsolete farming methods, and old-fashioned dress. With the great hospitality characteristic of the Scotch race, the old-maid sister left her loom, where she was making homespun shirt material for her brothers, and "put on the tea." I protested by telling her that I had eaten supper only half-an-hour before, but my hostess maintained that a "bite" wouldn't hurt me, and that a cup of tea always made room for itself.

While the tea was drawing, I went out to the barnyard where Jim Willie and Alex Thomas, the two brothers, known only by their compound names, were herding the cows into the byre for the evening milking. I knew better than to comment upon the sleek appearance or low-hung udders of the cows, for their owners, Jim Willie and Alex Thomas, feared nothing more than praise of stock or crops by visitors. Such praise, they believed, would bring bad luck upon their possessions, resulting in sick, abortive cattle, spavined horses, barren sheep, blighted crops, or sickness, such as rheumatism in the household.

To play safe in my choice of "small talk," I asked Jim Willie, as he drove in the stanchion pegs, how much butter their seven cows produced a week. To my innocently-made inquiry he replied, "Only sixty pound the fortnight, but we'd

make more if the milk were all our own." While I was trying to understand this pregnant reply, Katie, the sister, called me from the kitchen doorway to come in and have a "bite to eat." As I tried to lower the double rations on the large blue plate heaped with hot biscuits the size of lobster tins, homemade cheese, gingerbread, and oatcake, Katie stood over me with cream-pitcher and tea-pot, ready to refill my cup at the least sign of an ebb. The tea, by the way, was without a doubt made according to the old Scotch grannie's recipe: a spoonful of tea to each cup of water and one spoonful extra for the pot. Although my stomach was not well-tanned like that of a Scotch grannie, I drank the tea without flinching, taking the opportunity to ask my ultra-kind hostess the meaning of Jim Willie's strange reply to my question. She did not answer at once, but as I waited, looking grave and innocent, she decided at last to reveal the mystery.

"Peter Fiddler, across the line," said she, "has only five cows, but he makes far more butter than we do from seven."

"Does he milk *your* cows? I ventured to ask.

"No, but he gets the milk, that's sure," was her decisive reply.

Neither she nor anyone else knew in what mysterious way Peter Fiddler increased the milk-flow of his herd to the detriment of his neighbor's. I have been told that Katie and her brothers firmly believed that Peter slyly tied two ropes to a stake of the line-fence and that, while assuming the necessary mental attitude, he went through the motions of milking, a rope-end in each hand. Thus he increased his own cows' production, and lessened his neighbor's to the same extent. The neighbor kept better stock and fed more grain and roots than they, but they disdainfully ignored this as a probable explanation.

Several other families I know have many foolish but firm beliefs similar to those I have described. No amount of argument will induce them to change their views, for they believe that to doubt the wisdom of the spirit world is to invite disaster. These farmers persist in killing their winter's meat when the moon is full or in the last quarter preceding full-

moon. They will tell you that pork killed in the wrong phase of the moon "fries to nothing" in the pan. Buckwheat, on the other hand, must be reaped during the moon's first quarter when pig-sticking is out of order, for if cut then, the flour will go further towards making pancakes and porridge. These Scotch farmers, by the way, love a Sunday supper of buckwheat porridge, which is made to occupy all available space on a dinner plate, with a bowl of rich milk.

If you spend the night with these Scottish peasants in the historic county of Pictou, Nova Scotia, and if you do not incur their displeasure and distrust by placing three lighted lamps on the same table, they may entertain you with a few bed-time stories about ominous balls of fire rolling on through darkness and mist, galloping of invisible horses around and around the house where Death's victim resides, and weird hammering at midnight, foretelling the driving of coffin rails and the dull rattle of stony earth upon the coffined remains of a loved one. Such stories may not have the soothing, soporific effect expected of bed-time stories, and you may not believe them, but hide any incredulity you may feel from your hosts, for they will tell you with great earnestness that the intangible unearthly omens about which these stories center are sure forerunners of death, or, in the words of a learned Scotch minister: "veritable premonitory symptoms of approaching dissolution."

THE SONG OF A BACHELOR GIRL

Down through the haunts of time come I,
With zealous, calm endeavor,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Alone, I make my happy way
And sing my cheerful song.
For me, life is a joyful day;
For me, life's not too long.

You think that I have lost the race
Because I keep my name—
That, since I've spurned a man to chase,
I have not played the game.

Oh, man shall never make me sigh;
I'm of a joyful band.
Staunch I remain at luring eye,
Unthrilled by touch of hand.

Love-letters sweet I ne'er shall write,
Nor break a lover's heart,
Nor shall I ever weep all night
Because we needs must part.

Domestic life shall be unknown;
On me no cares descend.
Housekeeping ne'er shall make me groan—
I'll have no socks to mend!

On eagle wings I rise and soar;
Your married life I scorn—
If life must needs be such a bore,
I'd never have been born.

And so triumphantly I go,
With zealous, calm endeavor,
For men may come, but men do show
That love lasts not forever.

E. D. R., '30.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

The small group around the MacAndrew's fireside exhaled a subdued air of excitement that to a casual observer would give the impression of tense expectancy. Should the observer ask Mrs. MacAndrews, the most palpably agitated of the three, for what they were waiting, she would reply eathlessly that "Garda was coming any minute now." Should he question her further concerning this "Garda", the anticipation of whose arrival held all three alert in their chairs, she would tell him that "Garda" was her daughter, who had not been home since she graduated at college two years ago.

The remaining two of the group were Mrs. MacAndrews' sister Cathie and her husband, John MacLaren. Cathie and her husband held almost as great a love for Garda, who had grown up among them, as did her widowed mother.

Mrs. MacAndrews poked the fire vigorously to hide the trepidation brought on by the thought of Garda's nearness. Cathie smiled sympathetically while the needles with which she knitted clicked briskly. John MacLaren moved into the shadows and smiled in silence, realizing the hopelessness of sane conversation with the women at that hour.

"And Garda will be going back to her writing again, Mary?" asked Cathie, for the third time that night, and for the third time her sister's answer was lost on her as she found herself involved with an intricate bit of her work.

"Aye, she won't hear of staying a year at home. But I should not be complaining, for she's making very good money and there's not a girl that's better to her old mother than herself. It's a good work, this writing, for them that have the gift."

"What's she writing?" queried John MacLaren, jerking his chair into the circle of light again. "Why won't she be sending it home for us to see? Does she think we'll not be understanding it since we've not gone to college like herself?"

"It's not that, I'm sure," returned Mrs. MacAndrews brightly, but in spite of her a shadow crossed her face.

"Why need we be knowing what she writes, John," said Cathie softly. "If the great firm in the city is pleased with it, should not we be content? She's a good girl, Garda is, and it will not be anything she shouldn't say she'll be writing; not like the trash the young folks like now." And now it was over her face the shadow passed.

At that instant all shadows were dispelled as "Watch" announced an approach. Mrs. MacAndrews laid a trembling hand on the door, but it was jerked open from without and a strong, young figure caught her in its arms.

"Bless you, mums. It's really me at last," cried a voice so young and fresh that the old house and the three old people seemed older than ever by contrast, "and Aunt Cathie and Uncle John waiting up for the prodigal too."

She freed herself from her mother's embrace and went to that of Cathie.

"If you only knew how good you look to a country-hungry New Yorker you'd be frightened. That's right, mums, get out the old teapot. You'll have to get a larger one while I'm home, for I assure you, I'm one big appetite right now!"

Mrs. MacAndrews laughed delightedly as she filled the teapot, spilling some water because she could not keep her eyes off her daughter.

Garda laid aside her coat and hat then turned to the fire, stretching her arms above her head. She was a tall girl with a mop of curly hair that seemed to heavy for her slenderness.

"Lordy, it's good to stretch without hitting your next-door neighbour. You all look as natural as pie. By the way where's Jack, my dutiful cousin?"

