CONTENTS

Awards for the Month	7
Orpheus Forsaken (Prologue)—F. S. Crossman, '26	8
Della—C. R. Gould, '26	9
Rabindranath Tagore Marjorie H. Mason, *26	
Truth is a Unity—H. T. Stultz, '28	22
Pigment and Pygmalion—H. D.G. Hatfield, '27	24
Science and Religion—E. B. Paul, '28	31
Longing After a Dream—Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28	34
M'sieur Gordon's House—L. I. Pugsley, '27	35
Interesting - if True—Goldie A. Charlton, '28	10
The Stone Mountain Monument—H. T. Stultz, '28	13
Have you a Little Shakespeare in Your Home?-R.Marven,'274	18
Aunt Sarah Expects Company—Zoa J. MacCabe, '26	50
Not So Dumb—Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28	56
The Products of Protein Hydrolysis—F. H. C. Fritz, '26	32
The Man Who Makes the "Movie" Move—R. Marven, '276	57
Editorial 7	73
Seminary Notes	75
Athletics 7	7
Month 8	35
Exchanges 9	3
Personals	00
Jokes. 10)4

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Wolfville, N. S. April, 1926

No. 5

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH.

Poetry:—1st, H. T. Stultz, '28; 2nd, Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28. Articles:—1st, Marjorie H. Mason, '26; 2nd, E. B. Paul, '28. Stories:—C. R. Gould, '26 (2 units); G. D. H. Hatfield, '27, (2 units); L. I. Pugsley, '27, (1 unit); Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28, (1 unit).

One-Act Play: Zoa J. MacCabe, '26.

Humor:—Goldie A. Charlton, '28, (1 unit); R. Marven, '27, (1 unit).

Science:—1st, F. H. C. Fritz, 26; 2nd, R. Marven, '27.

Exchanges:—1st, R. D. Perry, '27; 2nd, E. Ardis Whitman, '26.

Month:—1st, Helen Simms, '27.; 2nd, C. R. Gould, '26.

Athletics:—1st, J. G. Patriquin, '27; 2nd, No award.

Personals:—1st, C. R. Gould, '26; 2nd, No award.

Jokes:—Marjorie H. Mason, '26, (1 unit); Helen Simms, '27, (1 unit); K. V. Keirstead, Eng. '26, (1 unit)

Cartoon:-No award

Seniors: 13 units Juniors: 12 units. Sophomores: 6 units. Engineers: 1 unit. Freshmen: 0 Pennant to the seniors

Literary A's to E. Ardis Whitman, '26 C. R. Gould, '26.

ORPHEUS FORSAKEN (Prologue)

Orpheus is forsaken! never shall Eurydice inspire his wailing lyre

To music so divine as that which followed In wild abandonment from its wild strings When, on the peak of some Thessalian mount. They harped to Zeus in his Olympian home, But down among the filmy shades of Hell Must weep alone, while Orpheus, forlorn, Seeks Death amid the barren wastes of earth.-Seeks, but ne'er finds, for Death has fled away To the deep confines of abysmal night. Orpheus is forsaken! evermore He wanders o'er the vasty emptiness Of mother earth, except at intervals When Hades opes its gates to feast his eyes For one brief moment on Eurydice, And he, to pay for that one moment's joy, To Plato harps as he had once to Zeus. Orpheus is forsaken! evermore He wanders o'er the wind-swept wastes that strew Plutonian lands,—the borderland of Hell, And through the darkness to the realms of day. And then he wanders through the years, unseen, His wailing lyre heard in the mournful winds That sweep across the far Thessalian hills Out to the wideness of the unknown sea.

F. S. C. '26.

DELLA

Della had many suitors. It seemed as if fate brought them to her feet, a cruel, relentless fate throwing hearts at the feet of a cold, beautiful woman. I never called her pretty—to me she was beautiful, with the shock of tawny hair; the deep, blue eyes glimmering with golden mirrorings; and the proud, irregular nose and finely chiselled mouth. Oh, yes, we all agreed that Della was beautiful—but pretty—you see, a woman must have a heart to be pretty.

For some years I was her confidant, and I shall tell you why. Della liked to be adored, to be set upon a pedestal—not that she stayed still long enough. She was a flash, a flash of vibrant electricity that emanated from that tiger hair of hers. Della she was rightly called, I think. It made one think of Delilah, and the Samson we all know. Della had her Samsons, many of them, and like their brother of centuries ago, they were pleased to be the plaything of a cold, beautiful woman.

Now I shall tell you of Della and myself. She liked to tell me of her suitors, me, the schoolboy who took her dogs out

walking. For, you see, Della had dogs.

"You know, Bern, "she would say to me on those cold days when it was too windy to go walking, and the trees were snapping in the Park, "you know, I often think I like Mr. Martin. He is so substantial."

"Yes," I would say and Mr. Martin would come before me—bald pate, heavy jowls, slight moustache, and the great abdomen with the huge watch chain. Yes, Mr. Martin was substantial, for, you must remember, he was made of diamonds, and cars, and houses. Della liked diamonds, cars too—and houses.

"Then," she would say as she sat looking at the buds bursting in the Park, "it may be that I like John Brigandi better than Mr. Martin. He is very romantic, Bern."

I would agree to that and the image of Signor Brigandi would come to me. There was no doubt that he was romantic. I had seen him play at the *Century*, and I knew how he had

captured the heart of Broadway. He was romantic enough, and he loved Della, which is saying a great deal for one whom many love.

Bye and bye the hot, lazy, seething summer days would come, and Della would talk of going to the Canadian woods. Then would she think of the man with the horse. At this time of year, Della always fancied herself in love with him. You know him, I think, the man with the horse. He haunts the summer resorts for weeks and weeks, he does nothing but ride through the woods on his splendid mount, or fishes, or paddles the ladies around in his canoe. Then toward the end of the season you hear that he has married that pretty, little, angling widow and you say, "poor woman" and shake your head.

But I, for one, knew that Della was not in love with these

men nor with any others. For Della loved her dogs.

I used to hate the brutes when I took them out walking in the Park. There were a big snapping collie; a brown, repulsive Airedale; a cursed Chow; and then there was Roger. Della loved Roger more than all the rest. The time I have seen her spend on Rogers' long curly, white hair while he would sit as complacent as a judge with a silly, insipid expression on his mangy mug! When Della went shopping she used to carry him in her arms—when I took him walking, I let him wallow in the dirt and muck and then soused him under the fountain in the Park. The ladies would exclaim over "the boy with the white, woolly, toy pup."

But I must tell you of Paul, since, it is with him that my

story is concerned.

Paul loved Della with a slow-burning unseen emotion that showed very little in his big, handsome face. Paul is Dellas' cousin but she has always treated him, well, as she would treat the stable boy. Paul was simply a fixture around the place,—slow, devoted, and untiring. That suited Della to perfection, having someone of whom she was always sure. Poor Della, I used to pity her when she considered Mr. Martin, and Signor Brigandi, and the other—for there was Paul ready to devote his time to her.

"Bern," she would muse," the family think that I should

get married. They prefer Paul, as you know, but who could marry an insurance man with Mr. Martin around and all the others? However I am getting old, but, on the other hand, must provide a kind master for my Roger."

Roger! The times that I have felt like strangling the

meddlesome little beast.

The summer that Della was twenty-six, the family went to the Hot Springs. I need not describe them, these places of boiling water and seething clay. The sulphurous fumes are supposed to cure, you know.

Della's family made it clear that she must choose that sea-

son. I heard them once, Della and her mother.

"My dear," her mother was saying, "at your age I was married and had a child."

'Oh, mother, how ridiculous! I am not married but I

have my little Roger."

"Roger!" her mother replied in righteous scorn, "If your father hadn't been so indulgent with you, we wouldn't have dogs all around the house. However, Della, I insist that you announce your engagement this fall. Now there's Paul—"

"Paul!" Della burnt the words. That was the end of that

for awhile.

But Della took the matter to heart and when we left for the Hot Springs the next week, I think that she had a serious intent in her mind. The whole family set off—Della, her father and mother, and Roger, with me to look after him.

The Man with the Horse met us at the station. I rather expected that there would be a new one of his type, so when I

saw him I knew that he too had serious intent.

The next morning the two of them went off riding.

"Mind Roger," Della said in parting. "You may let him loose awhile, but keep away from the Bluff."

I felt more like going to the Bluff than any other place, since I knew that Roger would want to explore the side of the cliff, and I would have loved to leave him among the sulphurous fumes. How cruel I am, you think, but if you knew Roger—

When they came back, I knew that Della's suitor had made some advances. He had the look of a hunter about him while a queer dancing light had come into Della's gold-flecked eyes. They danced nervously as if there was a something preying behind them.

Two days later Mr. Martin arrived. We saw his monstrous face filling the window of the taxi. Della clapped her hands, then sat back composedly, and waited for his appearance.

He came bouncing up the steps, carrying golf equipment and innumerable club-bags.

"Ho, ho," he puffed, "the call of the wild was too strong for me. When I thought of you enjoying your Canadian solitudes, I had to pack up my things and come along. Pretty state of affairs for an old bachelor to be in, eh, Miss Della!"

I thought she would say something of his not being too old but she merely said, "Yes," in her cold, beautiful voice.

The old duffer pulled a package from his coat, then, and there was a bangle for her. She accepted it as due a sovereign, and consented to go to the Bluff with him that afternoon.

I accompanied them, that is Roger and I. Old Mr. Martin looked at us malevolently so we kept our distance. All the same, I heard a good proportion of the proposal. It was rather disgusting. He offered her houses and cars, and diamonds but she only said, "I cannot give you an answer now, dear Mr. Martin, for my other friend has also asked me to marry him. However, dear Mr. Martin, I'll try to let you both know soon."

Like a business proposition, wasn't it? I nearly let Roger go over the cliff when I heard it, and I was quite sorry that I had't. Della came out from behind the great rock with that elusive light in her eyes, while Mr. Martin looked like an immense, wounded baby. I felt sorry for him.

Of course, I wasn't very much surprised when Brigandi appeared on the scene in a few days' time. He was pretty, Brigandi was, in his camping outfit. I detest the word but it so aptly applied to him—pretty John Brigandi.

He explained his arrival. "The season was over, Della, and as I was feeling a bit jaded, I knew that the forest would soon revive me. What jolly company! Mr. Martin and your other friend."

I learned that the other friend, the Man with the Horse. was a Mr. Gaylord, Jack Gaylord. I found, however, and to my surprise, that Della would have little to do with either Mr. Martin or Mr. Gaylord. Brigandi was making love in a natural environment. It was Roger, again, who spied the two of them. Roger certainly had a nose for the whereabouts of his mistress. When we arrived, Brigandi was holding both of Della's hands, and cooing to her. Della was smiling down upon him and seemed more aloof than ever. Brigandi made me think of another lap-dog fawning at Della's feet. I pitied John Brigandi, that is, if he loved her.

Well, there were the three of them, you see, when Paul came to the Hot Springs. Della's mother had been expecting him, I think, for she welcomed him very heartily. Della, on the other hand, hadn't thought of his coming, for she seemed a trifle put out. I can imagine that she didn't think of him as

other than an urban fixture.

They were fast workers, these men, for they realized that it was all a matter of time. I heard Paul talking to Della that very night and it was all quite incoherent, I can tell you. Paul was speaking in little, broken phrases, while Della was answering in cold, crisp ones.

"I'm afraid it can't be you, Paul, "she was saying, "at any rate, you have the least to offer. "Paul's voice didn't answer her. "If I could only choose-if there were some

means of knowing. Perhaps something will arise."

Something did happen—about two days after this. whole crowd had a picnic at the Bluff. There were Della, her father and mother, another married couple—and the four suit-

ors. Roger was there too, and I to look after him.

Then Roger proceeded to fall over the cliff. I had slipped his leash, at the express will of Della, and was busily engrossed in flinging rocks into the chasm below. The fumes rose among the boulders, and a faint odor permeated the countryside. But the landscape was so superb that Della had to have her picnic there.

I looked for Roger. Nowhere could I see him. Della

heard me calling and ran up.

"Have you lost Roger?" she said. "Where is he?"

"I-I don't know," was all I could stammer. Then she looked over the cliff, and shrieked. There was Roger, far down below.

"Oh, my poor dear, my darling Roger," Della was uttering when the others arrived. We could see him where he had fallen on a small ledge, half way down the perilous descent. His white form, that ridiculous bit of fluff, was enwreathed with mist and fumes.

"Who will go after him?" Della asked, her composure quite upset.

There was not an answer. No one could go down the incline unaided but she hadn't thought of that.

She turned to Mr. Martin. "Will you get my Roger for me?" He looked absurd, his fat stomach quivering at the mere thought. He put up a beseeching hand, so Della turned to Gaylord.

I had thought that Gaylord would go, for I knew that he was not timid, at least. But no, he hesitated a little too long to suit Della.

She stamped those perfect feet of hers. "Are you all cowards to let poor Roger suffocate down there?" I peered over the edge. The creature was still there, and lying in the same position.

Everybody was looking at everybody else.

Della was clenching her hands. She looked at Mr. Martin, then at Gaylord, and finally at Brigandi, who was sitting disconsolately on a big rock.

Then she made the startling statement.

"I will marry the one that gets me Roger," she said.

Well, Martin knawed his finger-nails and looked fearfully at the chasm. Gaylord kicked the pebbles around with his feet. Brigandi gazed at the woods.

They had forgotten Paul until he spoke out—rather unnecessarily loud, I thought.

He went up to Della. "You would marry me if I went down there?"

Della didn't meet his eyes. "Y-es, I would, 'she finally answered.

"Bern," Paul said, "get me that rope from the car.

I ran to get it. I wasn't very long and I didn't see how he could use it. He took it from me and knotted it around his waist. Without saying another word, he started down the cliff.

I didn't want to watch him, for I knew he might not come back, but somehow, my eyes persisted in following him.

Now that she thought Roger was safe, Della sat back, entirely composed. Every now and then she would lean over the bluff to watch the white-shirted figure climbing down. Just before he got to the worst passage, he stopped. We knew how difficult it had been, so we thought he was through. But he tied a handkerchief over his mouth and nostrils. Then he tied one end of the rope to a stunted tree and went forward. He never looked back.

He got Roger all right. He swayed once or twice and when he bent over that ridiculous piece of dog-flesh, we all gasped, for it looked as if he had fallen. Even Della was anxious then, for I think she feared that Roger might not return.

He brought him up, however, and put him in Della's arms. She looked at her poor darling, then handed him over to me. He was very much alive, only a foot was hanging limply.

Della went up to Paul and placed her hands on his shoulders. She drew his head to her and kissed his glistening face.

"Here I am, Paul," she said, "You have earned me."

"I have earned you, yes," he said in a husky voice. "You are mine by rights but you can never love me—you love that thing too much!"

He was pointing to Roger. Della's face went white and she gasped a little.

Paul went on. "I loved you more than all these others, I think. One of them would have had you if a dozen Rogers had perished. But I—I must risk all for you. That was all right. But over a thing like that." He pushed her away and dusted his hands.

"I do not want you," he declared. "I could love a woman but not a statue." Then he walked away.

I felt sorry for Della's mother—She was weeping and clinching her hands. Paul's tirade at her daughter affected her a great deal.

But Della—you should have seen her. They bundled her off in the car before she began screaming too badly. It has been two month since it all happened and I have only seen her twice. I have noticed a strange thing about her—she cannot bear to have a dog about. They have all gone, even Roger. Della is very quiet but something has come to her, some strange quality of tone, of appearance.

I have not seen Paul for many weeks, but when I do, I think that I shall tell him of Della.

C. R. G., '26.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Occasionally it is a good thing for us of the Occident to turn our thoughts from ourselves, and get a glimpse of what is being done by those in lands across the seas. Because we have failed to do this, we have not appreciated the Oriental mind and what it has done for us. To most of us the mind of the East is like a closed book; perhaps Tagore will open it for us, for when men such as he come to our shores, they bring us a quick new understanding of their civilization. If we know a little of this great man, we may be less prone to look at our Indian brothers as "the white man's burden."

Rabindranath Tagore, unknown to us a short time ago, is now considered by some the greatest living poet; certainly he is India's greatest living poet. He probably first came to our notice when he won the Nobel Prize in literature in 1913. He was the first Oriental to receive this honor, an honor greatly appreciated by the people of India. As for the poet himself, he was at first overwhelmed by the publicity it brought. "They have taken away my shelter," he wrote.

Rabindranath was born in Calcutta in 1861, the son of

Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, who gave lustre to a name already honored throughout India. Rabindranath's mother died when he was very young, and this meant a great loss to him. He tells us himself that loneliness was the chief feature of his childhood. He seldom saw his father, who was away a great deal, but his influence pervaded the whole house and was one of the deepest influences of his life.

From the very first Randranath was passionately fond of nature, and while still a boy, he began to write rhymes, songs, stories,—anything that could express his joy of life. When he was quite young he went with his father on a long pilgrimage along the great rivers, over the plains of Bengal, and up to the foot of the Himalayas. On these wanderings he received great inspiration from nature for the work that was to be his.

When living in Calcutta, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, he wrote a play for an amateur dramatic company in that city and played chief role in it himself. Since then he has written fully a score in all, of which the best known in India have not been translated into English.

Tagore not only learned English at home, but he also went to England when a student of seventeen, with a keen curiosity about western poetry, and a desire for a finer usage of that language. He speaks it beautifully, as we well know from his own translations of his works in Bengali; yet it is said that we lose much of the charm of their natural measures, because the English medium gives them a demurer, more serious air than that which belongs intrinsically to them.

His full birth as an original poet began at about eighteen. At the age of nineteen he wrote his first novel. His poems, dramas, novels, short stories, essays, form a whole literature in themselves, and have been influencing a large part of India for more than a quarter of a century.

It would be impossible to exaggerate his vogue in his own land, and as for his songs, they are sung, words and music, throughout the length and breadth of India. When at Calcutta it is announced that he is to speak in a hall or public building, it is surrounded by crowds for whom there is no place within, and who listen outside for the sound of his voice.

