

*B.D. Elderkin '26*

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**ATHENÆUM**



**March, 1926**

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# The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LII.

Wolfville, N. S., March 1926

No. 4

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—H. F. Sipprell, '27; C. F. Allaby, '28.

T. Morse, '29. (1 unit each);

Articles:—1st, Mary Bishop, '27; 2nd, C. F. Allaby, '28.

Stories:—1st, L. I. Pugsley, '27; 2nd, C. F. Allaby, '28.

One Act Play:—E. Ardis Whitman, '26.

Humor:—No award.

Science:—E. Ardis Whitman, '26; L. I. Pugsley, '27.

H. F. Sipprell, '27. (1 unit each);

Exchanges:—1st, E. Ardis Whitman, '26; 2nd, G. D. H. Hatfield, '27.

Month:—1st, Mary Bishop, '27; 2nd, Helen Simms, '27

Athletics:—No awards.

Personals:—C. R. Gould, '26; R. D. Perry, '27 (1 unit each.)

Jokes:—1st, Helen Simms, '27; 2nd, Marjorie Mason, '26.

Cartoon:—No award.

Seniors: 7 units.

Juniors: 14 units.

Sophomore : 3 units.

Engineers: 0 units.

Freshmen: 1 unit.

Pennant to the Juniors.

**Literary A to H. F. Sipprell, '27.**

## ELEGIAC

Grey sea and cold grey sky  
And drifting snow on the shore,  
And my chilled heart longs for one  
Who returns, ah, nevermore.

The lofty spruce-tree bends  
'Neath its weighty wreaths of snow,  
And, under my heavy griefs,  
My smitten heart bows low.

A ship stands up the bay  
Inbound from distant ports,  
And a gleam from far away  
Unto my heart resorts.

Blue sky and gleaming sun  
And melting snow on the shore,  
And my sorrow melts in tears,  
For love lives evermore.

H. F. S. '27.

**THE COLLEGE ANTHOLOGIES**

For several years the annual volumes of *The Poets of the Future* have been of special interest to Acadia students and their friends because they have printed or given honorable mention to poems published in the *Acadia Athenaeum*. Volume VIII (1924-1925) of the series is no exception, for it contains one poem by E. Ardis Whitman, and gives honorable mention to one poem each by Marion Smith, Owen T. Rumsey, and Harold F. Sipprell. The only other Canadian universities represented in the volume are McGill University, with one poem printed and one honorable mention, and Mount Allison University, with one poem printed. On this basis, Acadia distinctly leads the Canadian universities in the writing of poetry.

The volume is of interest to all lovers of poetry because of the rich promise it shows for the future of poetry among the English-speaking peoples on the American continent. These young poets are able to paint the pictures and express the moods of nature's pageant through the various periods of the day and of the night and through the changing seasons of the year, and to do it with a felicity of phrase that betokens genius. An example of descriptive excellence is "Etchings of Rain" (page 43).

Then there are delightful plays of fancy, exquisite utterances of emotion, and daring poems of reflection, to show that these young writers have not only keen senses, but also susceptible imaginations, deep feelings, and alert and courageous minds.

There are poems to illustrate the new freedom in subject matter and form, but there is a sane preponderance of the more conventional forms and themes. This may be taken to indicate that the best will survive in spite of fads and vogues, and that young people, including students, can be trusted, not

only with the future of poetry but also with the future of the race.

The *Best College Short Stories* series numbers only two volumes. In both of these Acadia students are represented, by stories printed or given honorable mention. The last volume (1924-1925) gives honorable mention to one story each by Charlotte Kinsman and Owen T. Rumsey, of whom the latter has been recognized in the poetry series. Acadia is the only Canadian university to receive recognition in the new short-story volume.

The stories are set in many countries and vary greatly in subject matter and treatment. Atmosphere stories, local color stories, detective stories, character studies, word portraits, novel situations, are treated with originality, ingenuity, and, at times, daring. There seems to be no danger of lack of freshness in material or form, with our college students writing fiction of so high a grade of excellence.

Both volumes, made up of work by college men and women go to show that writers are made as well as born.

V. B. R.

**WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT**

Method was Richard Dawson's middle name, his aim, purpose, and outstanding characteristic.

Nothing in the world would find him unprepared. He was the sort of man who had everything ready and in its proper place, where it could easily be reached.

Dawson was an author of weird, unearthly tales, the kind that makes one's blood run cold, and one's hair rise.

He had apartments in the C. P. R. hotel at Montreal, and a person, upon entering his rooms, would be astonished by the files upon files of materials which he had there. Everything he read, he clipped and filed away under its proper label.

He had notes on the habits and customs of unknown tribes in the heart of Africa, a place which he would never visit and never use in his life as a setting of a story. Quite as easily within reach, there was the data concerning the inhabitants of Greenland, or a favorite way of making divinity fudge.

Suddenly a great fear came over him, that of blindness. It had begun with a slight smarting of the eyes, specks dancing before them and a nervous contraction of the lids. Odd lights would flash in front of him and upon stooping he would find a dizziness, the result of which was well nigh overwhelming. This went on for some time and the strain which his work caused him only irritated the trouble.

When other people would have begun to worry, or have sought a doctor, Dawson's method came to his assistance. He did not believe in doctors. Of what use were all his encyclopaedias, medical works and stocks of clippings, if not to aid him in a time like this? All the diseases common to man or

beast were duly chronicled there and the treatment explained.

He sought his files for such information as might have a bearing on the subject. It was there in abundance, and as he read his horror grew. He did not for an instant doubt its authority, and according to the books, total blindness was his doom. As his eyes became worse he abandoned work entirely and began to plan for the future.

Suppose he finally became blind, as he fully and honestly believed he would—what then? The only people who were blind, and with whom he ever came in contact, were the beggars about the streets in the city, selling odd trifles and holding out dented cups for money, which they sorely needed. But there must be other blind people in the world, and somewhere he must have articles about them. In spite of the pain in his eyes, he sought his records and read of the blind men and women of the world, how they had lived, and how bravely they had in some instances overcome their great handicap.

But even the story of the brave ones did not help him. As he thought about it, he came more and more to have a terrible dread of the future. He became afraid to go out of doors. What if he should be suddenly stricken in the streets of the city! What if he should find himself in darkness, amid totally unfamiliar surroundings!

He spent most of his time now indoors, gazing from his windows at the traffic which travelled back and forth beneath him. It seemed to him like a scene in a theatre, a scene on which alas! the curtain was soon to descend. But need it? Must the beauties of the world soon be unknown to him, except in memory? Such a fate would never be his, if it were within his power to prevent it—and he believed it was.

Once his mind was made up, his old friend method helped him. For the last time he sought his files. What he wanted would be under "Weapons," yes there it was,

"Firearms," that was the thing. Something sure and swift was what he needed.

Hurriedly he prepared for the street and went out.

When he returned a short time later, he carried a parcel which he unwrapped cautiously, disclosing to view a revolver. He turned it over in his hand, then loaded it, and placed the weapon in the very top drawer of his desk. He would wait until the blindness came upon him, and then he would do the trick.

That there might not be any hesitation when the fatal day arrived, he arranged the furniture of his room in such a manner that it left a straight path from his chair at the window to the desk. He practised the walk over and over again, until he could reach his goal without stepping sideways in the dark.

In the dark! Well, he would not be in the dark long.

A few minutes later, when the curtain was closely drawn and the lights were on, he was sitting in his favorite place by the window, trying to read.

His eyes pained, and the letters on the page before him became blurred. In an endeavor to ease the pain, he pressed his hand against his burning eyeballs. He almost feared to take them away lest the thing which he dreaded should have come. Slowly he removed them and opened his eyes—then almost crying aloud—Nothing but blank darkness before him. He waited a moment. Still it was dark. He looked all about him, but nothing save a wall of pitch darkness met his eyes, an inky wall which his sight could not pierce.

It had come!

For a moment he sat quiet considering. A strange feeling of relief came over him. The period of suspense was over. He

knew first what to do. Slowly he rose from his chair, turned at the exact angle, walked to the drawer, and opened it. There followed a click and then a bang! and a thud as if a soft body fell. Then all was silent.

.....  
A moment later and the telephone rang sharply. Downstairs, a disgusted night operator pulled out the plug of the switch board, and called a bell boy to him. "Run up to Mr. Dawson's room," he said. "Tell him not to worry about the lights. They will be on in a few minutes. The power house is temporarily on the bum."

But when the bell-boy arrived, Richard Dawson was lying on the flat of his back with a bullet hole in his head.

L. I. P. '27.

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### THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

**T**HE National Union of Students is an organization concerning which every student in every University in the British Empire should have some knowledge.

The English National Union of Students was formed three years ago in response to a demand for an organization that would represent the students of the country as a whole, and not merely those of any one university. The students who formed it were largely, if not entirely, drawn from the body of ex-Service men who returned to the universities after the war. These men, it would seem, desired to recapture in peace that spirit of fellowship which was one of the few blessings they had found in war, and, having recaptured it, to extend it beyond the bounds of nationality to be a living force among the youth of all countries. This they considered to be the object of the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants, a federation of national unions which had just been formed by the French, and it was in order that English students might become members of this Confederation that the National

Union of Students of the Universities and University Colleges of England and Wales was constituted. The Scottish Universities had formed a Representative Council of their own some forty years before, and were therefore separately represented.

The individual student becomes a member of the N. U. S. by virtue of the affiliation of the union or guild of his university. These unions are represented, usually by their President, on the Council and Executive of the National Union, which control the policy and direct the work carried on at the central office in London.

The N. U. S. is therefore something very much more than an international society. It is a representative national body and its national obligations and responsibilities began to make themselves felt very soon after its formation. The two sides to its work, the national and the international, go hand in hand.

Among the national or Home activities of the N. U. S. are the publication each term of "The University," which circulates thru all the twenty-one Universities of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; the organization of tours to the industrial centres or beauty spots of the British Isles; the holding of an annual Congress, which has proved to be vigorous and universally popular. The program has consisted of lectures on the most important problems of the time by the best lecturers of the day in each subject, and in the evenings, a Universities' Parliament, a meeting on "Religion and Life," plays by University Dramatic Societies, and dances. Other activities under this head include an Information Bureau, (providing students with particulars of scholarships, University courses, and so on, throughout the world), a scheme by which textbooks can be obtained at a reduced rate, the establishment of reciprocity of membership of University Unions, a system of correspondence Exchanges (of great value to Modern Language students, and to specialists, who are put into postal communication with students in other countries who specialize in the same subject), Exchange visits (families in two countries exchanging hospitality for each others' sons or daughters), Tuition visits (tuition given in return for hospitality with a

family abroad) and the formation of Hospitality Committees, consisting of people who wish to have an opportunity (with which the N. U. S. is able to supply them) of entertaining six students from abroad every term. There are also many other schemes, and their number is always tending to increase. It is found that once a representative National Union has been formed, the older generation shows great readiness in giving its skilled and generous co-operation.

In the Foreign or International section of its activities, the National Union preserves a strict autonomy, and (its constitution having been officially recognised as being genuinely representative of the University students of the nation) it enjoys full and independent membership of the International Confederation of Students, which is the federation of the National Union of all the different countries. This body, known as the C. I. E. (Confederation Internationale des Etudiants), makes it possible to organize the European tours, and to provide them with skilled student guides—an advantage with which no commercial tour has anything to compare. International conferences of the most interesting kind are held, and a large number of important facilities are granted, which are beginning to confer upon the University student, once again, the privileges which he enjoyed in the Middle Ages, when he could travel freely from one university to another, and so come into contact with the finest scholarship of every nation.

The first imperial conference of students was held at London, England, during the latter part of July, 1925 and was attended by delegates and representatives from Australia and Tasmania, Canada, Hong-Kong, India, Ireland, New Zealand, South Africa, Trinidad, England and Wales and Scotland.

At the first meeting in London on Saturday, July 19th, a brief explanatory account was given of the work of the National Union and of the International Confederation. The agenda for the conference was then considered and adopted, and in order that it might be adequately dealt with, the Conference divided into five commissions. Each commission was given a group of subjects falling under one broad category upon which it was to draw up a considered report to be submitted to a full

session of the Conference. Each delegate, therefore, had an opportunity of expressing his views on any subject in the agenda, either in the meetings of his commission, or later in the full session of the Conference, when the reports of other commissions were being considered.

The first commission was to consider means of co-operation between students of the Empire, and as a result, the Committee of Overseas Students has been formed and has begun its work. This committee advised sports, debates, and so on, between students of different universities in the Empire, and, as a result of this, the Imperial Debating Team debated with representatives of our University on January 12, 1926. The object of this team, which is still touring Canada, is not to show its superiority in debating but to acquire a general knowledge of Canadian students and Canadian student life.

General imperial questions were considered by the second commission, and on these matters a little further removed from actual student activity, many very sound propositions were made. The commission meeting under the chairmanship of Mr. McKenzie (Dalhousie) took the form of a round table conference at which students from many section of the Empire discussed freely, not as representatives but as ordinary citizens of their separate countries, the problems that confront those communities and the Empire as a whole.

Commissions three and four discussed University questions and scholarships. Some valuable suggestions for the allocation of the New British Empire Exhibition Scholarships were formulated, and these were forwarded to the authorities concerned.

The fifth commission considered the question of International co-operation Reports were given by students of the different Dominions on the student organizations in their countries, and the possibility of forming National Unions in the different Dominions was discussed. Briefly stated, the objects of forming a national union uniting the university students in the Dominion are as follows:—

to represent the students from a national and international point of view;

to develop a spirit of unity amongst students and so encourage them to take a more active part in the public and social affairs of their country;

to voice student opinion;

to provide means of co-operation between the students of the country and the other university students within the British Commonwealth of Nations;

to enable the students of the country to be represented on the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants and take an active part in bringing together the students of the world so that by meetings and discussions, understanding may be advanced and a spirit of friendship established;

to establish a central office to be of service to student unions and other such bodies, and to individual students in such ways as assisting graduates in obtaining employment;

to establish a program of student tours and to provide facilities for individual student travel.

The regard in which the National Union is held by the citizens of England is readily shown by the assistance which has been rendered by some of the busiest public men, including Sir Harry Brittain, M. P., Viscount Cecil, the Hon. President of the National Union of Students, the Earl and Countess of Sandwich, Earl Balfour, Viscount Burnham and Lord Waring.

National Unions have recently been formed in South Africa, in New Zealand and in the free state of Ireland, and in all these countries they are proving of great benefit to the men and women in the Universities. Considering the fact that Canada, with twenty universities and university colleges, has only one national student organization, the Student Christian Movement, and realizing, also, the immense amount of good that would accrue, and the wider outlook that such a union would make possible, it is to be hoped that publicity as to the aims and international significance of the movement will be given, with the end in view of bringing about the formation of such a union in our own Dominion.

M. A. B., '27.

**STAR QUEST**

Cold, clear, cloudless night;  
 Moon high, shining bright;  
 Stars a-glitter, huddling nigh  
 A frigid mirror in the sky.  
 Seek they warmth in its blue glare?  
 Fools! No warmth lurks in that stare!  
 Are stars, like humans, led astray  
 By false, reflected, mocking ray?  
 Are they, too, but simple dupes  
 Remaining fixed in narrow coops  
 Of Life, conventions, conscious fear?  
 No buoyant hopes for each new year?  
 Yet, oft we find a shooting star,  
 Adventuring from the rest afar:  
 No more content its lot to cast  
 With others, but to hurry past  
 In sudden burst of falling flame,  
 And pass from life to whence it came.

