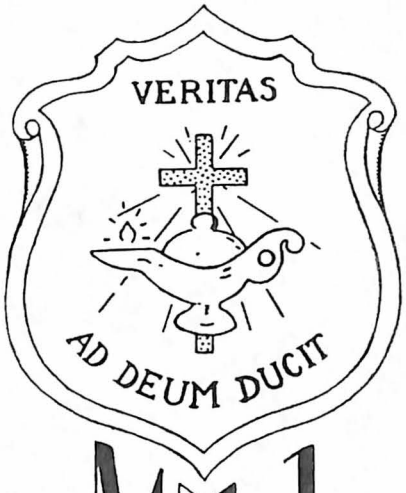
KAPPA

KRONICLE

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

COLLEGE •• HALIFAX

NOVA SCOTIA •• 1938



KAPPA KRONICLE

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

In Loving Memory

of

MOTHER MARY BERCHMANS

First Mother General of the

Halifax Sisters of Charity

To whose wisdom, courage and enlightened zeal

our College

owes a debt of gratitude,

the Graduates of '38

dedicate this book.

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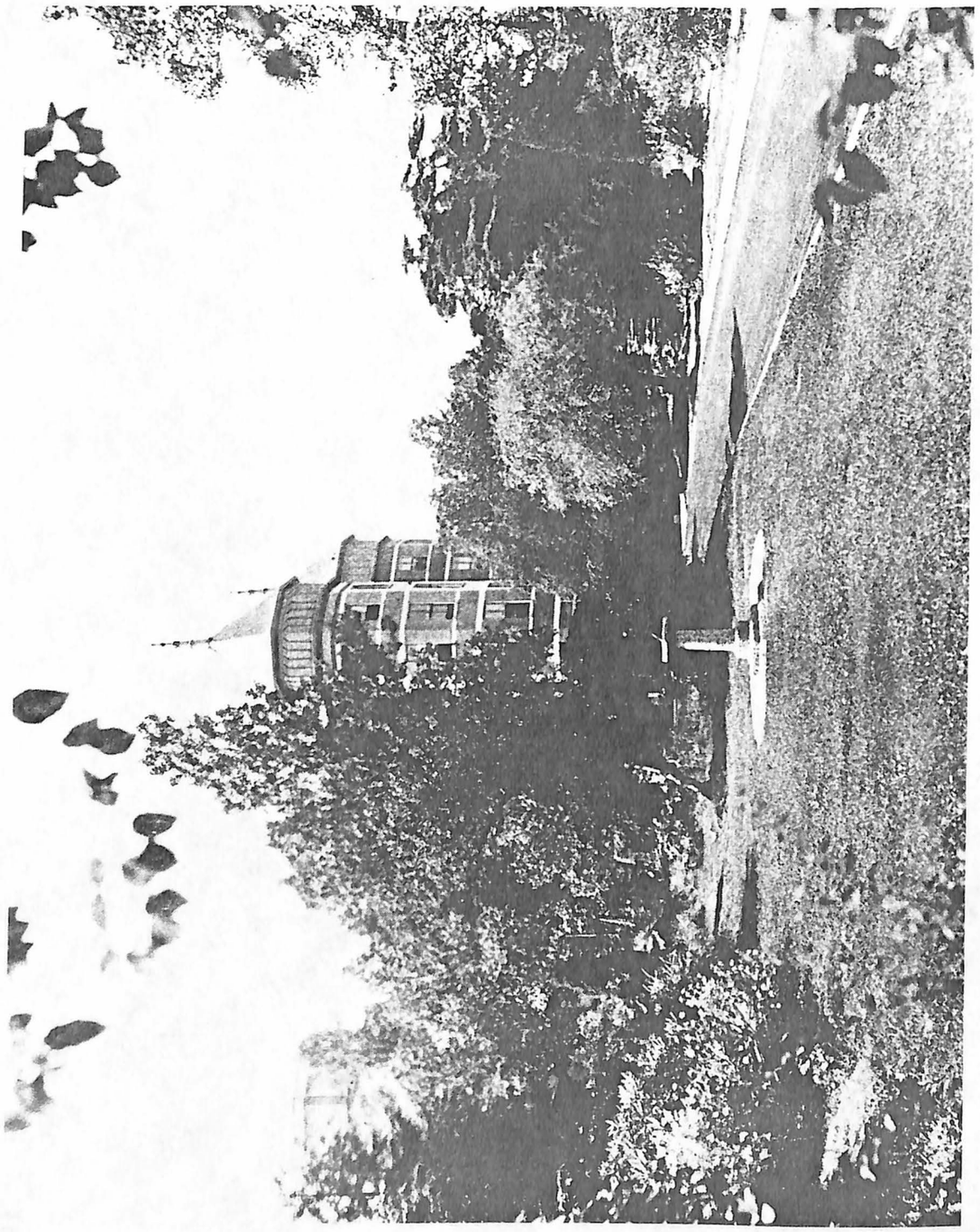


South Entrance

Reverend Mother Mary Berchmans

First Mother General of the Sisters of Charity

I HAVE just finished looking over the most remarkable scrap-book I have ever seen. It is a collection of telegrams, letters, cards, eulogies, messages,—from Archbishops and Bishops, priests, religious, heads of religious communities, professional men and women, alumnae, pupils,—from North, South, East and West of this North American Continent, all testifying to a single affection, all bewailing a common loss. "Our great and good Mother Berchmans is dead," wrote a great Churchman. "Great and good", those words seem to sum up the manifold expressions of mingled admiration, affection, and sorrow that poured in upon the Mother-House, when on January eleventh, the news of her passing was spread abroad.

We who loved her so, who had been under her personal care and guidance these many years, were stunned by these testimonials of our own great loss. We could scarcely realize that our Mother was dead, and already the paean of her praises was sounding in our ears. She had left us in October, smiling, energetic, gay. Could it be that we should see her no more? How light-hearted we had been that morning when we gathered to see her off! There was no shadow of foreboding in the keen grey eyes that glanced so kindly at each dear face; there was a ripple of laughter in answer to her laugh and a chorus of farewells as she walked briskly to the door. Mother was to have a holiday—we were happy in the thought. Holidays had been few in her long service of sixty years in the community. The Diamond Jubilee shone brightly in our imagination, just over the edge of the New Year; how royally we should prepare for it! "Good-bye, dear Mother! A happy journey and a safe return!"

And now in January, within a month of the Great Jubilee, we were awaiting her return! She came—at least *something* came that they said was she. Truly, it was the external shell, the mortal remains;—but she —she was gone! At night, in solemn silence, we went with lighted tapers to welcome all that was ours now. They brought her in and uncovered the dear form. The majesty that had been always hers in life was there, but the vivacity that was HERSELF was gone. We knelt and prayed, in awe and grief . . . . Truly our great and good Mother was dead.

The house had been strangely tense for a fortnight. During those days we waited with anxious hearts each new bulletin from Lowell, Massachusetts, where in Saint Peter's Convent our precious Mother lay struggling with pneumonia. How suddenly it had swooped upon her! She had gone from convent to convent during October and November, in New York and Massachusetts; she had viewed with kindling eyes whole armies of school children in missions which she herself had planted years ago. Alert, en-

thusiastic, she had visited each class, receiving with sweet graciousness the testimonials of the children's veneration and love. It was long since she had visited these schools; since last she sat in these classrooms a generation had grown up. These were the children and the children's children of the first generation of pupils. It was interesting and consoling to see how the work had grown, to greet the boys and girls of other years now grown to manhood and womanhood, to receive the blessing of young priests whom she had watched as little acolytes trained by the Sisters. A mighty work was being accomplished; the mustard-seed had already grown into a great tree. Deo Gratias! Did she even whisper, "Nunc dimittis"?

Interesting and consoling it was, gratifying to the ardent spirit, but fatiguing to the worn-out frame that lent itself so willingly to the interests of others. She had given all her strength; a few days' rest now and she would turn homeward. Without her knowing it, she had turned Homeward,—but not to Halifax.

There were anxious faces at the convent in Lowell. Mother was not so well. A week perhaps, and she might be able to travel . . . The week slipped into a fortnight, and then another week went by. Christmas came and went. During those days when the thermometer rose and fell, and with it the hopes of the watching community, what thoughts were hers as she lay with quiet eyes and serene face in the white infirmary? What memories must have come and gone in the silence of the day and the deeper silence of the night!

She looked back over the vista of years to her earliest childhood. She saw in retrospect a ship clearing the waves, approaching a rugged coast. On the deck of that ship a bishop stood, peering toward the land, and in his arms a tiny child, a sick child, to whom the kindly priest spoke reassuringly and pointed to the shore. It was Nova Scotia they were approaching; the ship had sailed from Newfoundland. Did that vision of the past seem now to take on prophetic meaning? All her life she had been associated with Holy Church; bishops, archbishops, cardinals, had become her advisors and personal friends. Responsibility had weighed upon her from her earliest years in religious life. At eighteen she had been sent to teach in the Halifax schools, and at twenty-three she had been made superior at Saint Joseph's . . . .

There were the early days at the Mount when as a teacher in the Academy she had looked out over Bedford Basin from the square brick building which comprised Academy, Novitiate, and Mother-House. Stylish carriages drawn by high-stepping spans brought gentlemen in top-hats and ladies with parasols and bustles to call . . . . The garden stretched away with currant bushes and gooseberries sloping down to the white-washed fence on the West, while the woods pressed from the North and South and the hills loomed close behind . . . . Other memories there were of Saint Mary's, Halifax, with the little children gathered about her—or the Sisters kneeling around her at early Mass. Then the call had come to Boston and Saint Patrick's, Roxbury, and then to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Arnprior, Ontario, not far from the place of her birth. Sometimes a quiet smile

played on Mother's face as she lay silent with closed eyes. Was she thinking of heaven, or did her busy, active mind go back over one or another of the humourous incidents which (at rare intervals) she described with such an infectious laugh? Did she recall, perchance, while a mischievous smile rippled over her face, the serious proposal of marriage which a well-meaning gentleman in a far-off town (quite ignorant, alas, of canon law!) once made to her, thinking she was "an admirable widow with three fine daughters"—all in mourning!

There were hours, no doubt, when the responsibilities of the past weighed heavily upon her. Twenty-five years she had borne the cross of leadership in the Community, a tremendous burden surely,—but oh, what grace and blessings had God given! The organization of the novitiate, the approval of the Community by the Holy See—the spread of good works, foundations crowding upon one another—the increase in numbers—"Te Deum laudamus!"—her heart swelled in her favorite anthem—"Not to us, not to us, O Lord, but to Thy Name give glory!" The year of her Golden Jubilee—what a year it had been! the charter obtained for the college—her visit to Rome and her personal interview with the Holy Father,—"Pius the Great", as she loved to call him . . . . Wonderful, wonderful . . . . And the last twelve years, when as second in command she had loyally followed where formerly she had led. With what joy and enthusiasm she watched her noble successor, lending her strong support in undertakings that would have daunted a spirit less masterful than that of the new Mother General, a spirit gifted like her own with vision and prudence and zeal for God's glory. The new Halifax Infirmary,— what it had meant, of sacrifice, and planning and labor and financial strain . . . what a burden for weak women! But "Thou, O Lord, art our Refuge from generation to generation . . . . "

Faces crowded around her—faces of the living and the dead. Dear associates long since gone to their reward, how she thanked them for all they had done for the Community in the past! Young faces, living, eager, full of zest for God—how she loved them and blessed them and prayed God to make them strong for the future! All the Holy Vows she had witnessed and received in the name of Holy Church—"in your hands, Mother General" . . . . She lifted them up and offered them a living sacrifice to God. "Consummatum est!" The Community at last founded firm—upon the Rock of Peter. What mattered now her personal life? She had given herself absolutely, wholly, to God through the Community; she was lost, swallowed up and mingled with it as the drop of water in the chalice of wine at Mass. This chalice of the mingled lives of her sisters, how goodly it was! Offered to God as the wine on the altar, it had become God's Mystical Body. "Nunc dimittis!" There was nothing more to be desired upon earth . . . .

Those who saw her during those last days will never forget the impression she made. Gracious, pleasant, charming as ever, sweetly docile and humble, she received with gratitude the services both spiritual and temporal rendered her. She asked for nothing but the Bread of Life;

for that she hungered incessantly. She had never lost an opportunity during all her long life of attending Mass. Now that she could not be physically present, the Holy Sacrifice was offered repeatedly for her by devoted priest friends. "Consummatum est!" How she prayed during those days! prayed and suffered for those same intentions which had been hers all her life—"for the Church, for our Holy Father, for priests, for religious, for the Missions at home and far away, for souls!" Rome and all things Roman—the liturgy, the rubrics, how she loved them all! Priests! "Oh, we must pray for priests!" It was the prayer of a lifetime. "Nothing is too good for a priest . . . . " Yes, she had honored God specially in His ministers. And they repaid her. Many visited her and she begged their blessing while they were ready to ask hers. After her death hundreds of Masses were offered for her dear soul.

The separation from the dear Mother-House was her last purification on earth, but even this was sweetened by the presence at her bed-side of Reverend Mother Louise and her Assistant, who hastened to Lowell from Halifax. What joy shone on the almost transparent features as she looked up into the face of her strong, capable successor. Like a child she was perfectly happy, now that "Mother" had come.

Courage had always marked her actions. In these last hours it shone anew; a courage based on Faith, rising to highest Hope and stopping short of nothing but supreme Love. The last visit of her Eucharistic Lord must have recalled the parable she had listened to and pondered so often: "And at midnight there was a cry made: Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" He came. She looked up at Him with faith, with adoring love, but most of all, with overwhelming trust. She simply said: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Thee I place all my confidence!" and so passed beyond the portals of this life to the Marriage of the Lamb.

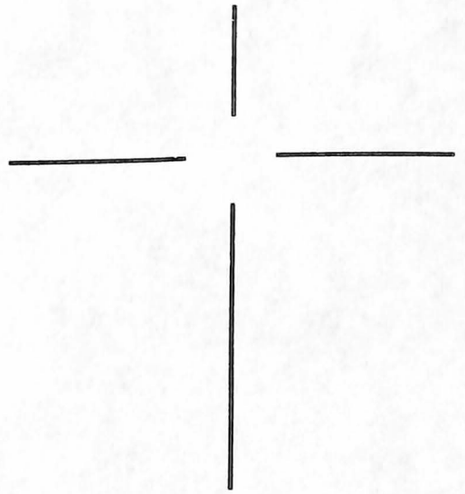
How wonderful are God's ways! The sacrifice He had asked of her in keeping her from home was recompensed a hundredfold, and that immediately. She was given double obsequies. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at Saint Peter's Church, Lowell, and an eloquent tribute paid by the Very Reverend Monsignor Kelleher in presence of a large congregation of priests, religious, and lay friends. School children flocked to her bier, and the Sisters of the Boston Missions had the consolation of one last view of their beloved Mother lying in the majesty of death.

At the Mother-House the solemn funeral obsequies were conducted by the Most Reverend Archbishop McNally of Halifax, assisted by the Most Reverend Bishop Bray of Saint John, N. B., and a large group of friends. The last tribute was spoken by Reverend Charles Curran, S.T.D., Pastor of Saint Joseph's Church, Halifax. Down the main aisle between files of white-veiled novices holding lighted tapers, out into the main entrance hall where Professed Sisters lined the route, out of the portals through which she had passed so gaily in October, they bore her while the "In Paradisum" echoed fainter and fainter from the Chapel and the "De Profundis" tolled in muffled tones. At the grave her devoted friend, Bishop Bray, officiated, assisted by the attending clergy. It was Saturday,

January fifteenth. Our beloved Mother had passed her eightieth birthday on January seventh. Surely she could say: "To me to live is Christ and to die is gain!"

"Of illustrious men," says the Greek historian, "the whole world is the sepulchre; and not only does the inscription upon columns in their own land point it out, but in that which is not their own there dwells with everyone an unwritten memorial of the heart, rather than a material monument." Monuments to our dear Mother Berchmans there are, personal monuments like the Grotto of our Lady of Lourdes erected to commemorate the year of her Golden Jubilee and the beautiful marble statue of our Lady in the Chapel, recently dedicated to her memory by the Alumnae of Mount St. Vincent; grander monuments there also are, of works that will live for generations declaring to the world the Charity of Christ; but best of all, there remains that "unwritten memorial of the heart", which will endure as long as there are noble lives to carry on her ideals, loving hearts to cherish her memory, and prayerful souls to offer daily supplication:

"Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord,
And let the everlasting Light shine upon her! Amen."



A Tribute to the Graduates

Now the time is drawing near,
When we must say farewell
To those whose college spirit
Means more than we can tell.

'Tis only now as we look back
Upon the passing year,
That we can appreciate
Your influence so dear.