One critic says: "He writes of course from the standpoint of a Hindu; but, strange to say, he, in his spirit and teaching, comes nearer to Jesus as we find Him in the Gospels, than any modern Christian writer I know." Tagore himself rebukes our materialistic, wealth-mad, western life, with the dignity and authority of one of the old Hebrew prophets.

Tagore learned in his father's house to turn away in his religion from the old idolatry of his land. Religiously he is a member of the "Brahmo Samaj." When in 1841 his father joined the movement, it was deeply tinged with idolatry. we turn to the faith of this movement, which he founded in 1843. and recall the profound feeling with which he spoke of his reform, we can realize the new deliverance for which the father worked, bequeathing the work as a legacy to his children. "During my travels, how often" he said, "have I prayed to God with tears in my eyes, for the day when idolatrous ceremonies would be abolished from our house, and the adoration of the Infinite commence in their stead." This Brahmo Samai is a Hindu Protestantism in which Hindu faith is preserved. but modified by the influence of Christian ideas and ideals. Tagore who teaches that "the deity always dwells in the heart of man as supreme soul" and who in an article entitled "The appeal of Christ to India," asks, "Who else has glorified man in every way as he has done?" may perhaps be said to hold a view of the divinity of Christ not widely different from that of liberal Christianity. Tagore speaks rarely if at all of the Father; but so near, so real, so living is this God, that he becomes to us a presence everywhere seen and understood, and loved.

This Hindu is a born poet. With him poetry is not an emotional experience which comes from without, it is grounded in the very nature of his being. A flower, a mountain, a cloud all suggest God. So Tagore talks to us. Has ever poet spoken of the love of God with greater simplicity?

He is no imitator. He is a creator and that of the very highest order. In the Bengali philosophy of life, as Tagore reveals it in his songs, there is no hatred, envy, or malice. Truly he says, "My songs share their seats in the heart of the world with the music of the clouds and forests."

Tagore's poetry is indeed characterized by patriotism, and this has been the means of winning for him the name of "The Soul of Bengal." His poetry also speaks of the deep things of life and with him all these things are intimately at one with the things of nature. One Indian said, "Every morning at three, I know for I have seen it, he sits immovable in contemplation and for two hours does not awake from his reverie upon the nature of God."

All of his works, wonderful as they are, give us no reason to regard him as a saint, or one who is above our own common nature. He is one of us in the very highest sense of the word. He has known the love of woman, sons and daughters, and small children.

At the age of twenty-three Tagore married. Shortly after this he went to the country to manage the family estate on the banks of the Ganges. Here, where he had gone, a little reluctantly too perhaps, he found great profit in the way of experience. He came into touch with real life and people, which aided him greatly to write concerning everyday affairs.

Not long after his trip to the country a great sorrow came upon him;—what he looked upon as his Varsha Shesha or "fall of the year." Within a very short time he lost his wife, his daughter and his youngest son. The outcome of this loss was a determination to do something which would be of benefit to the young people of his time.

Tagore possessed those qualities which favor the life of an ascetic; yet, a man of superior intelligence and outlook, he was driven to look to the grievances of his time, and became, instead of an ascetic, a healer, friend, and poet. His own people looked upon him perhaps not so much as a poet, as a great leader who had set his hand to a great and noble task, that of setting up a school where pupils would go forth equipped to do their part in the work of delivering the soul of a new India.

The school Shanti Neketan or Abode of Peace in the remarkable little community near Bolpur, is the praiseworthy result of his desire to aid his country. This school, like most

great works which bear fruit, started from small beginnings. When he began his school in 1901 he had only two or three boys. At present there are over two hundred boys. When Tagore visited America he inquired very carefully into the various systems of education, that he might give of the best to his land. His scheme of education was to be distinctively national, patriotic, absolutely Indian, of the very soil of Bengal, yet infused with the highest thoughts and methods possible. Creed or caste mattered not in his school. Tagore loves the boys as a father loves his son and the boys respect him highly and realize that his powerful spirit sustains and enriches all who live and labor there. The boys call him Gurudu, which means the revered master. Such was the reinforcement of this poet who came out of his grief to find, as Srimanta did,—the lotus flowers blooming in the sea-waste that had threatened him.

Rabindranath visited our country in 1912 and 1913. In his farewell address before his return in 1913 he emphasized the great need of a better understanding between our people

and the people of his race.

No other man before Tagore was able to interpret to the people of the Occident the spirit of the Orient. He has made his accent universal and this is the permanent value of his writings. The union of nations, destroying of caste, religious pride, race hatred, and race prejudice, or to use his own phrase the "Making of Man," here lies his human aim.

In his book "Gitanjali", his own translation from Bengali, Tagore gives us the key to his melody. Part of it is this: "When thou commandest me to sing, it seems that my heart would swell with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes. All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony—and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.......

Drunk with the joy of singing I forget myself and call thee

friend who art my lord."

In another place he speaks of a region "Where the mind is without fear and the head held high, where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow walls, where the mind is led forward into ever-widening thought and action.

Into that heaven of freedom, My Father, let my country awake!"

The following illustrates his love of nature: "The morning sea of silence broke into ripples of bird songs; and the flowers were all merry by the roadside; and the wealth of gold was scattered through the rift of the clouds while we busily went on our way and paid no heed."

Here is a poem showing his beautiful conception of death. "I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!

I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door—and I give up all claims to my house. I only ask for the last kind words from you.

We were neighbors for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and I am ready for my journey."

Who can surpass these songs in their richness and beauty?

Allow me to quote one more.

"Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well,

O thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours.

There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth.

And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never, never a word."

We cannot but admire a man who sings of such beautiful things and reminds us of what we in the fervor of our activity are so liable to forget—the ineffable beauty of creation, the nearness of God, and the sweetness of inner peace and harmony.

The help which India rendered to us in the Great War is indeed a sign of the times; but it is in times of peace that the

two lands are destined to prove that great doctrine which Rabindranath and his father have preached of a greater community upon earth. Every little bit that helps to strengthen a faith in our commonwealth is to be gratefully received. Is not Rabindranath Tagore more powerful in his songs and other writings than any world dictator in strengthening the intercourse between the East and West and giving India her part and voice in the commonalty of nations?

"Oh East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat;

But there is neither East Nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the Earth!"

M. H. M., '26.

TRUTH IS A UNITY

I meditated dreamily
Upon man's age long search for truth
Through science and philosophy,
And all religion's sacred ways;
Before me looms a monstrous rock
Half veiled in mist, its top quite hid
Among high heights of rolling clouds.
A marvelous, a halo light
Which glows around the rugged rock
But gives it mystery and charm.
Oh, how I wish to see it plain,
To know of what it really is!
And look! Upon its bold, steep side
Are many men; some barely hanging
All searching with an eager eye.

The area of search is small Which each can scan before he dies. Then after each has day, then pries A piece away, he looks and claims He's found of what the mountain is.

'Tis seen the prize of each man varies: So quick they throw aside their tools, And enter into bitter strife: Each hotly striving keen to prove That he has found the basic stuff Which forms the mountain's very core. They guarrel with such bitter hate It makes their judgments quite confused; The search is hindered, almost foiled. At length come men of whom some dig And others gather up the spoil Of all those wranglers gone before. They match, compare the already found And all that newly gotten by Their helpers working on the rock. At length 'tis seen that through it all There runs a wondrous symmetry. They have the part of one great plan But barely seen by present man. What is the rock? It comes to me

What is the rock? It comes to me
It can be nothing else in sooth,
But the veiled mass of perfect truth.

H. T. S., '28.

PIGMENT AND PYGMALION

"I can't help it, dear. I tell you again, it isn't business! Why, instead of giving that picture to the Red Cross to sell, you could have sold it for a good sum yourself and taken that trip up the Saint Lawrence. You're no business-woman, Ethel."

"Perhaps not, Harry," his wife replied, folding her napkin, "but you give so little I feel I have to make up for the both of us even to the extent of giving my precious pictures. I love them, but I love my soul more, and I'm going to try to save it."

"Why, Ethel, what do you mean?"

"Only that I am sick of your miserly parsimony, or what you are pleased to call your business capacity. I am weary of your consideration of everything in dollars and cents." The even modulation of her voice began to break; she rose. "You extort everything you can get; you're rich; why don't you give something? That is why I have to donate the best of my work. I have been trying to save your soul, too, but you haven't one, for your god Mammon long ago appropriated it for his own."

She stamped her foot, and, sobbing, fled to the quiet haven of her pretty and tastefully-furnished studio, a sanctuary that Harry never desecrated by intruding.

"Jane," said Harry Holt calmly to the servant, as he set his coffee cup down, "save my wife's grapefruit for her tomorrow." Then he put on his hat, and, carrying his gloves

and cane, stalked sedately from the house.

A few minutes later the doorbell rang, and Ethel, the redness of her swollen eyes concealed by a hasty dash of powder, opened the door herself. She took a step back, astounded. Before her stood a man not over four and a half feet tall with a wooden leg and an empty sleeve. At first glance he appeared to be little more than a mutilated, grotesque dwarf. But this was not what had startled her; it was his face! Such a face as could not exist even in heaven. It was a beautiful face, fine, clean-cut, classic.

"Can you give a poor, returned soldier, who can't get

work, a bite of breakfast?" The perfect lips moulded the words with ease.

"Why, yes, certainly," Ethel replied, hypnotized. "Jane, set a fresh cover for Mr.—what is your name, please?".

"Richard Vandamme, madame, and may I ask yours?" "I am Mrs. Ethel Holt. Sit down, please."

She knew that she shouldn't, but she could not resist sitting with him, her chin in her hands, gazing with worshipping eyes at the dazzling face. To a woman of her aesthetic sense, it had a strong emotional appeal. She longed to paint it. How entrancing it would look reproduced on canvas without the hideous body! She could exhibit such a painting in the International Portrait Competition.

"What are you going to do when you leave here?" she asked.

"Nothing in particular. Just walk on until lunchtime, then stop at another house and ask for a meal."

"Is that what you are going to do all your life?"

"I am afraid so. I can do nothing else, except sell a few trinkets. Would you care to see them?"

The thought of her husband rose before her.

"Thank you, but no." The perfect countenance looked almost divine as it registered disappointment. "How would you like to stay here with us for a few weeks while I painted your portrait?" she asked impulsively. "I would pay you well besides giving you board and lodging." Her tone was eager, but not so eager as his when he accepted.

At noon she introduced him to her husband. He was struck by the extraordinary beauty of the face, but thought little of the idea of paying him while she amused herself daubing on canvas, until she told him that such a face could not help but win the prize in the competition and the prize was ten thousand dollars, almost his whole income for a year.

"Oh, all right, but he must eat with Jane, and he can have the little attic bedroom."

Joyfully and with burning ardor she painted steadily for several days; no longer as a mere pastime for, perhaps, a little pin-money, but seriously to reproduce faithfully the beauty of Vandamme's countenance, and to win the prize.

The painting began to take on form now. One could get a suggestion of what it would be like when finished. The features were perfect, and the whole countenance was suffused with a radiant light that enraptured the beholder.

Gradually, as the picture neared completion. Ethel realised that she had fallen in love with the dwarf, and likewise he with her—or her husband's money. They went everywhere together. Harry was completely neglected while, clothed in an air of respectability because he was her model. Ethel and Vandamme were never apart. She slackened work on the picture. for it was only early spring and the contest did not close until the summer. She wanted to keep him with her as long as possible. People began to talk. Harry became irritated. He finally told her that Vandamme must leave the last of the week and that she should hasten the work on the portrait. By reminding him again of the large prize. Ethel secured another week of grace for her model. During this time her influence managed to secure for him an excellent position in a city Art Gallery a few hundred miles away. This would give him a steady income, and as soon as he had saved enough and she had sold a few more paintings, she was to leave Harry and with Vandamme begin life anew. This was the promise with which they parted.

She did not put the finishing touches on the portrait for several weeks. In the meantime she painted feverishly other pictures which, to Harry's joy, she marketed.

"Guess you'll be taking that trip up the St. Lawrence soon, Ethel," he remarked one day.

She wondered what he would think if he knew she was sending most of this income to Vandamme, who, somehow, still did not seem to be able to make both ends meet, and made frequent demands on her. Despite her love for him, she was beginning to weary of sending him money. His excuses always seemed plausible, even reasonable, such as another payment due on the lot of land where they were to build soon, but sometimes she almost doubted.

Then one day she drew the curtain on his portrait to begin touching it up, and fell back on a divan, amazed. site beauty and perfection of her work struck her forcibly. Before she had always had Vandamme in front of her and the painted face never seemed to her so lovely as the living one. but she saw now her painting was far more beautiful than the original, and realised that all the time, like Pygmalion with Galatea of old, she had really been infatuated with her own creation and not with Vandamme at all. Why, how could she ever have loved such a deformed creature? It had been only his face: that had had such a strong appeal to her as an incarnation of The Beautiful. Now that she herself had conceived something more beauteous. Vandamme was forgotten. gazed on the Picture with adoring eyes, and bestowed on it a greater love than has ever a mother upon her first-born. It was her conception of perfect beauty, her ideal, and became to her a Living Being.

With loving fingers she added delicate strokes every day ever increasing the loveliness of her god-man. Soon the time to enter the picture in the contest came—and went, for Ethel could not bear to part with it. She concealed from her husband the fact that she had not entered it, and kept it hidden beneath a gorgeous tapestry in her studio.

Here she came each night, stealing from her bed, to gaze in raptured awe at the Portrait. Then she would creep back in a state of exalted ecstasy and sleep happily until morning.

One night Harry remarked that he had to go to Northville on business the next day, and would not be back until late the following afternoon.

About two o'clock the morning after he had left, Ethel was in her studio worshipping the Painting when suddenly the light flipped out. She gave a little scream and instantly it was turned on and Harry entered. He had found that there was a train home at midnight. This meant the saving of half a business day and of a larger hotel bill. He had seen a light in the studio, and, thinking Ethel had gone to bed and left it burning, could not bear to have it waste away all night, but

had stepped in to turn it out. Ethel had been too absorbed to have heard him enter the house.

"Why, Ethel, whatever are you doing here at this hour? Go to bed. Think of the light you're burning. I say, isn't that your portrait for the competition? What is it doing here? Speak, Ethel!"

"It——It was not——accepted. They returned it to me."

"And you were so sure of it winning! Think of all the money and time you wasted on that wretched dwarf. I guess there's no trip up the St. Lawrence for you this summer. Well, come to bed."

A few days later Holt lost a thousand dollar deal. It worried him; he couldn't sleep; he called out to his wife in the opposite bed. There was no answer. He called again and then got out to see.

"Now, I wonder if she's fooling away up in her studio." He sneaked up, and stood amazed at what he saw. Ethel was on her knees before the portrait of Vandamme, her head, with its flowing hair, flung far back, her arms outstretched longingly, and an expression of glorified adoration on her face.

"Ethel!" he said sternly. She started, then rose to her feet and drew herself up to a posture of imposing dignity. "What

is the meaning of this?"

Her love gave her courage.

"Nothing, Harry, except what you have been driving me to for several years. The meaning is simply that I have ceased to love, even as I could not love a machine that does nothing but grind out money. You have no longer any appeal to me, but I have found the satisfaction for the loving heart I have to bestow in this triumph of artistic beauty." She pointed majestically to the picture. "Not accepted," eh? My God, Harry, that picture would win any contest anywhere. I could sell it this minute for a hundred thousand, but I cannot part with it. It is MINE......I did it. There is nothing so beautiful on earth. And you expect me to love YOU! Be angry if you will, but I can never love anything but that glorious Portrait."

Her eloquence and scorn struck home. He saw himself as a mere, unemotional mint, a money-grabber who had neglected and deserted his pretty wife for a golden one. He realised the truth of what she had said and was truly penitent. He saw she was right. His dead sympathies had awakened enough for him to put himself in her place.

"Well, let's go to bed, Ethel," he said gently.

The next morning he was unusually tender to her and even kissed her goodbye, the first time since their honeymoon. She was sorry for him, but she could not help it, and went at once to her Picture to say "Good morning."

He found her there another time. He was hurt but still not angry. There was no reason why she should love him now, but his pugnacious instinct in business competition made him resolve to win her back. He saw, however, that he could make little headway while the Portrait was in the house.

"Dear," he said to her one day at dinner, "we need a change. This hot weather is killing us both. Let's take that cruise up the St. Lawrence together. It will be lovely and cool, and you can paint beautiful pictures to your heart's content."

Ethel's heart leaped with joy and her face glowed. Something of the old feeling for Harry returned. Then suddenly everything died again—how she would miss the Portrait!

"Oh, all right," she said without interest. But he had seen her first expression and muttered to himself, "That cursed picture, but she's coming round."

On the way to the station to make reservations, he called upon Jacob Brandt, a painter who could have ranked among the best but whose sense of "art for art's sake" had become commercialized. Harry explained what he wanted and left him the key of the house in their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Holt returned a month later very refreshed, very happy, and laden with pretty little scenes among the Thousand Isles. Harry had been lavish in his expenditure of money and endearments. Some of the old love for him was kindling again in her heart. She did not know how she stood. No woman can serve two masters, and she was on the brink of becoming forever the slave of one or the other. She felt that

another look at the face would make her completely ignore Harry again. She was, nevertheless, anxious to see it and fled to it as soon as she entered the house.

She drew back the tapestry eagerly, and then with a sudden shriek of dismayed horror, sank back in a swoon. The face that gazed evilly down upon her wore not the radiant expression of perfect beauty that had been there when she left, but, though the features were the same, the whole expression of the vicious countenance had been changed to one of malevolence with a malicious look in the eves that for sheer villainy rivalled the Archfiend's. There was still a weird, perfect beauty about it. but a beauty that frightened, repulsed one as the beauty of a terrific storm. The thing became utterly loathesome to her. Her love was killed instantly. Brandt had done his work well. Her horror and anger at the sacrilege that had been done to her creation was nothing compared to the horror she experienced when looking upon it. She cared little now who had done it: she was even glad, for she realised that she had become a slave to the other face, and that now she could renounce this ideal love and return to a living one.