"And you're still writing, Garda," asked Cathie, ignoring the question. "Don't you ever get tired of it?"

"Can't," Garda returned shortly. "It's my bread-and-butter, you know. I couldn't do anything else now. College spoiled a good farmer in me, Uncle John, or I might be offering my services to you for the summer."

"Do that, and I'll put you on a hay-cart, unless Aunt Cathie would have you in the kitchen. We'd have no trouble

holding a hired man then, eh, Cathie?" He laughed noiselessly at his own joke.

"You shouldn't need one then. But alas for plans. I'm going back next week, you know."

"Garda, dear, could you not stay at home this year?" asked Mrs. MacAndrews, her voice trembling slightly on the question, "You could teach in the High School, which would be but a step."

"Mother, don't be absurd," replied Garda, a bit sharply. "It would be sheer, unthinkable madness to throw a job like mine for Stanton High. Furthermore," she continued more gaily, "would you deprive the world of the glorious outpourings of my soul which I spread over it like so much spilled ink?"

Cathie smiled gently and laid a hand on the girl's knee.

"Garda, dear, won't you be showing us some of your work? Surely you're not afraid we shan't like it."

Garda's lips compressed slightly. "My dear Mother-Goose people, it's not you're line, and far be it from me to burden your loving minds with my stuff which you should read only for your little Garda's sake. Is it not enough that it brings us the comforts and luxuries that a teacher's salary could not?"

"Of course, of course," cried her mother quickly, "no one's blaming you, Garda. I trust it will be dealing with some of your college studies—those "ologies" or the like—of which we know nothing."

"All tomfoolery, whatever," snorted John MacLaren, hitching his chair impatiently at the mention of his pet aversion.

"It's not what would give you any pleasure to read, at any rate," Garda said, rising as she spoke. She went to the window to examine the box of geraniums blooming there. "Nice little flowers, mums. But Aunt Cathie, you haven't told me about Jack. Is he to enter the university this year?"

"No, dear, I think he'll be going back to the High School after a while. He didn't pass this year as we hoped he would."

She bent her head over her knitting but Garda caught the flush that went over her face as she spoke. John Mac-

Laren again jerked his chair and muttered "tomfoolery."

"I'm afraid Jack wasn't putting his time on his studies this year," put in Mrs. MacAndrews gently, "He's a smart lad, and could do well if he willed to."

"He is that," Cathie responded gratefully "but the young people now have so much to be taking their time."

"Tomfoolery, I say!" cried John MacLaren rising angrily and knocking the ashes from his pipe. "When he should be at his books, it's trash he's reading. No good'll ever come of him, I'm thinking."

"No, no, John!" cried his wife, "we'll not say that. It's those people who write such trash as he will be reading, who are to blame—that Gray woman and her like."

Garda, whose back had been to the little group, turned sharply.

"Gloria Gray, Aunt Cathie?"

"Aye, and a worthless creature she is," put in John MacLaren, "writing of nothing but adventure and love till the young people's brains will be on fire for it. Her kind should be driven from the country!"

"You'll not be knowing her, Garda?" asked Cathie.

"By name," said Garda briefly. She pushed back her hair roughly. "But about Jack. You're telling me he reads her—trash instead of his studies. Can you not make him see the foolishness of it?"

"He only calls us old-fashioned should we argue with him," Cathie replied, a little pitifully. "I was wondering, dear if you could tell him better?"

Garda laughed shortly.

"Youth never listens patiently to youth, you know; but I'll speak to him if you wish." She turned suddenly to her mother. "Mums, I'm dead tired and have a beast of a headache. Do you mind if I turn in now?"

Mrs. MacAndrews face fell and disappointment showed in it in spite of her efforts for concealment.

"Of course not, my dear, though it's but nine yet. You'll be feeling the fitter for it tomorrow. I'll take you to your room."

Garda ran lightly to the stairs. "No need. I've not forgotten the way up yet. Goodnight, Aunt Cathie and Uncle John. I'll run around to see you to-morrow when I won't be feeling so cranky and—upset. No thanks, mums, I couldn't eat a bite tonight. Goodnight all."

In her room Garda faced the mirror squarely.

"Well, Garda-MacAndrews-Gloria-Gray, I hope you're properly ashamed of yourself. You've reason enough."

She put out the light, and walking to the window, stared out moodily.

"What's to do now? It's the well-known question of 'to be or not to be'; whether to 'suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' — obscurity, poverty—or, 'to take arms and by opposing end'—arms, that draw the soul-blood of a friend. Well, it's no use going to bed with it unsettled, for my conscience—which article throughout two years of persistent smothering has refused to expire—will admit of little rest in its present state. If I'm wronging Jack, am I not wronging others?

"Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

—especially to deceive the best and finest people in the world. It won't do, Garda my girl."

She stood gazing out the window sullen and ashamed. Hopes, plans, and fears were whirling through the maze of her thoughts. To do the right thing by her people was the uppermost wish of her heart, and the words of her aunt and of her uncle left little to choose from. At last she turned to go from her room, with her mind decided. As she passed the mirror she glanced at it with a wry smile.

"Gloria Gray, you die a natural death. I should like to make it unnatural—horribly so—but dare not be violent. So — *Requiescat in Pace* — no more shall you fire the brain of youth."

The three by the fire were startled at the reappearance of the girl. Mrs. MacAndrews glanced up sharply from her work at the fire.

"Why, Garda, are you not abed yet?" Garda moved

into the centre of the room and placed her hands resolutely on on the chair before her.

"No—I had to tell you something first. Mother, I'm not going back this year."

Mrs. MacAndrews straightened from her task.

"Why—why, Garda!"

"I'm never going back! Do you hear? I'm going to stay home and take care of you, then next year I'll go away for post-graduate work in English, because " — grimly — "I've just found out how little I know about it. Uncle John, will you get me on the High School staff? You're a secretary or trustee or a—something on the School Board aren't you?"

She broke off suddenly to take her mother into her arms. Mrs. MacAndrews was sobbing silently for joy. John MacLaren cleared his throat and stirred an ember with his foot.

"Well, I guess I can, Garda," he said. "What I say pretty much goes with the Board. Not but they'd be glad to have you anyway."

Cathie nodded to him, her eyes shining brightly.

"To think what it will mean for our Jack, too. You can bring him on fine this year; he always did set store by you dear."

"If I don't it shan't be for lack of trying," Garda responded. "I feel I owe Jack something—not Jack only, either," she added in a low tone.

"You'll see that he cuts out all this tomfoolery with those trashy books, I hope," said John MacLaren gruffly.

"I shall try indeed," cried the girl, laughing a little hysterically, "and I promise you, Aunt Cathie, he shall never read another by Gloria Gray."

"My dear, my dear, you've made me very happy. You're a good girl, Garda, and I know you will be rewarded for your sacrifice."

Garda flushed deeply.

"I hope you are right," she said softly, "but I know how little I deserve it."

THE VOICE

Characters

JAMES MacQUEY—*whose forefathers came from the Highlands.*

CHRISTIE MacQUEY—*his wife.*

JEANIE MacQUEY—*their daughter, engaged to Donald Campbell.*

TAMMAS INNES—*MacQuey's hired man, a lowlander.*

The scene is laid at Glenelm, in the three-roomed house belonging to James MacQuey.

JEANIE and her mother are seated in the kitchen. MRS. MACQUEY is spinning, and JEANIE is winding the yarn. A new radio appears incongruously in one corner of the room.

Mrs. MacQuey. Ech, Jeanie, but it's the wild storm that we will be hafing! The men will be gey and cold.

Jeanie. Will it not be time for them to return, Mother?

Mrs. MacQuey. Jeanie lass, I am thinking that when the men will go to the post-offis you will aye be wearying for their return. Is it word from Donald, that you will be expectin' whatever?

(Jeanie throws down her ball of yarn and goes over to the window.)