T. H. P. MORSE, '29.

**THE REVENGE OF DON ANTONEZ**

**T**HE embered glow from the raised hearth sprang suddenly into life as the mistress of the Spanish hostel tossed a handful of crushed olive shells on the graying redness of the fire. The odor of frying onions diffused itself upon the atmosphere of the room as she stirred something which she had in a dish.

The sudden and steady illumination touched the swarthy faces of the multeers who had tossed their saddles and blankets on the floor about the walls and who were preparing for sleep. At the same time the light revealed the low tables, unattended save one at the extreme left of the raised hearth, at which sat a drooping figure clothed in a porter's wide breeches with a leather cuirass jacketing his broad, hunched shoulders: but his

massed white hair and broad forehead might have belied the station of his dress. The old porter, for such he undoubtedly seemed to be, occasionally raised his head and glanced toward the wide door of the *aventa*, as if expectant of the arrival of perhaps another porter. The woman having done, she carefully divided the cooked food into two dishes, placing both on the table at which was seated the old man.

The muleteers were roused by the clipety-clip, clipety-clip of horses' hoofs, which ceased, as, with a scrunch of wheels, a vehicle drew up before the *aventa*. No one emerged from the darkness without except a slight figure enveloped by a cloak and with a black slouch hat drawn over his eyes, completely concealing his features. The new arrival stood poised, slowly surveying the room; evidently endeavoring to accustom his eyes to the dim light. The muleteers seemed to squirm uneasily under the intent scrutiny of the dark figure. At length, however, his sharp, roving gaze struck the white-haired figure in the corner.

The newcomer, whose mysterious mien awed the loungers, two of whom slunk out, advanced with deliberation toward the table on which was placed the food. He addressed in lowered tones the aged man who had straightened at the sound of the approach of wheels.

"Monsieur."

The seated one's greeting was simply, "Caballero." This appeared to satisfy the slim one of the cloak, for he answered in Spanish, "By the Lady of Carmel."

The old man started perceptibly at this and in a tone full of suppressed emotion said, "Madre doloroso." The rite or salutation evidently was concluded with this, for the cloaked figure made the sign of the cross, then placed a slim forefinger over his hard thin lips as if to impose silence. Both ate without a word. The cracking of a single shell as it struck the heat mingled with the snoring of the mule driver. From the door on the right of the entrance came the sound of bedded horses and the acid smell of the stable mixed with the odor of onions and of sweating blankets which pervaded the public room.

Presently both, having eaten but little, rose. The old

ran gestured significantly and walked across the room with the grace of a fandango dancer or of a soldier, to where a door led to the rooms above. The little man with the hard, thin lips pulled down his hat, which he had not removed, drew his cloak carefully about him and softly followed.

The room above was lighted by a single, uncertain candle stuck in its own wax to a deal table. The rest of the furnishing consisted of a couch and two chairs. The man who had come in the coach threw his cloak and hat on the couch. His thin body was topped by a sharp face, while his pointed mustache were in contrast with his matted, black hair. He was a knife of a man.

"You sent for me, Monsieur. I, Jacques, King of the Apaches, I, the greatest of the Rue Rouge, am at your service. For ten thousand francs do I come from Paris to do your bidding. Pray, command me, Monsieur." The Frenchman, for such he evidently was, bit off his words succinctly and with a measure of pride.

The white-haired man surveyed the other for a moment and ventured nothing.

"Tell me," continued the self-confessed Apache in Spanish, "what would you have me do, Don Antonez?"

"Shush! Do not speak that name ever, Senor," said the man in the habiliments of a porter. Both were listening intently but could hear nothing except the dull trampling of the horses in the stable beneath.

Presently the Don leaned over and, almost inaudibly, whispered into the ear of the Apache, "I have sent for you to kill the King of Spain."

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur! Impossible! What did you say, Monsieur? The King of Spain!" the hard eyes of the Frenchman wavered. "I have killed my hundreds, oui, my tens of hundreds. I, Jacques, King of the Apaches, but never yet have I killed a king nor attempted it. That is a most desperate idea, Don Antonez, and I could never attempt it. Why for a moment do you contemplate such a hazardous undertaking?"

The Don's body tensed, his jaw tightened. He spoke

witheringly in Spanish, "The mighty King of the Apaches is afraid to pit himself against the puny, pampered King of the Spaniards." "But no," he continued in French, adopting a more conciliatory tone, "Pourquoi? Because the King has driven the Don Antonez from the court of Spain and out of the houses of his friends until every Spaniard despises me. He has clothed my name like a Lazarus with sores. Trouble has fallen upon me like rain on one already wet. In poverty—" He broke off, incoherent with emotion. Brushing back his silken white hair, he resumed with more dignity, "The King His Majesty, laid on Don Valasquez Antonez, the first noble of his realm, the Tizon de Espana the hated brand of Spain when he found in the hidden book of the nobles that the grandfather of Don Antonez was a Jew. For that, caballero," the grandee went on, "the grandson of a Jew disgraced has vowed the King of Spain must either wash the feet of Don Antonez or die. That means he dies that the revenge of Don Antonez which has been sworn may be brought to pass."

Craftiness narrowed the eyes of the Apache to slits. His voice was fluid, like vitriol, "A common enemy is worth ten thousand francs but a king, to tickle the ribs of a king with a knife, is worth more, my Don, say perhaps twenty thousand francs."

The baffled eye of Don Antonez lighted, his voice was the hoarse sound of battling emotions. "For twenty thousand francs, the death of the King can be brought about — Good!" He pulled from his leather tunic a wallet and with trembling hands counted out twenty thousand francs, with thousand franc notes, small notes, centimes, and sous. "There, the last of my vast fortune senor, lies on that table; but take it. They will repay the loss of all." Nonchalantly he tossed the limp wallet into the corner.

"Tres bon, tres bon, thou art indeed noble and for me I am glad I am not your enemy." Jacques offered a slim white hand as if to give a sign of good faith or comradeship but the old nobleman apparently did not see it or did not care to take it.

"Let it be tomorrow, Maundy Thursday, for I could not have my King die on the same day as my Savior." Half

absently he scarcely formed the words, "Judas took thirty pieces of silver."

"What then is the best time tomorrow, Antonez?" the Frenchman queried familiarly.

"During the siesta all is quiet. Everyone including the King will be in repose. The soldiers and His Majesty will be sleeping. It will be done easily, quietly then," said the Don.

"Good night, and adieu! Then, monsieur, tomorrow you will hear of the death of the King of Spain, for I, Jacques, King of the Apaches, never fail. Adieu!"

"Adieu, Jacques, King of the Apaches, and may you not fail this time."

With a swagger that almost extinguished the candle the killer threw his cloak about him, drew his black slouch hat over his eyes, and went out.

No sooner had he gone than from sheer weariness, like the sag of a guitar string loosened, the Don threw himself on the couch. Many hours elapsed, however, before Morpheus successfully wooed him, even then he proved an uncertain lover. In this troubled and fitful slumber, he occasionally startled the bats by muttering, "Tomorrow."

Morning came, and with it a grey sun filtered through the unwashed, web-hung window. Don Antonez arose painfully. His face was white and shrunken like a washed sheet, his back bent like that of a man who carries a thousand pounds in each hand. Without a thought for food, hatless, he made his way to the street determined to go the market place, there to await news of the success of Jacques, King of the Apaches. At the thought of that name he spat, like one who feels a fly in his mouth.

Maundy's crowd brushed against him on all sides, many jostled him severely, none had respect for a tousled old porter. One big Majo gave him a push that knocked him sprawling into the gutter. Many of the multitude laughed at his humiliation. Dazedly he picked himself up, and was attempting to shake the dirt from his clothes when a carriage driven furiously sprayed him with evil smelling mud. Some rough

little barbarians of the streets jeered at the dirty, bent old man who in a flustered way was rubbing his hands through silky white hair. A beggar offered him a crust for courtesy's sake, not that he had any idea of giving it to him.

A squad of the King's bodyguard came rhythmically marching down the road. Don Antonez tried to get off the street but the crowd was too dense; they pushed him back. He tried to run but his legs were rebellious to the general of his brain. Struggling vainly with himself, he would have fallen had not the captain of the guard caught him by the shoulder. Vaguely, like one half under an anaesthetic, the old man heard him say, "Here is one. Take an arm, Pescada; here Basquez, the other. Forward march!" The column closed ranks about the old man and their rhythmical, stately marching was resumed.

Don Antonez struggled impotently in the hands of the two stalwart soldiers, who marched stolidly, practically carrying the old man suspended between them. A thousand broken figures whirled kaleidoscopically through his mind. He realized that he was to be branded a traitor to his country, and was to die a betrayer of his king. Had Jacques proved false? He could not tell. He only knew the plot had been disclosed. The thought crushed him like an olive in the last press of an oil extractor. Fear to him now became an alarm clock of sleeping memories. Resigned, he walked still leaning heavily on his uniformed supports and spoke never a word. They marched beyond time to infinity, so he thought; past gaping multitudes of merrymakers and past vehicles which stopped while those inside watched the troop go by. At length an iron gate opened to a ringing challenge and they marched through. It clanged behind them, cutting off all escape. At an order, the squad halted while the captain gestured for the two soldiers with their prisoner to follow him. Up the olive lined path they passed. Don Antonez recognized the courtyard of the King's Palace. Through a portico they paraded and between tapestried walls of which the Don, weaker still, caught only glimpses as they passed. Finally, broad, plush doors opened by invisible retainers, admitted the quartet to a room of un-

surpassed gorgeousness. A red length of carpet led across its broad expanse from the door to a dais at the extreme end. With a groan, Don Antonez knew he was in the throne room of the Palace. Two elegantly ornamented thrones surmounted the dais. How often, he remembered, had he entered here, a noble of Spain to keep the heir-loomed hat on before the King for a sign of his station and dominion. He combed his silken white hair with his long lean fingers. At the memory, he drew himself up with a touch of the dignity that yesterday was his. This, with his mud-spattered, torn stockings and breeches and with jacket torn by the rough handling of the soldiers, lent him a quixotic air.

Along the red carpet, into which his worn shoes sank luxuriously, he was led to the foot of the dais and up the four semi-circular stairs. So for his heinous intentions he was to be confronted by his angered majesty in person. Over the dais and to the foot of the throne. Again dazedly he looked mutely at the captain, who gave an order; whereupon he was thrust upon the King's own seat. Don Antonez now believed himself insane or in the grasp of some supernatural fantasy. He raised his hands before his eyes and stared at them like one mesmerized.

The door through which they had passed again opened, and slowly, with stately dignity, a procession led by the cardinal of the court, marched up the red carpet. Following the cardinal at a short distance, came a clerical attendant bearing a golden basin: next a bowed figure in a black robe bore himself with humble mien: a number of court retainers formed the body of the procession.

At the foot of the dais, the procession came to a pause while the cardinal intoned in a dull monotone a short prayer, Don Antonez again brushed his hands before his eyes as though dismissing phantoms.

The golden vessel the attendant placed at his feet while the figure in black, with head still bowed, ascended the circular stairway, advanced, knelt, and slowly removed the worn shoes and spattered stockings from the feet of Don Antonez. Tenderly he laved his feet with water from the basin of gold.

Such unexpected kindness at first bewildered the white-haired old noble, but soon a tear burst gently from his eye and crept slowly down one cheek; another, liberated from the other eye, made its way down the troubled furrows of the face of the buffeted old man—the man on whom the King had placed the Tizon de Espana, the hated brand of Spain. A half sob broke through his lips. This sound attracted the attention of the penitent figure in black, who glanced up. Instantly Don Antonez recognized his king—King of all Spain.

“Majesty!” an unconscious cry of exaltation and consternation broke from his lips to be drowned to a hoarse croak. A maelstrom of conflicting emotions tore his soul like angry cats. All his anger abated, leaving in its wake nothing but anxiety as an ebbing tide leaves its impress on a beach. Jacques, King of the Apaches, who never failed, flashed into his mind. His vow was paid and tomorrow he could boast the King had washed his feet, the feet of the son the son of the son of a Jew—one marked with the brand of Spain. Only now did he realize that he had been unfortunately taken for one of those stray old men who are picked as subjects of the King’s humble and Christian zeal exercised under the pressure of the Church on Maundy Thursday. These impressions recorded themselves on his mind almost simultaneously. What, he thought again, of the Apache, the bird of prey from Paris? A man’s vow cannot be twice paid. His injured pride was balmed. Now he could be steadfast in his loyalty, although all unrecognized. Only one way he saw, and he quickly chose.

The cardinal and the attendants were no less astonished than the King when the old man was observed to swoon and fall into the arms of the figure in black.

“Lay him on the royal couch,” ordered the King to the captain of the guard.

“But, majesty,” the cardinal objected, “ ’tis now time for your majesty’s siesta. Already the sun is at high noon.”

“Today is Maunday Thursday, your Holiness. I will take my siesta elsewhere. Permit me, at least, that.”

These words Don Antonez heard and was satisfied.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day the papers merely told of an old man that, having been picked up in the street as a Maundy subject, had been stabbed to death as he lay sleeping on the royal couch and that a French robber had been shot, scaling the walls of the palace. The papers suggested moreover, that the foreigner had designs on the life of the King of Spain.

C. F. A., '28.

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### A CASE FOR FREE POETRY

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To clarify some of our conceptions, it would seem necessary, in beginning, to point out that the phrase "free verse" is a contradiction of terms. Verse is a species of form and form always is produced thru law. Law and freedom are practically as inimical as monarchy and anarchy because law curtails freedom. "Free verse" or *vers libre*, which W. H. Long calls a Freshman's attempt to demonstrate that he has taken French, are therefore terms as contradictory as yes and no, or any other opposites. "Free from verse" or "free poetry" are much more logical designations of that form of literature which has been known as "free verse."

Again, poetry and prose are perhaps two of the most misused and misconceived terms in our language because both have been given a double significance, that of matter and manner, of concept and form. Poetry has sometimes been used to signify verse and verse alone, while at other times the term poetry has included both the concept and the expression of the concept thru verse. Verse has been commonly accepted as that form of writing governed by the law of meter, the regular recurrence of stress, and by the law of rhyme (excepting blank verse), the regular recurrence of like syllables. This definition is acceptable and adequate for the present discussion. The word prose has designated any writing not verse, while anything in the form of verse has been accepted as poetry.

Before any intelligent comprehension of free poetry can be received, the difference between poetry and prose must be clearly evident. All writing in the form of verse is not poetry unless one admits

“Thirty days hath September  
April, June and November.”

to be poetry, which is preposterous. That this quotation is prose, because prose is a literal statement of fact no matter what form it may assume, will, I think, be generally admitted. So much for prose.