She ran to her husband full of remorse and penitence. The face was still marketable, and she wished only to get rid of it. How had she ever loved such a thing, a cold piece of canvas! It was pathetic and laughable now when she had the tender love of a real man, her husband.

"Oh, no Ethel," he protested, enfolding her lovingly, "I have not half so much to forgive in you as you have in me. I drove you to it, for I was hopelessly negligent and blind, but let us begin again. It's a good time to begin, right after our second honeymoon. Kiss me again, Ethel, and then we'll go put old Galatea away."

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

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

If one is to be at all successful in an effort to discuss the relationship between science and religion one must move upon the assumption that science and religion have been essentially different in outlook, purpose, and method.

It is not to be questioned that the element of fear was the main constituent of religion in the first days of the history of the race. "Primus in Orbe deos fecit Timor"may be pagan in origin, but it is none the less truthful. Again, one may venture the opinion that science had its beginning in religion, in the sense that the religious act is a recognition of the existence of a Being and Force which is not understood but which none the less exercises control over life. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" rests upon a broad truth which enables one to say that out of common fear, common wonder, common awe, and common curiosity, grew religion and science.

Religion and science part company, however, when each proceeds upon premises peculiar to its own nature and purpose. Each is in a process of continual change; each is concerned with its own problem; each is moving toward its own goal; one in origin they may yet be one in destiny.

The premise upon which orthodox religion in every land has always and is today proceeding is to the effect that there is a power above and beyond the common compass of natural behaviour: there is the element of the supernatural. If men would liberate religion from the thralldom of the mystical and supernatural, they must, in all their methods and approaches relative to religious problems, fearlessly, with confident faith in the unity, order, and purposeful regularity of the universe, forsake the supernatural without losing the spiritual.

The premise of science seems to assert that living things, when examined, studied, compared, and classified, yield conclusions concerning the development, structure, and mayhap purpose of the universe which, when applied to the desires and needs of men, solve their problems, lighten their burdens, bring

them nearer to the truth: in a word, make them wiser, more efficient, and more rational beings.

As science extends its sway to every field of life and matter, bringing its cold analysis to bear upon their mysteries, it needs must change religion. For the minds of men where never meant to war with their souls. In the fulness of time a man's head and heart will lead him in the same direction. Religion will change because it should change. There are abiding elements in the spiritual experiences of men of all days that can never change; they are eternally true. They have largely lived in spite of orthodoxy rather than because of it. The isms of the past having passed, let us hope forever, beyond our ken, the abiding moral precepts and spiritual truths that seem to guide and inspire men remain with us; living monuments to the validity of man's search for truth and God's answer.

Religion, having in times past stressed the supernatural, has failed to emphasize the element of righteousness. Too often has religion exalted superstition, raised to the ninth power all that is base, depreciated the value of human character, lessened man's self respect, and insulted his intelligence. thinking minds of a new day sound the note of warning to orthodoxy in all fields of human relationship; that the Almighty has vet to abrogate His law of utility or change His moral character. It is to be remembered that, though necessary for purposes of systematic approach, theology has yet to deliver a people from the thralldom of evil. What we want is a more righteous world: and if religion is to live as an answer to men's needs it must deliver to men the secret of righteousness in preference to doctrinal statements. Churches must become centres of moral and spiritual culture rather than centres of controversy or hotbeds of bigotry. The religion which calls itself Christian must ask men to live as Christ lived rather than think as they think. Preachers of the Gospel should pray to God to make them intellectually honest. It is quite possible to be true to the Church and false to God at the same time, quite possible to "contend earnestly for the faith once and for all delivered to the saints" and at the same time crucify Jesus on a cross of narrow-mindedness and bigotry.

These may seem startling and even harsh statements. Consider, however, the prime necessity that confronts every human institution today as ever, to serve its day or die. fourteenth century ox cart may possess undoubted meritsbut it can hardly be said to equal a modern motor truck as a means of transportation. Each is the product of the knowledge of its own day. How can religion escape so immutable a law as lies beneath such an example? To serve the world spiritually and morally, to establish the Jesus' basis of control, to fix the heart on right idealism, to save morally and socially, that is the task of religion. To do this religion must be reconstructed. Nothing of value that the past has given should be overlooked but the business of living should be the art the Church should unfold to men in obedience to the high purpose of the Master who declared, "I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly."

Science, too, should take its rightful place in the scheme of things. It should not become an end in itself. It should, as it largely is, be related to life and life's problems. Wiser men should be better men. Here science and religion can meet. The knowledge of science can be moved by the spiritual impulse of religion—the material and the concrete become subject to mind and spirit. For in the beginning of things, Mind, Intelligence, and Will created Cosmos out of Chaos. And so it must ever be. Science must discover, science must use; but religion must provide the motive.

A recognition of the possible truth of some things that have been said here may lead to a more sober realization of the one purpose in which science and religion can find scope for their respective tasks: toward which they are moving.

Before me I see a white building on a hill. A monument to the builders' art, it is alike a testimony to the truth of what has here imperfectly been said. Stones, made by God in nature and shaped by skilled hands, plaster, wood, metal, and paint, each products of separate processes to which separate persons have applied themselves, combine to produce the white building on the hill. These items, moved by minds filled with one purpose, have grown into a building, perfect in every ap-

pointment and meeting every need conceived before it was built. So with religion and science. Let each catch the vision of the other, and moved by a high purpose labor to the end that a new temple may be built of whom the Master of Life is "the chief cornerstone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord."

E. B. P., '28.

LONGING AFTER A DREAM

I call you tenderly, sweetly,
In accents soft and low.
I seek you, ever seek you,
I want you—want you so.
At night my vision brightens,
But dims with dawning day,
Why does your fair face haunt me?
Are the merciless gods at play
With the passions of mortal men,
Teasing with visions of loveliness,
And wistful charm divine,
To leave them at last in loneliness?

L. H. J., '28.

M'SIEUR GORDON'S HOUSE

The little village of Lockeport curls closely at the foot of a great hill overlooking the wide Atlantic Ocean.

It is a little fishing town, so quaint and old-fashioned that one would never dream of the up-to-date towns and fashionable summer resorts lying, but a few miles away, along the coast. Lockeport is shielded from the outside world by its great round-topped hill which overlooks the town and its inhabitants in their white-washed houses trimmed with red paint.

Wealthy people delight in coming out to Lockeport on summer afternoons to watch for an hour or two the red-shirted fisherman, as he works among his boats and nets on the beach. But every visitor finds something else that interests him far more than the fisherman, and his white-washed cottage, and that is the great grey stone mansion at the summit of the hill.

The house situated there on top of the hill is screened on three sides with tall gloomy spruce trees and the other side is open, commanding a full view of the harbor. The house seems like a guardian of Lockeport standing aloof and keeping a watchful eye on the busy fisher-folk, and these people look back at it with pride in their eyes when one of them tells the curious visitor it is "M'sieur Gordon's house and M'sieur Gordon is a très bon homme."

But only a few years ago it was very different. Then when tourists asked about the place the fisherman would hastily cross himself muttering a few French words, and busy himself with his nets.

If some adventuresome visitors climbed the grass grown walk up the hill, they were met at the top by a large Collie dog, who signified with quiet dignity that they were to return the way they came, and not disturb his master.

The fisherman who lived on the beach at the foot of the hill regarded the grim old building with awe, and many a winter evening the men whiled away time in the "Company's" big store telling of strange happenings they believed to have taken place within its walls, while the women sat by the fireside at home and rocked the children to sleep by telling them some story which was connected with the house. For generations these stories had been handed down by ignorant parents to children, each story being stretched a little farther by the narrator's superstitious fancy, until the account of former balls and bonfires had been transformed to parties of fairies and witches and bursts of Hell fire.

But no story told by the ignorant peasants ever twisted itself into so strange a tale as that which took place one Christmas eve not long ago, and which brought it about that the old house cast aside its aspects of terror and became part of their town with no such feelings as they had felt for it before.

Long years ago when Canada was still a great mystery land, inhabited with strange red men, Sir Anthony Locke had landed on the beach below the hill, with a little fleet of ships laden with carpenters and building materials. He had built a large hunting lodge, where the house now stands. For many years he had kept up the place, travelling out for many a hunting season with groups of his best friends. Then Sir Anthony's eldest son committed an act which caused him to be looked upon with little favor by his associates, and for which he nearly went to prison for life.

This son, rather a gay youth, from the time he was fifteen years of age, had spent much of his time at club houses, drinking and playing cards. Having staked high in some of his games he lost heavily and in the desire to pay some of his debts was tempted to commit a robbery. With the wealth and prestige of his father, who bribed the judge and some of the jurymen, he was able to get clear, but not without causing talk among their associates.

The proud Locke family, unable to bear the disgrace, packed their belongings and said good-bye to England. They came to live in Canada, in the hunting lodge which the father had built a few years before. They had added to this great wings and balconies, which are still to be seen, and here settled down to life in the wilds of Nova Scotia. But Canada was becoming less wild. There were plenty of high born English, French, and Dutch living, far away, to be sure, but still access-

ible to the Locke's. They made acquaintances and began to entertain extensively. Rumors drifted even over to England of the gay life led by the Locke's in Nova Scotia and they shook their heads, wondering how long the family fortune would hold out. But it held out long enough to ruin the Locke character.

The grandsons of old Sir Anthony were headstrong and cared for nothing but their own pleasure. Each generation was exhausted in numbers and fortunes until at last Gordon Locke lived alone in the great mansion.

In Gordon's father scarcely a trace of the old time honor and courtesy had appeared; he was a mere violent brute. But he was handsome and that was why he won ClaireWhite, daughter of a stately old aristocrat living in New York. Her husband, not capable of admiration or reverence, soon hated her because she shrank from his coarseness, and abused their child, Gordon, for no other reason than because he was fair and timid like his mother.

Gordon's mother died when he was twelve years old and his father two years later. The sensitive, shy boy lived alone in the old house, dreaming of the days when his merry old grandsires had held their banquets and balls, reading in the well stocked library, and because nothing was left to him of his ancestor's wealth, raising thoroughbred hunting dogs and collies to sell to summer visitors. He was not happy, for he nursed a bitter resentment against his lot. The folk in the settlement below his house feared him as they feared his father. and fled from him whenever he appeared, calling their children in terror, lest he should cast on them an evil eye. He was not accepted by his mother's people, for they had never forgiven her for running off with the handsome Locke. So, for nearly fifteen years he lived among the spruce on the hills learning to shun more and more the people who were ready to shun him, cursing Providence for forsaking him, and cursing his father's cruelty that had maimed and deformed him.

It was always worse at Christmas when the sounds of merriment in the village below reached his ears as he sat alone in the house on the hill. One Christmas evening he sat alone in his untidy room in a particularly unhappy frame of mind. The church bells were ringing and he had a great mind to go down to the little church. But he knew if he entered, the ignorant people would leave hastily, for they had by this time come to believe him by reason of his unhappy body and hermit's habits a being of another and a lower world. He stretched his arms on the table and rested his head on them. A great longing seized him just to see what a Christmas tree looked like and children, and dancing, and everything that made a "Merry Christmas."

Suddenly the fire in the huge brick fireplace blazed up brightly. A door in the further end of the room opened, and in flocked a crowd of happy-go-lucky children. Their little faces glowed with excitement, their eyes sparkled like diamonds. Gordon shrank back lest they should flee in terror from him. as the little young-ones, as he called them, of Lockeport usually did when they saw him. But they did not see him or at least did not notice him as they rushed past, and Gordon, turning, saw to his amazement a great evergreen tree behind him, all decked with brilliant ornaments. Another sound from the doorway attracted his attention and this time he saw a throng of ladies enter-ladies in such garments as he had never seen before. Jewels sparkled from their necks and arms. It was not the jewels he cared to see, it was the happy smiling faces. Behind the ladies came a man laughing and talking. Gordon shrank still farther back into the corner and shadows. Men had always looked at him pityingly and with sneers. No one noticed him; every one was watching the children, who were dancing around the tree, laughing and talking at the top of their voices.

Suddenly a long French window opened and in burst a splendid figure all in red with a long white beard and hair. The children stood in awed silence for a moment and then rushed towards him, calling "Santa! Santa! Santa Claus." Santa gathered as many as possible in a hearty hug and then sat down among them to open the pack he carried on his shoulders.

Such screams of joy and shouts of laughter as he handed out his gifts, each with a funny speech, almost made Gordon join them. When the pack was empty Santa turned toward the tree and this time distributed his gifts among the older folk as well. No one was forgotten—no one but Gordon, and in his interest he forgot that there was no one to remember him. At last the tree stood stripped of all its treasure, and then in came a group of gaily dressed musicians. They took their places at one end of the long room, which seemed to have grown larger and brighter, and to have lost its look of sombreness and untidiness.

Gordon sat entranced as the dancing began. He could never have believed anything could be so beautiful. He sighed a little as the merry couples swung by him, and then, curiously, he was with them dancing too. A girl with dark eyes and shining hair had come up to him and held out her hands, and drawn him into the merry crowd. He could not realize just how it happened, but he had no difficulty in keeping in step with her. She was talking too, and he was answering, and she did not laugh in the restrained, half scornful way that women usually did when he spoke to them.

A little later they went out to the great dining room. In it the long table was spread as if for a feast. Gordon took a seat with the others, his partner of the dance at his right, and a dainty little fair-haired lady on his left. Delicious, strange food was served him, ladies and gentlemen talked to him and laughed with him.

Something that was hard and cold seemed to melt in his breast, and a warm glow took its place. A new gladness and tiny joy of being alive stirred within him. As they rose to leave the table, he turned to look at his partner. She smiled back into his eyes and then her face grew blurred and indistinct. The noise of laughing voices grew fainter and confused, and Gordon found himself again alone in his cold room, with only a few glowing coals left in the fireplace and his candle end spluttering and flickering in a last tiny flame.

As he raised his head a sound outside his window caught his ear—a sound of healthy lungs joined in a Christmas carol. He listened breathlessly. For the first time in his life the in-

habitants had ventured up to carol to him their gladness in the Christmas season.

When the song was finished there was a pause and then: "A very Merry Christmas and God bless you" cried the singers. Gordon rushed to the window. "God bless you! God bless you! he cried to the retreating singers and turned back to heap his dying fire with logs, his eyes shining with happiness as they never had shone before.

And outside, in the clear night air, a little white angel with gold tipped wings rose swiftly up toward the star-flecked heaven.

L. I. P., '27.

INTERESTING—IF TRUE

"So you want me to tell you a story, do you? Well now, let's see.....

Do you ever 'member seein' a day early in the Spring or Summer when you wake up an' hear all the birds singin' everywhere an' everything looks so blame good an' bright you just can't stay home? Well, that's just the way it was one mornin' last May when I woke up early. Mister man! It was a heap big day! The sun shinin' through the clouds like a ball of fire an' everythin' clean an' dewey lookin' an' all the birds singin' everywhere like they was mad! Well, I'd sorta planned to stay home that day—take a day off with my family—but when I looked down on that little blue lake an' saw the fish jumpin' about three feet above the water. I just couldn't resist the temptation an' after breakfast I started off in my birch canoe." Here the old Indian guide stopped a minute breathlessly, and after a moment's thought continued: "Man, dear, that was a mornin'! The sun makin' little ripples on the water an' the cliffs and ridges on each side of the brook shinin' like they'd been clean scraped. Well, about seven o'clock I came to the place where the Big Rapids widen out into Grand Lake. You recollect that little nook hidden back of the main brook where the sun can't reach into it, and the bushes hang over so you

have to push your canoe through? I had had my eve on that spot for a long time—ever since I'd been down there with a fishin' party about two weeks before. I knew that the other fellows didn't know about it, so I went there 'cause there was good fishin'. I stiddied my canoe and cast in my fly. Mister! you should 'ave seen the trout hoppin' fer it! Guess they calkilated there was a heap big holiday somewhere! Great big fellows weighed two pounds—bet you a dollar they did!! I had a pretty good haul for a time, but pretty soon I cast in and for a time it looked as tho' the fish had got scared o' me an' all ran away! Course I don't blame 'em much for I am a darn good fisherman, you know. After a few minutes I got pretty tired an' I was jest goin' to pull in my line when all of a sudden I felt an awful tug. I gave a big pull toward me an' saw I had a whopper of a trout fastened on. An' he was a whopper! I calk'ilate I'm as big a man as there is around these here parts, but it was all I could do to haul him in. He thrashed around an' beat the water 'til it was all foamy, but pretty soon I had him clean done out, and I hauled him in over the side.

Well, along about ten o'clock I sorta got tired of foolin' around, so I hauled in my line an' got ready to leave. I felt an awful flop down at my feet an' here was that big four-pounder I'd had such a tussle with floppin' around for dear life! I could see he was pretty lively even though I had given him an awful run for his life, an' right there I got a likin' for that fish that made us firm friends. We both put up a good fight that day an', mark my words. I do like a fighter! So I made up my mind to keep that fish an' see what would happen to 'im. I got home I put him in a tub of water in the shade. He was pretty well done out an' he laid pretty low for a couple of days. but he soon began to peek up an' look pretty. I soon found out that a tub of water was too small to keep in that fish-I always did like anything that liked plenty of space to move in. So I hunted out a big hogshead an' put him in that. Everyday I used to dig him worms an' go out an' feed him. We soon got to be real pals, yessir, we did! Every time he'd hear me comin' around the corner of the house he'd be up on the top of the water to meet me, an' I truly believe he understood everything I said to him. You know I allus was used to gittin' up early in the mornin' before the dew was off the grass, an' I allus went out to see my pal Tommy as I used to call him. One morning when I was walkin' away I heard a little rustle in the grass behind me an' I turned around quickly an' what do you s'pose I saw! That there Tommy had jumped out of the tub an' was followin' me around! Well, after that he used to run around after me all the time in the mornin' an when the dew began to go off the grass he'd come up to me an' look at me with such a look in his big brown eves! I knew what he wanted (that's how much we understood each other) an I'd pick him up an' put him back in his hogshead.