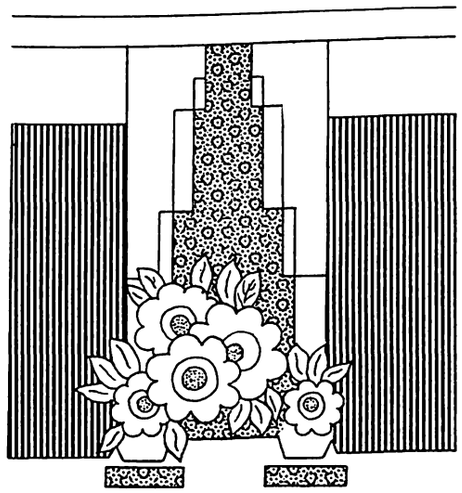
You kept the college standard high,
Ideals were lofty too.
Where leadership was needed
We could always count on you.

Your pleasant words, and cheery smiles,
Greeted us each day.
Memories of such friendship
Can never fade away.

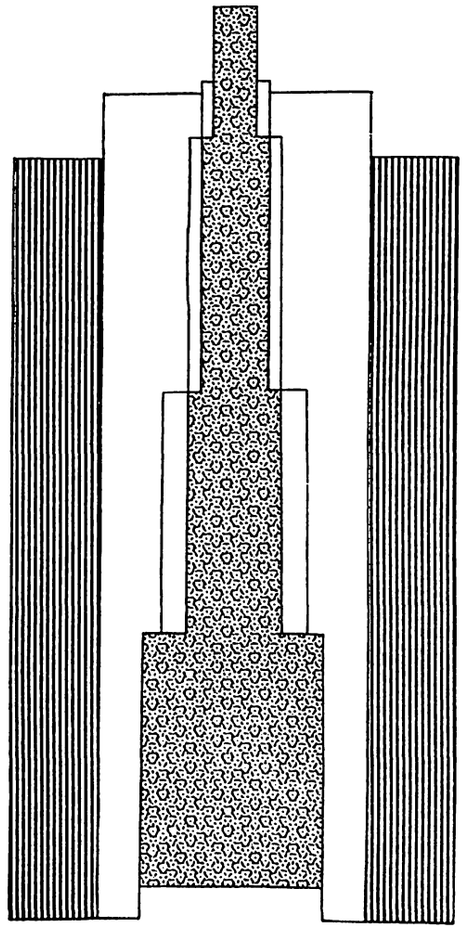
But since you have to leave us,
We'll pay, while yet you wait,
This tribute to our graduates,
To the girls of thirty-eight.

To each and every one of you
We wish untold success,
A goodly share of health and wealth,
And heaps of happiness.

FLORENCE WALL, '39.



OUR GRADUATES



Marietta Wall

"GOOD things are often done up in small parcels." This, in a few words, describes our Senior Class President, Marietta, who began her quest for education at St. Joseph's School and later at St. Patrick's High, after which she became initiated in the Art's Course at Mount St. Vincent. She is petite and slender, with brown curly hair and a cute little "turned-up" nose. During her College days, Marietta's weaknesses have been Math and Philosophy classes. Her ability as an actress is well-known, and her success as a writer is evidenced by her frequent articles in the Kappa, of which she is Editor-in-Chief. Our President is also the capable Treasurer of the College Sodality. Her liabilities are her tendencies to be impulsive and to procrastinate. Marietta is the chief rooter at the after-dinner badminton games and she possesses (so she says) the happy faculty of being able to play the game herself—in high heels. She is a constant reader, in fact she can do two things at one time provided one is reading.

Viola Pride

VIOLA is one of those few fortunates who can do the right thing at the right time. As Prefect of the Sodality, she is everything that a Prefect should be—devout, capable, and dignified, yet she can act the "goon" as well as the youngest freshman. As President of the Chatelaine Club, the Mount branch of the Home Economics Club, she is the embodiment of efficiency and graciousness; without that "bun" and her hair in saucy curls, we have a person whose thoughts are certainly not on serious matters. A great party-goer, (being a day boarder, she has more opportunity to go places), yet level-headed, ambitious, and conscientious, she is never unprepared or late with an assignment—a real student. Viola is so willing and generous that it is a pleasure to work with her. Ready, willing, and able, aptly describes her. Though inclined to plumpness, she is decidedly attractive, with big blue eyes and a benign smile that charms instantly.

Madeleine Jones

MADELEINE is a native of our fair village. She has been trotting down to the Mount since she was knee high to the proverbial grasshopper. She has been first in her class each of those many years leading to her degree. Mad is all those things that the rest of us want to be—generous, wholesome, dependable, and a good sport. Nor does she "seem too good nor talk too wise". She is an accomplished pianist, a versatile actress, and is endowed with a keen logical mind and a delightful sense of humor. She is vice-president of the class; president of the Mission Club, and treasurer of the Phi Delta Phi. Mad is always on display at programmes in the Music Hall. She removes and replaces the foot-light coverings and plays the piano between times, all with the same cool poise, that helped her to win a prize in the public Declamation Contest recently.

Doris Dyer

DON'T say that you have never heard of Elmsdale, for if it is outstanding in no other way we at Mount Saint Vincent College find it distinguished by our Senior Class humorist, Doris! An average sized brunette, with one of those "noble brows" characteristic of the intelligentia, we find her always full of life and ready for fun at any time. Among her many capacities are her abilities in Mathematics, acting, writing. In her Senior year she has been known as President of Phi Delta Phi, Business Editor of Kappa Kronicle, and Secretary of the Mission Club. An excellent conversationalist, Doris, no matter what the class, has never been known to be at a loss for an answer. A lover of fun, quick-witted and quick-thinking, we have in her a fine representative of Elmsdale and of her Alma Mater, Mount Saint Vincent College.

Rita Fawson

WHEN you first see Rita, you are impressed by her five feet two inches of majestic height and her stately walk. Then when you hear her speak, you are surprised to hear such a cultured, strong, melodious, well-articulated voice coming from so little a person. Rita possesses an amiable personality and has shown much fine school spirit. You find her frequently in the gym playing badminton; or stopping some one to collect fees or dues. She has an excellent tact and diplomacy for collecting money as Circulating Manager of the Kappa. She is also Vice-President of the Mission Club, besides being an active member of the Phi Delta Phi Society. Rita still is a frequent visitor to her previous Alma Mater and keeps us well informed as to the activities of Saint Patrick's High School. This assures us that if Rita will be anywhere near Halifax, she will still be seen on the bus getting off at the Mount. And once again her big smile will be welcomed by the Sisters and students.

Donalda Kelley

DONALDA, or Donny as she is generally known, hails from Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Her education has been varied, starting in Iroquois Falls, Ontario, then to the School of the Holy Rosary in Thorold, Ontario, and from there to Queen's County Academy, and finally to Mount St. Vincent Academy and College.

Although her dark eyes and olive complexion might lead one to believe her to be of Spanish descent, the fact that she is half Irish and half French accounts for her coloring and temperament. Tall, dark, and willowy, Donny is a good dancer. Besides being a brilliant pianist, she has a charming soprano voice and sings in the front row of the Glee Club, of which she is President. She is a member of the Mount orchestra, and often takes part in the regular recurring Mount recitals. In fact, anything musical attracts Donny's attention, and the Community concerts in the Dalhousie Gym. find her a regular participator. All in all she is a good sport and is well liked, and we hope that she will have much success in her chosen profession.

Mary McLean

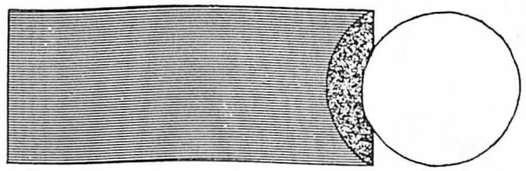
MARY McLean hails from Cape Breton—North Sydney, to be exact. She came to the Mount as a Sophomore after having completed her high school work in Sydney. She is as Scotch as her name—forget all the Scotch jokes you have heard, for Mary is not like that. She is everything a Senior should be—level-headed, generous, reliable, and faithful to duty. She holds a great many offices, the most important being Secretary of the Sodality and Secretary of the Student body.

An exceptionally hard worker, Mary has made rapid strides as a musician and will, no doubt, make a success of her work as a teacher of piano. Her graduating recital will give ample evidence of her industry and talent.

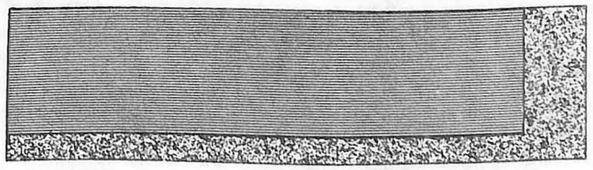
Ida Shofer

IDA was rather a surprise package for the Senior Class—and an enjoyable one at that! She began her college course with a year in Arts at Dalhousie University, thence to the Halifax Ladies' College, receiving her Household Science Diploma in 1936. She then sojourned in the United States for a year, obtaining some hospital experience in Dietetics. Finally Ida turned her footsteps Mountward, and the earnestness with which she has pursued her studies is astounding.

Small (a mere five foot) but mighty is aptly applied to Ida. During the short time she has been with us, we have noticed her generosity, her sincerity, and eagerness to help others, her great enthusiasm for all college enterprises, proved by her activity in dramatics, debating, sports, Phi Delta Phi Society, Louis Pasteur Club and The Chatelaine Club. This same enthusiasm and earnestness will, we are sure, be noticed in her chosen career, that of nursing.



CLASS HISTORY



Now It Can Be Told

September, 1935

JUST between you and me, really only those who have "arrived" are asked to write their memoirs, reminiscences, or whatever you called the disclosal of your diary—so that now that I am here or there, I shall reveal the past of my college career. 'Tis not given to everyone to have something really worthwhile reminiscing about, but to those who have attended M. S. V. that goes without further preambling. In September, 1935, about twenty-five eager-eyed sophomores and freshmen arrived at the Mount to do their share toward making the older ones wonder why such were allowed loose. However, through the medium of the village canteen, the cornboil, and the general spirit of fun so very much evidenced, their arrival was considered to be quite a good idea.

Who will ever forget the posting of the class marks, after the first six weeks? Some of those whose spirits had been so much inflated, now suffered from inferiority complexes and a general quickening of pace when passing the Dean's office. Unfortunately for the faculty, their chastened spirits soon revived.

The solemn procedure of "Capping" made us realize more clearly that all were a part of the college. How proud and self conscious we were of our caps and gowns! How anxious we were to wear them!

The Juniors' Masquerade on Hallowe'en was a much discussed event. The costumes were original and Dorothy Webb, with her costume composed of towels, face cloths, and a sink cloth, tucked here and there, won the prize for originality. Incidentally, this originality was attained through considerable inconvenience to the occupants of St. Agnes Lavatory.

Meanwhile we were being initiated into the mysteries of Student Government, and to some of us the terms 'campus' and 'supervised study' had only too definite meanings; and we learned early that those white cards on the proctor's desk were much more sinister than they looked.

In a slightly longer time than it takes to tell, preparations were being made for Christmas. Calendars were produced and the days were crossed off impatiently. Tempus just couldn't fugit fast enough! However, it did finally, and laden with bulky packages of all sizes, shapes and shades, the girls departed homewards.

After holidays, we returned to find examinations staring us in the face—the same nasty things that blighted our high school days. For two weeks we carried armfuls of books and worried expressions. The Library was the centre of activity and for some time there was not a vacant seat to be had! Incredible, but true.

Our spiritual education was furthered by the Annual Retreat given by Reverend Father Myers, of the Redemptorist order. The earnestness with which the girls made it gave evidence of real piety and great spirituality. This was a fitting preparation for Lent and the spiritual graces obtained during Retreat disposed us to make our small sacrifices more willingly and generously.

April first was celebrated in a fitting manner. The fertile brains of Marie Carpenter and Tina McGinnis were given wide scope. Soon everyone entered into the real spirit of April Fool's day with the result that our College Mistress thought the scope was far too wide, called a halt in the proceedings, and order was restored.

Again those depressing exams rolled around and we Sophies plugged away at this last chance to show off our mental ability and make an impression on our more intellectual classmates.

Convocation Week, so long awaited, at last became a reality, and we listened with intense interest to the tales told us by the 'old timers' about the functions of the important week. The Seniors became the Graduates and we considered it an honor to fetch and carry for them; to hold the mirror, comb, etc., while they were getting their hair done for those jaunts to town. Class Day was more wonderful than we had ever anticipated. Floating through the corridors in long 'traily' gowns, with the Graduates standing out in their simple and classic white; sitting down to a sumptuous banquet; the class prophecy and will; the procession to the Grotto for the class oration; the planting of the Ivy; then back to the Mount for the election of class officers. At all these events we were wide eyed. Then came the solemnity and magnificence of the Baccalaureate Mass. All these merely led up to the climax of Graduation Day. What excitement! Smiles and tears! The absence of Rose Chambers was keenly felt, since through illness, she must receive her degree "in absentia." For us it was all smiles: we saw no reason to be sad. The thought of our own graduation was too far distant to be even considered.

Goodbyes; au revoirs; promises of letters, and then Home for everybody.

September, 1936

Back to the Mount again, and glad of it too!. Much dashing, having to get used to the bells and stairs again!

We were very much at home and took delight in showing the newcomers (were we ever as shy as they?) the "ropes." We were sorry to learn that Tina McGinnis and Rita Mancini, who added much to the fun of the Sophomore Class, were not returning. We were surprised to learn that Mary Sawyer, Freshman class president, had entered the Sisters of Mercy in Maine and that Dolores Donnelly, a last year's graduate, had entered the Mount Postulate. The new chesterfield suite in the Social Room was another surprise.

As Juniors, we had become adjusted to college life,—which is one of the difficulties of the newcomer,—and we were sufficiently removed from the duties of seniors to be carefree and somewhat irresponsible. However, Dalhousie classes and chemistry soon gave us other ideas; and we had thought that, after English II, our troubles would be over! Who will ever forget the fun we had working on our projects, — Jennie's "Man," Florence's "Chemical rainbow," Madeleine and Viola's "working model coke plant" that wouldn't work, and the program we presented when 'yours truly' got the gramophone records mixed?

"Little Women" was presented for Dean's Day and was voted a decided hit.

One day seeing the girls crowded around the windows, I looked—and behold winter was here! Then began the winter sports—spills and chills. But Dal exams approaching relentlessly gave us chills too, so we turned our attention to them. After these, Home—for what we considered a much needed and well-earned vacation.

After Christmas we had the Mount exams to contend with, but by this time, they had become quite 'matter of course' and we took them in our stride.

A very stirring and impressive Retreat was given by Reverend John Collins and for three days, each girl turned her thoughts inwards and upwards. Since Retreat ended on Shrove Tuesday, we went to town to see our last show before Lent. Soon after Lent, Vocation Week was celebrated in which three speakers from town spoke on the three states in life. The speakers were excellent ones, and the exercises made a lasting impression on all.

Soon ski suits and other winter 'paraphernalia' were stowed into trunks again, and Spring was here. The Seniors began to confer about pictures, invitations, flowers, dresses etc., and then Convocation Week had commenced, with an added feature this year—the tea for our Mothers.

On Graduation day, after the conferring of degrees, when we presented the roses to the graduates and whispered "congratulations", it was with a mixture of feelings—envy, joy, and sorrow to think that some of the graduates—the girls we had seen so much of for two years, we would never see again!

September, 1937

After three months' holidays we returned to the Mount. There was no welcoming College Mistress to greet us as usual. Sister was confined to the Infirmary through illness, so things were difficult at first. We had responsibility thrust on us immediately. Being the leaders of the school, it was our duty 'to mind the babies' and help get them settled. To us was left the task of revealing the dire contents of the Blue Book and the penalties involved. Student Government was given plenty of opportunity to function! We seniors, so few in number, learned the value and necessity

of class spirit and cooperation. However, we were augmented by the very welcome addition of Ida Shofer.

The same events took place, but for us everything had a deeper significance,—the Corn Boil at which we were the hostesses; Dean's Day; the annual Retreat. It would be the last time we could participate in these college functions and we determined to make them memorable.

This year was a banner year for clubs,—the Phi Delta Phi, a philosophy club, Louis Pasteur, a Biology club, Glee Club, and the Athletic Association with basketball, badminton and fencing. Besides these, the Study Clubs in connection with Sodality, kept us occupied at all times.

After the holidays we returned with the firm determination to make the term the best of all. Exams came and went, causing their usual ripple of activity. As February approached it was learned that Geraldine Meagher was entering. It was hard to think she was leaving us—Gerry who was so essential a part of our Senior class! However, in spite of our sadness in seeing her go "over to the other side of the house," we wished her every happiness, and after a presentation in the Social room, by each class, Gerry made us a charming speech.