Since a dictionary is usually accepted as unbiased authority, we may safely take the definition of poetry given by the Century Dictionary: Poetry is the form of literature that embodies beautiful thought, feeling, or action, in melodious, rhythmical and (usually) metrical language, in imaginative and artistic construction. On the bracketed “usually” hangs our case; poetry does not *necessarily* use metrical language. The fact, then, that poetry may exist apart from meter, and inversely, that all writing in meter is not poetry, is admissible after a logical scientific investigation. To conclude our investigation as to what constitutes poetry, Hudson Maxim’s admirable description may be cited, “Poetry is the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by means of artistic trope.”

In the first place, then, free poetry in contrast to versified poetry, is poetry free from the demands of the laws of meter and rhyme. This is the negative aspect of the question.

A consideration of this question, as of every other, involves a writer’s reckoning with two attitudes of mind, the reactionary and the evolutioners. Every reactionary shares the fate of Lot’s wife, the first reactionary, by becoming insensible to ideas of progress. However, in case there should be some with saline tendencies among those who read this, we will hark back and, with respect, defer to tradition and the opinion of the past, which the wisest can in no wise lightly

scorn. Aristotle first said in his Rhetoric that there could be no poetry without meter. His conception broadened with time, however, as every thinking man's must, and in his Poetics he states, in contrast to his previous view, that poetry does exist apart from meter. Ranged with Aristotle in this, his later opinion, are such poetic venerables as Sydney, Shelly, and Wordsworth, all of whom admit that meter is no more essential to poetry than is color to etching.

Leaving the reactionary to his hero-worship, our attention is now directed to the more rational point of view of the evolutionary. He is interested in cause and effect. How did meter and rhyme ever become forms of expression? Where and why did rhythm first enter into the expression of poetry?

Man's earliest emotions found a rhythmical expression in barbaric dancing. Emotion invariably seeks rhythmical expression and, as psychology points out, rhythm, inversely, is capable of producing emotion. How a soldier's marching will be rhythmically timed with the fife and drum, and what strange emotion their stirring rhythm can excite within him. This by way of illustration. It is inherent in man to express emotion rhythmically. A passionate people like the French are noted for their violent and rhythmic gesticulation. Side by side with the elementary facts of man's expression of emotion thru rhythm or regular repetition, and of his emotional reaction to rhythm, was his habit of describing an unknown object in terms of a known object. For instance, a savage could not think round apple but he could think ball apple, not round orange but apple orange. In these two primitive modes of emotional expression, and in his reaction to each of them, are found the germs of all poetry.

Since man's primitive emotions found expression rhythmically, as we have seen, it was only to be expected that as language developed his emotions would express themselves in rhythmical language. This they did by repetition of whole clauses, which can be seen in the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm, one of the most primitive forms of poetry. The crude repetition of a single clause was soon replaced by parallelism and refrain,

which in turn gave place to a more subtle appeal still, thru repetition of stress and syllable.

Every schoolboy knows that the focus of consciousness, like the eye, can be directed toward only one object at a time. The regular repetition of stress and syllable served as a battering ram by forcing the image upon the attention, and consequently exciting the emotion within the reader.

The rhythmical method of inducing emotion took great strides; the values of alliteration, assonance, and onomatopola, the identity of the emotional appeal of certain vowel sounds, were recognized and used. But the other primitive appeal of naming an unknown object in terms of a known object, trope or figure of speech, lagged. Figures of speech were so time worn that they became literal, conveying no mental image whatever. Roses and moonlight and other age long "poetic" tropes still served while appreciation of poetry began to lag. A hundred objects in a hurried world drew the attention and held the focus of consciousness because the more cultured men no longer felt the primitive appeal of repetition alone.

Then came the free poetry in the fullness of time. It used repetition, it must be confessed, but as clause repetition had given way to parallelism, and as parallelism, gave way in its turn to the regular recurrence of stress and syllable, so now meter and rhyme fell away before a still more subtle cadence, a deeper onomatopola. The regular recurrence of certain combinations and patterns of vowels gained the day. This constituted the first positive gain of the new poetry.

Unlike the older outlived forms, it did not put all its eggs in one basket, the new poetry did not rely on rhythm alone, subtle though it might be. The free poets made their big appeal to the emotions of the reader by means of new and striking imagery. Soon some of them, because of that fact, became known as imagist poets. Thrown away were all the old tropes so familiar as to no longer interest. The imagist poets do not write in meter and rhyme but freely according to a new law, which some will say is no law, the law of one's own

artistic sense, which may take infinite varieties of form. Besides the gift of a more subtle cadence, the second positive contribution of free poetry to Art was its use of arresting artistic trope.

Neglecting meter and rhyme and age-worn tropes and for them substituting subtle cadence and vivid sensory appeal, free poetry will live and evolve to give way to another development of the use of repetition and of trope before the developing mind of man—and who in that day will be able to say that free poetry has not contributed a large share to the growing stream of Art?

C. F. A., '28.

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**“THERE, LITTLE GIRL, DON'T CRY.”**

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Scene: Moonlight on the Garden of Youth. The palings of a fence and the slender bars of a wicket gate gleam through the moonlight at rear stage. At the right, half-hidden in the foliage is a low stone seat. Here and there, narrow walks, edged with small white stones and bordered by swaying pinks and larkspurs, intersect the garden. At the left of the stage are great banks of full-blown scarlet roses. Still further to the left, another wicket gate, half-shrouded with the drooping boughs of great trees leads into the world outside. The garden glows with almost Oriental color and fragrance.

As the curtain rises, the moonlight flashes full on the Girl. She is seated on the old stone seat in a half-barbaric abandonment, arms back of her head, hands twisted in the branches of the foliage. A bird in the rose-bushes fills the Garden with a cascade of melody. The Girl stretches her arms to the night in passionate joy, then, hides her face hungrily in the leaves. She would like to dance madly, to gather the sea and the roses and the whole world into her arms.

There is the soft click of an opening door at rear stage and a tall figure steps through the wicket gate with a

gentle, sad dignity of movement. Just outside the gate the figure pauses and the eyes of a woman for whom life has nothing new, sweep the garden pitifully, then shut as though in pain. There is just the tiniest creak of the wicket gate. The Girl obviously startled, leaps to her feet then with a flash of recognition, runs eagerly to rear stage.

*The Girl*—Why—why, mother! You here—in the garden? I thought you were half the world away! (As she speaks she is leading the older woman to the stone seat.)

*Mother* (sitting down with a weary relaxation and holding out both hands to her daughter):—I just came back, Sheila. I—I couldn't rest. I thought you might need me. (Wistfully) Don't you want me here in your garden?

*The Girl* (puzzled): Why, why, mother—I'm always glad to have you, of course—but—but—

*Mother* (smiling gently): The beauty is enough?

*The Girl* (kindling): Oh, mother, did you ever see anything so lovely? There was never another garden like mine! Look at the moon on the red roses! And did you hear the whipporwill sing to his mate? Oh, mother, aren't you glad, glad, glad to be alive?

*Mother* (with sudden passion of fear): Oh, don't ever forget there is nothing in the world so beautiful as moonlight on red roses!

*The Girl* (not understanding): Why, mother, how could I? I don't understand. They *are* the most beautiful things in the world! (A pause during which the Girl looks at her mother with a vague worry. Then, joyously,) Mother, mother, I am always going to have red roses in my garden—just red roses and nothing else!

*Mother* (meditatively): Hollyhocks are nice. They are such contented flowers.

*The Girl* (contemptuously): Hollyhocks! Contented!

*Mother* (smiling half sadly to herself): You have a birthday today, haven't you, dear? I think, perhaps, that is why—I came home.

*The Girl* (not heeding): Why—yes, mother—I am eighteen today! (Slowly) Eighteen. That's not so very old, though, is it? Only—I'm not a child any more—never again! Mother, can you remember when you were eighteen?

*Mother* (deeply moved): Yes, little daughter.

*The Girl* (after a moment's pause during which she is absently shredding a leaf): Mother, what did you mean about the moonlight on the roses?

*Mother* (dreamily): Once I knew the sesame  
To the closed door  
Now I shall not enter,  
Any more."

(The last words break into an almost sob.)

*The Girl* (awed): The sesame! When did you forget it, mother?

*Mother*: After my eighteenth birthday, dear. One is very apt—to forget it—after they are eighteen.

*The Girl* (half-frightened): But—so many beautiful things happen when you are eighteen! They—why, mother, most any day, any hour, any minute even, Romance might come right through the gate into my garden! (She is silent for a breathless minute, then in a hushed voice) The whipporwill is almost asleep! He has been singing to his mate all through the dusk! (dreamily) There are such strange things in the night! See what queer shadows the moon casts under that tree! Like—like—goblins—and boogie-men! Only—even if you were ten years old, a boogie-man could not catch you out here in the garden! Still—oh, oh, mother, I—I almost believe I am frightened! Even the whipporwill frightens me—just sitting there singing to his mate in the dusk! There are so many things in his singing that I cannot understand! Oh mother, mother, when you were just eighteen did you think such strange, strange mad thoughts?

*Mother* (quietly): Yes, dear. To you—just eighteen—a girl here with the moonlight and on the roses, the most wonderful thoughts in the world belong! (After a silence.) But the whipporwill was not singing to his mate, dear. (With

infinite compassion) That is why—here in the beauty of the night—you needed me!

*The Girl* (sudden uncomprehending fear in her face): But—mother, he must have been! In the loveliness and the dusk and the moonlight! And—and she answered him!

*Mother* (painfully): Dear, dear, little girl just eighteen,—he sang because (a moment's silence)—his voice was sweet here in the shadows!

*The Girl* (reiterating pitifully): But she answered him!

*Mother* (sorrowfully): She sang because the moon was on the roses! And I think when he answered he wanted to know if the nest was warm and if she did not think his voice much improved! You see, he had been all over the garden and he knew all about the moon, and the roses.

*The Girl* (timidly): There's an old, old poem that says, "There little girl, don't cry. They have broken your dolls, I have broken your dolls, I know,"—Mine were broken a long time ago but I was not sad because—oh, because of this—the whipporwill and the moonlight on the roses! But, there is another verse. "There, little girl, don't cry, they have broken your heart, I know." What does it mean, mother? Can people break their hearts in the Garden? Would there never be any whipporwills or roses any more?

*Mother* (gathering her daughter in her arms in sudden fear): No! No! Life shall not touch you! It shall not! Here in the Garden, here by the roses, I will hold you—safe, safe!

*The Girl* (straightening up): Mother, how bright the moon is getting! The roses are burning like red flames! Oh, I'm happy, happy! And afraid, afraid, afraid! (with sudden passion) Why have you frightened me? Why have you taken all the loveliness away? Is life all through—at eighteen—here in the garden?

*Mother*: No—oh, no! When you have closed the doors of the garden forever, there is still—life—rich life—only because you are a woman-child, any hour, any minute you will meet Romance here in the garden—and—and—

*The Girl* (glowing): Then?

*Mother*: Don't, oh, don't cry out like that as if you were—just glad! Never love Romance overmuch!

*The Girl*: But mother, I don't understand. Surely it is the loveliest thing in the world?

*Mother*: The loveliest, dear—but not the strongest. My little daughter, when the moon has gone under a cloud, Romance—will go out again through the garden gate and leave you—oh, my little, little girl—crumpled here among the roses!

*The Girl* (unbelieving but humouring her mother): And then what?

*Mother* (sorrowfully): I came home because—you must never lie crumpled among the flowers!

*The Girl*: What else would there ever be to life?

*Mother* (slowly): Peace—and understanding—and wisdom—and strength!

*The Girl* (contemptuously): Peace! (Then her eyes grow wide with terror and excitement): Mother, what is that strange sound of singing? Over there by the little gate beyond the roses? (At first note the mother has slipped silently into the house) Now she stands a moment in the door, gazing yearningly at her daughter, then vanishes from sight. There is the sound of both gates clicking at once. The moonlight has grown even brighter. The flowers stir in a light breeze. A shower of petals falls from a near-by tree. The night has grown too sweet like perfumes of Araby. The Girl stands where the blossoms have fallen on her hair, waiting for she knows not what. Light footsteps have come up the walk between the roses, a light voice is heard still singing a snatch of song. The slender figure of a youth, debonnaire, lovable, comes into view beyond the roses. Suddenly catching sight of the Girl, he pauses a moment, then plucks a rose and throws it to her gaily. She catches it and stands still waiting, poised as if for flight, the rose in her hands against her heart.

*The Stranger* (after a silence): Come here, you lovely one, with the blossoms in your hair and see the moonlight on the roses.

*The Girl* (eagerly takes a step forward then pauses, frightened.): I can see—it from here.

*The Stranger*: You are shy? Ah, lovely little one, you are but looking on! Come into the moonlight among the roses!

*The Girl* (Takes still another step toward him, then pauses again fearfully): Who—who are you?

*Stranger*: Why—don't you see?—I am Romance. Who should know me better, woman-child, than you who have just turned eighteen? But come—for who knows how long I may tarry? Even now the edge of the moon grows pale!

*The Girl* (going to him, shyly): Ah, do not go away! There is no other garden as beautiful as this one! And see! I have waited for you eighteen years!

*Stranger* (taking her in his arms with a low laugh): Think not now of the passage of time, oh lovely one! Think only of my arms around you and of the moonlight on the roses! Is not life wonderful here in the garden?

*The Girl* (dreamily): The rose you gave me is like fire! It burns at my heart and yet—I love to have it there.

*Stranger*:—I know. Because you are a woman and so all happiness must be part pain—(A cloud darts across the moon.)

*The Girl* (shivering): Your arms too are like fire. I cannot rest in them. (Shyly) Do you love me?

*Stranger* (kissing her): Why, yes for the time being—as long as the moon shines on the roses! (The moon is over-shadowed.)

*The Girl* (with a low cry): But even now the moon is gone!

*Stranger* (kissing her again lightly, and releasing her): And I, too, must go. By now it is perchance, shining in other gardens. (He vanishes through the garden gate. The girl runs after him crying.)

*The Girl*: Oh, wait, wait! Wait for me! See! I will go with you wherever you say! I will leave my beautiful garden. I will—(The whipporwill sings plaintively. The Girl drops listlessly to the stone step. Once more the figure in white crosses the garden and sits silently beside the Girl. There is a moment's quiet.)

*The Girl* (brokenly): Mother, mother, he went away—and I loved him so! And he wouldn't wait!

Mother (quietly) I know, dear.

The grief girl (timidly, hopelessly) Mother will I ever be happy again?

Mother (after a pause, reflectively). The neighbour's son came through the garden wall a moment ago to see me. You didn't notice. He told me of the home he had waiting for the girl he loved—of the hollyhocks by the door.

*The Girl* (meditatively): Hollyhocks!

*Mother*: There would be peace, dear—and content—and after a while—forgetting! You are a happier woman than most!

*The Girl*: Mother, mother, why must we suffer like this—here in the garden?

*Mother*: So, little daughter, shall the hand that tends the hollyhocks be strong and patient!

*The Girl* (rising and speaking in a voice strangely sad and subdued-like that of her mother): I will go to him, mother.

Mother sits with bowed head. The Girl walks slowly out of the garden. At the little wicket gate she pauses and looks back even as did her mother.

*Mother*: The moon is on the roses again, child.