One afternoon Tommy seemed uncommon restless! That mornin' when I had him out for his walk he'd rush on ahead of me like as if he was goin' somewhere—then wait for me to catch up. That afternoon I started down to the village. It was an awful hot dusty day-you recollect that awful hot day we had about two weeks ago? I got down the road a ways an after awhile I heard something behind me. I turned around an' looked, but I couldn't see a thing! Now, I don't calkilate to be very superstitious—no man from the woods is; but I sure had a funny feelin! I felt jist as if something terrible was goin' to happen, but I didn't know what. I keep slowin' down, an' every time I'd slow down a bit the noise would stop. So I reckoned whatever it was was pretty close behind me. Well, pretty soon I came to that bridge over Leslie Run's, that one that's been broken for a long time. I got a few steps by the broken part, when I felt an awful cold shiver run up my back, an' heard a big splash. I ran back an' looked, an' here floatin' down by the end of the bridge was Tommy-drownin' to death! An' as he went down the stream he looked back at me with such a reproachful look in his eyes! You see the day was so hot an' the road so dry that I hadn't been able to tell him in the dust of the road. An' when he fell into the Runs the shock was too great—an he drowned! Mister man! I felt bad to lose that fish—he was one of the best pals I ever had—an' I liked him all the more 'cause I could go out an swear a blue streak at him—an' he'd never even open his mouth!"—and the old

Indian guide pushed back his chair and wiped his forehead with his big bandana handkerchief.

G. A. C., '28.

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MONUMENT

The spirit of the Egyptian Pharoahs is not yet dead. The spirit which incited those ancient kings to the building of the pyramids, monuments which it was intended should last through countless ages to astonish men with the greatness of the builders, is still with men.

To us of the present era those ancient tombs of Egypt are but monuments to the all-powerful rule and supreme egoism of the Pharaohs who built them. The whole energies of a great people were bent to the task of handing down to future ages the name and splendor of a handful of men filled with an overweening sense of their own importance. It is said that the building of a great pyramid wasted the people of Egypt worse than a great war.

To us it seems a shame that those millions of people should have lived only for the perpetuating of the name, fame, an glory of these few men who had no personal qualities to justify such monuments. Yet we must admit that it was in the doing of this that they were able to hand down tokens of their wonderful civilization, one that might have been lost to us, otherwise. One is justified, I think, in saying that the cause for which those old monuments were built is not worthy of the civilization those times. It has not been truly honored as it deserved to be.

At the present time a group of people known as the Stone Mountain Memorial Association' have planned and already started the construction of a memorial which promises to outlast the pyramids and even all the evidences of our own civilization; both industrial and cultural. When bridges, building machinery, monuments, and all other evidence of man's work present and past, shall have disentegrated in the natural course of time, this new memorial will be standing as mute evidence of the quality of our present civilization. The people of

future ages must surely judge us by the silent spirit of what will then seem the most outstanding work of our time. When I speak of us I am not speaking for the people of America alone but for the people of the whole world. Our civilization is world wide. A monument like this, standing as the only representative of our present age should not in all justice represent any one country but may well represent in a general way the present state of the cultural progress of the whole world. The people coming long after us—and seeing this monument will form some judgment from it. If such a judgement is to be fair and true a monument of the nature of this one should be international in its meaning. I refer to the memorial being made on the face of Stone Mountain to commemorate the valour of the confederate soldiers while fighting for the "Lost Cause" of the southern Confederacy in the Civil War on the United States.

Stone Mountain is a huge monolith situated about 16 miles east of Atlanta, Georgia. It is the largest single block of granite in the world and is in a latitude at which reaction on the stone from heat or frost is at a minimum. In length it is 5000 feet. In height at the highest crest 867 feet. In shape it is like a teacup cut in two with the part corresponding to the upper half of the cup pointing north. This end therefore is saved from the direct rays of the sun; especially since it rises a sheer cliff of 700 feet before sloping back to the crest of the mountain. It is on the face of this cliff that the memorial is being sculptured. The granite is in color a beautiful plum gray with a slight rose tint. In quality it is the finest imperishable building granite. Geologists claim that the rate of erosion is not over four inches every 100,000 years.

People have realized for many years the wonderful possibilities that this mountain suggested as a site for a memorial, but it was not till 1915 that anything definite was done. Then an order known as the Daughters of the Confederacy bought the mountain. They planned to have sculptured a huge head of General Lee on the face of the cliff, but Gutzen Borglum, a noted sculptor, whom they consulted in regard to the matter, showed them how insignificant this would appear on the face of such a large cliff. He suggested instead the sculpturing of

a huge army marching in review before several mounted Confederate leaders across the whole face of the cliff.

Borglum was engaged to carry out this design. In 1917 work was begun in earnest. When the war came it was dropped till 1921. Then operations went on again with redoubled vigor. After recovering great engineering difficulties, there was sculptured the head of what was to be an equestrian figure, 140 feet high, of General Lee. An altercation between Boglum and his employers resulted in his discharge in 1923. Things came to a stand still. Then a reorganization of the Association took place and it began work anew as 'The Stone Mountain Memorial Association.' The services of Augustus Lukeman, a well known memorial sculptor, were obtained as the guiding genius of the Association's work.

Borglum had destroyed his models and the work he had done on the memorial, so that Lukeman in planning his design for a memorial had to plan one that could make use of the unfinished head left by Borglum. Thus whatever sculpturing had been done was a hindrance rather than a help to Lukeman in that it limited his creative scope.

Work has already been begun upon the first part of the group of figures designed by Lukeman. This group is divided into three parts. First are the equestrian figures of Jefferson, Davis, General Lee, and General Jackson in the attitudes of commanders reviewing an army. Immediately after these is the second part consisting of three other noted generals of the army and two color bearers. The third part is that of a marching army designed to give the illusion of thousands of marching soldiers; infantry, cavalry, artillery, and all arms of the service.

Some idea of the magnitude of this undertaking may be realized by the knowledge that the equestrian figure of General Lee will be 153 feet in height; large enough so that if the head of the great sphinx were placed on its shoulder only part of the general's head would be concealed. The whole group will extend for 1600 feet across the face of the cliff.

The artistic phase of the sculpturing is not in the cutting of these huge figures in the great granite wall but in the making of the models from which the figures are transferred and enlarged to the proper size. This is done by means of instruments which trace the parts according to scale, a mere mechanical operation. This part of the work will not be done by Lukeman personally but by workers under his supervision. The direct sculpturing of such huge figures on the cliff is impossible since the sculptor is so near his work that he cannot employ perspective.

The plans of the Association also include the carving of a great Memorial Hall at the foot of the cliff below the marching army. This hall will be the largest of its kind in the world. being even larger than the famous rock tombs on the Nile. It will be larger than most of the natural caves of the world. The hall will be 95 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 50 feet high. Its form will be semicircular. Along the walls will be 13 engaged columns of the Ionis order representing the thirteen Confederate states. Between these will be spaces for the placing of names famous in the different states represented by the columns, and also the names of men who have contributed large sums of money toward the building of the memorial. Near the floor a wreath will cut across the columns. Below this again will be the openings to vaults which are for the keeping of records pertaining to the memorial. Here too will be put machines and all else used in the building of the memorial. In the centre of the hall will be a colossal female figure representing memory. At the entrance to this Hall of Fame will be a facade of colossal columns cut out of the mountain. Over the architrave will be an entablature with an inscription in six languages reading:

TO THE VALOUR OF THE SOUTHERN SOLDIERS

This, it is dreamed, will be the Rosetta Stone of future years.

The approach to the hall will be a grand staircase, each step representing a state of the Confederacy. On the balustrades which flank the steps will be two great tripods in which on ceremonial occasions incense will ascend through the Hall of Fame to Stone Mountain.

At the base will be a lagoon in which the mountain and the Hall of Fame will be reflected. This will be unique in that it

will be designed to appear as though flowing out from beneath the mountain. A tomb to the Unknown Soldier will be so placed that it may be reflected in the water of the lagoon. The country around will be transformed into a beautiful park with roads running through it.

The whole thing, the sculptured army on the cliff, the Memorial Hall, the lagoon, and all the rest of the memorial, will, when finished, constitute the most magnificent and by far the most enduring monument ever created by men. But, raising a question that I have already slightly suggested, will it commemorate to future ages those things of our present civilization that we must want remembered? Would it not be better that such a memorial were an international one representing the very best of our modern civilization?

It hardly seems just that a monument of such a nature as this should commemorate such a local and relatively unimportant thing, such an unlovely thing as a beaten army which fought for the right to enclose its fellowmen.

It looks as if the Stone Mountain Memorial Association were not making the most of a wonderful opportunity to the realizing of which the whole world might contribute.

H. F. S., '28.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE SHAKESPEARE IN YOUR HOME?

My wife tells me I'm a low brow. Maybe I am. At any rate, I prefer the pool room and bowling alley to a house full of fat, gossiping antiques. For that is what my home has been like, ever since my wife was elected President of the Women's Literary Society.

It was only a few days after she had received that honour, when old Mrs. Allison panted up to ask me what I thought of the modern theatre. I took a chance, and replied that Jack Hoxie would have to go some if he ever hoped to catch up with Tom Mix. She looked rather peeved and floundered off. And the following day I got in bad again by taking another chance. This time I told lanky Miss Peters that "The Doll's House" should be in the hands of every adolescent.

Well, the result of all this was that my ignorance reflected back on my wife. She was in danger of losing her coveted post of President. This caused her to give me the deuce of a bawling out. "Adam," she said, "you haven't the slightest interest in the things that really count in life." "I never did care much for adding machines," I replied with a sarcastic smirk. "Come out of it!", she declaimed, "What mean to you the glorious works of Oscar Wilde, of Keats, or of Ring Lardner?" And, with words to that effect, she ranted on and on.

Exhausted, I finally gave in—but really to save her social position, not mine. "I'll do anything, read anything, even lecture on anything if you say so, provided you keep still!" I declared. "Well," she pondered, somewhat cooled off, "how about making a start by reading Shakespeare?" "Anything!" I repeated.

Now, I had heard of Shakespeare before, but I'd forgotten who he was. No doubt that is why I set to work industrially when my better half lugged in a leather-bound tome and deposited in on my knees.

That was three weeks ago. During that time I have wrestled with Shakespeare and overcome him. It seems that he

wrote plays. They all begin in the same way: some fool title or other, that shows how little he knew about the psychology of advertising. Why in the deuce didn't he change that "Antony and Cleopatra" to "The Phreudian Pharaoh"; or call "The Tempest", "Romance in the South Seas"? After the title comes the Dramatis Personae, which always goes something like this:

Henry, formerly Prince of Wales, afterwards King of England.

John, Duke of Leicester, afterwards Cornwall, disguised as Tramio.

Peter, Earl of Lincoln, formerly Gloucester, anon Worcester.

The characters talk something like professors talk in their homes, or, at least, the way undergraduates *think* they talk. There is lots of snappy patter, even among the janes. Occasionally, when one of the old birds rushes in and shouts "What ho!", it reminds me of Roscoe down in the pool room, and so sort of familiarizes things and makes them seem real. Apparently the men talked a lot more in their homes in those days than they get a chance to do now, but that may be only to show the evils of Socialism because I heard some fellow accuse Shakespeare of scattering capitalistic propoganda not long ago.

All sorts of queer things happen. He has one play where two sets of twins get into all possible permutations and combinations, mostly the latter. This inspired me so, that I tried to write a play with four sets of triplets in it. It ain't finished yet.

Some of his plays are about England, some about Italy, and one, called "Titus Andronicus", about Russia. Most of the young bloods are either lunatics or white hopes, running around with chips on their shoulders and pig-stickers in their belts. But they weren't all lunatics, because, if I remember rightly, a hefty guy, called Falstaff, seemed to have the right idea about Prohibition. Then there was a young Swede who took a particular liking to the ideas of Sir Oliver Lodge. Another interesting thing was the cave man stuff that cured a blonde named Katherine. In general, it wasn't bad reading.

I tried to display my knowledge on several occasions, but I never got much chance. However, when old Mrs. Allison had us over to supper the other night, I calmly strolled over to the fireplace, and putting my hand on the shelf above, began: "You all do know this mantle, I remember......" But someone snickered, so I quit.

I've kept my literary knowledge to myself ever since. Except down in the pool room, it's safe down there. So occasionally after a fellow has just scratched and the atmosphere starts to get blue in his vicinity with his cussing the heavens, I put on a learned face and advise him: "The fault, dear Roscoe, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

R. M., '27.

AUNT SARAH EXPECTS COMPANY

Characters

Miss Sarah Holmstead Omar Dean, her niece Honorable Archibald Roland. Jenks, his man.

Scene. The front room of a country home. An upright piano stands at left; a bookcase with novels at right. A sofa stands near the window at the back of the stage. The room is papered in gold and a green rug covers the floor. On the walls of the room are various copies of noted paintings, class pictures, and pictures apparently of noted members of the family. Two arm-chairs and four smaller chairs occupy different positions in the room. Plain white curtains are in the windows.

As the curtain rises Miss Sarah Holmstead enters. She is a very trim and dignified old lady. She wears small glasses and a high-necked dress and long skirt, and her big white apron is spotless. Her white hair is drawn back carefully behind her ears. A very sleek and amiable looking cat follows her.

Miss Holmstead (talking to the cat). Thomas Henry,

I can't allow you to take your favorite chair today, for you will cover the cushions with your hair. Why cats have such an obscene habit of depriving themselves of their hair at this season of the year has always been a great problem to me. You know, Thomas, my cousin, the great politician, is coming today to make us a visit. I am so perturbed. What a marvelous mind he must have.

(Omar Dean comes in. She has been brought up by Miss Holmstead, who is her aunt).

Miss Holmstead. I have just been telling Thomas Henry that it will not be his privilege to occupy a chair in the parlor today, as I have a presentiment that my esteemed cousin will not favor cats.

Omar. Auntie, why are you making so much fuss about this cousin? Is he so very wonderful? I'm sure he can only be human.

Miss Holmstead. Omar Dean, most assuredly he is human. The Lord formed him out of the dust of the earth just as he did you and me.

Omar. Well, I shouldn't think you'd make Thomas Henry suffer for it. The poor cat isn't to blame.

Miss Holmstead. Thomas Henry will do very well until Mr. Archibald Roland has made his visit. He must not be allowed to enter the parlor at all. And now, Omar, I perceive that it is time to prepare for dinner. Our cousin will, without doubt, want his dinner at night.

Omar. Dinner? I imagine the poor old fellow would just love to have some good old-fashioned hash.

Miss Holmstead (shocked). Omar Dean! Hash! How crude! How unrefined for the Honorable Archibald Roland! We shall have salad and the best dinner we can devise. And, Omar, you might smooth your hair when you go upstairs. He will not like an untidy coiffeur.

Omar. Auntie, he is only sixty, isn't he? Old men of that age like curly hair.

Miss Holmstead. Like it? They abhor it. And also, Miss, I would advise you to put on a more respectable dress. He will not like your arms and neck exposed.

Omar. You may do as you like, Auntie, but I'm not going to do that for any man.

Miss Holmstead. Will you disgrace me? If your mother had withstood the hardships of life to see you now!

Omar (with a toss of her head). Oh, I think Cousin Archibald has seen the present generation. Do you mean to tell me he has no girls of his own?

Miss Holmstead. Really, I am not able to say. I have not seen our esteemed and renowned cousin since he was a boy. People do not change in appearance a great deal, however. Now just glance at me. The arduous toils of life have affected me very little.

Omar. I imagine there is some change since you were a giddy young thing.

Miss Holmstead. I a giddy young thing? How can you think such a thing? I was a very respectable and most conscientious young lady. I was always dressed modestly and at the same time becomingly.

Omar. What about that low-necked dress you had on in that picture. Auntie?

Miss Holmstead. Omar, that was proper and was considered good etiquette for young ladies when I was young. You should never dictate to your elders. I have made that conspicuous enough to you, Omar. Another thing is I am desirous that you shall be extremely careful in your speech. I have noticed that your vocabulary is hardly extensive enough for so opulent a young lady as yourself.

Omar. Anyway, my words always come in the right place, and people know what I mean, Auntie.

Miss Holmstead. Certainly, you must make yourself consistent. Never give an ambiguous meaning.

(The front door-bell rings and Omar hastens to open it. Miss Holmstead hurriedly takes off her apron and throws it behind the sofa. Omar ushers in an insignificant looking and carelessly dressed man. He is wiping his forehead with a large white handkerchief and walks with lagging steps.)

Miss Holmstead (In a disappointed tone) Oh, I felt con-

vinced that I should welcome my cousin, although I was hardly expecting him so soon.

Omar. The train's been in fifteen minutes, Auntie.

Miss Holmstead. Fifteen minutes? Can he be coming? The baggage man would convey him here. He would not walk a mile and a quarter. He must be detained by some curious or imprudent person (seeing the old man). Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I became so agitated at the fear that my celebrated cousin had not arrived.

Jenks. You must think very much of your relative, madam. I'm sorry I disturbed you at this time, but the day was hot and I get tired more easily than I did once. Do you mind if I rest for a short time?

Miss Holmstead. You are extremely welcome, sir. Omar bring the gentleman a glass of water.

(Omar goes out.)

I only wish it might be your pleasure to meet my cousin, the Honorable A. Roland. Or perhaps you are not on the same side of politics. May I enquire, sir, if you are a Conservative or a Liberal? My cousin is a Conservative.

Jenks. Yes, I have met him at various times and we agree

perfectly in politics.

Miss Holmstead. I am delighted. Perhaps you would be able to tell me about him I have not seen him since he has gained the heights of manhood. The newspapers are so misleading.

Jenks. I do not know him very well myself.

(Omar comes in again carrying the glass of water.)

Jenks (taking a drink). How refreshing that is. By the way, do you know of any house where I might stop tonight? Would it be asking too much of your hospitality if I should ask to stay here? It seems so home-like.