Jeanie (brokenly). Mother, I will not be hearing from him since he went away; and ma heart will be breaking. Oh yes! A long month, Mother, and I will not be knowing whether he is dead or alive.

Mrs. MacQuey. Hoots, ma lass! Donal' will be weel. But in the city he will not be hafing time to write.

Jeanie (sharply). Then he will have forgotten me? Indeed, indeed, Mother he would never be doing that! (A pause). I am thinking that

if I do not hear from him soon, I will be going away to seek him.

Mrs. MacQuey. No, no, Jeanie, you will not be leaving us. Oh, ma lass, pray God that he will soften your feyther's heart, that it may not be hard against Donal'. He will be a good boy, whatever, though your feyther will not be liking him.

Jeanie. Will I not be praying it every night! And I will be praying, "Oh God, bring Donal' back." But (*sobbing*) he will not be hearing.

Mrs. MacQuey. *Maithal, maithal*, hush now, sweetheart. Toots! His ways are higher than our ways. It will all be turning out for the best, Jeanie *bhaeg*. (*Jeanie dries her eyes*). Look now at the wee machine that God will be putting a voice into—the voice coming over thousands of miles they were telling me. A fearful thing, indeed!

(*Jeanie goes listlessly to the radio, fusses with the dials although she does not understand how to tune in.*)

Jeanie. Tammas will be working the wee machine when he comes in. Hearken, Mother! (*Lis-tens*).

(*Sleighbells are heard without, and the sound of men's voices. Soon the men are heard stamping the snow from their feet at the door. Tammas sings.*

("Sirum, sios, sirum suas,
Cha robh chnaimh do Ruaridh agam.")

as he bursts in.

Tammas (to *Jeanie*). Weel, ma wumman, hoo dis this weather suit ye? Ah'm fair froze till ah'm near deid.

(*Jeanie has been watching her father as he takes off his heavy coat.*)

Jeanie in a strained voice). Will—will there be any mail for me, Feyther?

MacQuey (shortly). Hoots! (He turns to the fire and begins to warm his hands). But it's cold the day!

Jeanie (going and standing in front of him, speaking in a determined voice). Feyther, I would be asking is there any mail?

MacQuey. Jeanie, you will remember who it is you are talking to; and I will not be answering foolish questions.

Jeanie. Tammas, you will be telling me, then, is there no' some mail for me, the day?

Tammas (glancing uncomfortably at *MacQuey*). Havers, lass! Dinna speir, wi' yir feyther jist teltin ye.

Jeanie (wailing). Oh Mother, mother, they will all be against me! Ou aye, and he will maybe be hafing the letter in his pocket now; and he will not be giving it to me, whatever.

Mrs. MacQuey. There, there, ma lamb; there, Jeanie *bhaeg*. James MacQuey, ye are hard, man. The girl will be fair breaking her heart for Donal' Cam'ell.

MacQuey. Yon gomeril! I will not be hafing his name spoke in ma house. He will niver be for settling down, but will aye flit here and there. And he will not be hafing one cent to rub again another, then.

Mrs. MacQuey (sighing softly). Come away, then, to supper. we will jist be leaving it in the Feyther's hands.

Jeanie (wearily). I will not be caring for supper the night.

MacQuey. Come away, ma lass, to supper. We will not be hafing no glowers.

(The women busy themselves with the supper dishes, laying the table back stage. Tammas goes over to the radio and begins to work with it. The skirl of bag-pipes is heard.)

MacQuey (glancing disapprovingly at Tammas). Get me the Bukes, girl.

(Jeanie gets a Bible for each person.)

MacQuey. We will read, the night, in the sixth chapter of Ephesians.

(The sound of the bag-pipes dies away. The voice of the announcer is heard, speaking in a Scotch burr. JEANIE springs up.)

Jeanie. Mother, Feyther, it's Donal's voice—Donal's I'm tellin' ye. *Gu dearbh*, it will be Donal' hisself!

(She runs to the radio, and then gazes helplessly into the loud-speaker. An orchestra begins to play "Auld Lang Syne.")

Jeanie. It was Donal'; and I could not be speaking to him.

(MacQuey has been standing almost awe-struck, as though he had heard a voice from Heaven.)

Jeanie. You will be tellin' me true, Feyther, whether or no Donal' would be writing to me; or I will be leaving to-morrow to go to him.

(Slowly MacQuey draws a letter from his pocket. Jeanie pounces upon it.)

MacQuey. Ye daft lass! There! And the rest of them are burned up.

(Jeanie is devouring the letter, and reading snatches of it aloud.)

Jeanie Eh, the puir wee lad! He would be wonderin what for I would not be writing to him..... The fine poseetion that he will be hafin!..... Will ye listen to this? "What do ye think yon Lewis Bartley, that once boarded with us, will be doing? He will be announcing on the radio, mind ye. Next Wens'day night he will be announcing a programme of Scottish music, and he will be asking me to take his place! Eh, Jeanie, would it not be lovely if you could hear me?" The lad would not be knowing!..... Will ye listen! "*Jeanie, Mai-*

thal, I will be working day and night 'till I will
haf money enough to buy wee Neil MacDon-
al's place—for us, Jeanie *bhaeg*."

Mrs. MacQuey. Oh, ma lass, God's ways are wonnerful ways.

(*James MacQuey again takes up the "Buke" His hands
are trembling.*)

MacQuey. We will not be reading yon passage the nicht
Let us turn to psalm 103—a grand old psalm,
whatever.

CURTAIN

O. M. M., '29.

TIM AND AG

When Timothy Timple saw Agatha cry,
He hugged her tight, and wiped her eye.
"Now pray do tell, sweet Agatha, dear,
Why you are sad and not of good cheer."
Miss Agatha answered him willing enough.
She said, "Tim Timple, you'd think it was tough,
If, 'cause you're a Freshie, you couldn't use
The least little bit of powder and rouge."
Tim swelled out his chest, like a man would do,
And said consolingly, "I'm fresh, too.
They make me work hard; but I make quite a noise,
For I have to coach the football boys."
Here Timothy's dream was brought to a close;
And Timothy's heart fell down to his toes,
For he and Aggie, on hearing loud coughs,
And turning around, beheld four Sophs.
Whereupon Aggie continued her weeping,
And Tim, by the Sophs, was put in safe keeping.

J. R. H., '30.

DICKENS

If we were asked to name our favorite writer, I wonder how many of us would answer, "Dickens." There is something so human and appealing about his characters—a something that makes us laugh and cry with them, and love and hate them—that most of us feel as though we were personal friends of Dickens'. And yet how little we know of the real Dickens. We know his dates and the few brief facts concerning his life, that we learned in our text-books; but we seldom learn facts that bring us near him in a personal way.

We seldom hear of the love-romance—and the tragedy—of his life. In 1873 he married Katherine Hogarth, the eldest of three sisters. What attracted him to her is not certain; at any rate his love did not long survive his marriage. "Each of Katherine's sisters was more to him than herself—one in an ideal romantic way, the other for her great devotion and practical helpfulness." His deepest and tenderest love was given to the younger sister, Mary. How much he loved her is told in a letter which he wrote to her mother, shortly after her death, in which letter he said that he dreamed of the dead girl by day and by night. In a lesser way he was devoted to the other sister, Georgina, who was a true mother to his children.

Twelve years before he died, Dickens was informally separated from his wife. His generous checks were made payable to her—but otherwise she passed out of his life.

A remarkable old lady—a centenarian—who lives in London, recently recalled some of her experiences. She said:

"I knew Dickens, and heard him read from his own works. His wife once told me how she had felt a little touch of jealousy when a bracelet which he had sent to another lady came to her by mistake."

Among his confrères Dickens was counted a fine actor. But he never took up the art seriously.