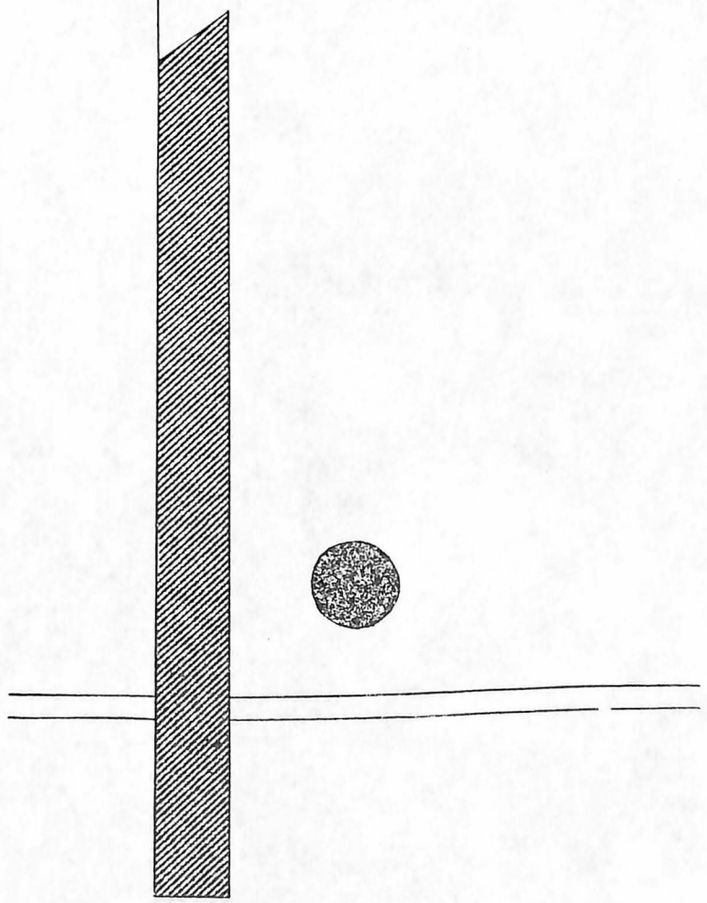
Preparations were soon begun for the reception of His Excellency, Archbishop McNally, at the Mount. It was a great occasion. Rita Fawson delivered beautifully the speech of welcome and "Paul's Defence before Agrippa" was presented. A banquet was served to the guests in the students' dining hall.

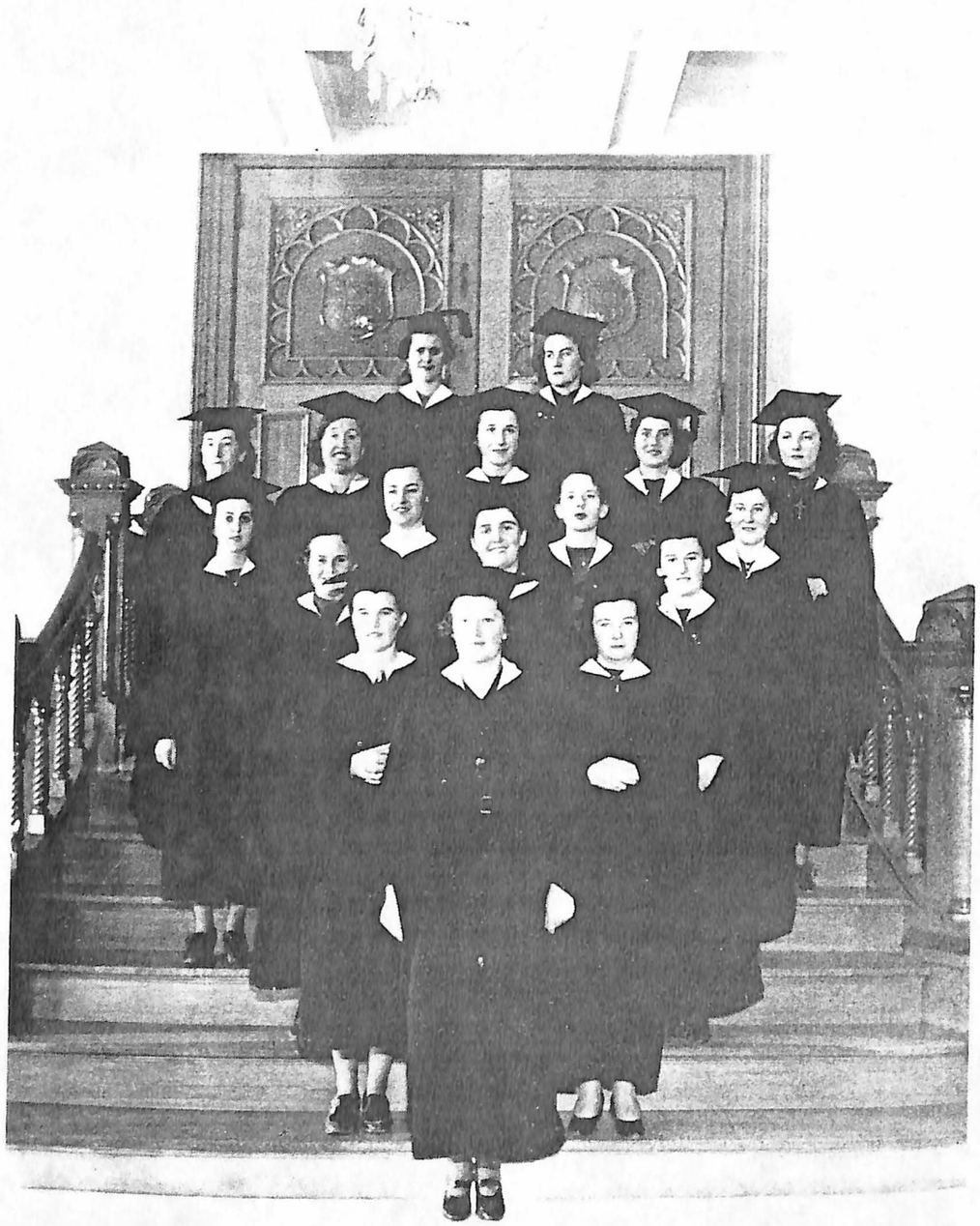
Soon all the preliminary excitement of Graduation was ours—pictures, gifts, flowers, invitations, valedictory, etc. The wheel has turned full circle and we have achieved our goal, we have had to work hard, but a host of happy memories will always remain with us—our 'critical comments' and themes for English IV, the discussions in Philosophy II, which were so lively that they necessitated a change to another classroom, digging up 'agenda' for Public Speaking III,—things trivial in themselves and meaningless perhaps to others, but so significant to us!

But along with these, there are others which have made a deeper and more vital impression on us. Their worth we cannot estimate, merely appreciate. Following the Way of the Cross on the hill in the quiet twilight hours; the Tower Bell ringing out in the still of the evening announcing the Angelus; the peace and utter restfulness obtained through frequent visits to our beautiful chapel; the helpfulness and patience of the Faculty; the daily contact with the Sisters—their interest and prayers; the cheery and 'homey' atmosphere that exists at the Mount—rules, of course, but not such terrible ones; the spirit of unity in the whole College, but more especially the genuine bonds of friendship existing among all the members of our Senior class—all these combine to form a galaxy of very special memories that the passage of time cannot erase.

MARIETTA WALL, '38.

CLASS PROPHECY





JUNIOR CLASS

Center: Agnes O'Donnell, President.
First row, left to right: Ruth Summers; Nancy O'Hearn.
Second row: Anna MacDonald; Margaret Barron; Mary Wall.
Third row: Julia Cahill; Muriel Bartholomay; Elizabeth Campbell; Florence Wall.
Fourth row: Margaret Tobin; Magdalene Morrissey; Agatha O'Keefe; Lillian Wagstaff, Genevieve MacMahon.
Last row: Dorothy Murray, Vice-President; Margaret Daley.

Minutes of a Junior Class Meeting

Agnes (President): The meeting is now called to order—As you girls know it is up to us to write the class prophecy.

Nancy: More work!

Margaret Tobin: Yes, but look at the honor!

Elizabeth: Since we are accused of being so radical we have to make this prophecy different.

Dorothy: Yes, let's be original.

Julia: Well, shall we write it in prose or in verse?

Elizabeth: Verse cramps your style, and besides we want to act out the prophecy on class day.

Peggie: And blank verse would be too suggestive.

Muriel: Suggestive of what?

Peggie: Of us.

Jennie: I think prose is too common.

Muriel: Let's decide what we think will happen to the Seniors first, and then it will be easier to decide how we are going to write it.

Ruth: Marietta, as President, comes first.

Florence: Jennie, you should know something about her. You're her room-mate.

Mary Wall: Don't you feed her pills after every meal?

Jennie: Yes, to improve her voice. You see, Marietta's headed for the Metropolitan.

Florence: Store or Opera?

Mary: Oh, you're so bright!

Jennie: How about putting the prophecy in the form of a newspaper clipping?

Elizabeth: Just what I think—How's this for Marietta?

Press clipping from Art Review, March 2, 1955.

The tremendous ovation accorded a few weeks ago to Miss Wall, that famous newcomer to the opera, was renewed last night at her splendid performance in the Roman Comic Opera—(Sotto voice: Nancy, you're a musician, you can look up the name of the opera for us). Her gown was beautifully styled and her classical coiffure, which was designed by Bar Tholomere, seems destined to become the mode of the season. When asked in an interview what her favourite hobby was, the petite singer replied that she delighted in the domestic arts. It is hoped that her next appearance will be in the near future.

Muriel: Not bad!

Dorothy: Donnie's next.

Agatha: I suggest that we make her a great musician.

Muriel: That's what she want to be—Don't be silly. We'll put her in the convent, because she was disappointed in love.

Mary Wall: We can't print that.

Peggie: Oh go on! That happens in the best of families. (Muttering statistics)

Agatha: O.K. She enters the convent.

Peggie: Yes, Sister Charles of the Broken Heart.

Nancy (dropping a stitch): Why Charles?

Muriel (turning a page) Where have you been all year? Wake up.

Dorothy: Would this do for Donnie?

(Clipping from social page, Halifax Herald)

A huge farewell party was tendered Miss D. Kelley at her home last week. She was the recipient of a large box of Moir's plain milk chocolate bars and many beautiful bouquets. Miss Kelley leaves on Monday for Mount Saint Vincent Postulate. Her many friends wish her happiness and success in her new life.

Magdalen (Interlude): Just the thing for Donnie.

Margaret (Absentmindedly): Where do you put the back bone?

Elizabeth: Keep still. We're not doing the worm now. (Knock at the door. Anna enters, very worried expression). Why wasn't I told about this meeting?

Jennie: Margaret Barron, will you put that lumbricus away and turn to another Senior? (Another knock): Who's that?

Magdalen: Rita Fawson looking for the couch again.

Muriel: When there isn't a Wall on it, there's a Fawson.

Lillian: Let's put her in a mattress factory testing mattresses.

Mary Wall: Fine tester she'd be, it wouldn't make any difference to her if they were made of feathers, or bricks, she would sleep on it any way.

Lillian: Maybe we could use this.

(Clipping from the Good Housekeeping)

Sleepy-down air mattresses assure sound sleep, they have been tested by Good Housekeeping's official Mattress tester, Miss Rita Fawson, and now bear that Institute's reliable name.

Margaret Tobin: That's not a very promising future for Rita. What about her Social Service work?

Anna: That's better than Social Service work; it's leading up to the world's retire-ment.

Mary Wall: You ought to know.

Elizabeth: We've got $1.50 in the treasury.

Muriel: Why bring that up, Scotchman? We've got Seniors to cope with now.

Ruth: We aren't making this prophecy very distinctive.

Elizabeth: But are we distinctive?

Muriel: We certainly are, and if you're not you can leave.

Nancy: May I be permitted to do my theme?

Mary Wall: O, all right, but what about Mary McLean?

(Knock at door—Donnie appears)

Chorus: A Meeting of the Juniors.

Donnie: It's a wonder you people don't rent this place! (General laugh.)

Margaret: Don't tell me I've got this would-be worm put together?

Liz: Finishing a paragraph — "considerable conclusions of conjecture."

Ruth: Mutter—Mutter.

Agatha: Kindly desist, you two.

Muriel: What about Mary McLean? Let's make her an orchestra leader, Ina Ray Hutton's only rival.

Anna: Here's a better idea.

Press Clipping.

Chicago—At the opening of the Season's Operatic Concert in Chicago last evening, the great Toscanini collapsed and was unable to carry on. Miss Mary McLean who rose to the occasion and conducted the orchestra is a graduate of Mount Saint Vincent College. Her success was complete. The name of McLean will be on the lips of a nation. Once again the story of the great Toscanini comes forth.

Julia: Can't you just see Mary running to the rescue?

Interlude:

Agatha: Where are you supposed to put the insides of the worm anyhow?

Agnes: Will you people please stop talking about worms? You're worse than Doris Dyer wrestling with her amoeba. Look, I've got a Popular Science Digest here and under discoveries it says:

"While returning from a stratospheric flight in spirit only, Miss Doris Dyer, from Golden Hayfields, of Elmsdale, Arizona, was known to discover an automatic and self-operative typewriter, guaranteed for the use of all struggling typists."

Muriel: That's a natural one for Doris.

Magdalene: Viola's next.

Margaret Tobin: Let's ask Dorothy Webb about her.

Agnes: Imagine a Junior asking a P. G. anything?

Florence: Then, another clipping.

Mary Wall: What can you offer?

Clipping—March 2, 1967.

One of the smartest weddings of the season took place in Halifax yesterday, when Miss Viola Pride became the bride of Sir Cedric Athanasius Thistleboom. The bride looked charming in a gown of large floral design on a background of orange. She wore a small halo hat of blue crepe with nose-length veil. Shoes, gloves, and sash in harmonizing shades of purple, green, and yellow completed the ensemble. Two small flower girls held the long graceful train and a safety pin held the broad elastic sash.

The Listerine Wedding march was beautifully rendered by Miss Doris Hayfever Dyer, and Miss Marietta Wall sang two solos, "She is only a bird in a Gilded Cage", and "The Curse of an Aching Heart".

After the service, a wedding Breakfast of weiners and coffee was served on the back porch at the home of the bride's mother to the seven young ladies who graduated with Miss Pride at M.S.V. in 1938, and the bridegroom.

A week later the happy young couple left by motorcycle for Pugwash, where they will spend the weekend. They are accompanied by the best wishes of their many friends and also by the bride's mother.

Margaret: That speaks for itself.

Peggy: Next!

Muriel: June 7, 1949, Mount Saint Vincent.

The Auditorium of M.S.V. College was filled to capacity yesterday afternoon at the occasion of the graduation of the special class of 1949 consisting of Miss Madeleine Jones, Ph.D., who delighted the attentive audience with a recital embracing all branches of Philosophy. We regret to state that, due to mental fatigue, the graduate collapsed shortly after the conclusion of the strenuous exercises, Miss Jones thus put a fitting climax to ten years of study, the length of time due to inside influence and outside interests.

Agatha: What do you mean "inside influence"?

Muriel: Three guesses ! ! !

Ruth S: Only one more!

Magdalene: That's Ida, isn't it?

Jennie: I haven't forgotten Ida.

Friends, Juniors, and Classmen.

January 35th, 2001: After 55 years of toil and labor in the research laboratories in Cairo, Venezuela, Buenos Aires and other Canadian cities, with industrial activity throughout the night and other parts of the day, during which time I have passed through the stages of infancy, childhood, maturity, and second childhood, and having entered into the exclusive field of Beauology, Waveology, Gumology, Marigology, Curveology; having endured the pangs of excrutiating torture as a result of my experimental labors in the scientific world in regard to which I have intensified the motion of my mental activity and having competed with and surpassed the astronomical and economological efforts of the past,—I now find myself in a position to present to the existing populace—if any—the results of my long years f tedious endeavours, namely:

"A mass, suspended in the air, will fall if not supported by some other body."

And having thus completed my life work, I am prepared to accept with modesty and humility the fame to be thrust upon me.

IDA LONG-LIFER SHOFER.

Agatha: Be gory, we've signed our own death-warrant.

Liz: Well, how about some obituology?

Chorus: Yes, indeed, we need it.

Now lie we here and none so poor to do us reverence.