Omar. Cousin Archibald can't be coming, Auntie. Shall

I get up a big supper?

Miss Holmstead (to Jenks). You are welcome to make our repast from our supply in the larder. Perhaps our friend would like some hash. I am grieved that our worthy cousin has not yet arrived. Jenks. I am very fond of hash. I do not like a display of any kind. And, Miss (turning to Omar) you are my idea of an ideal of modern girlhood.

(Omar. Thank you, sir.

(She goes out.)

Miss Holm. I cannot imagine what accident can have caused this delay. Would you like to see some pictures of my cousin taken when he was but a youth?

Jenks. Indeed, yes.

(Miss Holmstead brings the photos from the adjoining room at left.)

Jenks. You have no pictures taken of him recently?

Miss Holm. No. Here is one taken when he was fifteen, that was forty-five years ago. Was he not a precocious looking youth? And here is one of his father.

Jenks (appearing moved). Have you ever seen anyone who looked like his father?

Miss Holm. No. Archibald did not resemble his father. But how peculiar that your features should resemble his. And I do not remember that you told me your name. How thoughtless of me!

Jenks. My dear, Sarah, have I been carrying on this

little game alone? Did you not recognize me?

Miss Holm. Archibald! I am delighted. But I expected you to be such a great man. A person can never be too old to gain knowledge, I can plainly perceive.

Jenks. I am but human.

Miss Holm (calling to Omar). Be sure to make a quantity of hash.

Jenks. Where is that cat I saw in the yard? My wife always has one at home.

Miss Holm. Where is your valise?

Jenks. The baggage man will bring it. I thought I would rather walk.

(Miss Holmstead goes over to him and takes hold of his hand.)

My dear cousin, what a delight it is to look on your countenance again after so many years.

(She stoops to kiss him on the forehead.) Just at this moment the door at the right opens and Omar ushers in another gentleman. The two in the parlor had not noticed the light rap at the door outside. The newcomer stands in the doorway with head erect and very stately manner. He appears rather perplexed and at the same time indignant. He carries a goldheaded cane in one hand and in the other a stylish grey hat. His coat is long and the crease in his pants is most noticeable He takes out a silk handkerchief from his pocket and blows his nose loudly. He advances a step and then stands still gazing around the room. Omar goes to the right and stands motionless. Miss Holmstead has recovered her composure and is standing erect staring at the visitor. The man in the chair assumes a downcast expression.

Miss Holm (stiffly). Can I be of any service to you? Mr. Roland (ignoring the question). Jenks, I am very displeased to find you in such a position.

Miss Holm. (heatedly). What do you mean? This is my honored and celebrated cousin. I will not have him insulted.

Roland (sniffing). Oh, I beg your pardon. I see this is no place for me. I must have been mistaken in the place.

(He turns and walks majestically to the door. At the door he turns and speaks haughtily).

Jenks, I ask you to be so good as to see that my luggage is brought back to the station. You may ride back with the baggage, man. I will walk this time. Then I shall not have to wait if the shaft breaks a second time.

Omar. There is some mistake. Please stay, sir, until we get this matter settled. Auntie, please be calm.

Miss Holm. Calm? A nice time to be calm. Sir, I ask you as a gentleman to explain.

Roland. I came to see an old relative of mine and here I find you kissing my man. How disgusting that you should come to this, Sarah.

Miss Holms. (nervously). I—I have been horribly deceived.

(She turns to Jenks).

You horried, beastly, awful, old, deceitful hypocrite.

Jenks. It was only a joke. You people lack humor. I might have known it would turn out wrong.

Roland (furiously). Do you mean to say you impersonated me?

(Goes over to Miss Holmstead, who has sunk exhausted into a chair.)

Never mind, my dear Sarah. I fully understand the circumstances.

Miss Holm. (hysterically). And to think I thought he looked like you.

(She turns to Omar.)
We will not have hash.

Curtain.

Z. J. MacC., '26

NOT SO DUMB

"Mary, I've just got to take a rise out of that brother of mine, and that's all there is to it."

"What's the trouble, Dick? Has some wicked woman severed the brotherly love?"

"That's just what isn't the trouble. He keeps clear of everything feminine—he balks at the very word."

"What's biting you, then. Elucidate."

"Your diction is faultless, my dear, but don't use such oratorical language, or someone might hear you and have you run for M. P. What gets my nanny, though, is this. The boy is an awful dumbell where women are concerned, but when it comes to studies he's right there with the marks. The result is when my marks go home, looking like a Jew's estimate on what he'd pay a pound for pork, the pater gets mad, and cuts my allowance; and you know, as I am not a contortionist, I have trouble enough making both ends meet as it is. My old excuses about the work being so hard, and all that, are now of no avail—what little Johnny can do, surely I can do, is what the pater says."

"I don't see that Jack is so little, Dick; he is about the bestbuilt boy I have cast my optics on for many a moon."

"That's just it. Nature did endow him well in regards to physique, but when it comes to being a creditable college shiek or something useful like that, he's more than petit, he's puerile. If I could only get him interested in athletics—anything to get his attention off his beloved books for a while."

"Dick, did it ever strike you that the remedy might lie in chasing the elusive nymph of knowledge yourself, instead of trying to entice Jack away?"

"If knowledge were a nymph, it would, and that's more truth than poetry; but, with the start that Jack's got on me, I couldn't hope to compete with him. By George! A brain wave. As Spokeshave never said, the most diverting and timewasting agent known to man, is woman. Motto, find a woman. Here's where you ring in. You are about the most diverting bit of femininism that I know. Transfer your attentions for a wee while to Jack. That leaves me free to regain the good graces of the pater, and, incidentally, my financial status; and it should provide amusement for you for a while, even though it won't for Jack. Is it a go?"

"Why, yes-I guess so."

"Fine. I hate to do it, Mary, but desperate situations require desperate measures. The exams are only a week from now, and, the way things are at present, I stand an excellent chance of flunking more than one of them; and if I do, out I go on my ear."

"All right. Bring the victim over to-morrow night."

Dick kissed her good-night, and whistled his way merrily homeward, happy in the knowledge that the downfall of Jack was to be left in capable hands.

That night before retiring, Dick informed his brother that he was to go with him, the next night to the Ladies' Residence, to meet one of the most wonderful girls in the world.

"Can't be done," was the curt reply, "I've got a Biology test the next day."

"You poor simp! Anybody else would snap at the chance to meet Mary."

"Can't be helped, and I'm no puppy, anyway."

"I have my doubts about that; but of all the amiable people I ever saw you take the sweet-scented roses."

"Aw, dry up and go to sleep, and give me a chance to do some Latin."

And that was that!

However, the next day Fortune favoured Dick, for, while standing before the post office engaged in a heated attempt to persuade Jack that it was detrimental to his good health not to engage in some form of athletics, and that it would be something he would always regret if he did not go with him to see Mary that night, who should stroll along but Mary herself. Dick formally introduced her to his brother, whereupon Mary looked shyly up into Jack's face and cooed:

"So this is the handsome big brother whom you have so often raved about. I think we shall get along well together."

Raved was right, but not in the sense that she meant Jack to take it. Dick gurgled some Chinese, and uttered a few words to the effect that even though Jack was slightly taller, as the older, he demanded the respect due to his age. The fact that Jack was bigger than he always irritated him, for it necessitated doing by persuasion, instead of by force, what he would like to have him do.

"Tut, tut, the little boy mustn't be angry," Mary remonstrated. Then seeing Jack make a movement to retire before he was completely seduced, she said, "If you are going up the street, do you mind if I walk with you?" And without giving him a chance to reply, she smuggled her little hand close under his arm, and chatting gaily, led him far from his destination like a lamb to the slaughter.

Dick gazed after them in wonder and admiration.

"She's surely entering into the spirit of the thing. I only hope she doesn't go too far," Dick murmured to himself. "What a miserable joke if that consummate ass should make a hit with her." And with these vague misgivings he went home to fulfil his part of the agreement.

That night, without urging, Jack consented to accompany Dick on his visit to Mary. Moreover, it was not long after

they arrived at the Residence that Dick decided it would be quite appropriate to retire in favour of his brother.

The week that followed was marked by Dick's diligent pursuit of knowledge, and Jack's diligent pursuit of Mary. Also Dick began to suffer qualms of conscience, and Jack of love.

With Mary on the war path Dick had expected results, but Jack had surprised him with the completeness of his capitulation, for Mary did exactly as she liked with him. In fact some of the students were already beginning to call Jack, "Mary's little lamb." Dick was completely bewildered, too, by Jack's strenuous indulgence in athletics, and his absolute desertion of his studies. What a wonderful influence women do have on man!

However, Dick passed his exams favourably, and was again a free man. It was his turn now. He would soon show poor deluded Jack who was who in regard to Mary.

Great was his consternation, then, upon 'phoning Mary, to be informed that she could not give him a date, but to come on over as she had a surprise for him.

He went—in a hurry.

The first surprise of the evening was handed out when he perceived Jack in the reception-room in a closer proximity to Mary than was necessary or appropriate under the circumstances. Certainly appearances were not prepossessing!

Dick coughed, which brought them sufficiently to their

senses to be aware of his presence.

"Oh, hello, Dick," was Mary's greeting, "Come in."

He was in—but such is love.

"Ah—didn't you—uh—say you had something to tell me, Mary?"

He was actually nervous. He, Richard V. Grey, noted far and wide as a sheik who's indoor technique was irreproachable, nervous in the presence of his brother, and a mere female, even though that 'mere female' was his own beloved Mary? Absurd!

"Why—yes," Mary answered him, "Won't you sit down?" "Yes, do sit down, and have a cigarette," Jack said, in a

condescending voice, and offering him a smoke with the air of Santa Claus about to bestow an expensive toy on a little child.

Dick became exasperated. "Mary, for the love of Mike, cut the cheap comedy, and show that giddy goat the gate before I wax wroth and exterminate him."

"Dick, you 'wax' eloquent, a veritable Demasthenes, by Jove! I would recommend that you major in English," said Jack.

Before Dick could reply, Mary, fearing a family quarrel, intervened.

"Desist, you potent pugilists. Don't you know that a vulgar brawl in the sacred precincts of the reception-room, is a crime not to be leniently dealt with. It would spell disaster for the both of you, as far as visiting this domicile again is concerned," she uttered, with such mock pompousness, in imitation of the senior Dean, and in such a grandiloquent style, that the would-be combatants were forced to smile, in spite of themselves.

"Gosh, you're a scream sometimes, Mary," Dick grinned at her, "But when are you going to give me a date?"

"Dick I can't go out with you any more. That is," with a smile at Jack, "unless I have my husband's permission."

But for the dropping of his lower jaw, Dick became petrified.

"Do you mind closing the yawning cavity. I'm afraid you'll catch cold," Jack admonished.

Dick swallowed hard, gulped, and then regained sufficient consciousness to gasp, "Aw, Mary, cut the kiddin'. You've gone far enough."

"It's the truth," Mary said simply."

"Well, may I ask who the lucky person is?" the dazed Dick finally managed to enquire.

"Behold. You now gaze upon the fortunate individual," Jack, sticking out his chest, informed him.

Dick had no doubts that he would not consider himself fortunate if he only had him outside for five minutes.

Jack, perceiving something of what was in his mind, said

"Calm yourself, old man. There is one consolation, she will still be in the family."

"I have doubts if either of you will, when the pater hears about this," Dick growled.

"Well, I will always be a good sister to you," Mary said sweetly.

That was too much.

"Thanks." And with that Dick went out and slammed the door without even performing the ceremony of congratulating the bride and groom. However, they did not seem to notice the omission, nor hear the door slam, for love is blind, deaf and dumb—but mostly the latter!

L. H. J., '28.





Science



PRODUCTS OF PROTEIN HYDROLYSIS

The proteins form a large and ill-defined group of substances which are the chief constituents of the protoplasm of plant and animal cells. Although the determination of their structure is very important to biochemical science, the peculiar difficulties with which their study is involved, has delayed a comprehensive knowledge of their nature. The early investigators, who limited their research to a study of the better known but more complex proteins, obtained little more than a few empinical facts to reward their efforts. Recent study, however, has brought considerable light to the hitherto rather hopeless situation. The work of Emil Fischer and his co-workers has been the outstanding factor, and it may be said that the present state of research in this field of investigation is almost entirely due to their efforts.

The proteins are colloidal, non-violatile substances and are for this reason difficult to obtain in a state of purity. They do not lend themselves to investigation by means of purely chemical methods. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are the chief constituents, and most of them also contain considerable sulphur and phosphorous. The molecular weights of the proteins are extremely high, but definite determinations have not been accomplished. Due to the fact that they are colloidal (do not enter into true solution), their molecular weights cannot be determined by the boiling point or freezing point methods. The Victor Meyer method is also impossible to apply since they are non-volatile. Consequently purely physical processes have failed to give any satisfactory results. It is possible, however, to determine the minimum molecular weights by means of a quantitative analysis of the elements. For example, haemoglobin contains approximately 0.4% iron,

and assuming that only one atom of iron is contained in the molecule, the minimum molecular weight is calculated to be about 16,000. However, it is readily recognized that the true molecular weight would be some multiple of this figure if the molecule contains more than one atom of iron. Other criteria give approximately the same results within the limits of experimental error.

Animal and vegetable tissues supply the material from which the proteins are prepared. Their separation is accomplished by precipitating them from the aequeous extracts prepared by digesting the tissues with dilute alkali, acid, or salt solution. Since the proteins are present in colloidal suspension, the precipitation is brought about by saturating the solution. Other precipitants have been used, but ammonium sulphate has been proved to be most practicable because it produces less alteration in unstable substances. The various proteins differ widely in the relative ease with which they are precipitated. As a result, it has been found that systematic precipitation is the most satisfactory available means of separating them. Certain proteins have been crystallized by precipitation under special conditions, but even crystallized proteins may contain a certain amount of impurities. By repeated crystallization, however, a number have been separated into what are believed to be substances with a definite chemical composition.

The determination and synthesis of the products of protein hydrolysis constitute the bulk of the work carried on by Fischer in connection with his study of the protein. Hydrolysis may be effected by boiling with mineral acids or alkalies, or by the action of certain enzymes such as pepsin and trypsin which possess the property of breaking down the proteins into simpler products. Various stages of decomposition take place; they break up into simpler compounds in the following order:—proteins, proteoses, peptones, polypeptids, amino-acids. It is convenient to consider these products in inverse order.

The amino-acids are the final products of protein hydrolysis. They are crystalline substances and are similar in structure to the fatty acids. The simpler amino-acids differ structure to the fatty acids.

turally from the corresponding fatty acids only in that they possess one or more amino groups. Thus glycine, an amino-acid, has the following formula—H₂. N. C. H₂. COOH. The corresponding fatty acid is acetic. Its formula is written thus—H. CH₂. COOH.

The esters of the amino-acids have acquired great importance not only on account of their employment in the synthesis of polypeptids and other amino-acid derivatives, but also owing to their great practical value as a means of separating the acids from the mixtures produced by protein hydrolysis. The most practical method of this kind was devised by Fischer. He found that the crude hydrochlorides of the esters, prepared by the action of hydrochloric acid and ethyl alcohol upon the hydrolysed protein, are readily decomposed at a low temperature by caustic soda. The esters may be extracted with ether after the solution is staturated with sodium carbonate. The free esters are then separated by fractional distillation at low pressure. Some amino-acids, e. g. tryptophane, require special methods for the separation of their esters, and the diamino-acids may not be purified by distillation.

The esters are strongly basic liquids with an unpleasant odor. They form crystalline salts when treated with acids and are readily hydrolysed by water or alkalis. They are very reactive, unstable substances, and are converted into diketo

forms on long standing, or when heated to 100° C.

The fact that proteins break up on hydrolysis to form amino-acids renders it probable that they are united in the form of amides in which the carboxyl group of one acid is linked to the amino group of another. Thus, two molecules of glycine would be linked in the following manner: H₂N. CH₂. COOH

H₂ C.CH₂. COOH—

H₂N. CH₂. CO.-N.H.CH₂. COOH.

This theory is supported by the fact that proteins give feeble tests for the presence of free amino-groups, and that they give the brinet reaction which is peculiar to those substances which contain amide groupings.

When amino acids are heated with dehydrating agents and then partially hydrolysed by dilute alkali, substances are

formed which correspond to this theory. They are formed by the union of two molecules of an amino-acid and are called dipeptids. Tripeptids and polypeptids cannot be made in this manner.

A method for the synthesis of polypeptids was devised by Fischer. Starting with propionyl acid, chlorpropionyl chloride is formed by the action of chlorine gas and phosphorous trichloride. Under special conditions, this substance unites with an amino-acid such as tyrocine to form chlorpropionyl tyrocine. By passing ammonia through this product in the presence of a suitable catalyst, the chlorine atom of the chlorpropionyl group is displaced by an amino grouping. The final product in this case is alanyl tyrocine, a dipeptid. A dipeptid acts like a free amino-acid upon other acid chlorides. By this method with variations, Fischer built up the largest molecule ever made by synthetic methods, an octodecapeptid (eighteen amino-acid molecules) with a molecular weight of 1213, which acted like a protein.

The proteoses and peptones are the products of partial hydrolysis of proteins. They are most readily prepared by digesting the protein solution with an enzyme such as pepsin. The proteoses are fractionally precipitated out by ammonium sulphate; and after saturation with this substance, the solution is evaporated, freed as far as possible from ammonium sulphate; and the peptones precipitated with alcohol. It is seen by their preparation that the proteoses and peptones are distinguished from one another by their different solubilities in salt solutions. The peptones have a lower molecular weight than the preteoses and are readily diffusible. This latter property places them in great contrast to the proteoses which are but slightly diffusible, and to the proteins which are non-diffusible.

By a process of graduated hydrolysis by means of enzymes and chemical agents, Fischer succeeded in separating a number of the simpler proteoses and peptones. These compounds have been found to closely resemble the synthetically prepared polypeptids. Abderhalden working in conjunction with Fischer has isolated several tripeptids and tetrapeptids from silk fibroin and other organic sources.