One of the little traits that make him so human was his love for cats. The story is told of him, that one night when all the family were out, Dickens was busy writing, his sole

companion the cat. The cat climbed up on the table and brushed around him trying to attract his attention; but Dickens, absorbed in his work, paid no attention to her. Finally the cat reached out and, with her paw, put out the candle. Dickens lighted the candle and went on with his work. The cat repeated her former act. This time Dickens' attention was caught by the cleverness of the trick; and taking the cat in his lap he petted and caressed her until the family returned.

How popular his characters had become in his own day is shown by the story of how he once publicly distributed the prizes at a certain school. One little girl happened to be named *Weller*. When Dickens called out her name, the whole assembly burst into a laugh, much to the chagrin of poor Miss *Weller* herself.

Dickens is described as having been a handsome man—"The Youthful Dickens, smooth-faced, handsome, long, dark, flowing hair." Again, a few days before his death, Dickens is described thus by a young writer:

"I could scarcely believe that it was Mr. Dickens. The man who approached was crawling limply along, with a weary progression as different as it was possible to conceive from the alert, springy action of his accustomed stride, in which every muscle seemed to quiver with the ecstasy of exercise. No other man of my acquaintance seemed to derive so much physical enjoyment from walking.

"But there was no mistaking the sad, serious face, the lofty, intellectual, brow, with the hair brushed forward over each ear, or the refined aquiline nose, and the short iron-gray beard, let alone the expressive eyes, which ever weariness could not rob of their natural brilliancy."

On that occasion Dickens honored the young writer by taking his arm, thus making him the only man with whom Dickens had ever walked arm-in-arm. The great author was then worn and weary, but his spirit was whimsical as ever. In apologizing to the young writer for being unable to recall his name he said:

"Forgive me, dear boy; expect I'm losing my memory. Why—would you believe it—lady asked me, only t'other day,

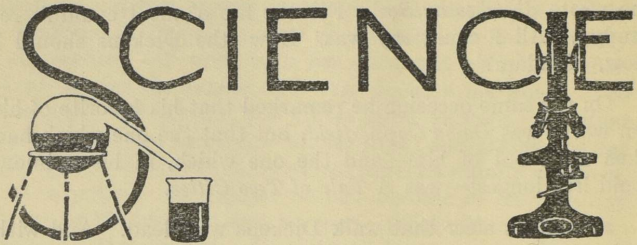
who wrote *Sketches by Boz*. For the life o' me I couldn't remember. All I could say was, 'How the Dickens should I know, Madam?'

On the same occasion he remarked that his favorite of his own works was *David Copperfield*, but that the one which had taken most out of him—and the one which, in his opinion, would live longest—was *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Four days after that walk Dickens was dead. And with his death there passed away a soul that was "ever on the side of honesty and chivalry, and which unflinchingly opposed the sham and shoddy."

O. M. M. '29.





A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY IN NOVA SCOTIA

In recent years wall-plaster manufactured from gypsum has come to be of great importance. Its use is increasing daily, especially in the New England States and the State of New York, where building operations are being carried on extensively in almost every town and city. This wall-plaster is the most suitable for its purpose of any known, being much superior to the lime and sand mortar formerly employed, and consequently commands a good price in the United States.

The deposits of gypsum in the eastern part of United States, however, are limited in extent, and already builders have begun to look elsewhere for a source of supply. Here in Nova Scotia, only a few hundred miles distant from the New England States, and with cheap transportation by water available, are vast, untouched deposits of gypsum which could easily be secured, and which are entirely suitable for the manufacture of plaster. And yet, in spite of these favouring conditions, the few gypsum quarries that have ever been operated in Nova Scotia are now, for the most part, abandoned.

The primary reason for this is not that the producers of gypsum in Nova Scotia have been unable to compete with the American producers in American markets, but rather that they have held incorrect ideas as to the proper form in which their product should be shipped and sold. In order to understand their mistake and its possible remedy, one must know something of the manufacture of gypsum from the native min-

eral of the quarries into the finished plaster. The various stages of the process are comparatively simple and can be easily explained.

Rock gypsum, the kind most common in Nova Scotia is a soft, porous mineral usually either white or gray, and occurring in large beds. It is found at or near the surface of the ground, and consequently can be obtained by open quarrying, without the use of elaborate and expensive mining machinery.

Chemically it is a hydrated sulphate of lime, the molecular formula being $\text{CaSO}_4, 2 \text{H}_2 \text{O}$. By weight it is 32.5% calcium, 46.6% sulphuric acid, and 20.9% water. To manufacture this rock gypsum into plaster, it is first placed in a crushing mill and reduced to a coarse powder. It is then shovelled into large kettles and heated. At a moderate temperature the water of crystallization is turned to steam, and the mass boils vigorously. When the temperature reaches about 132°C the mass ceases to boil and settles down, with a decreased volume from evaporation of water. As the temperature rises to between 138°C and 143°C the mass again boils, losing more water of crystallization. Finally, at 177°C , the material is taken from the kettles and the process of boiling checked before the remaining water of crystallization (about one fourth of the original amount) is driven off. The final composition is approximately $(\text{Ca SO}_4)_2. \text{H}_2 \text{O}$.

After the gypsum has been thus heated and cooled, a small proportion of some cheap substance such as sawdust, fibre, pulp, or slag is mixed with it, about 15 pounds being used to a ton of gypsum. The purpose of this is to retard the setting of the plaster which is to be the final product, since if the plaster were composed of pure gypsum it would set so rapidly that workmen could not conveniently apply it to walls. Sometimes, though rarely, a little dry sand is also added at this stage. The gypsum is then reduced to a very fine powder in a mill which works in much the same manner as the ordinary coffee-grinder. It is then packed in large bags or barrels, and placed where it will be safe from moisture.

None of the processes described above is either long or expensive when compared with the processes which are

necessary in many branches of industry. But in Nova Scotia it has been the almost invariable custom to ship the raw gypsum, as it came from the quarry, directly to the United States, there to be manufactured into plaster. Such a custom means a double loss to the owners of the quarries. In the first place, they must pay transportation charges on a substance which is not only bulky and difficult to handle, but also, by weight, nearly 17% useless water. In the second place, the difference in price between the raw gypsum and the finished plaster is far greater than the cost of converting the gypsum into plaster. It is these two reasons that are chiefly responsible for the failure of gypsum quarries in Nova Scotia to show profits.

The remedy is self-evident. With a comparatively small outlay of capital, gypsum could be converted into plaster beside the quarry, and then, in a compact, easily handled form and without excess weight, could be shipped cheaply to Boston or other American ports. A company operating several quarries could open selling offices in one or more of the large New England cities and in New York, and thus have its product disposed to the best advantage. It could also maintain its own fleet of plaster carrying vessels.

As was mentioned near the beginning of this article, the United States, more particularly the East, is beginning to look about for new supplies of gypsum. If, in the near future, Nova Scotians do not develop their reserves of gypsum to a greater extent than they are now developing them, American capitalists will gain control of the gypsum deposits in order to exploit them for their own profit. In such an event, of course, work and wages will be provided for Nova Scotian labourers. The profits, however, will go to the United States. It would be of far greater advantage to this province, therefore, if the gypsum deposits were both owned and worked by Nova Scotians, for then both wages and profits would remain here.

A. R. L, '28.

The Acadia Athenaeum

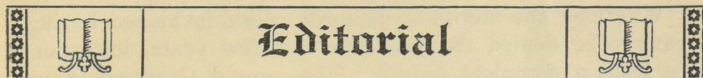
Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., November, 1927

No. 1

W. T. Taylor, '28	-	-	Managing Editor
R. B. Fraser, '27	-	-	Literary Editor
L. H. Jenkins, '28, Science			Eileen McKay, '29, Month
K. V. Keirstead, '28, Athletics			D. D. Wetmore, '29, Exchanges
E. Kerr, '28, Personals			E. B. Corey, '28, Jokes
H. Miller, '30, Staff Artist			James Hubley, '30, Circulation Man.
James Wilson, '28	-		Business Manager

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The first issue of the year! And what a violation of sacred tradition it would be if the editorial page of the *Athenaeum* were not headed with a welcome to the new students, and an expression of high hopes for the coming year.