Bob White

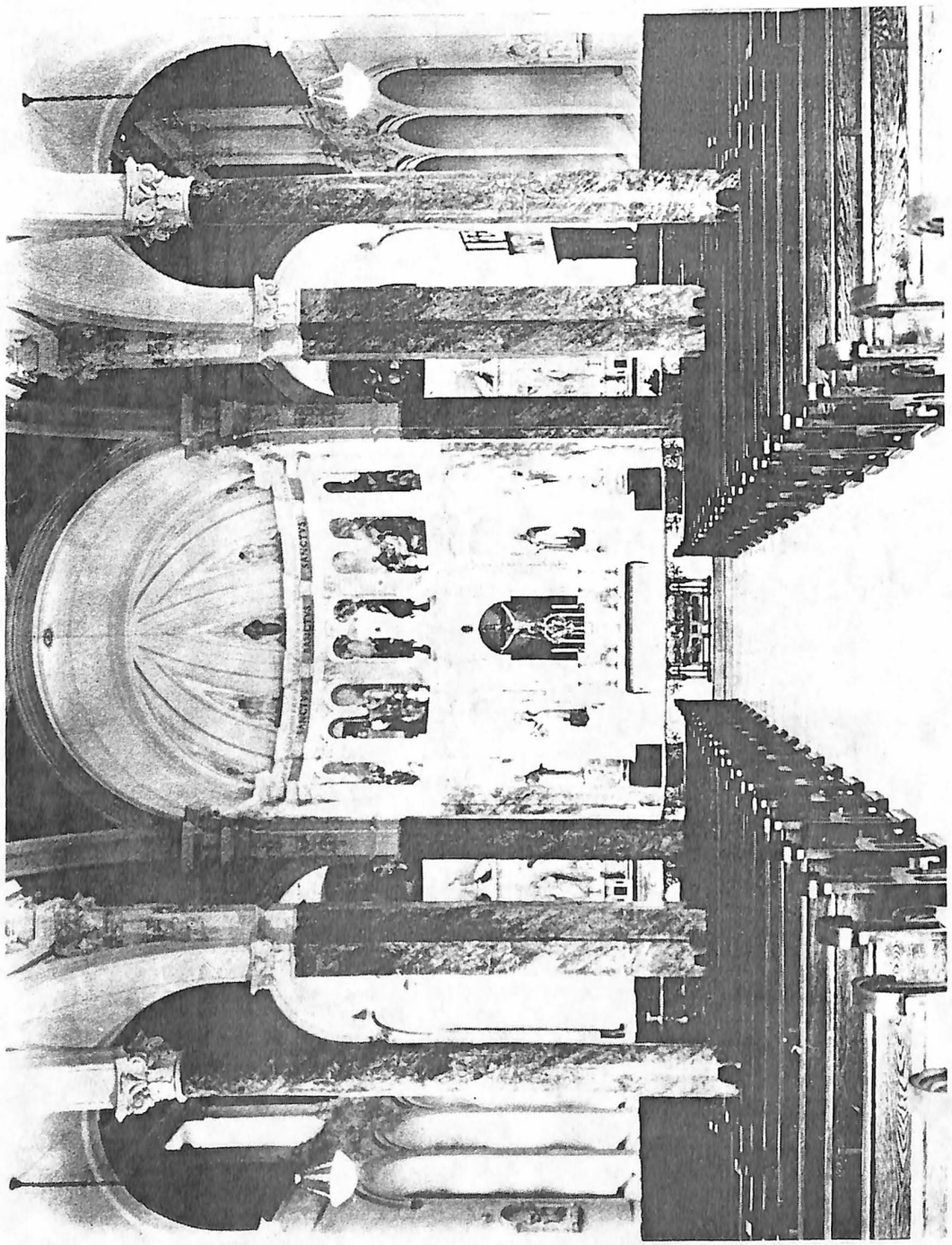
The summer of the year,
The stillness of the night,
And suddenly that clear
"Bob-white!"

It echoed down the lane.
Ah! had he taken flight?
I listened—there!—again!
"Bob-white!"

HOPE WILLARD, 40.

ACTIVITIES

RELIGIOUS
SCHOLASTIC
MISCELLANEOUS



CHAPEL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

SODALITY NOTES » »

We have come to the end of another Sodality year; and, looking back now, it seems to have been, in general, very successful. The first meeting took place on Monday, September 20, with the largest enrollment in recent years. The Installation of Officers occupied the whole of the meeting, a special program having been prepared for this event, consisting of an instruction on the aims and purposes of the Sodality, the taking of promises of fidelity by the officers, and the reception of symbols of office by them. The following officers were installed:

Prefect—Viola Pride
Secretary—Mary MacLean
Treasurer—Marietta Wall
Mistress of Ceremonies—Geraldine Meagher
Catholic Notes Reporters—Elizabeth Campbell, Julia Cahill
Sacristan—Agnes O'Donnell

It was decided to draw up a program of activities for the first half of the year, and a number of committees and Study Clubs were formed. The Mass Study Club, which had been active last year, was continued again this year. The Study Clubs, with their officers are as follows:

Mass Study Club—Christine McCarty (Pres.)
Florence Meagher (Sec.)

Mental Prayer—Jean Rossiter (Pres.)
Viola Pride (Sec.)

Adult Education—Agnes O'Donnell (Pres.)
Donalda Kelley (Sec.)

Liturgical Music—Mary MacLean (Pres.)
Muriel Bartholomay (Sec.)

Each Sodality meeting had a special feature. For instance, during the first term, on the first Monday of every month, a Round Table Discussion was held, the subject being some phases of the lives of the Saints. The second Monday was set aside as Question Box night, when all questions submitted during the month were answered. The third was devoted entirely to Our Lady, when explanations were given of her titles in the Litany of Loretto. The program for the fourth Monday was in charge of the Spiritual Directress. Each program was conducted by a group of Sodalists, under the chairmanship of one of the members.

This year, the Annual Retreat was held before Advent, rather a departure from the usual custom. Reverend John Moore, S.J., was the Retreat master, and it seems no exaggeration to say that God blessed us abundantly in the graces poured upon us during three of the most spiritually fruitful days we have ever spent.

On December 8, several Freshmen and Sophomores were received into the Sodality. An impressive Reception Ceremony was held in the Mount Chapel, during which our Chaplain, Reverend J. B. O'Reilly, C.J.M., addressed the students, urging them to be faithful Children of Mary throughout their lives. After Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the new members, together with the Sodality officers retired to the Home Economics Department, where all were guests at a delightful dinner party, in honor of the newly received Sodalists.

This year, more than ever, the response to the various Christmas Sodality Charities, was indeed worthy of note, and the Committees in charge were deserving of great praise for their generosity in forwarding these worthy causes.

The program for the second semester involved a slight change in subject-matter,—the Dolors of Our Lady and important Catholic events of the week replacing the discussions on the lives of the Saints and the Question Box.

Towards the end of the year, projects by each Study Club, summarizing its activities, were presented before the entire Sodality, showing that, even if the meetings were short and held only weekly, Study Clubs are means of gaining a great deal of outside knowledge which would otherwise perhaps never have been given a thought.

Our exterior Lenten activities consisted of contributing to "Sacrifice funds" with money saved by acts of self-denial. Two groups devoted their funds to charitable causes. For those who wanted some real Catholic Action, a group calling themselves "Defenders of the Faith" was formed, the members of which determined to use their Lenten fund to spread Catholic principles by purchasing pamphlets and distributing them in public places.

Once again Our Lord honored Our Sodality by calling two of its members to His special service in the Religious Life. One of these, Miss Geraldine Meagher, 1938, and the other, Miss Marguerite Keenan, 1937, entered the Postulate at Mount Saint Vincent, on February 2.

We regret our inability to record the activities of Vocation Week this year. It was necessary to hold these exercises during the early part of April, and, as this article is necessarily prepared before that time, we are unable to make a report, unless it is possible to add a postscript later.

As this goes to press, we are preparing to elect officers for the coming Sodality year, begging that God's blessing will direct this choice, so that Our Lady's honor may ever be increased by our Sodality.

MARY MacLEAN, '38.

To Mary

Sweet Mother, why so pensive?
Art thou thinking of thy Son
Who died that He might save us?
Who Heaven for us won?

Thou art purer than the lily,
Or the rose in thy gracious hand;
We crown thee, dearest Mother,
Queen over all the land.

Each little bird pours forth his song
When thy sweet face he sees,
Each flower grows still fairer
Swayed by the gentle breeze.

God chose thee for the Mother
Of Christ, His Son Divine;
And we, too, are thy children:
Each calls thee "Mother mine."

The miracles of nature,
The budding trees, the flowers,
The shining stars, the sunbeams
Of this bright world of ours,

Hail thee, O Queen of Heaven,
Mistress of earth and sky;
Hail thee as the Mother
Of our God most high.

Pray for us, then, dear Mother,
When our lives are young and fair;
And guard us through life's journey
With a Mother's tender care.

BETTY WATLING.

MISSION CLUB

HE officers of the Mission Club were elected at the first meeting of the year which was held in October. Madeleine Jones was chosen President; Rite Fawson, Vice-President; Doris Dyer, Secretary; Donalda Kelly, Treasurer. Those elected to take charge of sections were: Stamps, Dorothy Murray; Magazines, Margaret Daley; Spiritual alms, Geraldine Meagher.

The meetings during the year have been particularly interesting. Very good papers on timely subjects have been prepared and read by different girls and every month a helpful explanation of the mission intention is given. The meetings open with the crusaders' pledge and prayers for the missions and close with the crusaders' hymn.

The December meeting was an especially good one in honor of Saint Francis Xavier and closed with a visit to our chapel where the crusade hymns were sung and the triduum concluded.

The students have been most generous in answering the appeal for magazines and stamps. Magazines have been given to our Lending Library and have been sent to the Halifax Infirmary, and Camp Hill Hospital, where they have been greatly appreciated by the patients. Large boxes of stamps were sent to the Jesuit Mission Stamp Bureau and letters of grateful acknowledgment were received.

On the feast of Our Lady's Purification, the Mission Club lost its spiritual collector when Geraldine Meagher entered the Postulate. Mary Morley was appointed to take her place.

On St. Patrick's Day the Junior class presented a delightful play. "The Twig of Thorn", and made ten dollars for the missions.

Very Reverend W. C. McGrath of Chu Chow, China, is the adopted missionary of the College and several donations have been sent to him during the year. Great interest has been shown in Monsignor McGrath's work since many of the girls met him at the Crusade Convention several years ago. A specially bound and autographed copy of the Monsignor's entertaining Book, "The Dragon at Close Range" reached us not long ago with the letter which is printed elsewhere in this book.

Funds expended up to March 28, 1938

Right Reverend W. C. McGrath	$25.00
Propagation of the Faith	20.00
Western Missions	15.00
Home Missions	10.00
Reverend Father Venedam	5.00
Subscription to Mission Magazines	9.00
Catholic Worker	5.00
Sister Francis deSales, Manchukuo	5.00
Dues to Local Unit of C.C.S.M.C.	5.00
Total	$99.00

Altogether the Mission Club has had a very successful year and great interest and enthusiasm have been shown by all.

PATRICIA DWYER, '40.

Mission Letters

Shanghai, January 28

Dear Sister:

We were indeed pleased to hear from our friends at the College. For a long time now mail from home has been extremely rare and it is very comforting to feel that we are in touch with the homeland again. Many friends seemed to have the idea that mail could not reach us and they stopped writing, but, apart from the occasional long delay, all letters seemed to have got to us eventually. Now, with the resumption of regular service by the C.P.R., things will be more normal.

I am taking the liberty of forwarding to the College Mission Club a copy of the revised edition of my book, printed here while bombs were falling in unpleasant proximity to the press. Happily, it escaped unscathed or there would have been no "Dragon."

It was very kind of Miss Barron to read my letter from China. Please thank her for me and also my kind friends at the College to whom I am deeply grateful for the generous contribution of $15.

The war scare is over in our immediate vicinity. The greatest menace here now arises from continued acts of terrorism within the Settlement; assassinations and armed robberies by gangsters who have taken to hand grenades as well as the more "orthodox" revolvers as a means of intimidating prospective victims. The police have a very difficult time of it. But the situation on the whole is peaceful within the Foreign areas in spite of the untold misery all round us. The poor refugees are the ones who suffer because, do what we may, we simply cannot give a semblance of adequate relief to 400,000 people. Hardly a day passes but we find dead children, sometimes two and three at a time, on the pavement outside the Procure gates. They have been left there by parents who had hardly enough to support life. Gangs of coolies are at work nightly collecting the bodies of those who died from starvation or exposure and this state of affairs is hardly news any more as far as the local papers are concerned. It is almost unbelievable, isn't it? In the twentieth century of "progress" along social and humanitarian lines. The world does not seem to be making such a good job of getting along without God.

Well, dear Sister, once more my sincere thanks and my kindest regards to our young friends at the College. I hope some of them heard my Christmas two-minute broadcast from Shanghai.

Very sincerely yours,

W. C. McGRATH.

Editor's Note: The Very Reverend Msgr. W. C. McGrath, Canadian Prefect Apostolic of Lishui, was adopted by the College Mission Club as its missionary on the occasion of his last visit to the Mount. We are sorry to learn from the latest reports that he is still in Shanghai, cut off from his beloved Lishui. Our prayers and best wishes are with him.

The second letter is from one of our academy graduates, Ida Marsland, now a Maryknoll Sister, to the Sister Directress of the Academy Mission Unit. We hope to have a letter from Sister soon: but fear it will not reach us in time for publication.

Sha Ho K'ou
Dairen, Manchukuo

My dear Sister,

Christmas has come and gone bringing with it so much real happiness, that it won't soon be forgotten. Not the least lovely surprise was your letter. It was just like you to be ever mindful of little Paul Vincents and Rose Maries in far off Manchukuo. The fortunate little lady will be clothed in her baptismal robes as soon as we can manage to rescue her. Opportunities for baptizing are never lacking. The post-office order arrived promptly and when translated into the native Yen, it was really a tidy sum. And to think that the Mount girls are making use of all the many activities of a recreational character to further missionary enterprizes makes it all the more precious. Will you say many times to our mission benefactors, "Hsie Hsie" or "Thank You?" And, of course, "Tien Chu Chiang Fu Niemen," or "God Bless You", is always appropriate.

We've just come in from the Catechumenate in the next building, where our scholars are preparing to retire for the night. About ten little girls stay here on the Compound and attend the Mission School much as they do in boarding schools at home. They spread their miniature mattresses, which are really cottoned pads, on the k'ang or elevated platform, that serves as a class room during the day, and as a bedroom at night. There they lie side by side, with not so much as an inch of space between "beds". Sleep-walkers beware of stepping on a neighbor's toes! Since this is the festive season, delicacies were being passed. Tonight, they consisted of dried melon seeds which we were, of course, loathe to refuse. A missioner must have a pliable palate!

Christmas Eve was a day of much suppressed animation, bringing with it golden opportunities to rehearse the story, ever old, yet ever new of the Baby Jesus' birth. A group worked all afternoon on the Church decorations which were very pretty. At eight-thirty, a group of Catechumens grouped about Father Hewett, our pastor, awaiting the pouring of the sacred waters. One little girl with long braids awaited her turn with other smaller children. A tiny baby and its mother, who stood holding it, were outstanding in the group to be baptized. Particularly appropriate for such a night was this scene, don't you think, Sister? By midnight, the Church was filled to capacity and a cold North wind was whistling through the none too substantial walls, but no one seemed aware of that! The Mass itself, of course, defies description. Somehow one just has to have lived through such an experience really to get the full deep meaning of it all. Hardly had the last strains of the Mass died away,

when we were called upon to act the part of Santa to the small boys and girls. Peanuts were distributed with great liberality to the delighted little ones who in spite of their exhilaration and glee never once forgot to make their customary low bow or, "hsing li", when they were handed an interesting paper bag. Perhaps I've never told you about it. The children at all times, when they meet a Priest or Sister, stop, bow, and say "Praise be to Jesus", to which we answer, "Amen".

Christmas morning brought more Masses, including a Missa Cantata, for which our young hopefuls had been rehearsing for days. When we attempt to teach Latin hymns or Latin texts, generally here we must first find the sound that seems to be most like the Chinese pronunciation. It isn't always an easy task at best. Then, of course, the weeks of ordinary drilling ensue. Not very long ago, I became "Mistress of Songbirds", on the Compound, and it has been an experience trying to accommodate my vocabulary to this additional strain on its none too voluminous contents. At first, I relied a great deal on chironomy, but now I'm getting to be a little more independent of it.

On the Wednesday before Christmas, our "Academy" presented a playlet in three acts. Our stage was set up in the dispensary, at about an arm's length from the ominous looking pill cabinet, which serves us so well each day. We had a tiny pink angel, our Cecilia Twei, who giggled very naughtily just when she should have been most dignified. She was so padded with winter garments, as indeed they all were, that all the "ethereal" properties were conspicuous for their absence. Our Blessed Mother's part was taken by a little pagan girl, who will soon be baptized, we hope. Chinese and Latin carols were interspersed throughout and it all came to a happy ending.