*The Girl*: Yes, mother, but it is only the moon and the roses! (Exit)

From far-off come the faint strains of an Arabian love-song. There is utter silence in the Garden of Youth—and loneliness. Only the mother of the Girl sitting on the old stone seat in utter tranquility.

Curtain.

E. A. W., '26.

## NOCTURNE IN GRAY

A foggy sky hangs gauzy curtains down  
Enveloping each furtive form and while  
Each yellow blot emits its sickly glazey,  
The greasy pavement hollowly resounds  
To some receding footfall far away.  
Two watching eyes caress the wanderer's back  
Which tingles as he quickly turns about  
And weirdly feels a thousand hidden spies.  
A snowbird haunts that shadow fenced lane  
Confiding all his mutterings to the air.  
A creeping, crouching figure slithers by  
On sandalled tread. A pealing cry rings out  
Soon smothered—perhaps by Death Still farther on  
A yellow square of light, high up, blinks out.  
A yawning doorway reeks a smothering stench  
And hisses forth inviting siren sounds.  
A silhouette of love plays on a blind,  
Unconscious now of all but love's demands.  
Two drunken songsters rollick crazy songs  
Before they fall asleep and silence reigns.  
Emerges from the curtained gloom, a girl,  
Whose clothes are plastered tightly to her form.  
She lingers; after glancing up she's gone  
To meet another ghoul to claim a part  
Of life's arrears. Two spark-lit faces float,  
Unbodied, by. About a lighted globe,  
Whirl scores of moths. An eerie bat flits by.  
The clammy night exudes a fetid breath.  
Beneath a hurried foot some soft thing yields  
A ghasty, terrored yelp, again is still.  
A prowler rushes into shrouding mist.  
Forlorn, a cat is wailing to his mate.  
The sound of wheels approaches, passes, dies  
Away. A klaxon squawks; its echo faint  
Replies in sombred tones. A baby's cry

Is heard. A window's shut. No more its cry  
Can stir the murky, misty gauze of night.  
A distant measured tolling tells the hour  
Of midnight—quiet, peaceful, outward calm.

C. F. A., '28.

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## Science



### MAKING THE WORLD YOUR NEIGHBOUR

ONCE upon a time when the world was very young, your neighbour meant "he who liveth in yonder cave." To be sure, as time went on, you might, if you had the necessary wherewithal, hire fleet-footed runners who could be trusted to carry a message to your friend a hundred miles distant in the brief space of a week or so. Then there was the postman who cantered romantically about the country, leaving long-looked-for letters on expectant windowsills. But letters, after all, take so long to go back and forth that the busy world of today could never wait for them. So a good genii by the name of Alexander Graham Bell encompassed pretty much of one's own continent in the slender circle of telephone wires and another good genii, Marconi, even dispensed with the wires. But what were trifling little conversations across continents when a whole world was waiting eagerly to listen to concerts and lectures—and setting-up exercises? Accordingly, the "mother of necessity" again fulfilled her task and the modern miracle, radio, changed the old-time meaning until your neighbour is restricted only to those within reasonable distance of ear-phones or a loud speaker. Of course, there are many inconveniences attached—but until one bright soul devises a method of totally annihilating space, we must content ourselves with widening the scope and improving the facilities of radio. Science is rapidly meeting the emergency and doing it so well that this year the radio industry feels authorized to spend ten million dollars in advertising.

Like every other great invention, radio takes its laurels from people almost entirely ignorant of its far-reaching benefits. Yet if the proverbial visitor from Mars were to ask the "man on the street" what radio is that reliable gentleman would probably be able to give him a fairly accurate account of the

ins and outs of his own particular instrument. Hence, we shall not attempt in this article to deal with the whys and wherefores of radio but rather with its place on the world's horizon of future scientific attainment.

Undoubtedly, the chief province of the radio, so far, is to delight and inform the individual householder; but the little instrument has even prouder aims and is gradually fulfilling them. And therein lies the deficiency of knowledge of the man on the street. How many know for instance that radio is considered the most important contribution to navigation since the magnetic needle? And it happens in this wise: On approaching a harbour, instead of consulting his compass—which is getting just a bit out of date—the captain of a ship nowadays sends out a radio signal. At different radio compass stations along the shore, signallers are waiting, slowly rotating the large loop antennae of their radio until they have located the direction of the signal by its degree of loudness. They then “radio-wave” back to the captain his bearing or direction from their respective stations. By plotting the bearings on his chart, the captain quickly and accurately determines his position. This performance can be repeated as often as wished in spite of clouds, darkness, etc. At present there are about thirty stations on the Atlantic coast and before many years, it is safe to prophesy that all the harbours and all the important lighthouses will be equipped. It is just one more great step in the conservation of the lives of those who battle with the sea. Did you ever think of the radio as a life-saver?

But while the career of a sailor is quite all right in its way, it grows a bit tiresome after a while and radio has recently developed a perfect penchant for land conquest—and incidentally by so doing, met at least partially, another world need.

The speed of the world's progress is increasing at such a rapid rate, it is not surprising that people are beginning to find it very tiresome to stand still all the time they are taking a message! Also, the craze for entertainment is so great that progressive railway officials are considering the recreation of their passengers. Hence the radio has been brought to the service of the “shining rails.” Already, the Canadian Northern Railway

has ten broadcasting stations and you may sit in your compartment on the train and listen in as comfortably as you could at home. That is, almost as comfortably. For it is not to be denied that radio communication on trains is not, as yet, by any means perfected. For one thing, the aerial must be low in order to clear tunnels, etc. The Louisville and Nashville Railway find a single wire stung around the dome of the roof and clearing the dome by four inches the most efficient. For another thing—and this is probably the greatest difficulty—the surroundings of the train are constantly shifting—and we all know from long suffering experience what atmospheric conditions can do to a perfectly good concert! Furthermore, this objection tends to make radio communication between trains unreliable. But the investigators are not discouraged. They even have still loftier dreams—and in the fulfillment of them many trains have substituted wired wireless for radio. The advantages of this are obvious. In the first place, it requires less power because the energy is not broadcasted. Secondly, there is less chance for interference from static or other radio stations. Thirdly, it does not interfere with the regular duties of the wires over which it is sent and fourthly,—and we suspect this is one of the main considerations!—it is not classed as a radio and therefore, does not require a license! At the same time, the basic electrical features of both systems are identical. By means of the wired wireless the Virginia Ry. established connection between the front and the back of long freight trains. The time is probably coming when we will no longer see the brakeman running adventurously from car-roof to car-roof! Germany has even loftier dreams. They plan to have a central station with telephone connections everywhere. Thus, you will be able to telephone the central station which in turn will “radio-wave” any train you wish, the passenger you want will be paged and will then proceed to the train radio station where he can talk while the train is moving, with as much ease as he could on his telephone at home!

But the radio is not satisfied with the more or less familiar task of talking back and forth. It has invaded a new field. The Pere Marquette Ry. is demonstrating a system of wired

wireless control. The tests have demonstrated that a train going fifty miles an hour can be stopped by radio impulses. A carrier current is sent into the rails by a transmitter waiting along the route for this very task. Our venerable friend, the cow-catcher, holds a little bunch of collector coils hidden away. These intercept the waves and send answering signals—a 28,000meter wave if the track is clear and a 22,000 meter wave to advise caution. In the cab, in front of the engineer, is a little colored signaling device to which the disturbed coils under the cow-catcher send out messages—a red light for danger, a yellow for caution and a green for track clear. Furthermore, the engineer is no longer a free agent. Even if he violates the Eighteenth Amendment, the passengers are pretty nearly safe for perfectly sober little brakes automatically set themselves when the engineer tries to exceed the speed limit in the caution zone. The future of railway radio is as yet, barely begun, but great things may be expected.

But the radio is a most adventuresome little instrument—always on the lookout for new experiences. Quite recently, aircraft have been calling on it for guidance and information. And again, it has the fun of playing on a delightful little system of colored lights. As long as the aeroplane is flying—that is, following the path of directional radio signals sent from ground stations, a little white light winks at the pilot from his instrument board. A shift to the right or the left and varying colors—everyone with a different meaning—appear to warn him. The answer is easy. The pilot merely manouvers his machine until the friendly white light is back again. Of course, this scheme is, so far, only practicable, where the machine is following a more or less set track—as in the case of the air-mails. Perhaps the little radio is going to be the future builder of a net-work of roads across the clouds.

The habitat of the radio, then is bounded only by sky and sea. But by the time we have reached this conclusion, the “man on the street” is raising the old, old clamor of quantity versus quality. “What good,” he wails, “is it to me that ships take their proper course and aeroplanes slide along a beam of light when I must needs be crowded out of my favorite stock

news by an atrocious soprano seemingly in the next room, when I must needs be interrupted in the enjoyment of a concert by the diabolical groans and shrieks of static and lose an important point of my setting-up exercises because it simply chooses to fade away?" But the suffering radio-fan has not been forgotten. Improvements are many and varied. If you don't want to hear the atrocious soprano, all you have to do is attach the new "converter" a little dial about four inches in diameter. This tiny invention uses the full 360 degrees and gives you double separation between stations.

Then there is the old question of static. But have a little patience. In a few years, the groans and shrieks of even this persistent old enemy will have faded into the oblivion of forgotten things. Radio waves, you know—we have been reading vigorously and for the first time we know!—are caused by electrons which vibrate up and down between the antennae and the ground. This vertical vibration of electrons was made necessary by the old system of setting up aerials. The newer antennae have a large top section which adds horizontal waves to the outgoing vertical waves in the proportion of 20% to 80%. Now static waves, you must know, are essentially vertical because they are caused by an electrical discharge between the clouds and the earth. Therefore, running as they for the most part do in the same general direction, radio waves are ideal for recording static disturbances. The answer looks absurdly simple. Even the "man on the street" promptly suggests—horizontal radio waves! And that is precisely what his friend, the scientist thinks, also, only, as usual, the scientist does not see it as such a simple proposition! Horizontal broadcasting has already been tried. It is arranged by a group of wires somewhat similar to the present antennae—and another group erected on the same level and called the counterpoise. Horizontal receiving systems must, of course, also be used. So far it is very easy but—the first difficulty the scientist found was that he must, owing to the capacity of the earth, put the aerial as far as possible into the air least some of the waves descend on their old vertical track. Furthermore, for some occult reason, horizontal radio waves do not follow the earth's

curvature but shoot straight out into space. Hence, the experimenters have so far, not been able to send messages more than twenty miles. Therefore another invention is in order. As a matter of fact, the experimenters expect to be occupied at least several years on the problem—but it is comforting to know they have found the right track!

The question of fading has not yet passed out of the limbo of unsolved problems. A thorough understanding of the question, however, has been arrived at and will undoubtedly pave the way for future solution. Here is the “why” of fading: Fading simply refers to a fluctuation in the intensity of signals. At 200 miles distance it becomes a real obstacle to enjoyment. Further, every radio fan knows that concerts, etc., “come in” better at night than in the daytime. This is due to a sort of electrical screen produced by the sun and confining radio waves to a low level where more obstructions are met with. In the night time, the waves apparently slide along an upper strata of air which is permanently a good conductor.

Hence very low wave lengths travel further at night. But this upper strata of air is not quite so obliging as it sounds. In fact, the motion of the wave over its surface might be said to be more like the motion of a small boat on a stormy sea. While riding on the crest of seacombers radio carries its messages beautifully, but when submerged in the trough of some particularly malicious wave, even radio cannot be expected to make itself heard. Additional discoveries in regard to fading have demonstrated that it varies directly with the distance.

In spite of the fact that fading is as yet an unsolved problem, it must not be forgotten that every addition to the efficiency of the radio, increases its ability to capture and transmit to you, intact, the messages of the air. Hence, while we do not, as yet, know how to rescue the poor little radio message from its stormy ride, we may so greatly improve the receiving capacity of our instruments that perhaps, in time, the faintest wail of the tempest-tossed song or story will reach us. And the newly-discovered attachments and improvements for your radio are as many as the sands of the sea. There is, for instance, a new gaseous rectifier, that will perform a multitude of

gratifying miracles. It will have no filament to burn out, and no high current output; it will stand intense heat and not break down under high voltage; it will—but the rest of it we don't understand and won't try to tell you about! Then there is the recent discovery of most remarkably short waves. They are dignified by the title of Midget waves and are said to be one-fourhundredth the length of some of the waves used by the large broadcasting stations; in fact, they are only about 1.3 meters in length. The batteries, too are coming in for their share of attention. A new device, known as the "Regostat" when interposed between a battery and battery charger, automatically connects and disconnects the charging system thus keeping the battery always in a charged condition. And so on and so on—ad infinitum!

And then after your radio has been equipped with so many modern improvements that it will not fail to record so much as one figure from the stock exchange, all you have to do is install the new loudspeaker! Instead of the sound being transmitted in concentric circles through a great megaphone-like instrument, it is sent out in horizontal and vertical planes from a cylindrical machine, 10 inches in diameter and 18 inches tall. It does not have a diaphragm but it does have a thin membrane covering which is actuated by a certain specially constructed unit within. With this small cylinder your friends may listen in to their heart's content.

We are going to have international diplomatic neighbors too, through the medium of the radio for a mysterious thing called a radio beam is being established just outside of Montreal for communication with England and Australia—the first link to be forged in a world-wide imperial wireless net. The waves will be concentrated in such a manner that there will be no broadcasting. Hence, the new beam will serve the double purpose of conserving energy and carrying perfectly private diplomatic messages without danger of the wrong party "listening in."

Here, then, ye materialists of a modern age is a miracle worker, akin only to the rites of the magicians of a far-off romantic age—carrier of messages, singer of sweet songs, nar-

rator of strange tales, pilot of aircraft, disciplinarian of the railway, compass of the navigation—and, most of all, wielder of changes which will mightily assist in the fusing of a world's people into one great neighbourhood!

E. A. W., '26.

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### EVOLUTION AND THE BIBLE.

**E**VOLUTION dates back as far as the Greeks, when Pythagoras put forth the statement that he believed that the sun, moon and stars did not whirl about the earth, but the earth whirled about a central fire and from this Aristotle, Lucretius, Augustine and other ancients based their opinions concerning living forms.

From the postulations of these ancient men Lamarch emerged his definite doctrine of evolution, that all species, not excepting man, were descended from other species. Then in 1859 Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared. But Darwinism is far from the present day thought regarding evolution.

Darwinism is a particular theory of the factors that have been at work in the process of evolution. Darwin tried to explain how evolution came to pass, and his explanations can be brought under three headings.

First, he noted that however much offspring may resemble their parent forms, they always vary in detail, and that some of the variations mean advantages and others mean disadvantages.

Second, he noted that more offspring are produced than can exist without overpopulating the earth, so that in the struggle for life the forms with advantageous variations tend to win and the rest to perish or stagnate.

Third, he noted that, provided novel peculiarities can be inherited, those variations which help survival will tend to perpetuate themselves in descendants differing from their ancestral forms.

But Darwinism could be utterly given up without affect-

ing the standing of evolution. Indeed, it is fair to say that at the present time there never was such unanimous agreement among judges as to the truth of evolution,— and never such a diversity of opinion among scientists as to its explanation.