The difficulty is that it has been said before so often as to make variety impossible. "Freshmen, we congratulate you on your good taste in choosing Acadia as your Alma Mater." Yes, we know that you have heard that three times already this year, in three different addresses, but we mean it just as much as if we had invented it. The *Athenaeum* welcomes in particular any literary talent you may have among your number. Don't waste it—start contributing now.

The other customary item is a boost for the new year, and we duly oblige. Of course 1927-8 will be a banner year; what year is not? We are patriotic enough to believe that every Acadia year deserves a special banner of its own—or perhaps

some lower classmen would cynically remark that we are sentimental enough to believe it.

As far as the *Athenaeum* is concerned, we have every hope of keeping up the fine record set by last year's staff. Many of the old contributors have gone with the Class of '27, but there is plenty of new talent coming to the fore. The Class of '31 should produce a goodly number of budding geniuses, too; even in this first number they have annexed a unit or two. There is every indication that the 1927-28 volume will be well up to standard.

With the coming of fall and Freshmen, the annual initiation ceremonies become once more the centre of general interest. The past month has been crowded with receptions "first year rules" committee meetings, Lower Judicial trials, and the like. And since it is the business of a magazine to talk about what everyone else is talking about, we are moved to spill some ink on the subject.

Whatever the merits or demerits of old-fashioned hazing, it cannot be denied that, for the last few years, initiations have been a complete failure. The annual Gravenstein reception, the tug-of-war, and the impromptu program at the ladies' residence seems silly to those who are comparatively new to the college, pathetic to the old hands who remember the rough and tough methods of yesteryear, and absolutely bore-some to everyone. Long before the last Freshman answers to roll-call, the interest of the spectators flags; by the time the evening is over they are bored and disgusted.

Well, what is to be done to mend this state of affairs? We have two alternatives: either to return to the old methods, or to abandon the attempt completely.

The first possibility is very near to being an impossibility. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the Faculty, with visions of the rough-and-tumble scenes of their own youth, would ever consent to such a change.

But even if it were possible, is it even desirable? After we remove the halo of sentimental affection for an institution past and gone, we find only a rather silly, often cruel per-

formance which bears striking resemblance to the tribal rites of the Zulus. The evil results of Initiation Day were often only too evident; the vast benefits reaped by the victims are a trifle obscure. It serves, we are told, to build up college spirit. We doubt it. Rather say that it fosters an unhealthy class patriotism based on a common hatred for the class just a year ahead—the ex-sophomores.

This fact has been shown repeatedly. The Class of '27 was the last class to receive a "real" initiation. But the Twenty-sevens were noted not for their love of the Alma Mater, but for their deadly hatred for the Class of '26. Every Junior and Senior of this year can remember the Junior-Senior hockey game of '25-26—a glorious battle, perhaps, but a bitterly vicious one.

Why should we continue to keep alive an institution which is dying all over the continent? Over half the colleges of America have done away with initiation. We are almost without hope of reviving it even to the level of being amusing. Why not let it drop?

The *Athenaeum* has received the following short article from the Natural Resources Intelligence Service, Department of the Interior:—

Increasing the Value of Canada's Fur Resources.

There are thousands of trappers in Canada and all of them are engaged at one time or another during the winter season in taking the pelts of wild fur-bearers. There is hardly a farm, village or a town in Canada that has not got its trapper or fur trader. Millions of dollars are distributed each year among these persons as a result of the disposal of Canada's annual raw fur catch. Last year it had a value of \$15,072,244. A very considerable increase in the yearly value would be made possible were proper methods of pelt handling more widely known.

Too many trappers think that once they have taken a skin nothing else remains to be done. Amateur and farmer

trappers, which form more than half of the trapping fraternity, are the chief losers through this lack of knowledge in the handling of raw pelts, as poorly prepared pelts bring much lower prices than those which have been properly prepared. Leading fur authorities have stressed the fact that in many cases up to one half of the pelts coming to the raw fur markets fall into unprofitable class and that every year there is a tremendous loss in pelt values that could be prevented. The loss, however, is not confined to the careless trappers, but affects the whole fur industry and lowers the value of both the raw and finished product.

With a view to improving this condition and making possible a wider knowledge of the essentials necessary to the proper skinning, stretching and drying of raw pelts, a monograph entitled "The Preparation of Pelts for the Market" has been prepared by the Department of the Interior. This monograph will be sent free of charge on request to the Director, Natural Resources Intelligence Service, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Harold F. Cross, M. A.

Mr. Cross is a native of Madoc, Ontario. He boasts Queen's University as his Alma Mater, graduating there in 1922 and taking his M. A. in '24. For the past two years he has been a member of the faculty of Heidelberg College, Tiffin, Ohio.

Mr. Cross comes to us as Professor of History. He has already won general popularity both as a lecturer and as a member of the University body.



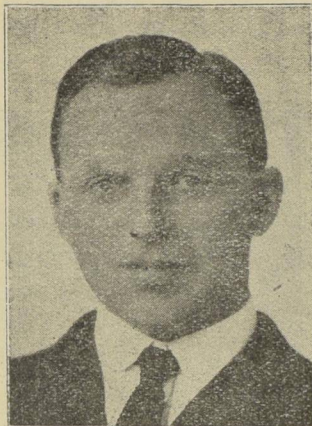
HAROLD F. CROSS

H. W. Hillborn, M. A.

Mr. Hillborn comes to us from Toronto. His birthplace is Blair, Ontario, but for the past eight years he has been a member of Toronto University. He took his B. A. degree in '23, and after graduation became a member of the university staff. At the same time he was working for his master's degree, which he received in '25. Since then he has continued as an instructor at Varsity, giving up his position there to come to Acadia as instructor in Romance Languages.



PROF. HILBORN

E. A. Collins

E. A. COLLINS

Mr. Collins, one of the new members of the Fine Arts Faculty, comes originally from Debenham, Suffolk, England. He graduated from Cambridge in 1923.

After graduation, he was for several years organist of St. James Church, Kidbrook, London. He finally decided to emigrate to the colonies, and last year was organist of Centenary Church, St. John, N. B. The *Athenaeum* extends to Mr. Collins a cordial welcome.

Herbert S. Thurston, M. Sc.

Mr. Thurston is one of our own Alumni. A native of Sanford, Yarmouth County, he graduated from Acadia with the class of '22. After graduation he held the position of House Master at Horton Academy, leaving there to continue his studies at Brown University. He received his M. Sc. degree from Brown in 1926, and spent last year as a teacher in that University.

We congratulate Mr. Thurston on his return to the Alma Mater, and wish him every success in his career here as Professor of Mathematics.

P. M. Bayne, M. A.

Mr. Bayne is another Ontario man—his home town is Fergus, Ont. He graduated from the University of Toronto in 1907, and since then has lived in Western China, on the staff of the West China Union University.

Mr. Bayne comes to Acadia as Assistant Professor of Biology. We extend to him a most hearty welcome.



F. L. NEWNHAM

Frederick L. Newnham, R. A. M.

Mr. Newnham is another addition to the Faculty of Music. Born at Ryde, Isle of Wight, he graduated from Madras College, St. Andrew's, Scotland, in 1916. After graduation he served for three years in the British Navy as a member of the Merchant Fleet Auxiliary, mine-sweeping on the coast of Great Britain.

Discharged from the navy after the Armistice, he resumed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, London, taking his degree in '25. Since then he has taught in his own university, St. Andrew's, and at Bell Baxter School, Cupar, Scotland.

Mr. Newnham has already become prominent in college activities, taking a keen interest in athletics. We tender him a most cordial welcome.