Tomorrow, New Year's will be celebrated at home, but in China it is simply another day, and the Octave of the Nativity, of course, to the Christians. On January thirty-first, the Chinese will celebrate their New Year, which is a festival of no small account, for it lasts for two full weeks. Even the poorest appear in their most elegant attire on that day, and much clinking of tea cups takes place. The people, i.e. the pagans, give profound inclinations, touching their heads to the floor nine times to their ancestral tablets. The Christians, instead, are invited to Church on that day and there they make the same inclinations, but they make them to the Blessed Sacrament exposed. The Sisters all take part in this and it is truly very impressive.

I mustn't let this letter get beyond this page for I do want to get it out tonight.

Will you give my love to everyone at the Mount, dear Sister? And once again a big "Thank You" for the letter and the donation.

Lovingly in the Christ Child,

SISTER FRANCIS DE SALES.
(Ida Marsland)

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

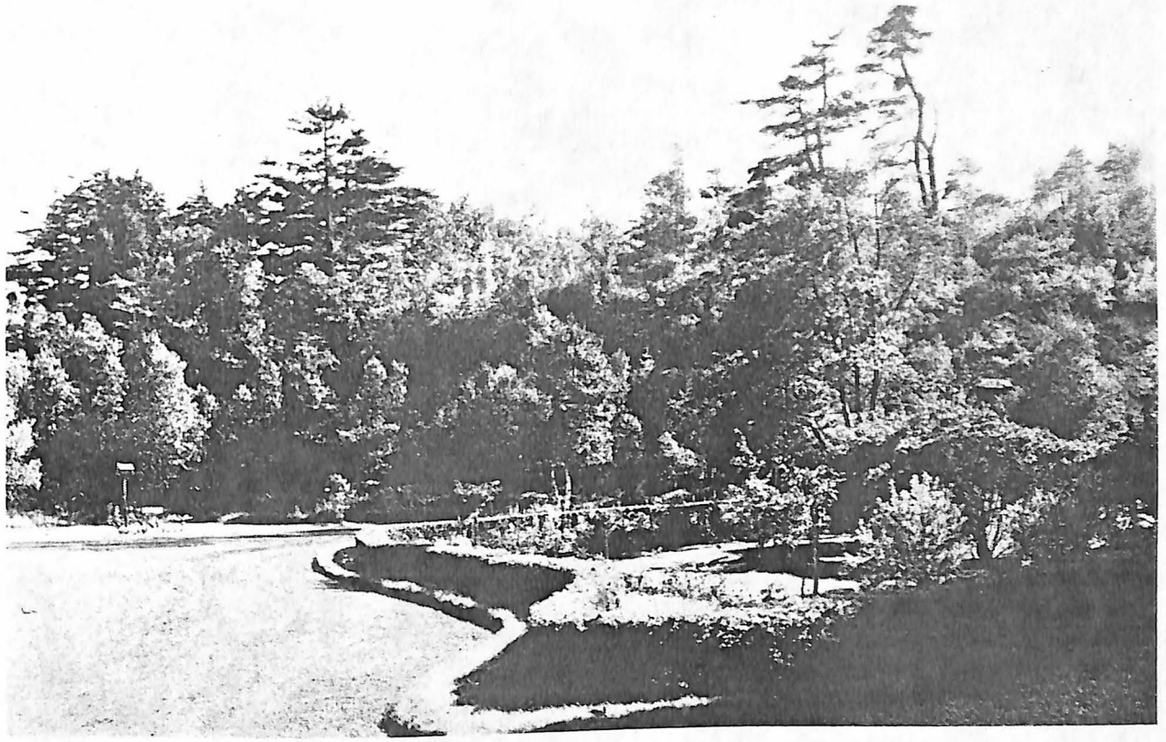
MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE needs no introduction to musical circles. Its reputation has always been of the highest and the products of its earnest and patient instruction are usually accomplished and well finished.

The Mount has many advantages to offer music-loving students. There are ten practice rooms, each containing a piano, and these are quite private. At the entrance to the Music Corridor, as it is called, are presses for the music books, so that no excuse for forgetting music will be accepted. Besides these rooms, there is Saint Cecilia's Hall, where all forms of entertainment are held, and this contains three Grand pianos and two pipe-organs. On either side of the stage are rooms where the violin students and those studying voice may practise; so, the facilities are many. In addition to this, the girls have regular hours of practice which they must get in, and, of course, they are at liberty to use their free time for this worthy purpose also. They are under supervision at all times and this is to their advantage, for they cannot practise incorrectly.

The Sisters who teach music at the Mount are thorough and patient with everyone. They are very proficient themselves, and their sole aim is to impart their knowledge to their pupils in the best way possible. And this they certainly do. The technique of Mount students in any branch of music is always noticed and admired by outsiders. Degrees are given here, and all the musical subjects are taught, such as, Theory, Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition. The students are given undivided attention and are rewarded by outstanding results.

Usually on the first Saturday of every month, and sometimes oftener, a recital is held, in the Music Hall. This is always greatly appreciated, not only by the Sisters and students, but by visitors as well. Students from each department participate, i.e. piano, violin, vocal, and dramatic; and the earnest co-operation of everyone makes these recitals an achievement. Praise must also be given to the dramatic pupils, who give very good readings and at times short plays competently. Programmes of national music, correlative with the History of Music, are presented which are not only enjoyable, but also of instructive and historical value.

There is great interest evinced here in music. Almost every Saturday afternoon, if you open the door of the social room and peep in, you are met with a warning to be quiet, accompanied by a silent, eloquent glance toward the radio from which is pouring the beautiful music from the Metropolitan Opera. Some of the girls (not so many as might be though) are



SOUTH GARDENS

OLD RESERVOIR AND SKATING RINK

usually there with the Sisters, all following the Opera interestedly from scores and books and showing great appreciation of the really good music. Another great advantage is the number of books on music which can be obtained at any time by walking into the Library. The lives of famous composers, the stories of all the great operas, the analyses of the classic compositions—all are to be found here, and more.

The three outstanding pianists this year are, Madeleine Jones, Donalda Kelley and Mary MacLean. Madeleine Jones, long recognized as an accomplished and talented pianist, will receive her Bachelor of Arts degree this year, and will, it is hoped, go on for her degree in music next year. Madeleine is the accompanist in the Glee Club and also in the Orchestra. Donalda Kelley is giving her graduation recital this year and all who have heard her finished and talented work, are eagerly looking forward to it. Mary MacLean is giving her graduation recital this year also. Mary is one of the hardest workers I have ever seen, and is well deserving of praise for her accomplishments. These three girls are widely different types and this is evidenced by the strong sure touch of Madeleine, the light, buoyant touch of Donalda, and the clear tone of Mary. Others who have just started this year and are doing very well are: Rose Anne Theriault, Willa Sawler, and Catherine Kelley.

The Mount Saint Vincent Orchestra is composed of players from both the College and the Academy. They have beautifully rendered such difficult masterpieces as, Shubert's Unfinished Symphony, Gounod's Ave Maria, and many others, and have delighted audiences each time they played.

The Glee Club, organized in both the College and the Academy, is a flourishing organization. The College Glee Club has a social meeting once a month, when they enjoy a sing-song, followed by refreshments. The Vocal Department has a newcomer this year, who has done remarkably well during her short term. Marie Davis, the possessor of a lovely soprano voice, has delighted us many times with her advanced technique and flawless quality of tone. Other newcomers are Ida Shofer, and Magdalen Morrissey.

Before I came here, I was very fond of music, but not the right kind. My technique was terrible and I realized that I had a lot of hard work ahead of me when I started. However, with the many advantages and the competent instruction, I have emerged with a few changed ideas. I have learned that the expression "Jazz is a caricature of music" is very true and also that there is no better place to come if you want attention and training in the full appreciation of what good music really is, than Mount Saint Vincent. The opportunities given for public appearances, the regular hours of practice, and the constant supervision, produce at the termination of the training, artists, fully equipped to enter the field professionally, not selfishly, to devote themselves to benefit their community by furthering the cause of Art.

LAURAINE DAVIS, '41.

Music As a Science

MUSIC has a twofold root, one branch going in the direction of science, the other in the direction of art. Now, that there is an art of music will readily be conceded, but that there is a science as well, is not quite so obvious. In other words, the art side of music has been cultivated and exalted to the detriment of the science side. Furthermore, music, as an art, cannot attain the full growth of which it is capable unless fostered and nurtured by science, for, just as the art of surgery is founded on the rigid sciences of anatomy, physiology, and pathology, and the art of photography on the tremendous scientific laboratories with hundreds of investigators in chemistry and optics, so also the art of music, which is such a powerful influence in adding wholesome happiness to the lives of men, should look to its corresponding science as a foundation.

Perhaps before going any further, it would be wise to dwell a little on the exact difference between art and science in regard to music. The word "art," pertaining to music, is used in two senses. One use is to designate physical skill, e.g. the art of touch in piano playing, or the art of bowing in violin playing. The second use of the word is to designate something quite separate and distinct from physical skill,—to contribute to musical materials a beauty not before possessed by them. This is the art of interpreting a musical composition. Each of the above types of musical art utilizes physical things as their means of expression and it is the study of these physical things that constitutes musical science. The interpretive musician, no matter what kind, uses some form of physical instrument, whether it be a violin, a piano, an organ, or a human voice. The composer, likewise, uses physical materials—musical notes and rhythms, both of them truly physical in character and just as worthy to be subjects for laboratory investigation as electricity, heat, or gravitation. The scientific investigation would enable us to understand what happens in the air when an instrument is played and the exact nature of the atmospheric disturbance occurring when music is produced. In the first place, the disturbance would be disclosed as almost infinitely complex. In the second place, a record of the events constituting the disturbance would show things as happening with the greatest rapidity. And, in the third place, the disturbance would be found to be of astonishing feebleness from the standpoint of all our senses, except that of hearing. It has been stated, though not perhaps to the exact number, that in a symphony there are over ten thousand forces acting all the time upon the motion of each particle of air. This activity is very complicated, very rapid, and also very feeble. By gently pressing the radial artery, where it passes over the carpal bones, we feel a succession of pulsations in our wrist produced by variations in

the pressure of the blood against the walls of the artery. If the sense of touch in our finger were acute enough to feel the disturbance in musically agitated air, we should discover in the latter precisely such pulsations as those occurring in the artery. Since our sense of touch is too gross for this purpose, scientists have devised instruments by means of which these pulsations may be studied. In this manner, invaluable information may be acquired about this musical activity in the atmosphere, to the production of which the composer, the interpreter, and the instrument maker, all so enthusiastically, but so blindly dedicate their lives.

Thus we see that there is something more to music than the symbols or notes on the music score. These notes merely represent music, the expression of which designates the artistic side of music, whereas the disturbance in the air caused by the playing of an instrument is the scientific side of the art.

MARY MacLEAN, '38.

Our Eccentric Musicians

NOT that I or any other person who understands the terms "eccentric" and "musician" would associate the two. However, there are people who do. Every great artist has what is known as an "artistic temperament" and we are apt to confuse this with being "temperamental". A temperamental person is a victim of all emotions. A true artist is seldom temperamental, for this would imply a lack of will power, concentration, and what is commonly known as "stick-to-it-iveness". Imagine an artist in any of the five divisions of art lacking these qualities! Imagine a composer, or concert pianist, or violinist not being able to concentrate long enough to perfect the work at hand! The very fact that they are artists and have reached the height of their profession overrules any possibility of their being temperamental. It seems to me that this erroneous opinion is prevalent because many so-called "artists" of stage and screen, lacking the real art, try to cover it up and put themselves over by frequent temperamental outbursts. Because Grace Moore was quite annoyed when producers wanted her to sing some silly popular song like "Minnie the Moocher" she was accused of being temperamental. Outbursts such as this are justified and can hardly be called temperamental. Why should years of sacrifice and study be wasted on a song that can hardly be called "good" and that any second-rate singer could do?

Now for the artistic temperament—all artists posses it, but it is not necessarily limited to artists. Here I might mention that by the term "artist" I mean a person proficient in one of the arts—not those people

who make all sorts of gestures over a piano but not very many on it. True, we read the most ridiculous descriptions of the tantrums into which great artists such as Beethoven and Wagner managed to get themselves. According to several biographers, it was nothing for some one visiting Beethoven to find himself thrown out after a brief visit. It never occurs to these writers that they would have done the same thing under the aggravating circumstances which prompted the act. Of course, none of these people were incipient saints; they were only human beings with human weaknesses.

The artistic temperament is usually associated with a very keen mind; it is highly sensitive; it has a discerning eye and ear, and a deep appreciation and love of nature. With senses all very highly developed, there is a tendency for this temperament to go from the merely sensuous to sensual. This is one reason people are apt to look upon Wagner with contempt. Yet his music expressed possibilities and accomplishments that are quite remarkable. We must not forget that many of the great saints had artistic temperaments—to mention two, well known and loved, St. Francis d'Assisi and the Little Flower. Only people like this ever appreciate life fully. They are capable of reaching heights of happiness or the depths of despair. They appreciate all that another temperament does and things which no other can.

Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. I grant that a genius is very often one-sided, for he develops a part of himself and the rest he forgets about. Many artists, too, are obliged to spend so much time alone in practice that they are inclined to be silent and even a bit shy. However, taking the majority of *real* artists, we find them as natural as any one else. Temperament is only a disease of amateurs.

DONALDA KELLY, '38.

Suspense

The telephone rings down in the hall . . .
The portress comes—"You have a call"
Those books on your lap slide to the floor,
You madly dash for the nearest door.
At last! the phone . . . You're all a'flutter . . .
"This is me" you faintly stutter,
Is it your call? or just a joke?
It is! I hope, I hope . . . . . .

PATRICIA DWYER, '40.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DRAMATICS

"THERE can be no fairer ambition than to excel in talk; to be affable, gay, ready, clear, and welcome; to have a fact, a thought, or an illustration to put to every subject; and not only to cheer the flight of time among our intimates, but to bear our part in that great international congress, always sitting, where public wrongs are first corrected, and the course of public opinion shaped, day by day, a little nearer to the right,"
—R. L. Stevenson.

We can scarcely imagine a person who does not every day have some occasion to use one or several of the forms of oral English. It would be difficult indeed to imagine anybody who never needs to describe some person, place, or object, to narrate some event, to explain some process, act, or opinion, or to argue for or against some proposition. Since we all readily agree that this is so, and since the spoken word is in consequence so important in the affairs of everyday life, it is desirable that we improve in our use of it.

Today, as never before, public discussion is the very life of a government where public opinion is the rule; consequently public speaking is essential to those who wish to become leaders. The person who can talk effectively and convincingly in behalf of a worthy cause can usually get what he wants.

Realizing this, public speaking is not only encouraged but is an obligatory subject at Mount Saint Vincent College. The course is divided into three parts (1) Speeches and debates, which usually fall to the lot of the Freshman and Sophomore students (2) Dramatics by the Juniors and (3) Parliamentary Procedure studied by the Senior class.

At the Dean's annual visit to the first class, the members proved themselves willing and capable of speaking on many different themes. In this class also series of private debates have taken place from time to time. We were very much pleased to have one semi-private debate for the faculty and students in the auditorium. The subject was "Resolved that education has more influence on mankind than money". Misses Agnes O'Donnell, Muriel Bartholomay, and Elizabeth Campbell upheld the affirmative while Misses Jennie MacMahon, Ida Shofer and Agatha O'Keefe were staunch supporters of the negative. After deep consideration the judges, Mr. A. J. Haliburton, Mr. R. A. Donahue, and Miss Viola Pride, decided in favor of the affirmative.

Among the other events may be mentioned the work accomplished by the Dramatic Class. During the past year it has presented four plays

which were greatly appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The first of these, "Cheer Up", an hilarious comedy, was held in honor of the Dean's Feast Day. In this much new talent was discovered. In preparation for the Feast of Christmas "The Nativity Play" by Benson was presented. But by far the most finished performance was the play, "The Trial before Agrippa," written and directed by a member of the faculty. This was presented before His Excellency, Archbishop McNally. The final play, "Twig of Thorn" given on St. Patrick's Day was most enthusiastically received.

Practice for plays is fun and the Juniors enjoy it; but Seniors have more serious work. In order that the graduates of today, who will be the citizens of tomorrow, may be able, not only to become members of different organizations, but to take active participation in the meetings, the course in Parliamentary Procedure has been assigned to them. In this class every student is given ample opportunity to conduct and participate in mock Parliamentary Sessions.

It may be noted that the Students of Mount Saint Vincent College not only receive the theory of Public Speaking and Dramatics but also are given many opportunities for practical application. Our monthly meeting of the general student body, the weekly meeting of the student council, the various clubs are all conducted according to correct parliamentary procedure. Contrary to our first impressions when we were informed that "Public Speaking" was compulsory, the course has proved not merely instructive and profitable but most enjoyable and interesting.