The use of protein as a food is so general in the animal kingdom that it is very interesting to inquire into the chemical changes which take place during their digestion and assimilation. The subject of protein metabolism has been studied by many workers for many years. Much valuable information has been gained with respect to the biological phase of the problem, as well as with regard to the chemical composition of the substances themselves. The most significant fact from a chemical standpoint is that the proteins in the process of digestion break-up into amino-acids and pass thru the walls of the intestines as such and are again built up into proteins.

To recapitulate, it may be said that the proteins constitute a very complex class of substances. It has been established that the basic constituents consist of amino-acids, and the progress made by Emil Fischer and his colleagues in the synthesis of the products of protein hydrolysis has led the way toward the accomplishment of the synthesis of the proteins.

themselves.

F. H. C. F., '26.



THE MAN WHO MAKES THE "MOVIE" MOVE

The overture ends softly. The house lights instantaneously go out. And, as the curtain rises in the restful darkness, a picture appears at the back of the empty, obscure stage. The "show" has begun.

We settle down in our comfortable seats and see the story enact itself before our very eyes to the accompaniment of expressive music. Perhaps, if the plot contains nothing unusual we let our minds roam, and criticize the make-up of the picture: its acting, its actors, its setting, and even its direction. We analyze the tricks of photography, the lighting effects, perhaps the musical score. But do we ever conjecture regarding the source of that beam of light that conveys the picture from the rear of the theatre?

Somewhere from beyond the highest gallery it comes. Ah! See where it issues from that tiny aperture away at the back! That is the operating booth, and it is there we shall visit now.

As we enter the booth through the metal doorway for the whole operating booth is constructed of metal—we see a man standing beside a high machine, with his eyes intent on the screen. His clothing is light, for despite the electric fans, the softly roaring transverter and the purring arc radiate constant heat. (The thermometer registers 98°). And this man with the scanty raiment is the operator—the hardest worked man in the theatre!

We have called him the "operator", but that title is applied to a variety of occupations. The word "projectionist" is more specific. And what man works as hard as the projectionist, considering his fascinating employment? He uses his eyes, ears, and hands at the same time in order to project perfectly the "movie" for our entertainment. See how, as he watches the screen, his hands automatically adjust the everburning carbons. There are six or seven controls to perform this adjustment, but never once does he look at them—his eyes are busy elsewhere. Nor must he forget his ears. Constantly he listens to the arc, of which the least sputter does not occur

unnoticed. Neither can the speed of the motors advance without his being aware of it. As the film gradually does start to go faster than it ought, see how his right hand instantly flies to the control. Here, if ever, is accurate co-ordination of the senses.

That picture we see on the screen is sixteen or seventeen feet high. It is difficult to imagine that the corresponding picture on the film is not quite an inch high. Should we examine a fragment of film, we would see a slight difference in every picture on the film. For example, in viewing a man raising his hand to his head on the screen, we are to remember that it takes four or five of those tiny pictures on the film in order to project that action. There are sixteen pictures to the foot of "movie" film, which passes through the projection machine at the average rate of a foot-and-a-half each second. The motion picture play is divided into reels of film, varying in number from six to as high as twelve, or even more. These reels average nine hundred and fifty feet, and therefore pass through the machine in about ten minutes each.

As we look in the upper film-container, we see the film low on the hub. The projectionist moves to his other machine, examines his carbons to see that they are in the correct position, and closely watches the screen. His keen eve perceives a spot of clear light momentarily flash in the centre of the picture: then, a flash of two spots, and, finally, one of three. The projectionists quickly starts the crank of the machine turning with his right hand, while his left hand opens the beam of light on the now-moving film. Immediately, he throws the switch of his motor, and releases his hold of the crank. Meanwhile, the power has been automatically cut off from the arc and motor The projectionist examines his machine of the other machine. to see that it is running in good order, then turns to the machine he has just stopped. He removes the film from the lower container and prepares to rewind it. For the film, having run through the machine, is now "wrong end to", and must be rewound for the succeeding "show". However, the operator rewinds only about-one-half of the reel at present, "to avoid confusion," as he tells us.

He returns to his other machine, which must rapidly be made ready for the reel following the one now showing. He places reel Number Three in the upper container, threads it past the "gate", and fastens it to an empty reel in the lower container. He adjusts the carbons, replacing them with new ones if they are too greatly consumed. Then he moves the film in such a way as to prevent the picture being half-and-half on the screen at the same time as the other. After that, he finishes his rewinding of the reel, and places it in a fire-proof film cabinet, where it remains all ready for its next showing. And all the while, he is attending to the running machine, keeping the picture clear and true.

Only a few minutes pass before it is time for the new reel to begin. We inquire how he knows when to change his machines. As a reply, he directs our attention to a large blackboard at the back of the booth. There is chalked on it something to this effect:

- 1 Title "Where are you....." Three scenes.
- 2 Waitress enters. Four scenes.
- 3 "I saw....." Holes.
- 4 "Tell me where......3 scenes Fade.

"That is the 'cue board'", explains the projectionist. And it is from these hieroglyphics that he knows just when to stop one machine and start another.

"Do you always run your machine at the same speed?" we ask. "No," he replies, "that depends on the picture itself. For example, I rush a comedy thru a lot faster than a straight feature picture. And then, too, all these pictures have a musical score which gives just so many minutes to play a certain piece of music; there has to be a certain length to some scenes so's the orchestra leader can get in his work. I have to watch all that." The projectionist went on to tell us how in some pictures, war pictures for example, certain scenes are borrowed from old News Reels. Often these scenes were not photographed at the same rate as was the actual picture. Hence he has to slow down his motor should a company of soldiers start to march across the screen at the speed of an express train.

While he tells us this, he is always busy. That must be his motto, those chalk marks on the side of the booth:

STOP—all unnecessary noise. LOOK—at the picture and your carbons. LISTEN—to your machines.

There is evidently, indeed, much more that we could learn from this very busy man, but it is time for us to go. The projectionist tells us on parting, "Perfect projection, or projection as nearly perfect as we can get it, is when you don't notice anything the matter with the picture". And, remembering various flickering cinemas we have seen, film breaks that have delayed the programme, and the brown spotted pictures, and the color bordered pictures, along with the countless host of other cinema tortures we have undergone, we feel it an honor to take the grease-stained hand of this conscientious projectionist.

R. M., '27.

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The Acadia Athenaeum

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Wolfville, N. S., April, 1926.

No. 5

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Editorial





In recent years the college view point has been completely changed. When our fathers were in college they were considered by the faculty not as individuals but merely as members of a group. Their education was given to them in a mass with no selection or discrimination. A college course was an indivisible unit. The curriculum was rigid, and electives were unknown save to the extent of perhaps an alternative in the junior or senior year. But today the college calendar offers almost infinite variety and choice, both in the field of study and in cour-freshman year throughout the whole college course. In fact, college education is undergoing a process of individualization, just as youth and, indeed, society as a whole has been individnalized.

The first cause of this change is in the increasing popularity of the college course, which has forced the universities to limit the number of those admitted, and so to make a selection from the numerous applicants. The necessity for this selection has placed the emphasis on the individual by calling attention to the varying capacity of individuals for successfully completing and using a college education. It means the study of the individual from every point of view that promises significant results.

But the study of the individual is aimed not only at the problem of discovering who should go to college but also at the problem of adjusting the courses of study to the individual. It means directing the students ability and energy in the right path and into work that he feels is worth his best efforts.

This tendency of education is generally taken as a symptom of the individualism of the age. But it also indicates another trait of the age,—the spirit of efficiency, the attempt to use to the best advantage all the materials and resources at its disposal. The theory of efficiency that we have been applying to material resources we are now applying to human resources. The attempt to give the student what is best suited to his needs, ability, and temperament has a twofold result. It individualizes to the extent that it leads to greater happiness, greater contentment, and a more successful life on the part of the individual. It socializes to the extent that it is a force working for the good of society by placing the individual where his efforts will count most for the group.

The technical problems in putting forth a system of this kind are many. Every educator who realizes the importance of the movement realizes also that it is a tremendous task. Society, realizing that not only the individual student but the whole social structure will be benefitted, must keep an open mind, and show a tolerance for those who have the courage

to make mistakes in tackling the problem.

The Athenaeum extends congratulations to E. Ardis Whitman, '26 and C. R. Gould, '26 who have this month won their literary A's. Miss Whitman's distinct contribution has been poetry, while Mr. Gould has excelled in short stories. Both have been among our most valued contributors.

Seminary Notes

On Saturday evening, March twentieth, nineteen hundred twenty-six, a students' recital was held in the Seminary chapel.

These recitals have been held every second week since the beginning of this semester, for the purpose of giving the students practice in public performance.

The following programme was excellently rendered:

PROGRAM

Old English Dance "La		villes Delight''	Old English
Two Gavottes			Bach
		Fullerton	
Ringers Song			Mathews
		Bauld	Marles
Rubezahl		DeWitt	
The Little Damozel			
		Hennessey	
The Picadae,		.,	Davis
		Littlefield	
Minuet in G			
Prelude		ion Eaton	
		Hunter	Schutt
Twilight			Glen
At Dawning			
	Goldie	Hennessey	
Tendre Aveu			
const MadsageH ad	Mel	ba Roop	Contract of Contra
Lento		Millard	Scott
Finale, Concerto in A	minor		
Hungarian Dance No.	5		Brahms
TT 0		arles Coy	1000
Hunting Song			Mendelssohn
	Lillia	an Horton	

Philosophy	Emmell
Hazel Moffat	
Grillen Op. 12 No. 4	Schumann
Dorothy Wilson	
Wiegenlied	Brahms.
Helen Simms	
Ballade Op 47	Chopin
Irene Card	
Old Refrain	Kreisler
Marion Read	
Valse Caprice Op. 24 No. 7	Scott
Polichinelle Op. 3 No. 4	Rachmaninoff
Vera Olts	

God Save The King.

The Pierian societies, Alpha Zeta and Capa Gama met at their regular meetings on Saturday evening, March thirteenth.

Much interest was shown by the Alpha Zeta girls in the debate, held in their group, the subject of which was "Resolved that the costume of the 20th century girl is better than that of the girl of the 18th century.

This argument caused much amusement, resulting in a

victory for the 20th century girl.

The Capa Gama girls held an open discussion on the same subject. Many amusing speeches were made, but no decision was reached, with regard to the subject.

After the Easter vacation, this same subject will be used

for a debate in which each society will be represented.

On Tuesday evening, March 23, the Household Economics Class'26 was at home at dinner to the Seminary faculty and other guests, including Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. DeWolfe, Dr. and Mrs. Hill, Dr. and Mrs. Hancock, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, and Miss McLaughlin.

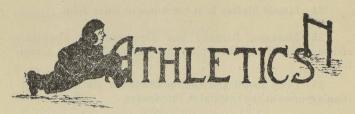
Short speeches were made by Dr. Patterson and Dr. De-

Wolfe.

The Senior Household Economics class was assisted by the Juniors of the same department.

- '24-Maude McBay is at her home in Saint John.
- '25—Margaret Barnaby has completed her dietitian's course at the Hartford hospital and has now accepted a position.
- '25—Doris Leard and Cecilia Bradhsaw are taking dietitian's courses at the hospital in Providence.
- '25—Mary Brady is taking a dietitian's course at the Hartford hospital, Conn.
- '25—Florence McDonald is studying dietics at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.
- '15—Mrs. Lawson has accepted the position of librarian and teacher of preparatory subjects in the Seminary, in Miss Bowes' absence. Miss Bowes was called to her home in Dorchester, N. B., on account of the death of her brother, L. T. Bowes, who graduated from Acadia in 1913.
- The Y. W. V. A. met at its regular meeting on Sunday evening, March 14.

Miss McNally spoke to the girls on the subject of "Faithfulness in Little Things", which was very interesting to all. We are hoping that Miss McNally will come to speak to us again in the near future.



Acadia's winter sports are officially ended. Although no championships have come to Acadia, our teams have done as well as circumstances will permit. Our girls' team, after beating almost every team of any importance in the Maritime Provinces, lost the championship to Dalhousie, and incidentally lost an opportunity to gain permanent possission of the coveted Basketball Trophy. Considering, however, that we had only one member of last year's championship team, the present squad has had a splendid record. The hockey team failed to win the Western championship, not because they had insufficient material, but because there was something vitally wrong with the morale of the team. It is quite possible that lack of interest by the student body had an evil effect on the attitude of the players.

The boys' basketball team played excellently to defeat Mount Allison, but were badly beaten at Fredericton by U.

N. B., who eventually won the title.

There is a great opportunity for cooperation in the various branches of sport at Acadia. Hockey and basketball must be so arranged that they will not conflict with each other; and a system whereby examinations would not prevent players from attending practices would be highly beneficial.

Less class prejudice with more college spitit would undoubtedly improve the standard of athletics so that our teams could win not only their home games, but league championships

as well.

HOCKEY

U. N. B. 5. Acadia 2.

Acadia lost to U. N. B. at Truro, Feb. 24th, in the game

which decided the championship of the Western Section of the Maritime Intercollegiate League. The score was 5 to 2. The play was fast and interesting, although inclined at times to be rather rough. A special train carried about three hundred rooters from Acadia but their presence was not enough to give the Garnet and Blue a victory. The Acadia defense bore the brunt of the play thruout the game, while the forwards were weak in combination and in back-checking. "Kato" Keene, U. N. B. forward scored all his team's goals, and, along with Hickson, their goaler, was the star of the game. Wright and R. D. Johnson played consistently for Acadia. Eric Dexter, of Truro, refereed.

Time Summary: First Period.

- 1. U. N. B.—Keene 4.00.
- 2. U. N. B.—Keene 12.15.

Second Period

- 3. U. N. B.—Keene 8.40.
- 4. U. N. B.—Keene 12.25.
- 5. Acadia-Wright from R. D. Johnson 7.00.
- 6. U. N. B.—Keene 11.10.
- 7. Acadia MacLatchey 18.00.

The teams lined up as follows:-

Acadia:—McKenna, goal; Wright, R. D. Johnson, defence; R. W. Johnson centre; Eaton, left wing; Barteaux, right wing; Vincent and MacLatchey, subs.

U. N. B.:—Hickson, goal; Fraser and Steen, defense; Chalmers, centre; Keen, left wing; Keenan, right wing; Dodderidge and Lynch, subs.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY

The Interclass Hockey Trophy goes to the Juniors this year. Four teams entered the competition, namely: Seniors, Juniors, Engineers, and Freshmen. In the first game, the Seniors disposed of the Engineers in a close contest by a score of 7-4. The Freshmen, crippled by special warnings, forfeited

their claims in the league, but met the Juniors in an exhibition contest. The Juniors won easily by a score of 6-1.

JUNIORS 8. SENIORS 1.

Thursday, March 18th was the date set for the playoff between the Seniors and Juniors. Spectators who witnessed last year's game between these two classes prophesied a bloody battle, but the contest went far beyond their expectations.

All class and personal prejudices were packed in the sticks of the opposing players, and the feeling was intensified by a spirited dispute over a referee. The teams finally agreed that Dr. Morton, of Wolfville, should handle the game and finally faced off. No sooner had the play begun, than hostilities commenced in earnest. Slashes, kicks, trips, checking into the boards, and cross-checking were the features of the battle royal, which ended after forty-five minutes of carnage with the Juniors on the long end of an 8-1 score. No less than three of the Junior players had to leave the ice, and the Seniors escaped serious injury only because they were heavier than their opponents. Wallace Barteaux was the most effective player on the ice, and Fred Wright turned in flashes of good hockey for the Seniors.

The teams were: Seniors: D. Munro, goal; J. Elderkin, Wright, defense; B. Elderkin, McLatchey, Foster and Noble forwards. Juniors: C. Munro, goal; R. D. Johnson, Eaton, Brady, defense; R. W. Johnson, Barteaux, Vincent, Langille and Grant, forwards.

BASKETBALL

Acadia 56. Wanderers 32.

Acadia defeated the Halifax Wanderers on Feb. 23 in a fast game at the Memorial Gymnasium, scoring 56 points to their opponent's 32. Acadia had the game well in hand, and ran up an exceptionally large score. Otto Noble was doubtless the best man on the floor, and drew the applause of the crowd time after time by his dashing play. Richie Macoy was the star

of the Wanderers team, although "Tiny" Herman proved to be the big favorite in his role of guard.

Arthur Brown refereed.

The line-up:

Wanderers:—Macoy 8, Hewatt 6, McKenzie 6, Herman 2, Thompson 10, Zwerling.

Acadia:—Allen 22, Davison 16, A Noble 8, Elderkin 4, O. Noble 6, Creelman, Baker.

Acadia 32. Mt. Allison 24.

Breaking all speed records for intercollegiate basketball, Acadia sent Mt. Allison down to a 32-24 defeat in the first game of the Intercollegiate series at the Memorial Gymnasium on March 4th. From the first blast of the referee's whistle until the "What's the matter with Mt. A?" at the close of the game, the pace was terrific. Several minutes of play elapsed before Davison dropped in the first score for Acadia. Malcolm tied the score immediately afterwards, but the Acadia combination soon began to function perfectly, and from then on, Acadia retained the lead. Wright and O. Noble shot several baskets before the period ended with the score 15 to 7 in Acadia's favor.

The second half was as fast as the first. Mt. A. threatened to take the lead early in this period, but toward the last of the game, Acadia took a new lease of life, and ran up a safe lead.

Otto Noble was the outstanding player on the floor, although the whole Acadia team gave an exhibition of combination also rarely found outside of championship basketball.

Smith and Thomas featured Mt. Allison's play, but the whole team worked like a machine.

Harold Williams of the Halifax Y. M. C. A. refereed.

Mt. Allison—R. Smith 8, Lester 1, Malcolm 6, Thomas 7, Rice 2, Anderson, Wilson, Church.

Acadia—Davison 8, Wright 9, Allen 9, A. Noble 2, O. Noble 4, Elderkin.