H. F. Scott Thomas, M. A.

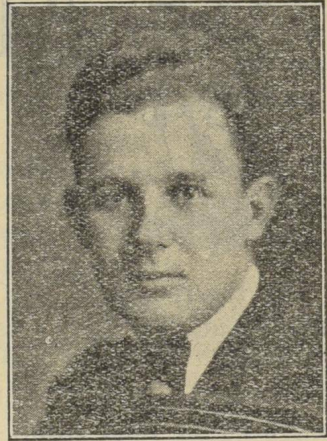
Another Ontario man. This time it is a native of the Queen City, Toronto. Mr. Thomas is a graduate of U. of T., taking his B. A. in '23, his M. A. in '25, and putting in a year toward his doctor's degree in 1926-27.

Mr. Thomas has taken advanced work in both English and Classical Literature, and comes to Acadia as instructor in English. The *Athenaeum* extends a cordial welcome.

Edward R. Evans, M. A.

Mr. Evans is half a world from his home town, for that romantic spot happens to be Shanghai, China. He came to Canada for his education, however, and graduated from Toronto Varsity in 1912. He returned to China after his graduation, and resided there, with the exception of two years of overseas' service, until 1925. Since then he has been doing post-graduate work at Toronto University.

Mr. Evans comes to Acadia as Assistant Professor of Physics. We wish him every success.



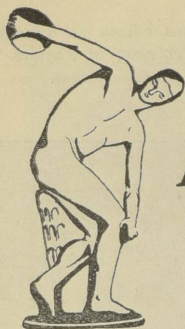
H. F. SCOTT THOMAS

E. R. Massey, M. A.

Mr. Massey is a native of Lyon, France. He received the first part of his education in Paris, and thence went to the University of Geneva, where he took his B. Th. in 1903.

After graduating, he spent several years in 'wandering around the world,' as he says. Finally he settled at Brown University, where he took his M. A. in '09. He remained at Brown as a teacher for twelve years; for the last two years before coming here, he was head of the French Department.

We extend to Professor Massey a most hearty welcome to our college.



ATHLETICS

At the reopening of College for the Fall term of 1927, it was evident that there was abundant material for a good Football team. Many of the "Old Boys" turned out and were supplemented by a large number of raw recruits ready to do their best for their Alma Mater. Jimmie Wilson is the Captain for this year, and he is ably assisted in the backfield by Dugan and Mathews, both members of last year's team, Ducky McLean, another member of the 1926 team, is unfortunately not able to play, on account of an operation which he had during the Summer. He is, however, turning out with the boys as Assistant Coach.

The College has been very fortunate in securing Fred Kelly as Coach on the permanent Staff of the University, and he has endeavored to whip the material into good shape by putting the squad through a rigorous system of training.

This year the Football Manager plans big things for the team, including an eight-day trip, upon which U. N. B., St. John Trojans, and two teams on Prince Edward Island are to be met.

The matter of re-joining the Western Section in Football, Basketball and Hockey has been brought up before the Athletic Association, and after several meetings had been held, it was finally decided not to enter the League.

ACADIA 13—UNITED SERVICES 11

Acadia journeyed to Halifax for the first game of the Season, and played Services on the Wanderers grounds.

Acadia had the kick-off, and the play was carried well into the Services territory, but the situation was relieved by a punt followed by several scrums held in centre field. A few minutes later Johnson secured the ball from a throw-in, and made the first touch for Services.

Acadia now began to play harder, and after a three quarter run from centre field, the ball was passed, and Noble went over for a try which was not converted. White made the next try for Acadia getting the ball out of a loose pack.

Before the end of the period, Thomson, following a five yard scrum, scrambled across the line for Services' second try.

In the second half the Acadians were on their toes and kept the play well down in the Services territory. Wilson secured the next try for Acadia after a short run.

Following a nice dribble from centre field, Thomson again went across for the third try which was converted making the score 11-9.

Play now became very lively, and McOdrum, getting the ball near the twenty-five yard line, kicked a nice drop between the posts making the score 13-11.

Mr. Finch refereed.

Line-up:

Acadia:—Black, Keirstead, Titus, Hubley, White, Cleveland, Miller, Dugan, Ryan, Hatfield, Wilson (Captain), Matthews, Noble, Crandall, and McOdrum. Spares: Fetterly and Davis.

United Services:—Johnson, Donald, Mitchell, Johnson, R. N. Colwell, Rhodes, Richardson, Callaghan, Gilhen, Thomson, McDonald, Wurtell, Thomson, Williams, Holms (Captain).

DALHOUSIE 8—ACADIA 0.

The Acadia rugger squad came to grief in their game with Dal on October 15th, being shut out by a score of 8-0.

Acadia kicked off in the first half, and for a few minutes the play hovered about centre field, but soon Dal worked their way by open-field play close to the Acadia line, and before the Acadia rooters knew what had happened, Langstroth crossed the line for a touch. Tupper converted.

The home team stiffened up after this disaster, and held the play in Dalhousie territory for some time. Toward the end of the period, however, Dal again worked down into the Acadia stronghold. MacOdrum caught a long punt on his own five yard line, and his game attempt to clear was not successful. Dalhousie scored again. This time the touch was not converted.

In the second half, Acadia played up strongly, and gave the Tigers no chance to score again. At one time, they carried the play to within five yards of the Dalhousie line, following a brilliant run by Bill Matthews, but a fumbled pass ruined the chance for a score.

Cleveland, Acadia forward, suffered a painful accident in the second half. Colliding with Jim Wilson, Cleve lost two of his front teeth and cut his lips and gums badly.

There was no scoring after the first period. Final score: Dalhousie 8, Acadia 0.

Line-up:

Acadia:- Titus, Fetterly, Hubley, Kierstead, Cleveland, Price, White, Hatfield, Ryan, Dugan, Matthews, Wilson, Davis, Noble, McOdrum. Spare, Crandall.

Dalhousie:- Dunlop, Smith, Campbell, Irvine, Townsend, Baird, Tupper, Sutherland, McLean, Wickwire, Langstroth, Hewitt, McDonald, Murphy, McLeod.



The Month

Again the wheels of Time revolve and bring us another year to be crowded with the joys and sorrows of college life. The void left by the passing of the class of '27 has been filled and the new faces have become familiar. Each class has settled into its place, wearing its new dignity with traditional good taste.

As usual the things of note are the "new's": new students new professors, new buildings, new rules. The new students are a large body this year, and are conducting themselves as new students do. The new professors are also many and, while we miss our old instructors, we look forward to a very successful year with the new. The new buildings add to the attractiveness of our already beautiful campus. In speaking of new rules we will only remark that chapel is no longer compulsory.

This year saw the new students participating in New Student's Week during which time they had a corn boil, which, we hear, was enjoyed by certain "fresh" men as well as Freshmen.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

The Seniors, in keeping with their upper-classman dignity, staged the first class party of the year on October 4th. Owing to the uncharitableness of the weather man, the proposed "wiener" roast on the Ridge took the form of a theatre party. This, however, had its compensation as it gave the "grave old Seniors" an opportunity to wear their new canes.

After enjoying the picture, *Long Pants*, they went to A4 where they held an indoor hot-dog party. The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. Thurston.

THE STUDENT'S UNION

The first meeting of the Student's Union was held no Oct. 1st in University Hall. The chief business before the meeting was the Freshman rules, which were read and accepted.

PARTY FOR THE NEW GIRLS

On Oct. 1st the Old Girls, each with a New Girl under her wing, gathered in A4 for the annual party. The games and refreshments were heartily enjoyed and the party ended with the class yells and the singing of *A-c-a-d-i-a*.

GRAVENSTEIN RECEPTION

The Gravenstein Reception was held in the gymnasium on the evening of Oct. 1st. As usual, the Freshmen were introduced and showered with apple cores, after which they paraded to Tully Tavern and went through a program of impromptu songs and recitations.

S. C. A.

The S. C. A. held its first meetings on October 2nd. The presidents of the boy's and girl's units are respectively Archie Black and Eleanor Kerr. The meetings are held Sunday evenings immediately after supper and are largely attended by students old and new.