RITA FAWSON, '38.

THE GOLDFINCH

In the early morning sunshine,
You will hear a merry whistle,
And you'll know it is the goldfinch
Hiding, down behind the thistle.

What a timid little fellow,
With a song so full of glee!
All the morning he'll be calling,
"Ta-wee-a-wee, ta-wee-a-wee".

But when night has finally settled,
Less and less you'll hear his song,
For he's in his nest, and sleeping,
Where all little birds belong.

MARIE DAVIS, '41.

Speeches Delivered in the Declamation Contest Nova Scotian Hotel, April 4, 1938

Materialism and Its Consequences

MADELEINE JONES, '38.

A FEW weeks ago our city received a shock—we were startled—a terrifying pestilence threatened us. Who brought it? What were the symptoms of the dread disease? How might it be contracted? And above all, what were the precautions and remedies? Thousands rushed to the clinics to be vaccinated. We all agree smallpox is a fearful scourge. Yet there is another disease, even more deadly, of which we run daily risk and yet feel no fear; a disease which threatens to corrupt the minds, the hearts, the manners and morals of the race. There is not one who can entirely escape it; no one is immune; already it has a firm grasp on every one of us.

What is this malady? It is necessary only to look about us and see from what the world is suffering most today. My friends, it is MATERIALISM and its CONSEQUENCES. DARE we deny it? For the first time in history, we behold a complete and reasoned abandonment of all hitherto accepted human values. In Russia "massed humanity" has been substituted for God. In Germany "might is right", and Teuton mythology has been revived as a religion. Spain is in chaos—one more battle-ground for materialistic philosophy. Everywhere feverish preparations are being made for war. Society is suffering from the injustices of self-loving leaders. Both leaders and led have been degraded by Materialism to a degree hitherto unknown in the history of Christian nations. Their horizon seems to be limited to this world; matter has become man's god. With the rejection of God comes the denial of all values,—religious, spiritual, and even moral and intellectual.

Do you agree that this disease exists? I take it for granted that you do. Hence we can proceed to the questions: What is it? Whence is it?

What *is* Materialism? As a philosophy it confounds matter with spirit by unduly emphasizing the importance of the material; or better, it is a doctrine that does not admit the existence of any reality outside of matter. It claims that all mental operations are the result of physical changes in the nervous system, and thoughts, will, and feelings are said to have no real existence. Are we to believe, then, that when Tschaikowsky composed his Fifth Symphony, when T. S. Eliott wrote his "Murder in the Cathedral", when Leonardo da Vinci painted "Mona Lisa", when Marconi invented the wireless, these productions were the result of mere organic changes?

Whence *came* Materialism? Before the time of Socrates to the present,—with the exception of the Middle Ages, that period of great Faith

which produced the prince of philosophers, Thomas Aquinas,—Materialism has played an important part in the History of Philosophy. There is nothing new under the sun, and Materialism is no exception to this rule; for, though it flourishes today, it is as old as the very beginnings of philosophic thought. At the present time, owing to its many and evident weaknesses, Materialism as a system of Metaphysics has few followers. Today, instead of being a formulated philosophy, it is rather a tendency to attach greater value to material things than to things of the mind and spirit. Few will go so far as to deny in so many words, the existence of the soul, yet the majority of men are practical materialists. Do we realize that all members of society are unconsciously expressing just this philosophy in even their smallest acts? As Chesterton said: "Materialism may appear in the mere diction of a man, though he speak of clocks or cats, or anything quite remote from theology." Let us confess it. We are all, more or less, infected with this disease of the mind. True, we are surrounded by a material life; we are body as well as soul. But let us not forget that we are SOUL as well as body. A recent article in "America" reminds us of this very fact. Reverend John La Farge tells us that Materialism is a spiritual ailment. Unless the spirit stoops to meet matter, matter cannot reach the spirit. It is our souls, then, rather than our bodies that are at fault. It is when the soul becomes the slave of matter, seeking enjoyment as an end in itself, that the germ grows active. It shows itself in the tendency to emphasize the material side of life, a tendency that is spreading rapidly, even in a society that calls itself Christian. Eventually (to quote a modern Catholic philosopher, Most Reverend James H. Ryan) "Materialism actually tends to undermine our belief in God and in the universal validity of our moral judgments." Is not this exactly what has happened to the world—and to us? Not that this tendency to Materialism has been altogether a deliberate one; but in following the crowd, in the speed of the age, men are centering their efforts on the process of living and are forgetting the end of life. Do we, as Christians, realize the importance of this fact? Do we realize how much more dangerous it is for Christians to live in an atmosphere of Materialism than to be exposed to positive persecution?

In the early days, the line of demarcation between pagan and Christian was sharply defined. In tastes, practices, amusements, the Christian had to cut himself adrift from the pagan world. Today we follow the current of social life. Our amusements, pleasures, pursuits, ideas, do not as a rule differ very much from those of the latter day pagans among whom we live. We enjoy what they enjoy; what interests them interests us. All this results in a growing divorce between religion and life; faith rapidly becomes a matter of tradition and routine. And the sad part of it is that the danger is unperceived. None of us would expose ourselves for five minutes to the danger of a pestilential atmosphere, yet here we take no precautions.

It is generally agreed that our social and economic life are at the lowest ebb. Why does this state of affairs exist? Greed for money and

the desire of success by hook or by crook; these are the causes of social and economic upheaval. Scientists boast of their control of matter but Materialists have to confess their failure to control spiritual forces which have got entirely out of hand. Love and Hate are the two driving forces of the world; they are spiritual forces. And since the Materialists reject Love, which is the main force of Christianity, they have given loose rein to Hate, which is now sweeping the world. Can matter be substituted for spirit? We have unfortunately seen the results of the experiment.

We have only to look at our modern so-called "Art"—the spiritual element which was the glory of the great masters has given way to a paganistic spirit, which produces pictures and paintings bewildering and at times disgusting. Cezanne and Van Gogh are typical examples. In the field of music where do our moderns find their inspiration? Is it not in sensual, paganistic, ultra-rhythmic love-songs, in the beat of the tom-tom and the swaying rhythm of the Indian or Hawaiian dance?

The Legion of Decency and the present Drive for Clean Literature which is being carried forward by our Catholic Women's League, are sufficient comment on the moving picture films and the magazines of the day. Radio too is an active agent in the spread of materialistic views; for here we find a combination of music, literature, screen and stage that is carried to every home. Sense life is glorified; the things of the mind and the spirit are almost ignored. Must we not plead guilty? Are we not practical materialists in a materialistic world? And this,as I said in the beginning, is the great spiritual plague of our age; it is a disease far more dangerous than small-pox. What are we to do about it?

It seems rather absurd for me to prescribe a remedy, when the wisest among us are inclined to view the situation as almost hopeless. But that there is a remedy we can be most certain. If we were asked how to combat Materialism, which is a denial of the spirit, it seems simple to answer: We must combat Materialism by insistence on the spirit. And what is insistence on the spirit but Faith? "This is the victory which overcometh the world", says St. John, "our Faith." Faith must exist even before Hope, or Charity. We hear much today of Charity, and something, too, of Hope; but Faith is left out of the question. Yes, it is faith that is lacking today, strong, living faith that alone makes Hope and Charity possible. Unbelief is a horrible thing. It takes the joy out of life; in a world of tragic failures, partial successes and broken hopes, what is left if you take away faith? And by Faith I mean strong, Catholic Faith,—Faith spelled with a capital "F"—what we Catholics love to call "THE FAITH." We have it; it is our birthright. What are we doing with it in the world today? Can we not make ourselves felt? No, not until we are ready to live our Faith, daily and hourly. Practical Catholics, we cannot be practical Materialists at the same time. It is for us to prove to the world around us—prove it by our daily conduct, by our point of view, by our general attitude—that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal."

(Won Second Prize)

The Moral Responsibility of the Stage

MARIE FORHAN, '37.

IT may be trite but still it is true that:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

On the stage of life we, the player, have as our director Divine Providence, and only insofar as we follow the rules laid down by our Director will our play be successful.

The theatre is a mirror which reflects the happenings of this world stage of ours. Many of us have had the experience at the circus, of beholding ourselves in freak mirrors,—a reflection grotesque and distorted beyond belief. In the same way the stage, when it presents corrupt and immoral plays, becomes a defective mirror, giving a faulty representation of life. What a wonderful thing it is to interpret life truly! But to interpret life truly, the drama must portray the working of moral law. Even the Greeks understood this,—and they were pagans!

Somehow our modern pagans have forgotten the rules of the game. They have forgotten that life must be represented *as* life; that in life vice and error bring destruction, that virtue shows man at his noblest, and that truth will triumph in the end. The drama teaches; and if a teacher forgets truth and casts moral responsibility to the winds, what will be the result? Recently we had a slogan; it was a startling slogan but it worked. *The Movies Betray America!* The stage had betrayed its trust; it had forgotten its moral responsibility; it had substituted emotion for reason, and had turned the current of human admiration into wrong channels. The result was devastating; and so we got the Legion of Decency.

But the Legion of Decency is only a negative force; it can censor and prevent, but it does not construct drama. The fruits of the Legion of Decency which are positive are beginning to show *now*. In other words, Catholic groups everywhere are beginning to revive the age-old policy of the Church in dealing with the problem of entertainment.

In the golden ages of Faith, the theatre was always used as an exponent of morality. Mediaeval Drama drew its material from the Bible and the lives of the Saints. Morality was preached in church but it was also represented on the stage; the strong, simple lessons of virtue and vice and their consequences on human life were brought out vividly in the Morality Plays. Although not highly artistic from our point of view, the Mystery and Morality plays accomplished the purpose for which they were written; their lessons were of supreme value for the multitude. Some of the early plays survive in the present acted drama and wield an influence for good, notably the "Passion Play" of Oberammergau and the great morality, "Everyman".

The best of modern drama is descended from these Mediaeval plays. What lessons of humility, peace, forgiveness, hope, and charity do not Shakespeare's plays teach! Moliere offers a very pointed corrective of the evils of avarice, for instance, in "L'Avare"; of hypocrisy in "Tartuffe"; "Faust" is possibly the greatest drama of human life ever written.

It was Shakespeare who put into Hamlet's mouth the words:

"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king!"

The best drama has always done that! It reacts on the conscience of the king and the commoner. *It reflects life.*

Catholic Drama of the present time is doing its utmost to uphold the responsibility of the stage. Today there is widespread religious activity in Europe and in America. The Spanish playwright, Gregorio Sierra, has charmed theatre-goers with "The Kingdom of God" and "The Cradle Song". In France Catholic drama of the highest artistic and literary merit has been produced. Henri Gheon, the leading French dramatist, is an ardent convert whose plays reflect clearly his great faith. Paul Claudel, the distinguished poet, has written several dramas finely religious in tone. In England and Holland, and recently in Scotland, the Grail Movement is doing very significant work. This group has introduced choric acting, which exerts extraordinary mass appeal. Grail plays are entirely religious, and yet they attract large mixed audiences. Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" dramatized by the Grail two years ago, was presented at Albert Hall, London, with tremendous success and created a deep impression.

To come nearer home, remarkable work is being done in the United States at the present time. Blackfriars Guild, founded in Washington, D. C., in 1932 by Reverend Urban Nagle, is one of the leaders in the Catholic dramatic renaissance. The Catholic Dramatic Guild of Milkwaukee does admirable service in judging and publishing plays representative of Catholic thought. A Catholic Theatre Conference was held last summer in Chicago under the sponsorship of Emmet Lavery, a representative Catholic playwright and author of the successful play "The First Legion". Father Lord, the great American Jesuit, who has done marvellous work in organizing the Catholic Youth of the United States, is himself a popular dramatist and producer. He puts his biggest ideas and his highest ideals over in the form of drama; for example, instead of talking against Communists last year, he staged a play which put Catholics into action by a vivid representation of OUR weaknesses and the enemies' strength. Anyone who saw "Storm-Tossed" was impressed with the need of Catholics' taking part in social reform. Again, in lighter vein, he showed Catholics their duty in a gay, rollicking set of "Follies" which, nevertheless, caught the conscience of the audience and made them more thoughtful on the matter of the communistic menace.

In Canada there is a great deal of dramatic activity. In a country which has so large a proportion of its population Catholic, naturally the

theatre conforms generally to Catholic standards. It is interesting to note in passing that Margaret Anglin, Canada's leading actress, is doing splendid work in the field of Catholic Action and was awarded the Laetare Medal by Notre Dame University for her outstanding success. Our own Halifax recently made a daring venture and scored a brilliant success in the handling of Father Lord's "Fantasy of the Passion" just a few weeks ago. The vivid impression created by that most original presentation of the age-old theme will not soon be forgotten.

These few illustrations serve to show that within the Church the promise for the stage of the future seems very bright indeed. When a play like "Father Malachy's Miracle" can score such a tremendous success as it did on Broadway just this past winter we can say that at least there is some chance for new horizons on the modern stage. I should not perhaps say new horizons; it might be more correct to call them *Lost Horizons* —lost visions of truth and beauty which once stirred the world and which are now emerging out of the fogs and mists of modern materialism. Let us hope so!

But the forces of evil are still to be reckoned with. In Russia, in Mexico, in Germany today, stage and screen are being utilized as never before for propaganda. No more poisonous instrument has ever been devised against the Christian social structure than these pictures and plays produced by the forces of anti-Christ. One of their cinema experts wrote: "It is by means of the theatre that one charges men with revolutionary explosives as though they were guns. Theatre propaganda clarifies our activities, it opens a road by which we can penetrate the masses, it increases our influence with the people."

Today all believers in God, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, must gather their forces to combat the godless movement which threatens to engulf them. They must rally to the support of all clean and morally sound plays and register publicly their disgust with all that offends morality and belittles our spiritual ideals. Then, and only then may we hope that the stage will bring greater spiritual stimulus as well as mental refreshment to its audience. If the stage succeeds in this we may rest assured that it will be interpreting life and character truly and will be fulfilling its moral responsibility.

The Menace of a Godless Education

LENORE PELHAM, '37.

AS my topic is "The Menace of a Godless Education," I shall first explain what we must understand by education, and second that form of it which is known as godless.

In the words of Pope Pius XI, "Education is the preparation of the soul for God." It consists essentially in preparing man for what he is and for what he must do here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created. Hence it follows that there can be no true education which is not directed to man's last end; and in the present order of things, since God has revealed Himself to us in the Person of His Only Begotten Son, Who alone is "The Way, The Truth, and the Life," there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian.

It is, therefore, of the highest importance to inculcate in the young a Christian spirit. Education makes upon the soul, the first, the strongest, and the most enduring impression for life.

Is religious education for children only? It is a truism that unless religion have the major part in the scheme of education, it will have no part at all; therefore, religious education should not stop with the child. It should be not only the foundation but also the conclusion of the pupil's entire training. In the words of Pope Leo XIII, "It is necessary not only that religious instruction be given to youth at fixed times, but that every subject taught should be permeated with the spirit of Christian piety. If this is wanting, if this sacred atmosphere does not pervade and warm the hearts of masters and scholars alike, little good can be expected from any kind of learning, and considerable harm will often be the consequence.

Never before in the history of the world has there been so much discussion about education. New theories are almost daily being advanced and ardently advocated. Consequently, much confusion results. Since no agreement can be reached, the disputants wish to substitute an entirely new system. Amidst this welter of confusion we find a number of errors:

1. All the old systems, the Christian included must be abolished. Here godless education enters. According to these theorists, "Now that we have cast off the shackles of Mediaevalism, we may go forward."

2. Naturalism is dominating education. This philosophy claims that education consists in developing human nature itself, by developing the powers of nature alone. This is opposed to Christianity which does not understand by nature what these educators mean—merely the life of instinct—but the whole of human nature, spiritual as well as physical, a nature in which the spiritual must rule.

3. From this follows a state of total exclusion of God and of submission to Him.

4. The cult of humanity. Now that God has been done away with, man takes His place. The god in whom we must now hope is humanity. "Be completely yourself," is the slogan.

5. Disbelief in a future world.

How has this new Gospel worked? What is the menace in all this godless education scheme? There have been several serious consequences: materialism and immorality flourish; crime has increased considerably; loss of faith has resulted.

In places where this godless education is in vogue, there are appalling effects upon the lives of the citizens. After all, how can we expect anything else? According to these principles of education, there is only one object in life and that is earthly happiness; and so, if the morality of the Decalogue is abolished, if there be no God, no higher responsibility, no judgment after death, then why should not everybody make his life on earth as pleasant as possible? Why not steal, murder, embezzle, if all this serves to make life happier?