Some people though seem to think that evolutionists are such out of sheer perversity. Some of our clergy have been accused of saying that evolution was “a jungle of fanciful assumptions,” and as far as its motives with evolutionists “an infidel clique whose well-known object is to do away with all idea of God.”

As a matter of fact, evolutionists have been endeavoring through long and patient study to understand some obvious phenomena which face us on every side and which clearly need an explanation. Where did all these manifold specimens come from? What are the causal factors in their infinitive diversity? There are over two hundred thousand named species of insects, one hundred thousand named species of dicotyledonous plants, and twenty-five thousand named species of vertebrates and about ten times as many invertebrates. How did these different species originate? The two answers which come to these questions are special creation and the theory of evolution.

Let us consider briefly the various realms which have been investigated for facts in which all the known evidence bears testimony for and not against the hypothesis of evolution.

Paleontology is the study of remains of extinct life. We are used to thinking of fossils as the relics of old vegetable and animal forms that exist no more, but to think thus is a modern achievement. The ancients supposed fossils were the remains of sea animals who died when the flood was on and whose descendants still exist in the depths of the sea, or they said fossils were models that the Almighty had used, like a sculptor, when he made living creatures at the first, or that God deliberately put fossils in the crust of the earth to try the faith of His Children.

Now, however the geological strata in their chronological arrangements are well known, and through the fossilated remains we can trace the gradual ascent of life from simple to

more complicated forms. The evolutionary development of the horse, camel and elephant are quite clear, while that of creatures like birds are more difficult to trace.

The fossilated history of man is between the two, with gaps still to be filled in. But as new facts in this realm are discovered they are like locks and evolution is the key that fits everyone.

Embryology is the study of each individual's development from his beginning in a single cell. Each one of us start with a unicellular form, which the evolutionist presupposes and comes through slow development to its maturity. Now, in this individuals evolution traces are left of the racial history which lies behind. As experts study the prenatal development, they see in a telescoped, truncated form a partial recapitulation of race's story. But this must not be overstated. An embryo has a more important business than retaining a record of racial evolution. But it is true that as a psychologist discerns in a growing boy a rough recapitulation of racial history, so one can detect the savage stage gradually becoming half civilized, which once took place in the race, so the biologist sees in the embryo an abbreviated racial history.

Comparative anatomy is the study of the similarities and differences between structures of living creatures. The results have been quite evident, bone for bone, muscle for muscle, organ for organ, scientists find unmistakable correspondence between the different species, until they can arrange them in series and they are made to display with what slight modification they might have passed through from one to the other. The wing of a bird, the foreleg of a horse, and the arm of a man reveal the same essential bones and muscles merely adjusted to different environments and tasks.

Contemporary evolution is another field of evidence. There is no use saying that new species cannot develop, since we are able to make them develop. The finest wheat today, they say, is Marquis wheat; twenty-two years ago there was only one Kernal of Marquis wheat, in existence. Men, by controlling and shortening evolutionary processes, had made a new variety. Evolution is not merely historical. It is contemporary and

within restricted limits imposed by brevity of time and by necessity of crossing, existant species can be observed and directed.

If it be true, as so many are saying, that this acceptance of evolution is fatal to religion, then the situation is a serious one. But is it true? What is there in evolution for Christians to fear? For one thing, some people in anxiety say evolution is not in the Bible. Of course it is not in the Bible. Neither is the radio, nor the aeroplane, nor Newton's gravitation theory. Who in his right mind turns to the Bible as a text book on modern science?

The great poem on creation is a magnificent expression of faith in one supreme God and in this universe as his handwork, but it is not modern science. If one is going to insist on the Bible as an infallible guide in science, he must go a long way back, before any of our modern views of the world were even dreamed of. He must believe that the world is flat, with "fountains of the great deep" underneath, and that it is stationary. That the sky is a solid firmament and beyond it "waters that are above the heavens" "that rains come from the celestial seat, let down through the windows of heaven" and the sun, moon and stars move across the firmament to illumine man, who looks in the Bible for a complicated reaction in oxidation, or reduction, or to work out a difficult physics problem.

When, therefore, a man says that evolution is not in the Bible, the answer seems plain. Of course evolution is not in the Bible any more than modern chemistry or physics are there. What difference does that make? Every step of development in science has been bitterly fought by literalists quoting texts from Scriptures.

That procedure in every case, from the days of Pythagoras until now, has proved in the end not a defense of faith, but a destruction of the faith in the minds of the multitudes. Let us not repeat that old misuse of the Scripture. Let us use the Bible for what it is for, The Supreme Book of spiritual life, and not an infallible text book on physical sciences.

L. I. P., '27.

### THE MOTOR-SHIP

OVER one hundred years ago, the Atlantic was crossed for the first time by a steamship. The ninety years which followed witnessed a rapid development of the steamship resulting in its ultimate ascendancy over the sailing vessel and the conquest for itself of the trade routes of the world. In the same period, the tonnage of ocean going steamers increased from about 5,000 in 1819 to 37,300,000 in 1909 and, by the latter date, the proud clipper-ship of romance had passed away forever and the modern liner had developed.

In 1909, however, appeared a new type, the motor-ship—the first formidable rival of the victorious steamship. Surprisingly rapid has been the development of this more modern vessel until, in less than a score of years, we find over 2,000,000 tons of motor-ships in actual operation while the dockyards of the world are filled with great passenger liners and cargo carriers under construction each of which will in turn be hailed as a new triumph for the Diesel engine as she sails proudly away to distant ports.

Is history about to repeat herself again? Is the proud steamship of today, by a turn of fate, to be superseded by the motor-ship as she herself superseded the sailing vessel? We cannot attempt as yet to prophesy with any exactitude, but the trend of events shows that the irony of fate is not likely to be absent from the history of the steamer, for, as the clipper was developed to fight the encroachments of the steamships in the day of our fathers, so today the oil-burner has appeared as the champion of the steamer. Not only have all the new steamships been built to burn oil, but a great many<sup>s</sup> of the older liners including the great greyhounds of the Cunard and White Star fleets and many of the most popular steamers of from 15,000 to 30,000 tons displacement, such as the Canadian Pacific "Empresses" and "Monoclass" ships, have been converted from coal-burners to oil-burners.

Before going further, it is important that a clear distinction be made between the two types of vessels which consume

oil-fuel. In the *oil-burner*, oil merely takes the place of coal and is burned beneath the boilers for the purpose of generating steam to drive the propellers. In the *motor-ship*, on the other hand, the propelling power is derived from internal combustion, engines of a type invented by Diesel, for whom they are named, which are very similar in principle to the motor of an automobile.

These Diesel engines may be of almost any horsepower, but the larger motor-ships at present are driven by two or even four engines, each capable of generating from 6,000 to 7,500 H.P. and turning at a speed of only 125 revolutions per minute. This slow speed is itself a great advantage in a marine engine because the propeller is most efficient when operated at comparatively low speed and, consequently, the need of a reduction gear in the case of a Diesel-engine vessel is eliminated. The engine is "turned over" by the use of compressed air. On the down-stroke, only air is drawn into the cylinder. This air is submitted to a pressure of from 450 to 500 pounds per square inch on the up strokes which results in a considerable rise in temperature. At the top of the stroke, a valve opens and an oil-spray is forced into the cylinder. The heated air ignites the oil, whence results the "explosion" which drives down the piston.

Heavy oil is the fuel used in both the motor-ship and the oil-burner, but the power generated by the use of a given amount of oil in the Diesel engine is some three or four times that which would result from the use of a like amount of oil under the boilers of a steamer. This gives the former a cruising radius of three or four times that of the latter. Moreover, as the bunker space necessary aboard the motor-ship for any given voyage is less, on this account, then on the steamer, there is a greater space available on vessels of the former type for cargo. Another saving made possible by the Diesel engine lies in the fact that its control and operation are so simple that only a small crew is required. Also of great importance is the fact that while in port, no fuel is burned in the main engines of the motor-ship. All power for heating, lighting, loading, etc. is generated by means of economical auxiliary engines. On the

other hand, when a steamer is in port, she must burn fuel under her boilers continuously to provide steam for these purposes.

An interesting example of the saving made possible by the use of the Diesel engine in various harbour craft, which are alongside docks or ships much of the time, is found in the case of the M.S. *Worthington*, a derrick-lighter in New York Harbour. The owners of this craft also operate an older steam lighter of the same size. During an average month when both vessels were under way 59 hours and alongside the rest of the time, fuel valued at \$410 was needed for the steamer and only \$250 worth for the motor-ship—a saving of 39 per cent. on fuel alone. The New York tow-boat M. S. *Cornell* has also demonstrated the efficiency of the Diesel engine in another important phase of harbour work.

However, there is another side to the story which cannot in fairness be overlooked. The most serious disadvantage of the Diesel-engined vessel is the first cost which for a motor-ship is from 20 to 30 per cent. higher than for a steamship of the same size and speed. The greater cargo space available on the motor-ship almost offsets this disadvantage as far as coal-burners are concerned but only her more economical operation helps to strike the balance with the oil-burner.

To date, the most striking demonstrations of the value of the motor-ship have been in long voyages. The glowing example is the brilliant record of the M. S. *Aorangi* (23,000 tons) which has been in operation for some time on the Vancouver-New Zealand route. Recently, however, the Swedish—American Line has placed the new and slightly larger M. S. *Gripsholm* in direct competition with the great steamers of the Trans-Atlantic route and her performance is being watched with great interest. These are the largest motor-ships yet to be put in service, but the firm of Burmeister and Wain who have been largely responsible for the development of the Diesel engine are ready to accept orders for sets of engines of as high as 80,000 H. P. sufficient to operate motor-ships of the size of the great steamships *Berengaria*, *Leviathan*, and *Majestic*.

A sensational development of the motor-ship has taken place in the last decade. In 1914, there were 234,287 tons of this type in the world while in 1924 the tonnage in operation amounted to 1,975,758 and today the correct figure would doubtless be well over the 2,000,000 mark for twenty motor ships of the "lever" type alone were commissioned last year. And the end is not yet. The quarterly returns of Lloyd's Register, published recently, show that of 885,000 tons of shipping of all kinds now being built in Great Britain and Ireland 299,000 tons or 34 per cent represent motor-ships. Out of the total of 1,185,000 tons building in other countries, 708,000 tons or nearly 60 per cent are motor tonnage. In Denmark, for each steamship ton under construction there are being built 14.6 tons of motor-ships, in Sweden 11.35 tons, in Holland 3.1 tons, in Italy 2.83 tons, and in Germany about 2 tons. In the light of these figures, the comparative caution of British builders who are only constructing one-third of a motor-ship ton to each steamship ton is difficult to understand since the motor-ship construction is greatly stimulating the work of foreign yards and promises the keenest competition on the trade routes of the world.

H. F. S., '27.

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## Editorial



College life moves exceedingly swiftly. One day passes into another, weeks fly past into months and examinations face us before we have fully realized that a term is begun. So full are the days, so varied are the tasks of the day, that the most agile of minds finds it difficult to keep pace without now and then losing step. So it is, that, yielding to the haste of the moment we often fail to do justice to our ability. Especially is this true in writing.

Perhaps it would be hardly fair to say that the chief characteristic of the literary work of the majority of college students is carelessness. But experience as editor of a college magazine leads one to state that it is certainly one of the most common faults. Loose sentence structure, hasty choice of words, even mistakes in grammar and punctuation are evidences of the lack of time spent in polishing form and expression. We have not yet

learned completely the truth that writing is a laborious task even to the so-called "born writer." The writer who achieves any measure of success searches carefully for the exact phrase to express his meaning, rejects much, corrects much, and leaves no word unchallenged.

Edwards A Dorsett in the *Writer's Monthly* has this word for the amateur writer: "Revision must be considered an art in itself, though it generally is not so regarded especially by the amateur. Revision cannot be classified as a passion, while writing can; and this is probably the fundamental difference between the two.....Revision is absolutely necessary to the amateur writer if he will succeed; revision marks the real birth of the writer.....To sum it all up briefly, I would say that an ounce of writing to a pound of revision would turn fifty per cent of the would-bes into successful authors."

The student excuses himself with the plea of "so little time, —when I get through college I'll have time to do better." But friend Time is most elusive, and there is reason to believe that in the after-college days he will still be able to escape our grasping fingers. There will always be important tasks awaiting us, seeming to compel us to write in haste. College, in spite of its conflicting calls, is the place in which to form the habit of care in writing. In the words of Saint Ignatius Loyola—"If you promise to do anything tomorrow, do it today."

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This month another *Literary A* has been awarded, this time to a member of the Junior class, H. F. Sipprell. The honor is the greater in that it is won in the Junior year. Mr. Sipprell has been a consistent contributor to the poetry department and his articles have always been gladly received. The humor department however will perhaps suffer the most in the loss of his contributions. The *Athenaeum* (and we speak also on behalf of the readers) extends congratulations.

## Academy Notes.

### FRESHMAN — ACADEMY DEBATE

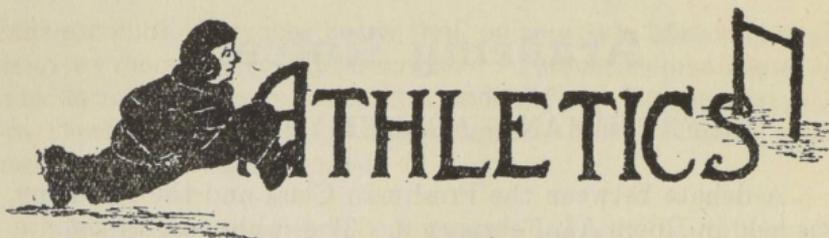
A debate between the Freshman Class and the Academy was held in Room A4, February 9. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that it would be beneficial to the Maritime Provinces to secede from the Confederation of Canada." The Freshman team, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Lester and Miss McLean, supported the affirmative. The Academy team, Mr. Akerly, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Lantz, supported the negative. The decision was given to the negative. Mr. Ross read a well written critics' report.

### JUNIOR — ACADEMY HOCKEY, 6-1

While the Academy debating team was gaining the victory over the Freshman, the hockey team was putting up a good game of hockey with the Juniors. The game ended with a score of 6 - 1 in favor of the Academy.

### KINGS ACADEMY — A. C. A. HOCKEY, 6 - 2.

An exhibition game of hockey between Kings Academy and Acadia Academy was played February 16 in Evangeline Rink, Wolfville. In the first period both teams played a loose game. The period ended with a score of 4 - 0 in King's favor. The second period produced a little better game with Acadia making one goal and holding Kings to one goal. The third period was about the same as the second, each side scoring one goal. Two of Kings' men were penalized for tripping. R. D. Johnson, '27, refereed.



ALL eyes are now turned to the outcome of the U. N. B. Acadia play-off at Truro on Feb. 24. Acadia has won one game and lost one in the intercollegiate league. The chances of a win from U. N. B. are very favorable, and it is hoped that the hockey trophy will once more be brought to Wolfville.

The outlook of basketball for this season is very encouraging. The men's team has played three very good games, and although they have been twice defeated by Dalhousie, the close scores of both games are a fair indication of the play.

Girl's basketball has been very successful so far this season. Acadia has won all games so far and it looks very probable that another champion team is being developed.

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### HOCKEY

KINGS, 8—Acadia, 6.