ENGINEER'S PARTY

On October 5th the second corn-boil of the season was held when the engineers staged their first class party for the

year on the Ridge. As usual many of the Freshettes were invited to come along and help eat the corn and as usual everybody enjoyed themselves. The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. Saunders.

JUNIOR PARTY

The Juniors set a new fashion when they held their first class party at Evangeline Beach on October 10 th. The "bus" transported the "jolly Juniors" to the Beach where they spent a most enjoyable evening during which many hot-dogs and many marshmallows were consumed. The party broke up in good time with the class yell. Miss Metcalfe and Mr. Thomas were the chaperons.

S. C. A. BANQUET

Instead of a formal Reception as in former years, the S. C. A. invited the entire student body to a banquet in the Dining Hall. After a generous repast had been enjoyed by all present, many toasts were drunk.

Dr. MacDonald, as the speaker of the evening, set forth very plainly the reasons why the S. C. A. should be of interest to all students. We were delighted to have with us for the evening Harry Mollins of the class of '27 who, at the close of the banquet, favored us with a solo. The evening closed with the singing of *A-c-a-d-i-a*.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Dramatic Society was held on October 8th. The officers are:

President—Ted Taylor.

Vice-pres.—Emily Moore

Secy-Treas.—Peg Porter.

On October 13th the Society held it's first party at Evangeline Beach. The chaperons were Miss Metcalfe, Miss Graves, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Newnham.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

The first party of the class of '30 as Sophs was held on the Ridge on October 8th. The party was a weiner roast, to which they took their new classmates, and which was greatly enjoyed by classmates old and new. The chaperons were Miss Walkins and Mr. Cross.

PROPYLAEUM

The first meeting of the Propylaeum Society took the form of an invitation for the new girls. The Freshettes were present in "unconventional" evening dress and submitted to the various tortures devised by the ingenious brains of the Sophs.

THE FINE ARTS PROGRAMME

The Fine Arts Course promises a very delightful programme this year. Already we have heard, with the greatest pleasure Mr. Harry Irvine in his masterful interpretations of Kipling and Shakespere. On October 11th the Hart House String Quartette gave us a most enjoyable evening of music.

PEP MEETING

On October 14th the first Pep meeting of the year was held in the gym. The football squad was requested to go up front, with which request they finally complied. Jerry Colwell led the cheering in a bombastic manner. Dr. MacDonald as well as Captain Jim Wilson and several others, spoke encouraging words.



"Your paper has so established itself in our favor that we look for no faults"—Collegiate Outlook.

This statement was recently made in reference to the Acadia Athenaeum. Such a statement cannot possibly hold true with an Exchange Department merely a figure-head. The Exchange Shelf holds some splendid material this month, particularly the Graduation Numbers, and this material has been neglected. Contributors to the Athenaeum do not seem to realize that criticism is a great step towards self-improvement, and that keen and justified criticism is a rare achievement, and one worthy of striving for. Last year, the Exchange contributions seemed merely summaries of the magazine contents mingled with a few trite, common phrases. An Exchange Department can be, and should be, a clever, penetrating criticism of every worthy attempt in the magazine under survey. A higher award will be given to competent criticisms of two magazines than to shallow, superficial criticisms of ten.

The following magazines have been received:

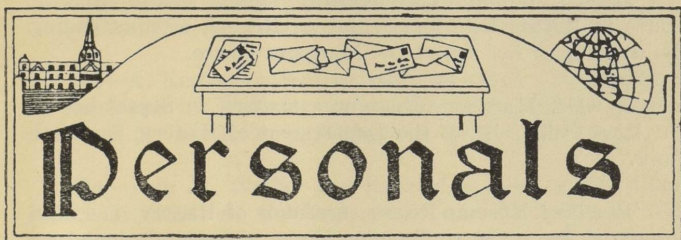
McMaster University Monthly
 Managra
 Dalhousie Gazette
 Brandon College Quill
 Saint Andrew's College Review
 The Frontier
 The Tech Flash

The Minnesota Technolog.

The Integral.

The Brunswickan.

The Collegiate Outlook.



The *Athenaeum* welcomes back to Acadia Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer, Professor of English and Prof. Alex Sutherland of the Engineering Dept., who were obliged to leave on account of ill health.

The *Athenaeum* expresses its regret of the accidental drowning of Miss Madge Cruise, who was Nurse at Acadia last year.

The *Athenaeum* wishes to extend congratulations to Prof. Howald upon his marriage to Miss Fuchs of Soleure, Switzerland.

'61—William H. Porter M. A. (Acadia's oldest living graduate) is now residing in Alta Vista, B. C.

'00—Hon. E. N. Rhodes has been appointed Chairman of the Conservative Convention recently held in Winnipeg.

'06—Ernest W. Robinson has been permanently appointed as principal of Horton Academy.

'14—W. C. B. Card of Loomis Institute, Windsor, Conn., recently visited his sister, Mrs. B. O. Davison, Wolfville.

'16—Prof. Max Saunders of Acadia received the degree of M. A. at the May Convocation.

'16—Dr. Lillian Chase recently took a special Medical course in Boston before returning to Regina, after attending the wedding of her sister, Dr. Margaret Chase.

'18—Dr. Margaret Chase was married in September to Dr. Ross Collins '12 of the Department of History, Syracuse Univ.

'19—Prof. Norman Rogers, professor of History, has been appointed Secretary to Premier King. Congratulations.

'20—Dr. Carl Beals has a position with the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory at Esquimalt, B. C.

'20—George Nowlan, M. P. P. was a delegate to the Conservative Convention, recently held at Winnipeg.

'20—G. H. Estabrooks, Ph. D. Harvard 1927, has been appointed Professor of Psychology at Colgate University.

'21—Lily M. Perry, M. A. Radcliffe 1925, is Assistant at Gray Herbarium, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'21—Claude Hicks and Erma Fash were married at Lewisville, N. B. in August. Dr. Hicks who received the degree of Ph. D. in Biology at Harvard Commencement in June has a position in the Dept. of Botany at the University of Buffalo.

'21—Born to Prof. H. E. Read and Mrs. Read (23), of Dalhousie University, a son.

'22—Margaret Ford spent her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Ford, Wolfville and has returned to her position at Glen Mawr Ladies College, Toronto.

'22 and '23—Ralph Marshall and Edith Davison were married this summer at Halfway River, Cumberland Co.

'22—Albert Corey is head of the dept. of History and Government at St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y.

'23—A. Emmerson Warren, who has spent a brief holiday at his home in Wolfville, has returned to Milton, Mass., where he is instructor in Biology at Milton Academy.

'24—Jean M. Walker was married in June to Dr. Cyril Elliott at Whittier, California. Dr. and Mrs. Elliott will reside in California.

'24—E. L. Curry has resigned his pastorate of the West End Baptist Church, Halifax.

A. L. S. '24—Alice Davis was married this summer to R. C. Frith of Ottawa. Congratulations.

'25—Preston Warren received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, "Magna Cum Laude" He expects to remain another year at Yale studying particularly the Philosophy of Religion, and continuing his administration as Director of Religious work.

'26—Morris Haycock has returned from a geological expedition at Netteting Lake, Baffin Land.

'26—Otto Noble is continuing his studies at McGill.

'26—Mark Fairn has been appointed to a position in the Federal Research Department at Ottawa.

'26—Byrns Curry has been appointed principal of the Kings County Academy.

'26—Gerald Eaton is studying at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'26—Rev. G. W. Guiou preached his farewell sermon in Gaspereau early in September and has accepted a pastorate in Middleton.

Eng.'26—Raymond Wetmore is studying at Nova Scotia Technical College.

Eng.'26—T. A. M. Kirk is with the Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Eng. '26—Robie Roscoe is a patient at the Central Alberta Sanatorium, Calgary.

'26—Donald Munro is taking post graduate work at Cornell University.