Therefore we find that immodesty flaunts itself unashamed; immorality is increasing amongst all classes; the marriage bond is treated contemptuously and with levity; so much so that a certain judge could speak of it as a jazz, because people dance in and out of it, without any scruple whatever. As for the practice of purity, even among High School pupils, it is, in many places, almost a thing of the past.

In other departments of morality things are no better. Honesty is seldom practised; to take advantage of others is called true worldly wisdom. Bribery, fraud, robbery with violence, and murder infest our cities.

For a great part of modern youth, living life to the full, giving full rein to their desires, is the last meaning of life and this is the result of an education which teaches them a false philosophy and which sends them out to face the world, the flesh, and the devil without teaching them how to discern the wiles of this triple foe, without teaching them how to turn these wiles aside after they are known. It professes to teach our young people something about everything in the world but religion and a code of morals.

As for crime, the attention of the American public was forcibly directed to godless education as a cause of crime and vice as a result of the notorious Leopold-Loeb case. At the trial of these two murderers, Clarence Darrow claimed that they had been taught a philosophy at the University of Chicago which sanctioned immorality and crime. In committing their fiendish crimes they were merely putting into practice the theories taught them. Darrow maintained in his speech, "Your honor, if these boys are guilty, where did they get the philosophy which in their minds seems to justify their crimes? Your honor, it does not meet with my idea of justice to hang a nineteen year old boy for a philosophy which has been taught in practically all the great Universities of this land for the last twenty-five years."

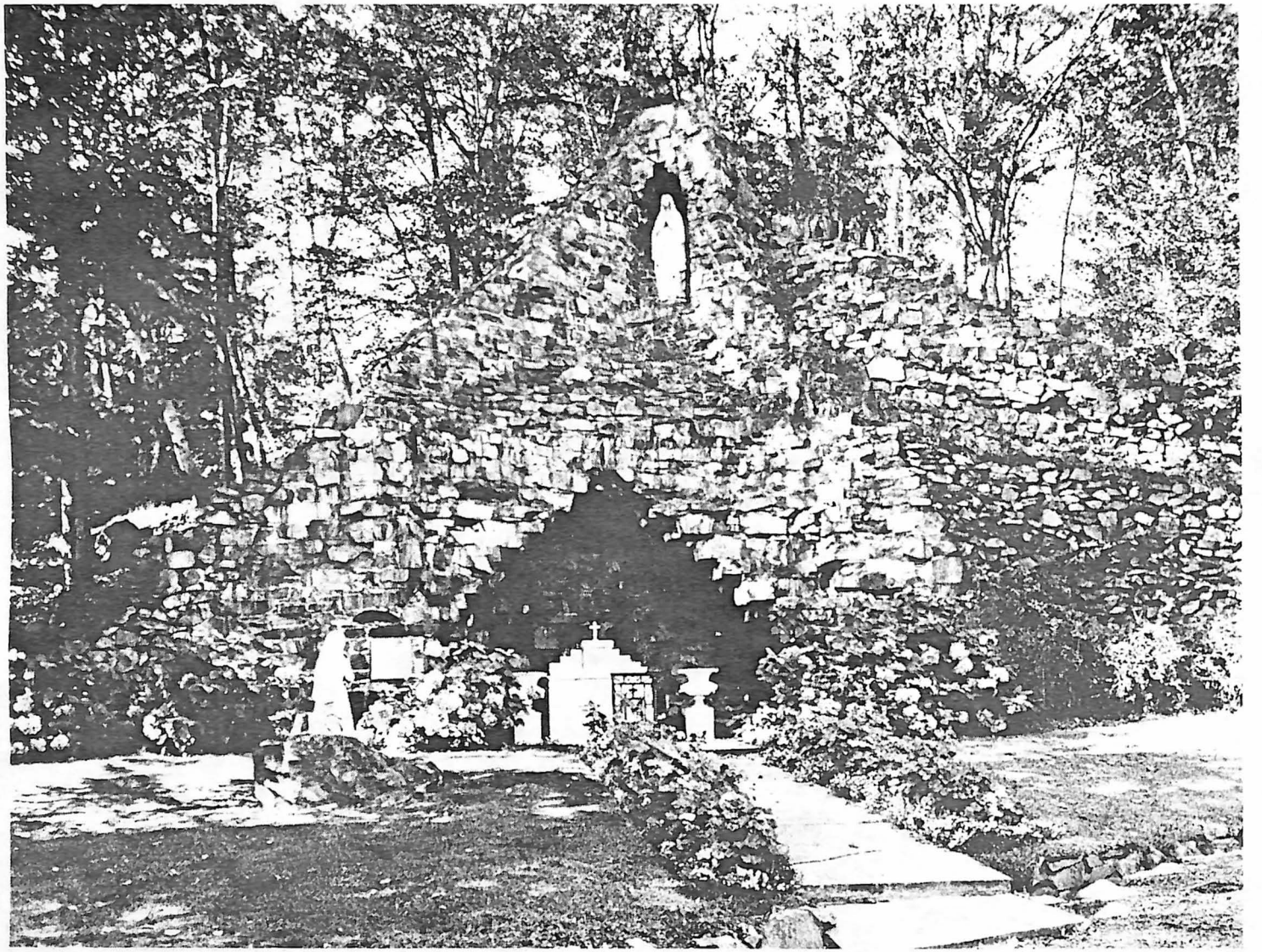
The list of college bred criminals is startling. No wonder Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing told educators that "Criminals springing from our schools and colleges are more brazen, more vicious, and more desperate than ever before in the history of any civilized community." Bluntly, he declared, "There is no moral force in the classroom," and to this he attributed a very large part of the present crime wave.

Any sane Christian society recognizes that a major cause of crime lies in the thoughts and hearts of men. Any Christian society must recognize that an effective cure for crime must include the bringing to bear of the influence of religion on the hearts of men. Any sound thinker must recognize that a type of godless education which destroys religion and moral idealism will continue to breed crime and degradation no matter what improvements or even perfections are wrought in society, from an economic or social standpoint.

The most authentic survey of the manner in which state-supported high schools and colleges are destroying religious faith is that made by Dr. James H. Leuba of Bryn Mawr College. In 1914 he made a detailed investigation which revealed that of the students entering colleges as believers scarcely one-half of them were still believers at Graduation. In 1933 the Doctor made another investigation, the results of which were published in Harper's Magazine in 1934. According to him, in a typically large and progressive university only twenty per cent of the seniors were believers. In another college only five per cent believed in immorality. Here we find an almost complete negation of the religious liberty of parents to instruct their children in the faith. It is certain that at least seventy-five per cent of these children had been taught the existence of God and of immortality at home. Yet godless professors at this college have in fourteen out of fifteen cases effected a complete denial of God.

Dr. Leuba's survey shows that anti-religious education is coming more and more to prevail in the high schools as well as in the colleges. He found that in 1914, eighty per cent of the students enrolling as freshmen in a certain college were believers. In 1933 only forty-two per cent were believers. This would tend to indicate that during the past two decades, anti-religious instruction has been seeping down into the secondary schools from the colleges. It is doubtful whether the Soviet system, under which parents are imprisoned for impressing religious "propaganda" upon their children, is more effective in accomplishing the atheizing of youth. Certainly our system is more subtle and insidious.

We in Canada are apt to lean back contentedly and shrug our shoulders. All this does not apply to us. No? Our educational system is not godless, you may say, meaning that our educators are not atheists. But an educational system that does not take religion into account is godless. It is a well-known fact that religion in the Canadian school system is not given its proper place; that some of our Universities are teaching false and dangerous philosophy. Are we to allow it to continue?



GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES

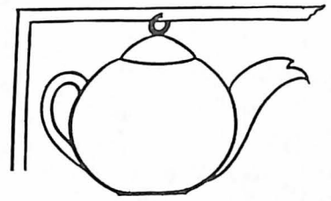
The fact that it exists at all, in no matter how small a degree is a menace and a serious one. Are not the present attempts to make divorce proceedings in our country easier, significant? The truth is that while godless education is a reality in other countries, it is a menace to Canada. If Canada does not awaken to the inevitable results of such a system, she will find herself in the clutches of turmoil and restlessness so common to most of the modern world.

We try to train our young people to become good and useful citizens by a thousand devices. Are we succeeding? We have tried everything else, in the name of common sense why not try religion?

FRESHMAN CLASS

Seated: from left to right: Betty Watling, Wycocomagh, C. B., specializing in Art; Frances Corcoran, a teacher from Kentville, getting her "A"; Frances Devaux, also a special student in Commercial; Marie Davis, Truro, our singer; Lauraine Davis, Halifax, her cousin, Vice-President of the Class; Florence Meagher, Drumhella, Alberta, the attractive, capable class President; Mildred Flanagan, a very popular girl from Maine; Blanche de la Villefromoy from St. Pierre, devoting herself to English; Ida Clark, Clarksville, Hants County, another teacher, doing Provincial work.

Standing: Sylvia Usher, her smile as sunny as her own Bermuda, one of the expert Kappa typists; Mary Daley, from Bangor, Maine, Peggy's sister; Kathleen Devine, Sussex, N. B., a hard-working Commercial; Willa Sawler, Western Shore, Lunenburg County, who with Mary Daley, is an enthusiastic member of the Household Science Department.



HOME ECONOMICS

NAZARETH --- *A Model For Home Economics*

THE hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

What weighty responsibilites rest upon the shoulders of those whose hands "rock" and "rule"; whose hands sculpture and chisel souls! Our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. states: "Education is the preparation of the soul for God"---so that the owners of the guiding hands are also educators. The name, "Mother," is given to these souls, these leaders, these educators, these sculptresses. What a noble, sublime duty is theirs! Well is it said that

"A partnership with God is Motherhood!
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What wisdom, what love, should belong to her
Who helps God fashion an immortal soul!"

Who dares to train in such a noble, lofty vocation? Does anyone? Yes, the Home Economists say, "Let us try. We believe it possible." The latter word, "Economist," suggests the material, the mundane, you think. Perhaps it is from this term that the epithet "Kitchen Mechanics" was coined as applied to students enrolled in these courses. But the word "Home!" What possibilities it conjures up! To make myself clear, let me take you for a moment into that sweet model of all homes—the Holy Home of Nazareth!

Mary, the Mother in the Home, was clothed with flesh and blood; was a living, breathing reality; was fatigued often from her chores; was nourished by food and was refreshed by sleep. Yes, Mary was a reality, —living in a real world just as we. Mary was educated in the Temple. There she learned not only to pray and to study scripture texts but also the art of sewing, of cooking, of ministering to others, of self-effacement, of gentle courtesy, and in general, of lovely womanliness. Visualize Mary, cooking in her kitchen quietly, efficaciously, efficiently, happily, and surely economically, skilled in all the arts that make a home a haven of rest, of beauty, and of love. Look again! See her healing, soothing, tender, and useful hands; hear her kind, low voice. Oh! We could go on and on in endless praise of Mary and the little duties of her life, reproductions of those of our own day, but that would be too great a digression. Suffice to say, in modern parlance, "Mary was skilled in Home Economics."

Do you doubt that the training of future mothers on the model of our Lady can possibly be the goal of Home Economics? I believe it not only

can be, but ought to be the goal of Home Economics in Catholic Colleges. Let us see; what is the primary aim of all education? We quoted above our holy Father's expression of it. In any case, it can be summed up in the great duty of Love. But in order to love we must live, and to live means to be nourished, to be clothed, to be sheltered and to be cared for in health and in sickness.

Where shall the future mother learn these useful arts in the modern world? No longer do girls go to the Temple for their training but to High Schools and Colleges. Here, in the Religion and Academic courses, they are trained to pray, to speak languages, to appreciate the literature and history of their own times and of the past even as Mary was taught the Scripture. But, it is in the Home Economic Courses in which they are taught, as she was, to cook, to sew, to soothe, to heal, to minister to their husbands, their children and their neighbors—in short all the arts and sciences of true home-making.

Now, who shall say that such courses may not be beautifully taught; that they may not impart as true culture as do academic courses; that they may not be designed to train the mind to love truth and beauty and the heart to give forth love? Consider a Clothing Course, no longer bounded by "needle and thread and seam" but introducing the beautiful in color, line and design. What of the course in family Finances? Is this too great a departure from our Lady's home at Nazareth? Can any one doubt that she and Joseph had to think, to plan and often to plan closely? Remember they were flesh and blood like you and me. They were the parents of Him Who "marked the sparrow's fall." Could they have tolerated extravagant or slothful waste? Contemplating the perfect management of their little home, we arrive easily at an appreciation of the possibilities of Home Management in guiding the future Mother along the line of Mary's training.

But Cookery? The preparation of food? Can it be anything else than the task of a "Kitchen Mechanic?" Listen to the words of Ruskin, the great apostle of the Beautiful, in praise of those who are skilled in its art:

"Cookery means the knowledge of Medea and of Circe and of Helen and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs and fruits and balms, and spices, and all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves and savory in meats. It means carefulness and inventiveness and willingness and readiness of appliances. It means the economy of your grandmothers and the science of the modern chemist; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality; in fine, it means that you are to be perfectly and always, ladies—loaf givers."

But "Man does not live by bread alone"—and so, training the future home-maker means inspiring her with high ideals, with love of the gentle art of courtesy, with the strong discipline of cooperation and adjustment of her personality to those of others.

Let us go in spirit once more to Nazareth. It is just after twilight. The evening meal is in progress. Can't you feel the eager interest of each one in the other; the joy of heart reflected on each face and a spirit of tender considerateness for one another which pervades the group? There are no long silences, no spirit of boredom, no restless haste, but all is quiet peace and loving sympathy in the joys and plans of one another.

What is this, but the example of Family Relationships in their most exquisite perfection? The curriculum of Home Economics provides a course in Family Relationships. With the standards of Nazareth as its goal, what a training ground for future homemakers!

And so on, with all the Home Economic courses. Each is bound up so closely with the interests of the human family, body, mind and spirit, that each can and ought (and we hope in a not too far distant day, we can add "does") contribute greatly toward building homes on the model of Nazareth.

In modern society, we find many "multiple" homes, homes on a large scale as the Hospital, or home for the sick; the Orphanage, or the home for the motherless; Home for the Aged; Hotels, homes for travellers; and so on. These too, need women with "minds that think, hearts that love and hands that work." Home Economist says, "I will try" and so our Home Economic Colleges further expand their curriculum and we find them training women to be Teachers, Institutional Mothers or Managers, Dietitians, Extension Workers, Adult Educators.

And what, after all is the task of the Dietitian but that of the Mother of many sick children, perhaps to whose recovery, kindness and loving interest must be coupled with scientific precision in dietary management.

What is the importance of the Teacher Training Course? Its many possibilities are obvious enough from what has gone before.

What is the Hotel, but the Dispenser of Hospitality to the travel-worn; the Haven of Rest and Recreation to those grown tired with many hours of work? Within its walls are many hands, and heads, which must be kept unified in their activities, if order is to be preserved and the atmosphere of the Hotel made to resemble that of the Home. What a task for motherly instincts! I like to think of a Hotel as sheltering the travel and work-worn, as Bethany often sheltered Jesus when He was absent from His Own.

And so it is that the Home Economist, perhaps as yet a Pioneer in the world of Education, looks upon her task as one worthy of her best energies. Her material is the young girl and woman of her own day; her tools are her Faith and her Hope, her Strength and her Skill, and above all, her Ideals; her Means are a sound background of Academic and Scientific Training, and, above all, God's assisting grace. With these she accepts the challenge to try to train for their great vocation, Mothers who,

"In their hearts must ponder and fashion into speech
All the truth that only Love can learn and only Love can teach."

S. M. L.

Two "Old Girls" Correspond

"ANY mail for me today?" asks Mary, as she runs into the bedroom to take off her hat and coat.

"Yes, one letter," answers Blanche.

"Oh, it's postmarked New York!" says Mary, as she opens it. "I wonder who could be writing to me from there?" Then, quickly turning the pages until she arrives at the writer's name, she exclaims: "Oh, it's Sheila MacIntyre! You don't know her, do you? She took her Home Economics course with me at Mount Saint Vincent. We were great friends. Both of us, you know, were interested in child nutrition work. Sheila always had a warm spot in her heart for children and so did I. Shall I read it aloud?"

"Yes, do."

"Well, here it is:"

Dearest Mary,

I want to tell you some good news which I'm sure you'll be as glad to hear as I am to tell. On the second of February, I had the good fortune to be appointed to the dietetic staff of the Rye Nursery School. I've just finished my first two months and oh, Mary, it's such a grand work! I love it, and I'm dying to tell you a few of the many interesting things I have learned there already in this short time.

"What a coincidence!" breaks in Blanche. "Won't Sheila be surprised to know that you will be doing almost the same work this summer?"