Kings College won a fast exhibition game from Acadia at Wolfville. Although the home team went on the ice without Capt. Wright, they were greatly strengthened by Bill Miller of the Acadia Academy who was the outstanding player of the game. The play was very interesting throughout, the two teams scoring alternately, and the battle hung in the balance until the last minutes of the play.

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U. N. B., 5—ACADIA, 3.

U. N. B. took the opening game of the Western Intercollegiate Hockey League when they defeated Acadia at Fredricton Feb. 4. The play was fast and filled with interest

from the very start. The first period seemed to indicate that it was Acadia's game. Steen scored for the winners early in the session, but R. D. Johnson, Barteaux and R. W. Johnson each netted one for Acadia. Coming up on the visitors' two-goal lead, U. N. B. tied the score in the second period. Fraser and Keen tallied. In spite of all efforts on the part of the Garnet and Blue, the home team put in two more in the final session, winning five to three. Fraser and Barteaux were very effective for their respective teams.

Line up:—

U. N. B.—Carter, goal; Steen, Fraser and Doddridge, defence; Keene, Kenan, Chalmers, forwards; Lynch, Gagnon; subs.

Acadia: McKenna, goal; Wright (capt.) R. D. Johnson, defence; Barteaux, R. W. Johnson, Vincent, forwards; MacLatchy, Johnson, subs.

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#### ACADIA, 5—MT. ALLISON, 3.

Acadia won the intercollegiate game with Mt. Allison at Wolfville, Feb. 11. A large and enthusiastic crowd witnessed a good game. Although the contest appeared to be one-sided at the outset, it developed into a rather close game in the final period. Acadia scored four goals in the opening session and secured their fifth and final tally early in the second before the visitors broke into the scoring. The Acadia forwards back-checked so effectively in the first period that Mt. A. was unable to rally the puck beyond centre ice. Late in the second period, however, the Sackville team scored their first goal from a mix-up around the Acadia nets, and throughout the remainder of the game pressed hard upon the home team scoring two more counters before the final whistle.

Joe Payne of Saint John refereed satisfactorily.

Line-up:—

Acadia: Goal, McKenna; defense, Wright (Capt.) and Johnson; forwards, Barteaux, R. W. Johnson, Vincent; subs., MacLatchy, Johnson.

Mt. Allison: Goal, Jamieson; defence, Rogers, Rowley; forwards, McLellan, Smith, McLean; subs., Winters, Oliver.

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### BASKETBALL

#### ACADIA, 39: YARMOUTH, 20.

The Acadia basketball team opened the season with an easy win from Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. at Yarmouth on Feb. 3. The visiting teams played very good combination and proved too fast for the Yarmouth aggregation.

Ronald Horton refereed.

Yarmouth: R. Miller, D. Horton 10, D. Davis 10, G. Vickory, D. Goldberg, F. Lewis, R. Poole.

Acadia: H. Davidson, 12, R. Allan 4, A. Noble 12, O. Noble 1, J. Elderkin 2, J. A. Raymond 8.

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#### DALHOUSIE, 48: ACADIA, 36.

Dalhousie won from Acadia in a fast exhibition game of basketball at the Acadia Gymnasium on Feb. 8. The first period was very even, Acadia having a slight lead in the scoring. In the second half, the Halifax team did some very pretty shooting and took the lead. Although the home team came back strongly in the middle of the period, they were unable to cut down the visitors' lead. Otto Noble starred for Acadia. Longstroth and McLellan were brilliant in their shooting.

Dalhousie: McLellan 16, McLeod 9, Longstroth 18, Clarke 4, Doyle, Smith, Moore.

Acadia: Davidson, Allan, A. Noble, O. Noble, J. Elderkin, Baker.

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#### DALHOUSIE, 34: ACADIA, 28.

Dalhousie won a close exhibition game from Acadia at Halifax, Feb. 14 by a score of 34 to 28. The score was a fairly

good indication of the game. The first period was very evenly contested. Although both sides had many opportunities to score, wild shooting held the count at 13 to 12 in Acadia's favor, at the end of the first period.

Both teams played better combination in the second half and the game grew very interesting as they alternately scored. Dalhousie gained a six point lead, however, when McLellan put in three baskets in succession, and they were never headed throughout the remainder of the game.

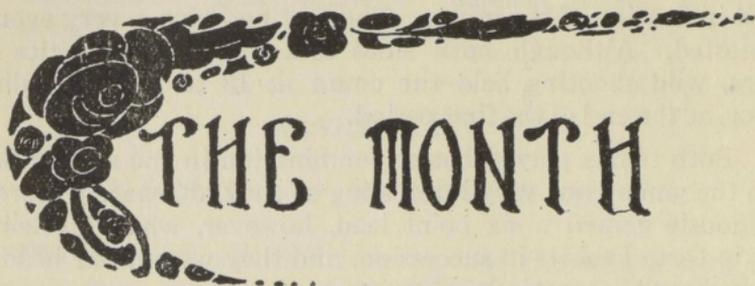
H. T. Bradshaw refereed to the satisfaction of both teams.

Line-up:

Dalhousie: McLellan, 16, McLeod 13, Longstroth 5, Clarke, Doyle, Smith, Moore.

Acadia: Davidson 9, Allen 2, Wright 5, A. Noble 8, Elderkin 4, O. Noble, Creelman, Baker.





# THE MONTH

For two weeks a gloomy silence marked the social activities of the Acadia students. The trouble was nothing more nor less than an attack of Mid-Years. A good dose of skating administered on Monday, Thursday and Saturdays enabled the patients to survive and many private snowshoeing and skiing parties made life worth living.

## ARY DULFER

On Friday evening, January 29, an excellent recital was given in University Hall by Ary Dulfer, Violinist assisted by Frank Ramseyer, Pianist. Every number was rendered with exquisite feeling and tone but especial mention must be made of "Dusk," the artist's own composition, for it held the delighted audience spellbound with its simplicity and sweetness.

Mr. Ramseyer assisted at the piano in a most sympathetic manner.

## WILLET HALL STAG

Saturday evening, January 30, the boys of Willet Hall decided to celebrate the close of exams by having a stag party. It began about 11 o'clock and lasted till the "wee sma' hours." The entertainment was varied and there was abundance of "eats" so the rest is self evident, "a good time was had by all."

## ENGINEERS' SLEIGH DRIVE

Great excitement reigned in Tully, supper was half an

hour early and there was much borrowing of sweaters and fur coats for at six o'clock sharp the Engineers' Sleighing Party left for Kentville. All was serene and as usual thro' the Griffith picture "That Royle Girl" and no one thought much of the flurry of snow while eating at the Acadia Tearoom afterwards. But once piled into the sleighs it became apparent that the night had settled down to a blizzard. The horses pulled nobly but it was not possible to keep the sleigh on the road. After rolling from side to side like the billowy ocean most of the occupants of one sleigh got out and walked, while others were forced to, because one of the poor horses lay down on the job. Between three and four of the morning the straggling procession of walkers tumbled into Tully Clubroom, where two kind souls had a fire, hot drinks and warm blankets. After a good sound sleep everyone voted it the most memorable Engineers' party ever given.

Miss Whitely and Mr. Sylvester were initiated into the joys of chaperoning a sleighing party and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft proved once more the jolly good sports they are.

### PEP MEETING

Hurrah for a peppy "Pep Meeting"! Lots of go, that's the spirit. This seems more like old Acadia cheers. The "Pep Meeting" was held in University Hall on February 10. Dr. Hutchins was greeted with cheers which continued intermittently during his bright speech. Byrns showed his usual eloquence in urging us to support our hockey team and Jerry had a few words to say. Even Yank opened his mouth between yells and the meeting ended with two rousing cheers for Acadia and Mt. A. Harry Mollins led the singing of Acadia songs which were participated in heartily.

### TULLY PARTY

One of the looked-for events of the season is Tully Party. Altho the invitations were all out for February 15, because of the severe snow storm it was postponed until the following

night. It took the form of a Valentine party. Hearts, darts and soft shaded red lights transformed the Tavern dining-room into Cupid's workshop. Evidenced by the interesting program Cupid was very busy. For the first topic he patched up broken hearts and went on thro the program as follows:—

Tit for Tat.  
Sweethearts in Song.  
Clementine.  
Cinderella.  
Refreshments.  
Faculty Album.  
College Yells.

By the lusty yells indulged in it was concluded that everyone enjoyed themselves and each girl made good use of the time honored custom of escorting home her partner of the last topic.

#### DRAMATIC SOCIETY

In the clubroom of Tully the Dramatic Society decided to raise funds by putting on a program of one-act plays. The try-out with Mrs. McLean was held latter from which she chose the following casts.

“Suppressed Desires” directed by Doane Hatfield.

E. Louise Fritz, '27  
Helen Simms, '27  
D. H. Gordon, '27.

“A Maker of Dreams” directed by Olive M. Archibald.

Olive M. Archibald, '26  
Harold Sipprell, '27  
Charles Allaby, '28

“Wurzzell —Flummery” directed by E. Ardis Whitman.

Saidee Newcombe, '27  
Greta Shaw, '27  
Doane Hatfield, '27  
Ted Taylor, '28  
Arnold Noble, '26

## CARNIVAL

What was planned to be a big night in Wolfville was February 5 when the Carnival was held in the Evangeline Rink. On account of the big snow storms many were prevented from attending. But a good crowd braved the elements, some even coming on snowshoes to skate. The ice looked very gay with all the varied costumes and the judges had some difficulty during the third band, when only those in costume were allowed to skate, to pick the prize winners. Those lucky enough to obtain these prizes of five dollars each were Graham Patriquin representing "A travelling minstrel" and Helen Simms as "Jockey." A novelty feature was the elimination skate won by Arnold Noble and Ella McMahan when they made everyone on the side lines envious watching them glide gracefully over the expanse of ice to an extra given by the band. After the twelfth band every one felt satisfied with the evening. Let's have more Carnivals, they're fun!

## STUDENT'S UNION

Because of the wonderful hockey game which ended in victory for Acadia on February 11, the faculty and students enjoyed a holiday the next day. This unusual event could not go by without some celebration so at 2 o'clock all the student body assembled at the University Building, where the hockey boys and band were seated in state in a sleigh. Headed by the sleigh the procession marched down Main Street with shouts, yells, songs and snowballs to mark our coming. During a halt by the Post Office the "Eternal Sophomore" gave a peppy speech. After several more yells the affair broke up much to the relief of the amused townfolk.

A special meeting of Student's Union was called on Saturday, February 13, when the business on hand was the discussion of the Rink Manager's salary.

## SENIOR SLEIGH DRIVE

The Seniors, regardless of the inclemency of the roads and

weather, were determined to have their annual sleigh drive on Feb. 1. Accordingly preparations were made and teams were hired to convey them to the home of a class member in Canning. And the drive began—But the fates were not propitious and, with but two miles between themselves and their destination, they were unable, on account of the drifts, to go further, and were thus compelled to turn back. Undaunted, however, they decided to spend the remainder of the evening in Tully Club-room and, with the aid of games and refreshments, managed to enjoy what was left them of the evening to the fullest extent. The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Hancock and Miss Pauline Parry.

#### C. S. E. T.

During the past month, Rev. Waldo C. Machum has given two of a series of three lectures in the interests of the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training program. These lectures are for the benefit of any young men who wish to become leaders in boys' work, and they have been well attended. Mr. Machum has presented the purposes of the C. S. E. T. and has outlined the Tuxis Boys' program. The young men of the University are finding these lectures very interesting and helpful.

#### BANQUETS.

Immediately following the Acadia—Mt. A. basketball game a banquet was tendered both teams at Young's Restaurant, the proprietor of which is an uncle of Sara Wallace, who plays guard on the Acadia team. The banquet was very delightful, speeches and toasts being given, and both teams greatly appreciated the kindness of Mr. Young.

The Devonshire Tea Room was the place at which the Athletic Association decided to give the banquet to the Acadia and Mt. A. Hockey Teams after the game on Feb. 11. The usual toasts were given and speeches were made by the captains, managers and coaches of both teams. The banquet was greatly enjoyed.

## S. C. A. (GIRLS')

The meetings of the girls' S. C. A. during the month have been especially delightful.

On Jan. 10, Dr. Hutchins spoke to us on the "True Character of Christian Life." This proved to be of great profit to us all.

The meeting of the following Sunday was an especially helpful one, Mrs. McLean giving us a lovely talk on "Sincerity." Helen Simms very beautifully sang "This is My Task."

To the meeting of Jan. 31, each girl brought her favorite quotation on "Sincerity." Thus many very beautiful bits of poetry were read.

Benjamin Gullison, who at one time lived in India, was present at the meeting of Feb. 7, and the girls were given the privilege of asking Mr. Gullison, in an informal way, any questions which might arise in their minds concerning India. This meeting was very much enjoyed.

The meeting of Feb. 14, took the form of an informal sing around the fire in the reception room. Many favorite hymns were sung, heartily joined in by all.

## S. C. A. (JOINT)

Altho there have been but two meetings of the S. C. A. during the month, they have been of an especially interesting character.

On Feb. 3 after a short song service the meeting was given a fine address by Dr. DeWolfe, taking "Moses" as his subject. At this meeting the officers for the present term were elected. Taylor, the president for last terms holds office throughout the year, while the following new officers were elected:

Vice-President—Lawrence.

Secretary—Black.

Librarian—Mellish.

At the meeting of Feb. 17, Prof. Rogers spoke on char-

acter-building. This was a very splendid talk and proved very helpful.

#### ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

The activities of the Athenaeum Society have been limited to the appointment of a president and vice-president for the present term. The new president is Arthur Dunlop, while the vice-president is Carl Messenger; Percy Bishop is the secretary.

At a recent meeting Clarence Gould was appointed manager of the Boys' Debating Team, which is to meet the U. N. B. Debating Team at Fredericton about the last of March.

The debaters for Acadia are Byrns Curry, Elbert Paul, Fred Crossman.

S. V. B.

Owing to mid-year exams, the Student Volunteer Band has held but a few meetings during the past month.

On Jan. 31, the members joined in a discussion on a chapter from their book of study, "Faiths of Mankind" by Soper.

Nominations for officers for the present term were brought in. They were:

President: Ben Gullison

Vice-Pres.:  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Stultz} \\ \text{Helen Simms} \\ \text{Vivian Waldron} \end{array} \right.$

Secretary: Delong

At the meeting of Feb. 7, the discussion was continued and the first named nominees were elected.

On Feb. 14, with a record attendance, the members of the band joined in a very interesting discussion on comparative religions of mankind. They also discussed the Central S. V. B. Conference which is to be held in Toronto.

#### FACULTY DANCE

The faculty held their first dance of the season at Tully Tavern on Jan. 30. You may wonder when the faculty first

began to hold dances but let it be understood that the faculty was at the dance, in appearance, (very much so), but not in the flesh nor in the spirit. The precise place, at which the ball was held, was third corridor and not only was it enjoyed by those directly participating in it but the residents of the surrounding corridors had the privilege of watching the ball, and enjoying the beautiful costumes which seemed to bear a striking resemblance to some they had seen before.