BASKETBALL

Acadia 32. Yarmouth 18.

Acadia and Yarmouth "Y" played an interesting game at the local gym. on March 8th. Acadia won 32 to 18, but the Yarmouth boys furnished plenty of opposition. The game was quite strenuous, resembling a football match on several occasions.

Arthur Brown refereed.

The line-up:

Yarmouth—Miller, Horton, forwards; Lewis, centre; Vickery, Eldridge, Goldberg and Margolian, guards.

Acadia: Wright, Davison, Allan, forwards; A. Noble, cetre; Elderkin, Baker and Creelman, guards.

U. N. B. 42-ACADIA 23.

In spite of their wonderful exhibition of basketball against Mt. Allison on March 4, the Acadia team suffered defeat at Fredericton March 11, when the U. N. B. quintette rolled up a 42-23 score over them in a "rough and tumble" contest.

The Acadains were not playing up to their usual standard, but considering the conditions under which they played, did wonderfully well. Roy Willett of St. John was referee. Nevertheless, it was U. N. B.'s game from the start. Their forwards were particularly accurate in shooting, while the Acadia men were apparently not up to form in their branch of the play.

O. Noble and Davidson were the most effective men on the visiting team. Seely and Donohue starred for U. N. B.

The line-up:

U. N. B.—Seely, Babbit, Fraser, forwards; Macaulay, centre; Donohue, Kincard and MacPhail, guards.

Acadia—Wright, Davison, Allen, forwards; A. Noble, centre; O. Noble, Elderkin and Baker, guards.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Acadia 42. Mount Allison 10.

The Acadia co-eds displayed their superiority over the Mt. Allison team in the first game of the Girls' Intercollegiate League at Wolfville, Feb. 24. Displaying splendid combination play and accurate shooting ability, the local girls scored 42 points while the Acadia guards held down the Mt. Allison score to 10. The first period ended 28-5. Mt. Allison played a better defensive game in the second half, but were unable to improve in the scoring department.

Captain Anne Doherty and Janet Murray divided the scoring honors almost evenly, while the Acadia centres deserved special praise for their effective passing.

Willard Cox refereed.

The line-up:

Mt. Allison—Miss M. C. Smith 3; Miss Trenholm7, Miss Winters, forwards; Miss M. Smith, Miss Lester, centres; Misses Fawcett, Morrison and Richardson, guards.

Acadia—Misses Doherty, 23, J. Murray 17, F. Parlee 2, forwards; E. Ford, E. Corey, M. Duffy, centres; G. McCallum, S. Wallace, M. Smith, guards.

GIRLS BASKETBALL

Acadia 45. Kings 6.

Fresh from their triumph over Mt. Allison, the Acadia co-eds won from Kings at the local gymnasium on Feb. 26. The game was very much one-sided, as the score indicates.

Acadia scored twenty points in the first period and twentysix in the second. Kings scored all their goals in the second half. Anne Doherty, Janet Murray, Elizabeth Ford and Elizabeth Corey played well for Acadia. K. Smith was the star of the King's sextette.

Willard Cox refereed.

The line-up:

Kings—Misses Markham, K. Smith 6, Prowse, Card, Dauphinee, Cavicchi, Dominey.

Acadia—Misses J. Murray 19, A. Doherty 20, F. Parlee 6, E. Ford, E. Corey, M. Duffy, S. Wallace, G. McCallum, M. Smith.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Acadia 65. Truro Y. M. C. A. 7.

The Acadia co-eds defeated Truro "Y" on March 5th at the Memorial Gymnasium by the overwhelming score of 65-7. As the score would indicate, Acadia outplayed the visitors in every department of the game. The local forwards scored at will, while the centres and guards played equally as well.

The line-up:

Truro "Y."—M. McKenzie, I. Smith, E. Humble, forwards; M. McPherson, M. Craig, centres; B. Fralic, R. Parsons, H. McCabe, guards.

Acadia—A. Doherty, J. Murray, F. Parlee, forwards; E. Ford, E. Corey, M. D. Duffy, centres; S. Wallace, G. McCallum, M. Smith, guards.

Acadia 52-Halifax Y. M. C. A. 12

The Co-eds defeated the Halifax Y. W. C. A. in a rather one sided game of basketball at Wolfville, March 9. The home team displayed its superiority in all points of the game.

Jean MacLaughlin refereed.

The line-up:

Halifax Y. W. C. A:—Misses Keating, Hayes, Matheson, Bauld, Steck, Dory, Jost and Fraser.

Acadia:—Misses Doherty, J. Murray, Corey, E. Murray Wallace, McCallum, and Smith.

Dalhousie 25. Acadia 15.

Dalhousie proved too strong for the Acadia co-eds in a hard

fought game at the Memorial Gymn. on March 13, but were obliged to put forth their best efforts in order to win. The score was 25 to 15, and about indicates the play. Acadia's forwards were unable to locate the basket, and failed to score on numerous occasions. Dal's sharpshooters, on the contrary, were in fine form, and scored almost every time they shot.

Anne Doherty starred for Acadia, while Marion Campbell, E. Barnstead and M. Borden were the pick of the visitors.

Mr. MacPhee of Truro "Y" refereed.

Dalhousie:—M. Campbell, 19, E. Archibald 4, A. Atherton 2, forwards: M. Thompson, M. Borden, centres: E. Barnstead, H. Roberts, B. Freeman, guards.

Acadia:—A. Doherty 13, J. Murray 2, F. Parlee, forwards E. Ford, E. Corey, M. Duffy, centres; S. Wallace, G. McCallum, M. Smith, guards.

Dalhousie 25. Acadia 21.

Dalhousie won the Co-Eds Maritime Intercollegiate Basketball Championship at the Studley Gymnasium, Halifax, on March 19th by defeating Acadia, 25-21.

Dal. ran ahead in the first period, and when the whistle blew, were leading 11 to 3. Acadia made a great comeback in the second half and scored 18 points to Dal's. 14.

M. Campbell and E. Archibald starred for the Black and Gold, while Janet Murray and Elizabeth Corey played well for Acadia.

A. MacPhee of Truro refereed.

The teams:

Acadia:—Anne Doherty 9, J. Murray 12, Frances Parlee, forwards; E. Ford, E. Corey, M. Duffy, centres; Sarah Wallace, Glen McCallum, Marion Smith, guards.

Dalhousie:—M. Campbell 19, A. Artherton 2, E. Archibald 4, forwards; M. Thompson, M. Borden, centres; H. Roberts, E. Barnstead, B. Freeman, guards.



Again we chronicle the events of the month. The past weeks have not been dormant in their activity—the existence of many student organizations have been realized and enjoyed. The student life of Acadia consists mainly in its activity outside of the classroom, and much should be done to encourage it.

We close this month with many achievements to our credit, and we look forward for many more to follow. Perhaps above all there are two things of immediate interest which challenge our anticipation. The first of these is the Anthenaeum Debate with the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, Mar. 30. We earnestly hope that we will be as successful in this as we have been in the past.

The other event is that of the Mock Parliament. The thoughts of it to the older students bring a sense of enjoyable remembrance—to the new students, one of much anticipation. Again, as with the debate, we trust that this year, it will be as successful as it has been in former years.

FACULTY RECITAL

This month the Faculty of the Ladies' Seminary gave their first joint recital of the term. Those contributing to the enjoyment of the evening were Miss Beatrice Langley, violinist; Miss Whitely, piano; Mr. W. A. Jones, tenor; and Mr. Carl Farnsworth, accompanist. One of the most interesting features of the program was the rendition of a group of folk songs, of

which, by the illustration of the artists themselves, the evolution was explained.

It is to be hoped that recitals of a similar nature will enable us to realize the possibilities of the music department of the Seminary.

SENIOR-JUNIOR SING

Sunday evening, March 7, after church, the Senior and Junior classes were invited to a sing at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Chute. It is needless to say that each and everyone enjoyed himself for Dr. and Mrs. Chute are known in student circles as excellent hosts.

Interspersed among the mass songs were solos and duets given by the Misses Meredith White, Grace Perry, and Janet Murray. Toward the close, a bountiful supply of apples was passed around among the guests. After a few more songs, the two classes left having added to their experiences of pleasant times at Acadia that of the sing at Dr. and Mrs. Chute's.

ONE-ACT PLAYS

For the purpose of swelling an almost depleted treasury, the Dramatic Society presented a program of three one-act plays in University Hall, March 8. That the Dramatic Society is appreciated by both town and college people outside its organization was shown by the large audience which faced the players when the curtains parted.

A novelty was introduced in the form of a prologue to the evening's entertainment, written by Miss Ardis Whitman. This was enacted by the Misses Beryl Dewolfe, Margaret Porter, Frances Parlee, Dorothy Powell, and Marion Reid. In this prologue, the spirit of the following plays were represented by the last three named.

Wurzel-Flummery by A. A. Milne opened the program. The humor of its situation was not lost by the audience, nor was the fine acting of those taking part. All were excellent in this one-act play with its central idea of the Power of Wealth, but special mention must be given to Miss Sadie Newcombe

in the role of Mrs. Robert Crawshaw. Wurzel-Flummery was directed by E. Ardis Whitman and staged by Owen G. Rumsey.

Amid a symbolical setting the second play of the evening, The *Maker of Dreams* by O. Sowin, was given. Taking parts in this play of the power of Love, were Olive Archibald, Harold F. Sipperell, and Charles Allaby. It would be impossible to single any of them out as superior to the others for each gave a most ympathetic interpretation. This play was directed by Olive Archibald and staged by C. R. Gould.

The third play was Suppressed Desires by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cooke. It is a very brilliant satire on the theory of psychoanalysis, and was enthusiastically received by the audience. Taking roles in this play, as directed by G. D. H. Hatfield and staged by A. P. Morton, were E. Louise Fritz, Helen Simms, and Douglas Gordon.

An epilogue by O. T. Rumsey presented by Virginia Mac-Lean rounded out the evening's entertainment.

Special mention must be given to Miss Constance Hayward and Mr. Arthur Dunlap for the excellent work they did for the Society in the capacities of costumer and Business Manager respectively.

POLITICAL MEETINGS

The Athenaeum Society is again at work on a Mock Parliament under the able leadership of Arthur R. Dunlap. This organization has started the male student body in the formation of a Parliament similar to that of two years ago.

Two parties have arisen: the Liberals under the direction of Mr. Byrns Curry, and the Conservatives guided by Mr. Arthur Neal. So far few meetings have been held, the greatest activity existing in the form on cartoons and jibes thrust upon the exponents of both parties. The day of election is fixed at the last of this month, with the date of the Parliament some time in April. The greatest question now is—will the co-eds be allowed to enter?

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

The discussion periods have been carried on regularly on

Sunday mornings after a short devotional period but on March 7, Mr. Barss, of India, came into the group and gave a inspiring talk.

GIRL'S S. C. A.

Because of the service in the church there was no service after supper on Feb. 21, but the next Sunday feeling the need of relaxation from the strenuous days of Miss Rutherford's visit, the boys were invited to join us in a sing in Tully Clubroom. Dorothy Dakin and Helen Simms each rendered solos and the singing of the hymns sounded hearty and enjoyable.

Since the first Sunday of the month is reserved for Missions, Mrs. Barss was asked to speak. She kept everyone spellbound till the last word of her address. We all hope she can come again.

March 14 was another date to be remembered. In the study groups much discussion has arisen over the "Miracles." Dr. DeWolfe came in and cleared up many perplexing points by his splendid, convincing address and answered any questions, afterwards, which the girls had ready. The capacity of the Clubroom is taxed to the limit when Dr. DeWolfe speaks to us for it is a treat not to be missed.

JOINT S. C. A.

The S. C. A. received great benefit from the week's visit which Miss Gertrude Rutherford, travelling secretary for the National S. C. A. was able to give to us. She spared herself not at all and met in small and large groups to discuss problems of study and administration concerning affairs in the Association. On Sunday, Feb. 21 the Baptist church kindly consented to turn the evening service over to the Joint S. C. A. Mr.

Theodore Taylor, president of the boys' unit, took charge of the service and lead in prayer. Miss Elizabeth Murray, president of the girls unit read the Scripture and Miss Rutherford gave the address on S. C. A. work.

There was a large attendance at the meeting in Room A4.

on Feb. 23 when Miss Rutherford spoke to us as students interested in student affairs, and spoke highly of the benefits of the summer conferences.

The following week the girls unit had charge and took as their topic, "Worship." Meredith White spoke on "Music in Worship." Mildred McCutcheon on the "Development of Music in Worship." Eva Marshall took "Prayer in Worship" and Evangeline McLellan gave a history of "Worship." Jerusalem", the S. C. A. hymn was sung by Helen Simms.

The evening of March 10, Arthur Tingley took as his topic "Man Power" and enlarged on the theme in a most concise and comprehensive manner, while W. T. Taylor gave a most in-

teresting talk the following week.

THEOLOGICAL CLUB

At a meeting of the Theological Club on Feb. 26 the address was given by Dr. Wetmore on 'What is Evolution?' There is no one more capable of handling this subject and a very interesting and enlightening talk was the result. March 12 was the date of the next meeting at which Dr. MacDonald in his accustomed inspirational manner gave a most interesting talk on "The Prayers of the Poets."

A business meeting was held to plan for the Theological Banquet to be held on Friday, March 25 at which there are expected to be several outside guests.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

At a meeting of the Dramatic Society on March 16, it was decided that the play to be presented in the spring and at closing would be "The Rivals". Mr. G. D. H. Hatfield was chosen to direct the play.

At a special meeting of the society on March 20, it was decided that the distinctions awarded by the Society for participation in four plays should be in the form of a gold A. A committee was appointed to report on the various types of A's and submit them for the society's approval.

PROPYLAEUM

On February 22, at the meeting of the society the entertainment was in the charge of the Freshettes. Very appropriately the umbrella programs were green and the numbers were:—

Drop I. O Katharina.

Drop II. Synopsis (given by Gertrude Keddy).

Drop III. Solo.

Dop IV. Lochinvar.

Carrie Stewart gave her opinions of it all in her critic's report.

At the next regular meeting of the Propylaeum Society the entertainment was held in Room A⁴ and took the form of a debate between the Sophettes and Juniors on "Resolved that dancing should be permitted as part of the social life of Acadia University." The Juniors who upheld the affirmative were represented by Eva Marshall, Lydia Miller and the Sophettes by Carrie Stewart, Marion Read and Jean Wyse. Despite the fact the judges gave the decision to the negative, opinion is growing in favor of dancing and we hope it won't be long before we can say "On with the dance."

Margaret Freeman gave the critic's report.

GIRLS' INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE

Since politics are of such vital concern to Acadia at the present time much interest was aroused in the subject: "Resolved that women can do more for social betterment through women's non-political organizations than through direct participation in political affairs." This was the subject for debate between the Mt. Allison and Acadia co-eds on Thursday, March 18. The visiting team was lead by Miss Agnes Mathesons and her colleagues were Miss Nan Coleman and Miss Anna Gough. Our own college was represented by Miss Serena True, leader, Miss Ella McMahon and Miss Mary Bishop. Mount Allison upheld the affirmative but the judges awarded the decision to the negative.

Immediately following the debate a banquet was given

for the Mount Allison representatives. The table looked very attractive with daffodils and yellow favors. Speeches were given by Dr. Paterson, Prof. Balcom, Miss Matthews and Miss True.

PROF. MERCER OF DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

The Social and Benevolent Society of the Baptist Church obtained the consent of Mr. Mercer to tell to a Wolfville audience his experiences of the past summer in Geneva under the titles, "The League of Nations" or "The World's Lighthouse." He endeavoured to show us thro the medium of slides the purpose for which the league is working. Prof. Rogers moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Mercer which was seconded by Dr. Hancock. This lecture was held on March 19 and since Prof. Mercer is especially interested in students a smaller group met him to discuss more intimately this all absorbing problem.

HOCKEY PLAY-OFF AT TRURO

Much excitement reigned in the vicinity of the college and station at noon time of Wednesday, February 24. Faculty had granted a half holiday and the special train was chartered of which over two hundred students took advantage. The amusement going to Truro was provided for in various ways, everyone feeling in the holiday spirit. On their arrival, everyone made a grand rush to eat and judging from reports of tender steaks, etc., it would seem all had enough to sustain them thro the long wait afterwards when the referee failed to appear and another must be hunted up. However, the game got under way about nine o'clock, with many cheers from the Acadia rooters. Despite the fact that the better team won, it was the general feeling that Acadia played in the usual sportsmanship manner and gave U. N. B. a run for the cup. It was nearly midnight when a quiet crowd of supporters pulled out on the special train. The "wee sma' hours" of the morning, when the moon was bright and full, saw the sleepy rooters, straggling up Main Street, Wolfville. Among the chaperones

were Dr. and Mrs. Hancock, Prof. and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. De-Witt, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne. The college band was a feature of the excursion and added much to the general good time.

STUDENTS' UNION

Meetings of the Students' Union have been held this month to bring in the final reading of the Student's Code. One session was taken up in discussing student government and finally it was decided further discussion should take place in individual class meetings. This was done and finally the vote by ballot was cast for each separate clause of the code. The complete code as submitted by the committee from the student's council was passed by a large majority. What a relief to everyone, that at last, the council has a tool with which to work!

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

Parley Francais? If you don't there would be no occasion for wishing to join in the social evening which LeCercle Francais held on March 16. For every word of English spoken the speaker must pay "un sou". There was much fun participated in by the original games which Mmlle. Gascard started. Brain worked frantically to think up French proverbs and the "Pantomines" called for original acting and much amusement on the part of the spectators. Refreshments were served and music was provided by Grace Perry, violinist, Frieda Smofsky and Marguerite Milner, pianists. Mmlle. Gascard and Wm. Howald made most charming chaperones besides being the life of "la soirée".