'26—The Athenaeum extends hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Keyes (nee Serena Toue) on the birth of a son Everett Reid, born July 28, 1927.

'26—Mary H. Falt (Simmons '27) has a position as Librarian in the New Hampshire State University, Durham, N. H.

'27—Janet Murray is Librarian of the Children's Dep't. in the Toronto Public Library.

'27—Elisabeth Ford has joined the staff of Glen Mawr Ladies' College, as teacher of Mathematics.

'27—Harry P. B. Jenkins has accepted a position on the staff of the Amherst Academy.

27—Wilbert Spencer is taking Graduate work in Botany at Harvard University.

'27—Austin Rand is taking Graduate work in Ornithology at Cornell, where he has also an assistantship.

'27—Harold Sipprell is studying English in the Graduate School, Harvard.

'27—Walter Stultz is an assistant in Zoology at Yale.

'27—Harry Mollins is pastor of the First Cornwallis Baptist Church, Canard.

'27—Ben Gullison, Robert Prosser, C. H. Bentley and A. J. Brady left on the Furness Liner, *Newfoundland* for Edinburgh, in September, where they will continue their medical studies.

'27—Wallace Barteau has joined the teaching staff of Kings County Academy.

'27—M. Grace Perry is teaching violin at the School of Household Science and Fine Arts.

'27—Ila Freeman has returned to Wolfville and is taking courses in music.

'27—Gwendolyn Spurr is teaching at Alma College, Ontario.

'27—Beryl deWolfe is studying at the School of Art, Halifax.

'27—Virginia Dixon is attending the Vesper George Art School, Boston, Mass.

'27—Douglas Gordon is in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he has accepted a position with the U. S. Rubber Co.

'27—Carl Freeman Messenger is taking work at the Dalhousie Medical College.

'27—Graham Patriquin is a master at Kings Collegiate Academy, Windsor.

'27—L. I. Puglsey is studying at Yale.

'27—Constance Hayward and Gwen Patterson are attending Toronto University.

'27—Ralph Perry has been awarded the Milton Hersey Fellowship at Queens University, which is valued at \$500 with free tuition.

'28—Hortense Richardson and Ruth Haley are studying Library Science at Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

'27—Harold Archibald is studying for his M. A. at Acadia.

'27—Burnell Eaton is continuing his medical studies at Dal.

'27—Gordon Potter is teaching in Sydney Academy.

Eng. '27—Mellish Lane, Alan Foulis, Ken Brooks, Bill Dickson, Tom Ayre, Charlie MacIntyre K. C. Mac Wha and Alan Nickerson are attending N. S. Technical College, Halifax.

Ex. '27—Winfield Vincent received his B. A. from Mt. Allison in May.

Ex. '27—Audrey Vaughan is at her home in St. Martins, N. B.

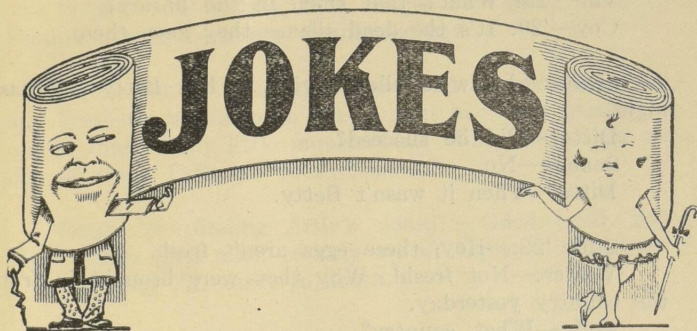
Ex. '28—Eric Cousins is spending the winter in Geneva studying French.

A. L. S. ex. '27—Truth Fairn completed the Household Science at Halifax Ladies College in June and is now attending teaching in Middleton.

A. L. S. '26—Francis Hunter has joined the class of '31 in Arts at Acadia.

A L. S. '27—Beth MacCallum is a private governess in Montreal.

A. L. S. '27—Glenna Tracey is taking a course in Dietetics in the Victoria Hospital, London, Ont.



EDITOR'S WAIL.

"What do you get for all this work?"

I was asked the other day.

"Oh, nothing at all but thanks," I said

"Our glory is our pay."

And straightway round the corner came

Some student with a hum,

And advancing towards my helpless self—

"Say! Gee, these jokes are bum."

Managra.

MacOrdum '28—(Reading the bill board) "Gentlemen prefer Blondes."

Fran. '28:—Yes, but you don't, do you?

Doc '28:—(during tiff) Do you want me to tell you you're the only only girl I ever kissed?

Marg: '28 Heavens, no; I hate amateurs.

Prof. MacPeek:—Did you ever read *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*?

Bert '29—Naw, I don't like those religious books.

Reg. '30:—I like your dress.

Ebbie '30:—It doesn't take much to please you.

Vin—'29: What's that smell in the library?

Coy—'29: It's the dead silence they keep there.

Senior:—I saw a fellow trying to kiss Betty Roy last night.

Ditto:—Did he succeed?

Senior:—No.

Ditto:—Then it wasn't Betty.

Stub '28:—Hey, these eggs aren't fresh.

Waiter:—Not fresh! Why they were brought in from the country yesterday.

Stub:—What country?

Jack Harris '31:—How long can a person live without brains?

Soph:—I don't know, how old are you?

Percy '28:—Aw, come on White, you can't drive that bus.

White '29:—Aw, go on, I've been driving a car since I was seven.

Percy '28:—When will you be eight?

Tibbets '30:—Why is it that the Jews don't go to heaven any more?

Smofski '31:—I don't know, why?

Tibbets '30:—Because business has gone to hell.

Prof. Massey:—Translate this sentence: *Voila l'Anglais avec son sangfroid habituel.*

Stub '28:—"Here comes the Englishman with his usual bloody cold."

Mersereau '28—(conversationally): Looks like rain, doesn't it?

Bill Atkinson '30—(gazing at his glass of milk): Yeah, it usually does.

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends," said the Freshman after a game of double hot-end.

Dicker '29 (to Chesnutt '29):—What I can't see is why any Freshette wants to go out and get her teeth brushed by one of those dinky little moustaches. Why doesn't she buy one of these Epileptic tooth-brushes?

Percy '28 (finding Artie's closed):—Good Lord, boys, I've a darn good mind to stay up all night. I'm scared if I go to sleep I'll starve to death.

Mim '28:—Well, Stub, how's the car running?

Stub '28:—That's what puzzles me.

Audrey '29:—Gee, I'm sore all over.

Louise '29:—Whassa matter?

Audrey '29:—Too much gym.

Dunky '29 (To registrar):—Sir, would you mind drawing up my report card very carefully. My parents suffer terribly from nerves.

Ken '28:—Did the M. C. P. have a good run in St. John?

Tex '28:—No, they only chased us about two miles.

Blair '28:—Hooray! Five dollars for that story I wrote.

Louie '28:—Who from?

Blair '28:—The express company. They lost it.

Sophomore Ed says : "It's remarkable how little bull it takes to cow a man."

Billy '29:—I was a life-saver for a while this summer.

Ruth '29:—No, really? What flavor?

Officer Crowell:—Appear in court to-morrow, young man. You were travelling at forty miles an hour.

Stub '28—Hooray! Give me a summons, officer, or the boys will never believe it!

Marion '28:—The man I marry must be ambitious; he must work while others are sleeping.

Tat '28:—Better try your line on the milkman.

Duckie '29 (at training table):—"To digest or just die, that is the question."

There was a young lady of Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kayyam;
"If you kiss me, of course
You will have to use force.
But Gee Whiz! You're stronger than I am!"



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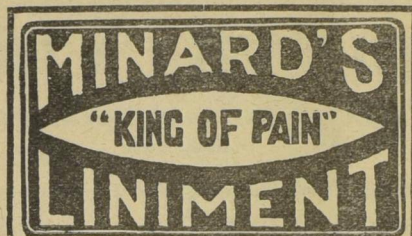
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