### LITTLE THEATRE GUILD

The Little Theatre Guild has had four meetings at which plays written by the members have been read and criticized. Papers have been read on every phase of the Little Theatre Movement,—its history, stage settings, technique and possibilities—and much discussion followed. The Guild expects to present a program of their own plays the early part of April.





THE Exchange shelf this month is distinguished by a wealth of excellent editorials. The spirit of the New Year occupies many of them and we would suggest to various distributors of gloom regarding the present generation that they look over several of these editorials for examples of the idealism of present-day, thinking young people.

The magazines are also distinguished this month by a virile, authoritative manner of dealing with world questions. The great question of the hour in most of them is the proposed international union of students and the discussions are frank, free and inspiring. Discussion seems to be the keynote of this month's periodicals—so much so that articles are the chief output in the literary field.

We have never found the exchanges so well worth reading as they are this month. An example of the great need of that international union of students may be found in kindredship of subjects engrossing the attention of all of the colleges at the present time. Strange to say, there is a universal wail of loss of college spirit.

Finally, we wish to welcome to our shelves, several new, or comparatively new periodicals. We shall follow with interest your problems and wish you every success in their solution.

#### OXFORD UNIVERSITY REVIEW

We have never welcomed a new magazine more enthusiastically than we do this product of old England. The tone of the paper dignified is and mature, its columns are full of construct-

ive criticism of the affairs of the day and its literary department is a real delight—in spite of a somewhat pessimistic editorial bewailing a “drought in Journalism.”

We were very much interested in the “Deluge”—a column of letters criticising the advent of this—as yet—infant periodical; also—and quite properly now when the air is full of rumours of an International Student Union—in a report of the activities of the Union overseas. The evident Parliamentary character of the proceedings and the keen penetration which characterized the debates, augurs well for the future. Incidentally, the Review contains an article of critical value on “The Future of the Union.”

We cannot pass over the literary department without mentioning the lovely aticle, “Sunset of Boyhood.” Its poignant appeal makes it real literature. We were a bit surprised at the dearth of poetry and humour—but we believe that the Review has a real literary future. Congratulations, Oxford. The coming of your magazine will do much to bridge the already narrowing distance dividing the old country and the new.

### THE HERMES

This is a remarkable little publication. Your sketches show a depth of philosophy and beauty of presentation on a par with many University magazines (and far surpassing some.) The drawings possess a rare charm. We rejoice in your editorial in which you state the “Hermes’ should be a monument to the literary achievements of our students,” and we are very glad to see a magazine, especially a collegiate magazine, devoted “almost entirely to creative literary effort.” We welcome you to our exchange shelf and look forward to receiving the Easter publication and June Year Book. May success attend you!

### BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL

This organ for the expression of individual opinion “contains an especially appealing article entitled “The Statue Gazer.” It is delightfully picturesque. Your policy of in-

serting works of contemporary authors without giving their full name makes it difficult to distinguish some of your amateur work from that of professional. With your efficient editorial staff, we deplore your lack of student support in the contributions to your paper, and agree with your editorial that "only in so far as it is a student production does the paper really attain its purpose." We have one suggestion to offer. Have you tried a competitive system, giving awards to different classes and individuals for literary contributions? This system has worked well here at Acadia.

We note with pleasure your success of both units of your S. C. A. May we thank you also for reprinting "The Fare" by Marion C. Smith, Acadia '27.

May the best luck attend you in your future publications!

#### THE MCGILL DAILY

This paper, the only college daily on our Exchange Shelf, is maintaining its usual high standard of material and its policy of news while it IS news. This material consists chiefly of accounts of sporting and social events, although much of the paper is devoted to correspondence columns. Your editorials are always pertinent and of a very sensible nature. We were especially pleased by your hearty endorsement of the S. C. A. financial campaign. We are glad to learn your Annual is to be enlarged by sixteen more pages of reading material and pictures, and we are looking forward to seeing some real literary material therein.

#### THE GATEWAY

This contribution from the University of Alberta always receives a welcome place on our Shelf. It is one of the best university weeklies we are favored with. Here lectures, sports, and dancing appear to be the chief extra-curriculum activities, but chess, training-corps, and dramatics come in for their shares. A rather uncommon feature in college publications is the writing up of the various motion-pictures shown

in the local theatres. The editorial comments, going out into the world a bit as they do, are exceptionally good. The departmental columns for students are well-filled. Humor, photographs and not a little political comment seem to predominate in this worthy paper's make-up. We wish you every success—and a poet or two.

#### THE MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

This truly beautiful magazine, with its magnificent make-up, comes to us from Minneapolis. Naturally, it is almost wholly a science paper, and its articles, contributed by Alumni and undergrads are splendidly written and handsomely illustrated. The etchings and sketches by the students themselves are superb. We consider the major points set forth in "Writing Technical Articles" applicable to all kinds of writing and heartily concur with the author. He certainly practised what he preached. The humorous "What Price Diplomas?" formed a pleasant break in the midst of the more serious articles. The editorials are excellent, and we must comment on the advertisements which are of an unusually high order and pleasingly presented. Don't you think a short-story with perhaps an engineering theme would be an improvement? We congratulate you on the addition of Ceramic Engineering to your curriculum, and extend our thanks for the back-numbers of your very readable publication.

#### THE OAK

This is a comparatively new publication, and hence a new addition to our Shelf. It is published by the students of the McLean Hospital, Waverly, Mass. It is an endeavor to keep the Alumni in touch with the undergraduate students at the Hospital and with their activities. Contributions are accepted from the Alumni as well as from the students. It is a chronicle and bulletin-board of undergraduate life at McLean. Helpful science articles and humor are its features at present. May we suggest a little literary endeavor in the short-story and poetry line?

## THE WESTERN U GAZETTE

This sheet is newsy and sprightly. Its letters from students and its editorial comments are both timely and thoughtful and its humor columns delightful. A serious poem, or two however, we think would be an improvement.

## MANAGRA

Your New Year number is doubly new in that there is a very marked improvement. We especially appreciate your editorials, and "If" is a happy parody. We LOVED your article on the Cigarette Card Craze. The mania is truly worse than cross-word puzzles ever were. The article on World Peace is timely and intelligently treated. Your drawings are particularly pleasing and *apropos*. We must comment, on the excellence in treatment and subject-matter of the article, "North of Fifty-Three," a land of whose opportunities we Canadians are still too little aware. Your magazine is very well-balanced indeed, and shows an encouraging proportion of student contributions.

## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

This is a well-edited paper, Dalhousie, with splendid interest shown in your correspondence column and well written college news. Of particular interest to us was the discussion of the merits and demerits of the present system of Student Government, for this has been a matter of considerable interest here at Acadia. We are glad to note that the University has been recognized as a "Class A" school by the American Medical Association. We hope the beautiful poem "Severance" in your Jan. 21st number is an indication of better things from a literary standpoint.

## MACMASTER UNIVERSITY REVIEW

This magazine is up to its usual high standard, it is

quite the most dignified of Canadian college magazines. Every department has a delightful literary finish and charm, and may we add that "Here and There" is a fascinating department.

We revelled in the sonnet "Night's Anodyne" and one of the most beautiful poems of this year's exchanges. May we mention also the timely article "The Study and Appreciation of Contemporary Literature." Our one criticism is that, while we appreciate the quality of the literary department, yet we should like to see more material from the undergraduates.

#### XAVERIAN WEEKLY

Surely the Xaverian is not up to its old splendid standard. In spite of the well written news and the interest taken in the correspondence column—which we have always considered one of the biggest assets of the college newspaper—we cannot but regret the passing of the old Xaverian. Can you not reclaim at least a bit of it with an occasional poem, short story or article?

#### THE ACADEMY LEAF

We extend a very real welcome to a small newcomer. The Leaf is well-edited and if literary contributions could be encouraged, would be a fine all-round paper. There is a good deal of humour and the column of curious things is very interesting. Come again and bring a story or a poem next time.

#### TECH FLASH

A nice, fat, mimeographed newcomer—and what is even more to our taste, a newcomer in the magazine ranks. Our old friends, H. F. Ryan and Doug. Anderson are to be responsible and we expect to trace more than a little kindredhood in its columns. Also, we notice that Doug. has been creditably manipulating the warlike glove which does not seem to prevent him from editing a quite peaceable and entertaining

magazine. The "Flash" is crammed to the covers with excellent humour of every variety and we have seldom seen social events written up in a more interesting way. This first number is heralded by an excellent editorial setting forth the aims of the "Flash" and two very worthwhile articles "Civil Engineering" and "Universities, Studies and Students". Is it too much to ask for a short story in the near future?

#### THE SHEAF

From the far west comes a paper that might have been printed next door, so strangely do its interests coincide with ours. Here is a delightfully amusing article "So Long U Blues" offering suggestions for behaviour in a men's residence, here are the humorous results of a questionnaire on mixed tables—and again, the lack of co-operation between students and profs. is stressed humorously in an article entitled "The Spectator." Indeed, even our dramatic ideas are parallel for they are also putting on Wurzel-Flummery. We wish the "Sheaf" the best of luck and congratulate them on a well-edited paper and a splendid fund of humour— but why two whole pages on sport and not even half-a-one on real literature?

#### THE CANADIAN STUDENT

This is by far the most mature, intellectual and helpful magazine on the exchange shelf. It should be read from cover to cover by all the university students. While all the articles are beautiful and helpful, two might be selected as expressing the keynote of the magazine, viz., "The Tragedy of John" and "Fireside Thoughts" by C. M. Spiddell. The former brings near and humanizes those distant Judean figures and the latter deals with the reconstruction of Christianity on a sane appealing basis.

The Canadian Student also, contains a Book Review which is conducted with maturity of criticism and sound ability. Finally, not the least charm of the magazine this month is the lovely poem, "Rupert Brook," written by Charlie Bruce of Mt. Allison.

It is to be wished that the purpose of the Canadian Student might be more universally understood and its contents more universally read.

#### THE BRUNSWICKAN

The Brunwickan has always been distinguished by a wealth of good humour and a sparkling wit. Our regret at the dearth of literary material is tempered by the inclusion of two very interesting poems "Glimpses of Hellishness" and "Youth and Happiness". Though entirely different in content, they both show marked ability. If we were to make any comment on anything else in the magazine, the attention would go to the Forestry Department which is a very interesting medley. The Technical and Engineering articles are, also, remarkably good and a great deal of space is given to humour and athletics.

You have evidently real literary possibilities in the student body and we are looking for a still further development of the literary department.

#### ARGOSY WEEKLY

Although we regret the passing of the old Argosy, we are compelled to admit that Mt. A. holds up the literary standard better than we could have believed possible in so newsy a paper. The short stories are distinctly missing but we cannot forbear mentioning a few of the articles and poems. The Argosy's excellent articles of literary appreciation should be an example to us. Amongst these should be mentioned the "Soliloquy in Macbeth," "Sea Fiction" and "My Literature and the War." There is always something memorable in Argosy poetry. "Dusk" is an exquisite miniature and "The Restle Heart" in Feb. 6th. is youth incarnate in rhyme. The editorials are worthy of comment not so much for their literary excellence as for their timely appeal. "Collegiate" with its comment on sloppy clothes, loudness, etc. should be of interest while "The Great Break" in the last number carried an all too poignant appeal for those who are leaving college so soon. Congratulations Mt. A. The Argosy is certainly worth while. We will look forward to the graduation number which is to be in magazine form.

## THE UBYSSY

The Ubyssy is one of those delightful little boxes with separate compartments. It certainly contrives to get more different things in a small space than any other paper we know of. This month's edition is largely devoted to an interesting discussion regarding the introduction of American football. In spite of a wail of lack of college spirit, the correspondence column and the reports of the various organizations seem to indicate a very real interest on the part of many students. A column of feature news from other colleges and a snappy resume of events called "Kippers and Ketchup" constitute the novelties for us.

We regret the Ubyssy's lack of literary material but can almost find forgiveness after reading the virile, pertinent editorials—especially the one entitled "Apathy" which deals with the student's part in college discipline.

We note with pleasure your Little Theatre Activities, a branch of dramatics affording an opportunity for work in play-writing, acting and coaching, which is embraced by all too few universities. After having had a similar organization here at Acadia for almost a year now, we can realize how fortunate you are in this respect.

## THE INTEGRAL

Every student should read this number of the "Integral." Every page is packed with interesting and worthwhile information. A great many of the articles are bewilderingly technical but many contain information of the utmost practical value. We venture to suggest that the Engineers would be benefitted by reading the article "Engineering as a Profession." Amongst the numerous short fillers we particularly note those very cheering ones, "The Poor Students' Beatitudes," "Poverty as an Asset" and "The Freshwater College." The magazine is saved from heaviness by some of the best humour featured in any of the college magazines. The aim of the "Integral" and therefore of the college appears to be

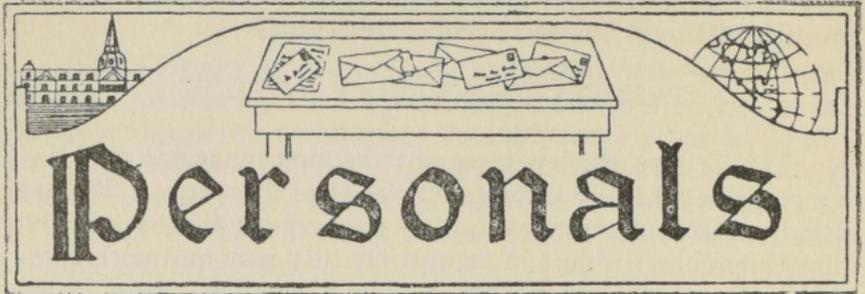
“giving of its best” and, hence, we venture to suggest that even an engineer might devise a poem or short story.

### TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

The Trinity Review is an entertaining magazine containing some delightfully informal snatches of literature. We are delighted to find an article on the younger generation treating that threadbare subject in an entirely new way and with something of sympathetic insight. “The Gleanings” from some other Universities’ news columns, are well chosen. We especially appreciate the note on compulsory lectures. The amount of space given to the forthcoming college play “The Tragedy of Nan” might teach us something in the way of dramatic success.

We enjoyed the Trinity Review very much but we might suggest that the informal note is, perhaps a bit too predominant.





Dr. Vernon Blair Rhodenizer, Professor of English at Acadia, recently delivered a lecture at Hantsport, N. S., in the interest of the University Extension Course.

On Jan. 10, at the Graduate Nurses Home in New York an Acadia party was held in honor of Bessie Lockhart. Those present included: Bessie Lockhart '16 and Letitia Allen '14, both of the hospital staff; Ada Johnson '14 of the Hispanic Library, New York; Mary Johnson '14 of the Engineering Library of the same city, and her mother, Mrs. Clara Marshall Raymond '84, who has the distinction of being Acadia's first woman graduate; and Margaret Chase, M. D., '18 of the staff of the Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.

The Athenaeum has received the announcement of the marriage of Dr. Paul Young, a former Professor of Psychology. Dr. Young is teaching in the Louisiana State University.

'67—Rev. J. W. Manning, D. D., celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday on January 18th. The Athenaeum extends congratulations.

'85—Rev. S. W. Cummings, D. D., is professor of Bible and Missions in the University of Redlands, California.

'89—W. H. Jenkins, D. D., from Newton, is doing evangelistic work at Cody, N. B.