INTERCLASS HOCKEY

The weather in March has been unusually cold so for a change the interclass hockey and "wildcat" have been played on fairly good ice. Since the Sophs did not enter a team the first game was played between the Seniors and Engineers. The next game was between the Juniors and Freshmen. The playoff between the two winning teams was booked for Thursday night, March 18. Accordingly the Seniors and Juniors made ready for the fray. The least said about the game the better for altho the Juniors won 8-1 and obtained the cup, still it is generally believed the Seniors took the honors in casualties.



Back again to the exchange shelf with all the pleasure it has in store for us! For it is a pleasure to review the work of our contemporaries and to compare their standards with our own. And right here might we say that exchanges are a pleasant duty which are too often overlooked by many among the various college publications which we receive. In several cases we see an item "We acknowledge with thanks the "Brandon College Quill, Xaverian, etc., etc." and that is all. Why not acknowledge with criticism?

After all criticism is perhaps the most beneficial of all newspaper work: "it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." and what we need is more of it. Why should we not criticize our contemporaries? Why should we not criticize our own college paper? By so doing we will see our own faults reflected in others, we will perhaps help them to correct them, perchance we may even see our own faults without the aid of others and act accordingly.

Nor do we mean by criticism, that fatal destructive criticism which is all too prevalent in this age of agnosticism. We must not only tear down the badly planned, ill-proportioned structure but we must also supply the materials with which the newer the finer, the better may be built. That is the true function of criticism; it is positive, not negative in its results.

So let us help each other through well-meaning criticism in the building up of better college magazines!

McGILL DAILY

As the only daily on our shelves, our old friend from Mc-

Gill represents perhaps the wides't news interest which we find among our contemporaries. This month's daily editions have been filled with material on the "Red and White Revue" which we gather is quite a successful feature of your college life. The thing we like best about the "Daily" is the editorial department. Nearly every day your editor has a message which proves timely to us down here in Nova Scotia. Your humour departments collect good material from varied sources.

MINNESOTA TECH-NO-LOG

Again we must congratulate the editor of this up-to-date technical journal, not only for the appearance of the edition but also for the subject matter which it contains. The scientific articles keep your readers in touch with the latest developments in industrial progress and invention. "Around the World with Our Alumni" department is a novel and effective method of keeping in touch with the "grads."

VOX COLLEGII

An interesting monthly which shows that you have capable editors in all of the many departments into which your paper is divided. Perhaps the distinguishing feature of your recent issue was the translation of the delightful little Japanese fairy tale, "Momotaro." Aside from being out of the ordinary the fairy tale itself was a beautiful thing. Your snapshots, of which you reproduce many every issue, give your magazine a further distinguishing feature.

Your drawings are very beautiful.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY REVIEW

We are watching with interest the progress of this new magazine and unhesitatingly pronounce the February 23rd number as the "best yet." Your serial "The Paper Chase", representing in itself a novel idea is, to say the least, of gripping interest. The cartoon, "Parnassus" in a recent number made

us (momentarily) wish that we had squandered some of our youthful years in the study of Greek. "The Return of Ulysses" also shows more than occasional artistic talent and wit. We are glad to add our little word of encouragement to our friends across the sea, so "here's luck."

THE INTEGRAL

From Indiana comes one of the most interesting papers on our shelf, the Integral. It is perhaps the humor and cartoons in your paper which attract most, but you have several timely articles published, of which "Engineers" in your February number, and "The West of Today" in the Graduation number afford excellent examples.

THE CANADIAN STUDENT

Regardez! An editorial on politics carried on by the student body! slams them a bit, too!

The articles in the Canadian Student are, perhaps, not quite as uplifting as usual although there is a great deal of valuable material in some of them. Here, too, we have an article on "The Value of Debating" judging by the comments in the various periodicals, we should not be surprised to find a revolution in debating circles following in the wake of the Imperial debaters. "Historic Currents in the near East" is another article of much importance during the present Oriental crisis.

We are pleased to find a poem by our Literary Editor included in this month's issue.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

McMaster Monthly is always distinguished by dignity, beauty and real literary value. It is almost impossible to select favourites. There is a "different" flavour about McMaster which, however, never descends to the modern originally of being ugly.

"Lost Beautifulness" a wonderful article on the life and

works of Anzia Yezierska, is probably the best thing in the monthly though quite indicative of the spirit of the whole periodical. Other splendid contributions are "The Song of Life" and the colorful story "On the Way to Tenochtillan." The beautiful selections from the poets listed under the headings "The Lure of the Open" and "How the Poets See Dawn" give the magazine almost a flavour of the Golden Book.

Further, "Here and There" is the most delightful miscellany found in any college paper. This month it quotes some whimsical children's poetry.

The high literary character of the McMaster Monthly gives it almost the highest place amongst college periodicals.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD

We feel it impossible to do this number of the Record justice—especially in so little space. It could only be properly appreciated by those who have known and loved the old Kings for it is the Alumni number—full of beautiful literature and brimming with the pathos of reminiscence—as in the poem "The Three Elms."

The Alumni—and the King's Alumni includes many distinguished sons and daughters—have submitted all the material and it is well-nigh impossible to select favourites. Personally, we found the "Memorabilia" full to the brim with whimsy and laughter and sadness,—the most delightful and poignant thing in the magazine unless, perhaps, Basil King's "When you are Going Blind" and Robert Norwood's lovely poem "Dumfrees." An article "The Land of the Troubadours" and a poem "My Garden" were close seconds.

The Record also contained inspiring messages from various church officials—messages for the succour of King's in her hour of crisis. Best wishes, King's.

TECH FLASH

That the students of N. S. T. C. are making a marked success of this magazine which they but recently took out of

the hands of their faculty, is evidenced by the appearance and material in the current issue. "Specification for the Supply of One Wife" was positively the most humorous thing that we have run across this month. Your description of the recent Tech Ball makes us envious and recalls the experiences related by those of our own "fair ones" who attended. Plenty of humor and jokes make the "Flash" especially noted for the lighter vein.

MANAGRA

We notice by the Re-union Number that your Short Story and Poem Contest is progressing admirably. One of the great virtues of your paper is that it balances literary and general material well. As usual we commend your "Locals" as well as numerous other humorous bits found throughout the pages of the last issue. Among these latter "Scientific Bed-dumping" can be appreciated by any of us who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to reside in "dormos." "They also Serve", a contribution in the short story line, is by far the best thing in your literary departments.

We envy you your two-weeks visit from Bliss Carmen.

THE ARGOSY WEEKLY

No, we don't happen to be the particular "exchange editor" who wrote regarding the absence of literary material in the Argosy Weekly, nor would we repeat our co-worker's statement without qualifications, but we certainly do take exception to some of the statements in the Feb. 27 Argosy. We are not prone to boasting but if the writer of the referred to item in the Argosy would trouble himself to look up the Acadia Athenaeum's literary reputation among the college magazines of all America he might be somewhat startled. The Athenaeum is not a newspaper and all items regarding social functions and sport are merely written as records—history if you will. With this much in view of the preamble in the Argosy's reply is merely begging the question. We have discussed the advisability of a weekly "newspaper" at Acadia, and voted it down.

WESTERN U GAZETTE

The Gazette is a splendidly balanced paper. This month's issues are full to the brim with accounts of the preparation for a Medical Barbacue. Sounds good to us, Western.

The Gazette contains two features unique in a college paper viz. the picture and write-up of some prominent student in a "Who's Who" column—and the introduction of an excellent book review department.

Though lacking in purely literary material there is a most appropriate article on college slang, there are most excellent critical editorials and the humour—well, read the series "How to Conduct an Argument" also "Noah not's Corner" of questions and answers!

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

We have at hand what seems to be the most lively issue of your magazine which we have ever received. "The Pundit's Punishment" dealing with "the lowest form of all humour" is exceedingly witty itself. "Jean Mogues" was such a clever burlesque that we scarcely knew whether to laugh—or agree. "Retrospect" is a beautifully colored incident and along with your usual good articles gives your magazine a body of literary material. We also are glad to note some contributions in the line of poetry.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

For a weekly your paper has a surprising amount of literary material and we would commend you for this feature. "Dreamland" and "Thin-spun" show poetic ability. Your March 11th issue had two excellent literary contributions "Embers" of humorous nature, and "Speaking of Ghosts." We must not neglect to mention "Nothing but the Truth." This is clever, original and witty and recommends itself to all readers.

THE SHEAF

Your headline writer gave us quite a start when we ran across these words, in bold type, "Ladies Lit on Saturday Night" There are some things we don't boast about. However further examination proved the item to be harmless. We regret to see by your Mar. 4 editorial that you are through publishing "The Sheaf" for this college year and we want to "thank" you for the enjoyment which your paper has given us during the long time which it has appeared on our shelves.

THE UBYSSEY

We are always glad to welcome this college paper from the youthful—but rapidly growing—University of British Columbia. We dare not predict to what prodigious heights the University will yet reach since they already have everything from a Players' Club to a Tag Day, from a Musical Society to a French Club! College events are excellently advertised and sports—which are considerably featured on the front page—are well-written up. We were much interested in the write-up of U. B. C. customs by the Sask. debating team.

The page "Just One Thing After Another" is excellent humour and the editorials which deal with student concerns are caustic, enlightening, constructively critical—but we would be glad to see an occasional worth-while short story or poem.

XAVERIAN WEEKLY

Hockey, hockey, hockey! The Weekly fairly bubbles with exaltation—and deserves to! We were, also, very much interested in the write-ups of the Intercollegiate champions. Congratulations, St. F. X.

All kinds of social events seem to be the order of the day—and night! at St. F. X. and are well-written up, too. The religious element also occupies a large share of this college paper.

We must again deplore the lack of literary material although we were much interested in the editorial "Why we study literature" also in the one-act play competition.



'89—We regret to announce the recent death of Charles H. McIntyre at his home in Boston, Mass. For many years a leading lawyer of that city he was also a former president of the Canadian Club of Boston and a vice-president of the Victorian Club. In '24 Dr. McIntyre received a L. L. D. from Acadia University.

'90—Dr. Charles A. Eaton has been appointed a United States Congressman for the New Jersey District.

'91—Rev. R. Osgoode Morse recently spent a few days in Wolfville.

'94—Rev. Lewis Wallace presided at a 4th District meeting recently held at Fredericton, N. B., and preached at a service held in the First Ave. Church. Mrs. Wallace, a graduate of A. L. S. accompanied her husband.

'95—Rev. R. E. and Mrs. Gullison were welcomed back to India when they recently attended a missionary conference at Cocanada.

'00—Recent visitors to Wolfville include Rev. S. S. Poole, D. D. of St. John.

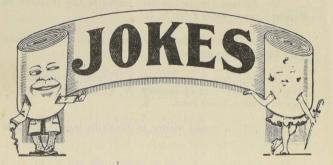
'01—Mr. and Mrs. M. Garfield White are on an extended visit to New York.

'16—The final lecture of the University Extension Course of Hantsport, N. S., was delivered by Prof. Norman McLeod Rogers of the department of History, Acadia University.

Prof. Rogers was a recent contributor to the Maritime Baptist with an article pertaining to life at Oxford University.

- '04—Recent contributions to the *Maritime Baptist* contain a series of articles by Miss Rosamond DeWolfe Archibald, M. A., of the Acadia Ladies' Seminary.
- '15 and '17—We extend sincere sympathy to Mr. Ralph Smallman, and Miss Evelyn Smallman Goodwin, on the death of their grandmother and to Mrs. Lillian Smallman their mother on the death of her mother, Mrs. S. P. Benjamin of Wolfville.
- '20—The announcement has been made of the engagement of a former asst. librarian of Acadia University, Pauline Margaret Parry, to Harold Hopper Titus of Saint John, N. B.
- '20—Harold H. Titus this month receives a degree of Ph. D. from the University of Chicago. He has been granted a traveling scholarship which permits research work in Europe this summer.
- '21—Helen Schurman has graduated from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.
- '22—Ralph Marshall recently visited Wolfville, accompanying the Halifax Academy hockey team.
- '22 and '23—We present congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anthony (nee Zella Parlee) on the birth of a son, December, 1925.
- '22—Isabel (Bob) Murray recently graduated from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, where she has been taking a nurse's training course.
- '24—Clarence W. McCready who has been teaching in the Southern States, was a visitor in Wolfville.
- '26—In a contest arranged by the Tourist Board of Nova Scotia, Ardis Whitman won an essay prize of twenty-five dollars.

- '26—Wallace Forgey has been called to the Waterloo St. Baptist Church, Saint John, N. B.
- '27—G. Doane Hatfield is having a short story published in an American magazine.
- '23—On March 3, Rev. Harry K. Grimmer was married to Miss Greta Dykeman of Jennsey, N. B., in the Germain St. Baptist Church, Saint John.
- Eng. '27—A recent visitor to Wolfville was G. H. Mac-Laughlin.
- Ex. '28—Robert Goudy is playing for the Y. M. C. A. Basketball team in Halifax, N. S.
- —The many friends of Rev. E. H. Cochrane of Yarmouth, N. S., will be pleased to learn that he is able to assume charge of his church again, after his recent serious operation.
- A. L. S.—We extend sympathy to Miss Grace Bowes of the Seminary Staff on the death of her brother, Mr. Roy T. Bowes.
- A. L. S.—Mrs. William Jones, a former teacher at the Acadia Ladies' Seminary, has been appointed an assistant librarian of the Emmerson Memorial Library for the remainder of the term.
- A. L. S.—Mabel Parsons is holding the position of Dean of Women of Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va.



ROOM 13

Arthur, looking down the green, Pulls the trigger just for fun; Douglas says in accents pained, "Arthur is so scatter-brained!"

Mary 28—Did the fuse blow out? Van '26—I don't know. I didn't hear it.

"Tis great to behold," said Roscoe (29) as he stood gazing down into the Gaspe Valley, whereat Ev ('29) smuggled close and whispered in his ear, "Tis greater to be held!"

Tully Patron: Waiter, this is the first tender steak I've had since I came here.

Waiter: Good gracious! You must have got Mrs. Week's!!

Punk '27—What do you think of my short-stories? Gould '26—They will be read when Balzac, Yorke, and Poe are forgotten—but not before.

Prof. (in psychology): When the eyes are shut, the hearing becomes more acute.

I noticed Byrns trying that in church last Sunday.

Arnold '26 (on U. N. B. trip): The poet who said: My heart is with the ocean" went me just one better!

Peg: Do you believe in love at first sight?

Mellish: No, I certainly do not.

Peg: Oh dear!-Well, come back again tomorrow night.

Jenkins '28-I threw a kiss at Mary ('28) today.

Cousins '28—What did she say?

Jenkins: She said I was the laziest man she ever saw.

Ted '28 (at reception): May I have this topic?

Irene (A. L. S. '27): Certainly, if you can get somebody to have it with you.

Eleanor '28: Do you love me, Lloyd?

Condon, Eng. '27: Do I?—What do you think I bought that bag of peanuts for last week!

A bird in the hand, says Tammy, isn't to be compared to a chicken in the arms.

Charlie, Eng. 26—to Casey: Hey! Shut the door, was your old man a draftsman?

Smithey '27 (at D. A. R. Station). Here she comes, girls. Eck '27 Don't say "she", this is a mail train.

Gwen '27—Arthur has quite a case with Margaret, don't you think?

Ila '27—Case nothing. Why last Sunday he showed her a short cut home from church!

Mary had a little dog, This story is not pleasant. She went out hunting one fine day And thought he was a pheasant. Willet-holler (at Tully party): Just look at Ken with all those girls. I thought you said he was a woman-hater.

Tullyite: So he is, but the woman he hates isn't here.

Ted '29: And I tell you this, I'm not the fool you think I am!

Anne '26: No? Which one are you?

Geldart '26: I owe you all I know-

Prof.: Pray, don't mention such a trifle.

Stubs: I can find anything if I look hard enough. Mary: Well, you certainly do look hard enough!

Art '26: All ready, run up the curtain!

"Father" '26: Say! What do you think I am, a squirrel?

Rumsey '26: I've got a three dollar bill here.

Gould '26: Impossible!

Rumsey: Tell it to the dentist: it's from him.

Prof. in Eng. IV.: For next day we will take the life of Milton. Please come prepared.

Davy '26: Why do you always let Olive have her own way?

Mac '26: I tried to stop her once!

Marguerite '28: "Papa love mama?"

Prof. (in Practical Sociolity Class): "Last day we dealt with the ignorant; today, we shall begin with the insane. Mr. Neal what was—?"

Freshman: My, it must be great to know everything! Marion '28: It is.

Prof.: Miss Schurman will begin the translation? Eck. '27: That's as far as I got, sir.

Mrs. Weeks: Hasn't that young man gone yet, Miss Bassen?

Millie '28: No, but I"ve got him going.

Prof. Jeffrey (at Junior party to Miss Spurr) I won't forget your name again, Miss Marven.

Freddie '26: Sir, what is heredity?

Biology Prof.: Something I believed in until my son began acting the fool.

Van '26: Can you keep a secret?

Freida '28: Yes, but it's just my luck to tell it to girls who can't!

Minister: Do you attend a place of worship, young man?

Mac '26: Yes, sir. I'm going to see her now.

Biology Prof.: What monocotyledon concerns us most? Kirk-ling '26: The reed, sir.

Helen '27: I seldom think of my audience when I'm singing.

Olive '26: But you ought to have some consideration for them.

Fritz '26 (translating): "Three times I put my arms around her"—and that's as far as I got, sir.

Prof.: I think that is quite far enough.

Visitor in Chapel: What does the president do here? Freshman: Oh, he gets up on the platform, looks over the student body, and prays for the college.

Glen '27: This butter is the limit.

Eck '27: Sh-h. I always respect strength and old age.

Ruby '26: Does Agnes eat here all the time?

Van '26: No, only meal times.

Mary Falt '26: Have you any salted peanuts?

Clerk: Yes.

Mary: Are they fresh?

Clerk: Why no, they're salted.

Lydia '27 (puzzled): What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Nancy '28: I'd shine them.

Gwen '26: Have you ever been in Holland?

Tingley '27: No, but I've been in Dutch many times.

Fresh: What's the difference between climate and weather?

Soph.: Climate is weather which has become a habit.

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