'90—Athenaeum extends its sympathy to Rev. N. A. McNeill of Marysville, N. B., on the death of his brother, Dr. McNeill of Summerside.

'91—Dr. W. N. Hutchins preached in the Central Baptist Church, Halifax on February 7th.

'92—Rev. J. B. Ganong, former pastor of Hillsboro, N. B., is supplying in the pulpit of the First Hillsboro church.

'92—Dr. W. L. Archibald attended the meeting of the New York Acadia Alumni Association held recently.

'92—O. P. Goucher was recently appointed Chief Conservative Whip for Nova Scotia.

'94—Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Wallace are spending some time devoting their efforts to the newly organized Baptist Church at McAdam Jet., N. B.

'95—Rev. Neil Herman has been supplying in the pulpit of the Main St. Baptist Church, St. John, during the month of January.

'95—Mrs. Faye C. Stuart spent a few weeks recently in Boston, New York and Washington. While in the last place she visited her brother, F. A. Coldwell, '95.

'97—A second donation of books has been received at the Emerson Memorial Library, Acadia, from Rev. W. I. Morse.

'98—Mrs. O. T. Ledford (nee Winnifred Coldwell) of St. Louis accompanied her daughter, who is returning to her school in London, as far as New York. There Mrs. Ledford joined her sister, Mrs. Stuart '95 of Wolfville.

'00—Hon. E. N. Rhodes, took his place as premier at

thirty-eighth opening of the Nova Scotia Legislature on February 9th.

'00—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to Rev. J. Austen Huntley, D. D., on the death of his father, Capt. J. M. Huntley, at Economy, N. S. Dr. Huntley is, at present, pastor of James St. Baptist Church of Hamilton, Ontario.

'01—Word has been received to the effect that Rev. M. C. Richardson, Highfield St. Church, Moncton, N. B., has accepted a call to the Maine St. Church, Saint John.

'01—In a recent edition of the Maritime Baptist appeared an article by M. Garfield White of the Board of Governors of Acadia.

'02—Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Haley with Miss Hilda Tufts '03, Mrs. A. McLeod Morris and Mrs. G. Scott '03 were guests of Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Chipman at their hotel in Los Angeles for an Acadia re-union.

'03—Mrs. Georgie Scott has been appointed vice-principal of the High School at Santa Monica, California.

'03—Rev. W. A. White was the speaker at the Halifax Y. M. C. A. on January 17th. His subject was "The Clash of Colors."

'03—Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Chipman of St. John recently returned from an extended trip to California.

'04—Miss Rosamonde Archibald delivered a lecture on "Women" to the different Missionary Societies of the Wolfville churches on February 11th.

'06—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Barss were given a Valentine shower at the Women's Missionary meeting on February 11th.

'08—Dr. M. R. Elliot has been appointed coroner for the vicinity of and School Commissioner for Wolfville, N. S.

Hon. '09—A memorial service was held in the Maine St. Baptist Church, Saint John, for the late Dr. David Hutchinson.

'11—Mrs. Olive Sipprell MacNee, who has been on a visit to Eastern Canada, has returned to Munro, Washington.

'12—Rev. A. K. Herman has occupied the pulpit of the Main Street Baptist Church, Saint John during the month of February.

'13—Rev. A. S. Bishop, formerly of Hillsboro, N. B., has taken the church at Campbellton, N. B.

'14—Carleton Easton of Quincey, Mass., is taking graduate work at Newton.

'14—Ellory Gordon Dakin, M. R. E. from Newton, is preaching in Chelsea, Mass.

'15—Clyde Whitman Robbins, M. R. E. from Newton, has taken the Baptist Church at Rosindale.

'15—Marguerite Elderkin is teaching in Scotland.

'16—Harold Evans of Wolfville has taken over the drug business of the late J. D. Clark of Kentville.

'16—Mrs. Conrad Wright (nee Esther Clark) has been spending some weeks with her parents in Fredericton on her return from England.

'16—Mildred Brown Huffman is taking work in the School of Religious Education of Newton.

'18—Margaret Chase is on the staff of Bellevue Hospital, New York.

'19—Prof. Norman Rogers of Acadia recently delivered a lecture before the Kentville Rotary Club.

'20—On February 7th, Mr. and Mrs. G. Botsford Smith celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. A suitable presentation was made and Dr. Steele, who performed the wedding ceremony expressed the esteem with which the couple were held in the community.

'20—G. C. Nowlan, M. P. P. seconded the reply to the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the local Legislature recently.

'20—Dr. Paul Tingley sails on February 22nd from Halifax for Shankin, Isle of Wight where he will take up a medical and surgical practice.

'20—Hazel Morse is teaching in Wrothington, Hampshire Co., Mass.

'20—Dr. A. E. Longley of Washington has been visiting at his old home in Paradise, N. S. He recently spent a few days in Wolfville with his aunt, Mrs. Mary Kinley Ingraham.

'21—Marjorie Wickwire has been playing with the local ladies' hockey team.

'21—Grace Porter of the Wolfville High School staff spent the week-end in Halifax recently. While there she attended the annual Technical College Ball.

'21—Rev. C. B. Lumsden of Dartmouth was the speaker at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in Halifax on Feb. 5th, his subject being "Prohibition."

'22—Felice Herbin has returned to her home in Wolfville, coming from Ontario. Previously she had been engaged in the State Hospital of New Jersey.

'23—Lorimer Simpson is doing survey work in Miami, Florida.

'23—Spurgeon Maskell Hirtle is taking work at Newton.

'23—R. H. Murray is on the teaching staff of the New Glasgow High School.

'23—The engagement has been announced of Harry K. Grimmer to Greta Mildred Dykeman of Jemseg, N. B., marriage to take place in the near future.

A. L. S. '23—Miriam Bancroft who has been teaching at Acadia has left for Toronto, where she will engage in further musical study at the Conservatory of Music of that city.

'24—Amy Prescott is visiting relatives in Montreal.

'24—We note with pleasure an article by Curry Spidell in the Canadian Student.

'24—The Athenaeum extends its sympathy to Dr. Freeman of St. John in his loss by death of his mother.

'24—Rev. Emmerson Curry of the Central Baptist Church, Halifax was the speaker at the First Baptist Church, Moncton on February 7th.

'24—Mable Pugsley is at her home in Five Islands, N. S.

'24—R. C. Parker of Yale University was called home recently to Moncton by the death of his sister.

'24—Miss Helen Archibald visited Claire Cutten '25 at Rochester, N. Y., recently.

(Ex. Eng. '24)—Bertram Blenkhorne is spending the winter at Manatee, Florida.

Ex. '24—We announce the birth of a son to Marjorie Manning Willett at Criven, Tenn., on Feb. 12.

'25—Vyval C. Short is teaching in Blair Academy, Blairs-town, N. J.

Hon. '25—Rev. Wellington Camp, D. D., who is spending the winter in B. C., recently spoke in the First Baptist Church, Vancouver.

'25—Dr. Camp, who removed from the Maritime Provinces to Victoria last fall has been giving addresses on Foreign Missions in the various churches of Victoria.

'25—Tom Cook recently spent a few days in Wolfville.

A. L. S. '25—Queenie McLean, assistant dietician at the Saint John General Public Hospital visited her mother in Wolfville recently.

'26—Charles Kinsman has left Acadia, having completed the work necessary for the degree of B. A.

Ex. '26—Floyd Cleveland has left Wolfville for the United States.

Ex. '26—Willard Bancroft is spending the winter in Florida.

Ex. '26—C.E.A. Brown is teaching in Nictaux Falls, N. S.

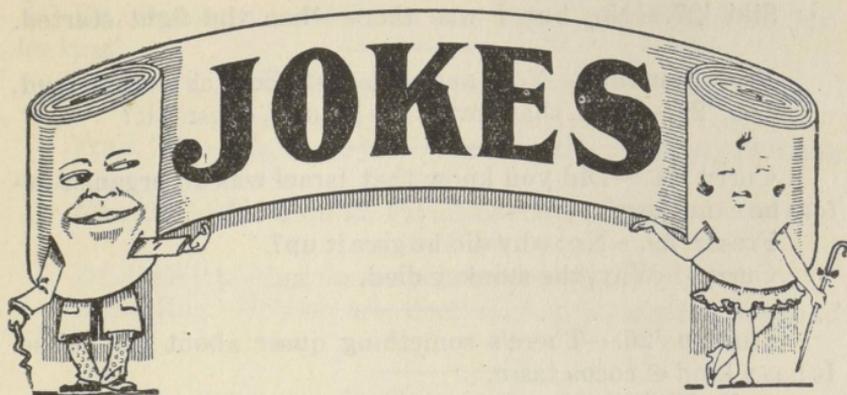
'27— J. D. Wright recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at Westwood Hospital. He is rapidly progressing.

Ex. '27—Clarence Mason is preaching as regular pastor of the Baptist Church of Granville Ferry, N. S.

Ex. '27—Mary MacPhail, Perth N. B., has been spending some time at the Ladies' Residence Acadia University, visiting friends there.

Ex. '27—A. K. Filmore is now a student at the Gordon School of Theology, Boston, Mass.

A. L. S. '27—The Athenaeum extends its sympathy to Helen Clark on the death of her father.



Otto '26.—Why is it you girls can't catch a ball like a man?

Annie '26.—Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch.

Gould '26 (reading play).—"Two burglars enter, and the clock strikes one."

Marguerite '28 (absent mindedly)—Which one?

#### Evolution

Freshman.—I don't know.

Soph.—I'm not prepared.

Junior.—I don't remember that point exactly.

Senior.—I'm afraid I can't add anything to what has been said.

Glen '27—Did you hear Woodworth singing in front of the tavern last night?

Janet '27.—Gee, yes; I couldn't get the window down.

Grace '27.—Do you know that every time you draw your breath somebody dies?

Ech. '27.—Well, I'm sorry, but I can't help it. If I didn't draw my breath I'd die too.

Allaby '28—Tell me, were you present at the inception of the altercation?

Siki '27.—No, but I was there when the fight started.

---

Prof. Bancroft.—Your answer is just about as clear as mud.  
Diz. '26.—Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?

---

Curry '26.—Did you know that Israel was an organist before he came here?

Fraser '29.—No: why did he give it up?

Curry.—Why, the monkey died.

---

Dunlap '26.—There's something queer about the coffee. It has a kind of cocoa taste.

Tully Waiter (after examination).—Sorry, I brought you tea in mistake.

---

Art '26.—McElhinney agrees with Crossman in everything he says now.

Gould '26.—Why, how's that?

Art.—I'm not sure; but either Freddie's convinced him, or else he tired him out.

---

Rumsey '26.—All my life I've been unfortunate, when just in my teens I was left an orphan.

A. P. '26.—What did you do with her?

---

Mary '26.—Did he remove your appendix?

Lou. '26.—The way I feel now, he must have removed my whole table of contents.

---

Ginny '29.—What! "That's me"—Don't you know the "King's English"?

Dot '29.—Why, sure I do. How else could he be king?

---

Chickie.—What do you know about nitrates?

Punk '27.—Well, they're cheaper than dayrates.

---

Morse '29.—I'll show her. She can't make a fool of me.

Baker '29.—I'll say she can't. Nature beat it to her there.

Dr. Hutchins.—What do you know about Goliath, Mr. Jenkins?

Jenkins '27.—He was rocked to sleep, sir.

Fran. '28.—Oh, Mac, you've broken the promise you made me.

Mac '28.—Never mind, I'll make you another.

Dr. DeWitt.—Let me see your tongue, now.

Ayre, Eng.—It's no use, doc.; no tongue can tell how bad I feel.

Barbara '26.—(reading letter aloud)—“Then I'll come home and marry the sweetest girl on earth.”

Anne '26.—What a dirty trick! After being engaged to you.

First Sem.—I've got a man who owns a car. Do you love any one who owns a car?

Second Sem.—Yes, anyone.

Ardis' 26—What could be more sad than a man without a country?

Gin' 27—A country without a man.

Ned. Eng.—You say she winked at you? What followed?

Foulis Eng. I did.

Prof. V. B. R. (collecting test paper)—May I have the next one, please.

Anne '26 (absent-mindedly)—Sorry, they're all taken.

Bick '26.—They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Co-ed.—Well, the longer you stay away the better I'll like you.

Spanish Prof.—Senor Zwicker, you missed my class ye terday, didn't you?

Zwicker.—No sir, I didn't miss it in the least.

Mr Sylvester (at rink)—Miss Perry, will you have the pleasure of this skate with me?

---

Nervous Freshman (at Dean's office).—Is the bean dizzy?

---

1st Prof.—Donald Munro is pretty steady, isn't he?

2nd Prof.—If he were any steadier he's be motionless.

---

Dizzy '26.—Writing poetry?

Allaby '28.—Yes, to kill time.

Dizzy.—My, some people use deadly weapons.

---

1st Co-ed.—He throws himself into every job he undertakes.

2nd Co-ed.—My! I wish he would go hunting for wells or craters or something like that.

---

Lee '29.—Do you know "Eliza" or "My Best Girl"?

DeLong '28.—To tell you the truth I'm not acquainted with the girls around here.

---

Fran. '28.—If "Rose Marie" is a two-step and "Song of Love" is a waltz, what is "Bred in Old Kentucky"?

Marguerite '28.—I don't know, what is it?

Fran.—Ten cents a loaf.

---

Lydia '27.—R. D. is in love with you.

Greta '27.—Nonsense.

Lydia.—That's what I said when I heard it.

---

Meredith '27 (taking notes in English 6)—The interlude developed in remote places, especially in whales.

---

Freida '29.—Say, Art, is the science editor engaged?

Dunlop '26.—I don't know for sure, but all his friends are teasing him about it.

---

Professor.—Sedentary work tends to lessen endurance.

Student.—In other words, the more one sits the less one can stand.

Professor.—Exactly, and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely.

---

Fresh.—I'm doing my best to get ahead.

Soph.—Mercy knows you need one.

---

Mac Currie '26.—Oh dear! I wish the Lord had made me a man.

Lou '26.—Perhaps he did, but you haven't found him yet.

---

Shorty '28.(addressing Tully beef)—I'm sweet sixteen, how old are you?

---

Ted Morse '29.—What would you do if your girl kissed you.

Allen '29.—I'd kiss her back.

Morse.—What if she had a coat on?

---

Braman '28.—I'm taking the hardest course in College.

Margaret '27.—What is it?

Braman.—B. A. T. H.

---

Olive '26.—(After Helen has waited half an hour)—Isn't Benny slow?

Helen, '27.—Yes, he's slow before he gets here.

---

Dixon '27.—Ted, would you take me for a little skate?

Richards '29.—No, I'd take you for a little fool.

---

E. Paul '28.—Give me that cigarette butt!

Cad.—Aw, come on, I just bummed it myself!

---

Lee '29.—Isn't Morse a Prodigy?

Baker '29.—Yes, he played on the linoleum when he was two years old.

Prof. (in class).—Define the term discussion, Mr. Geldart.  
Geldart '26.—It cannot be defined, sir. It is an unlimited term.

---

Marven '27.— Well, what is the standard?

Dr. Spidle.—There is no absolute standard, Mr. Marven.  
We're all crazy in our own way.

---

Is *it* true, Serena?



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