"Yes, won't she!" Then, picking up the letter again, Mary read:

In spite of all we had studied about this work, I was surprised to learn first hand just how these schools really do function. We know, of course, that in a Nursery School, only a few of the undernourished young children are taken care of. The ages of our children here range from eighteen months to four years. They are at the Nursery School for lunch only. We know that we cannot take a mother's place, but still we try to approach that as our ideal. Our aim is to give them medical care, well-balanced lunches, regular hours of sleep and play, educational advantages and to provide an atmosphere conducive to happiness, joy and contentment. There are weekly medical examinations, daily inspections for infectious diseases and regular weighing and measuring routine. Provisions are made for the formation of good health habits. The idea is that if the right habits are formed at school, children will carry them into their homes.

In my particular part of the work, the greatest problem is the noon-day lunch. There are bound to be children who dislike certain foods which it is my duty to help them to want, such as eggs, milk, spinach and carrots. Again, there are those who will eat only one food, as milk, bread or

mashed potato. There are a few real food idiosyncracies; but mainly it is a matter of wrong food habits formed at home. Then some children will not eat at all. This is a worse problem. You can't imagine, Mary, what things such little children will think of to try to avoid eating their meals. They will feign sickness, tell you they are choking, and will have a dozen other excuses. Of course, the chief reason is that they're looking for attention and are willing to go hungry to get it. They will be thoroughly cured by a wholesome neglect. Some really cannot eat, because being undernourished so long, their little stomachs haven't a normal capacity and these have to be encouraged little by little back to normalcy. It means a good deal of praying to their Guardian Angels for light to discern between "good and evil", as our Retreat Father used to say.

We have a program designed to make "every child normally hungry for his meals and to teach him to like wholesome foods and to eat each day a meal adequate to cover at least one third of his total daily needs in all the constituents of a normal diet." (Nutrition Work with Children, by Roberts).

The Nursery School is the best laboratory for learning child psychology I have ever seen. In it, one sees the importance played by group influence and it is one of our great aids! Patsy, for example, who won't drink milk for her mother, will drink it here because all the other children do. Children, too, will be encouraged if their tiniest efforts are approved and praised. Perhaps one of the greatest aids in getting children to partake of disliked foods is allowing them to participate in the preparation of such parts of the meal as they are able, such as shelling peas, plating crackers, and helping set the table. The employment of the game spirit in doing the tasks is a great aid in securing their cooperation. If a program of parental education could be carried out to supplement the efforts of the Nursery School, great results might be attained.

Well, Mary, I hope my enthusiasm has not made my letter too long. I need not tell you again how interested I am in my present work, as, when I start to write of it, I just don't know when to stop. Please, Mary dear, write me soon and tell me what you are doing now. I shall enjoy hearing from you so much.

As ever, your friend,

SHEILA.

O Blanche," says Mary, folding her letter, "isn't it grand that Sheila has been so fortunate? And won't she be pleased to hear I, too, have a position at the summer camp this year? I'll write her soon, and tell her all I can about Preventoriums. I hope she will find the information as useful as I'm going to find hers."

"Don't keep delaying then. After such a letter she deserves a prompt reply."

"Yes, I promise myself to do that."

FIVE DAYS LATER

"Now don't scold any more, Blanche. I am really beginning my letter. What I need is a secretary!"

My dear Sheila,

Congratulations! Such a surprise as I had when I received your letter telling me of the good news. I'm so glad, because it is what you wanted, and anyone could tell from your letter how you love it. I know you will be successful too, because you have such interest in the work and you have the personality that is so essential for a position where you are intimately associated with little children. I treasure your letter, and I learned a good deal from it.

Now, I must tell you that I, too, have had the good fortune to obtain a position. I have been appointed dietitian at Rainbow Haven for the coming summer. It is going to be a grand experience for me I think.

You may have heard it said that the results of Preventoriums (as these Health Camps are sometimes called) are only temporary. However, at Rainbow Haven, they try to counteract this in two ways: First, by engaging a trained nutritionist who is required to see that the children are provided with adequate meals and also that they eat them. She must also carry on an educational program in order that the children may know the *why* of what they are doing and will want to continue it at home by interesting their parents if possible. Second, at this summer camp, too, an attempt is made to improve the home environment to receive the children upon their return from Rainbow Haven. Parents are interviewed and these conferences do often have good effects. It may not always be immediate, but the seed sown, often fructifies later.

The meals at Rainbow Haven are already planned in skeleton form. My part will be largely that of seeing that meals are properly cooked and seasoned and attractively served and that the children eat any enjoy them. I hope to be prepared, with some of the helps you gave me in your letter. That idea of praying to the Guardian Angels of the children, I think is splendid; so were all the other practical hints you mentioned. Thanks a thousand times, Sheila.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing what comprises the meals served at Rainbow Haven. I'll enclose a few. The breakfasts for the children served on weekdays consist of a hot cooked cereal with milk and brown sugar; plenty of whole wheat bread and butter; all the milk they want. On Sundays they are served soft boiled eggs and Parkerhouse rolls, with milk, and prunes once a week.

The plan for the dinners is quite fully outlined. Here it is, Sheila:

Sunday

Hot Roast Beef with Gravy
Creamed Potatoes Green Peas
Fresh Fruit Salad or Ice Cream

Monday

Barley Soup Queen of Puddings

Tuesday

Pot Roast With Fresh Vegetables
Milk Pudding or Fresh Fruit

Wednesday

Baked Stuffed Fillets of Cod
Drawn Butter Sauce
Potatoes Creamed Onions
Milk Pudding or Fresh Fruit

Thursday

Cream of Pea Soup
or
Escalloped Dish
Milk Pudding or Fresh Fruit

Friday

Fresh Boiled Salmon (in season)
or
Fresh Halibut Vegetables

Saturday

Yellow-eyed Baked Beans with Pork
Dessert

Now for the suppers. Every fine Sunday they have a picnic supper in the adjacent pasture lot. They pack baskets with peanut butter, marmalade or jam sandwiches; fancy biscuits or bananas. Later the caretaker carries milk cans and mugs. The directors of the camp tell me the children love this. On week nights, a simple supper is served consisting of buttered whole wheat bread, ginger cake, plum loaf or sweet biscuit with a sweet of some kind. Sometimes they have sandwiches; twice a week gelatin dessert; once a week, stewed prunes; and at other times, jam or marmalade.

What do you think of these, Sheila? Oh, yes, and besides their three regular meals, the little ones have a mid-morning lunch of milk and a milk toast biscuit. In the afternoon they are treated to milk or a fruit lunch, dependent upon their dinner dessert. They have candy, but it is never given to them until the afternoon, usually in the afternoon rest hour. They sometimes have candy and peanuts in the evening, around

a bonfire, or on concert nights. The candy is either milk chocolate, lolly-pops, or simple kisses.

Isn't that a well outlined menu, Sheila? Don't you think the little undernourished children who go to Rainbow Haven are very fortunate? And, bless their little hearts, for the most part they need all the good nourishing meals available during their two weeks at this Preventorium.

Oh, yes, and you will be interested in knowing who sponsors this great work. The Halifax Mail and the Halifax Herald—two of Canada's great daily newspapers carry on this worthy project. These papers have defined Rainbow Haven as a "Summer home for the undernourished school children of Halifax and Dartmouth where three hundred children may enjoy two weeks' vacation by the sea, under the supervision of a competent staff. It is located on the Cole Harbor Road—a pleasant twelve mile drive from Dartmouth." It is on the ocean front where the children are able to swim and bathe in the salt spray daily, (and incidentally I'm hoping the Dietitian has the same privilege).

Naturally, I am looking forward to a most pleasant summer. I do hope, Sheila, I shall be as great a success as you. I shall try my best to please those over me, and to do the best I can for the little ones under my special care.

I shall close now, Sheila, and hope to have a reply from you soon. I shall write you often after I begin my work and then I shall be able to tell you more about it.

Wishing you the very best of good luck, and asking for a prayer for my work, I remain,

Lovingly,

Mary.

"Hurrah! Blanche. I've finished! My conscience was bothering me, as I really wanted to write Sheila, and I'm glad it's done at last."

"I'm glad too, Mary. Sheila will appreciate it and will be pleased to know that you have a position for the summer."

"Yes, I think she will." And with that Mary folds and seals the letter, addresses the envelope, and dons her hat and coat to go out and mail it.

VIOLA PRIDE, '38.

CONSUMERS' Buying Problems

N the city of Bagdad, lived Hakeem, the Wise One, and many people went to him for counsel, which he gave freely to all, asking nothing in return.

There came to him a young man, who had spent much, but got little, and said: "Tell me, Wise One, what shall I do to receive the most for that which I spend?"

Hakeem answered, "A thing that is sold or bought has no value unless it contain that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for the Priceless Ingredient."

"But what is this Priceless Ingredient?" asked the young man.

Spoke then the Wise One: "My son, the Priceless Ingredient of every product in the Marketplace is the Honor and Integrity of him who makes it."

* * * * *

Hakeem is no more. But young men and young women, older men and older women too, still ask "How shall we receive the most for that which we spend?" The Priceless Ingredient is still the key to the problem. Does every product on the marketplace contain the Priceless Ingredient? Are buyers educated to recognize its presence or to be alive to its absence in the products they purchase?

Home Economists all over the country are asking themselves these questions, and in response to the need which the (usually negative) answer brings to light, are attempting to educate their students to seek the remedy. How can education in the field of Home Economics aid the needy ones to discover the Priceless Ingredient?

* * * * *

Home Economics has passed three stages of evolution:

At first, it sought to teach students how to do things that had to be done in the home.

In the second stage, it developed into education on "what to use".

Economic conditions and commercial development have brought in the third, (and probably last) stage, namely, "what to buy".

To have a knowledge of what to do and how to do it, what to use and how to use it, is of little avail without a knowledge of this most recent phase, namely, "where to get the necessities" or "what to buy". This the Home Economist studies under the title of "Consumers' Buying Problems".

Who is the Consumer?

Every human being from the time he enters the world, and for as long as he lives, is a consumer. We all need food; we all need shelter; we

all need clothing. We all want every necessity plus every luxury that our purse can afford. Therefore we are all consumers. Manufacturers and retailers, however, think of the woman as the consumer, particularly if they sell food, clothing, drugs, cosmetics, jewelry, furniture and household fittings. They know that eighty-five cents out of every dollar spent are paid out by the woman. Educators realize this, too. That is why the feminine Home Economist is being trained to be an intelligent consumer.

Many factors have contributed to the home-maker's inability to choose wisely. Sales messages via radio, billboards, and press have described both good and bad products in equally glowing terms. There was a time when these purchasing activities of the wife and mother were comparatively simple. She knew where to go for the things she needed—the places to choose from were so few. She knew the merchant who carried the best quality in each line and she knew the right price to pay. Today, new inventions have created new products and new products present new problems for the consumer-buyer. Buyers can not judge the goods produced today according to old methods—pinch the tomatoes, sniff the butter, and rub the cloth. Producers have out-smarted the consumer. Not one in ten people can tell real from synthetic silks in hosiery. Trial and error method is time-consuming, wasteful and expensive. Lack of equipment and knowledge on the part of the consumer make scientific investigation impossible.

Products are not sold today in their original state. Manufacturing processes change the raw materials into usable merchandise. Since the customer cannot know the qualities of every item that goes into this manufacturing process, and since she does not deal with the manufacturer but with the retail merchant, one of her chief considerations in wise buying is to choose a store with a reputation for honesty and integrity. Two sources of information for the ordinary consumer-buyer are: the sales force and advertising. How far can they be relied upon as a guide to wise buying?

The traditional technique of the sales person is based upon persuasion, and it stands to reason that handling the variety of products that he does, he could not be fully informed on each and every item. It is, therefore, the business of the consumer-buyer to know what quality to expect for the money she is willing to expend.

Advertising, an important aid in modern production, may or may not serve as an aid to the consumer. It does not always give the information needed to buy intelligently. There are various reasons for this. First—without a testing laboratory, the dealer himself may be poorly informed regarding the merits or demerits of his produce. Second—There is a great lack of uniformity in the use of descriptive terms. Third—Sometimes the manufacturer does not want the exact composition of the commodity known.

Brand names and trademarks are inseparable from advertising. The function of these brands and trademarks is merely identification. A brand

may be defined as a distinctive trade name or it could be described as: a word, a mark, an emblem, a sign, a figure, or a combination of these for the purpose of designating the goods of a particular producer or group of producers. A trademark is a brand that has been registered. Usually there is the assumption that any goods bearing a trademark is of superior quality. This is not correct, since testing and inspection for quality are not necessary for the adoption of a trademark. There is another reason why a trademark or brand does not insure quality. Anyone who is interested enough to investigate will learn that identical products of a single canning factory may be labelled with the brands of several different distributing plants.

Guarantees are statements which can be interpreted to mean that the producer assumes a certain responsibility. Just how much is not always clear. Some of the statements of guarantees are: "Guaranteed High Quality", "Guaranteed Complete Satisfaction", etc. "Guaranteed all wool" does not tell the quality of the wool. "Pre-shrunk" or "Super-shrunk" does not mean that the garment will not shrink any more—it simply means that it has been subjected to a shrinking process. Many unwise and perhaps sad experiences have demonstrated the need for consumer education.

An old Roman slogan used to read, "Let the Buyer Beware". Perhaps with educated consumer-buyers a modern slogan, "Let the Seller Beware", would be more appropriate. When the values and evaluations of producers and consumer begin to approach each other; in other words, when the producer begins to realize that he is catering to an educated public which will not pay high-grade prices for low or average products we may see a return of the golden age in the consumer-buyers' history and every product in the market-place will contain the Priceless Ingredient.

S. M. C.

Songs I'd Like to Sing

I'd like to sing to my heart's delight
For those who cannot see,
That they might grasp one ray of light
From a friendly melody.
I'd like to sing a word of cheer

To those now far away
From the joys of life, that they might share
Some happiness each day.

I'd like to sing to the troubled soul
A song that would cause a smile.
When this I've done, I've reached my goal:
I've sung the songs worth while.

MARIE DAVIS, '41.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

After going down to the gymnasium many times to play basket-ball and fence we all decided that we should have some system to regulate our sports. We then began to make plans for an "Athletic Association". We got all the girls together and elected officers for the year 1937-38. The results were as follows:

President..... Dorothy Ann Murray
Vice-President.....Margaret Barron
Secretary..... Agnes O'Donnell

The Association is one of the most active organizations of the College and with its formation many members were enrolled. At the monthly meetings, attended by a very enthusiastic group, all the activities for the month are discussed.

Some hard fought contests took place in the gymnasium where basket-ball is played regularly every Wednesday night. One of the most interesting games of the season was played between the College and Academy on March 18th. It was a night of great excitement; both teams were very eager for victory. It was a fast moving game with many splendid passes on the part of our opponents, who carried away the game with a score of 30-10.

Basket-Ball Team

Center.....Catherine Kelley
Side Center.....Martha McCafferty
Right Forward..... Dorothy Ann Murray
Left Forward.....Patricia Dwyer (Captain)
Right Guard.....Agnes O'Donnell
Left Guard.....Margaret Barron

The early arrival of Jack Frost provided us with a field of glittering ice. The skating season was fortunately quite long and many nights of moonlight skating were enjoyed. This sport is always one of the most popular. But with the heavy snow, tobogganing and skiing were the principal out-door attractions. These two sports provided not only some thrilling moments but the opportunity to display new ski suits.

Another of the interesting activities of the Association is hiking. One of our hikes took place one sunny winter's day on the very extensive and beautiful Mount grounds. The hikers started out in the morning, cooked their dinner in the open, and returned only in time for supper after a day of many interesting and enjoyable experiences.

The fencing class attracted quite a few who wished to enjoy this type of fun. This sport improves the posture and agility and insures greater poise and gracefulness. Badminton is also one of the favorite activities of the winter season. There is a great deal of competition in this field. Here's hoping we shall do more and bigger things next year.

DOROTHY ANN MURRAY, '39.

SECRETARIAL SCIENCE

Personality in the Office

THE popular meaning of the word "personality" has diverged from its philosophical meaning. In Philosophy, personality is that quality which makes a man stand alone as the last responsible agent for his actions. But the term generally is used rather loosely to mean a sum total of all our characteristics, something which distinguishes us from others and attracts them to us. It is with this latter use of "personality" that we shall deal here.

Actual records show that success in the business world depends 15% on academic attainment and 85% on personality. This is as it should be, considering the importance of personality. Thus, an employer has the right to expect, along with typewriting and shorthand skill, the fundamental quality of a personality which maintains pleasant relations with the staff and with the clients of the firm.

It is very comforting to know that personalities are made not born; but before we can mould our personality, we must have a model. We must decide what qualities we admire; then we must study ourselves, and list our qualities as assets or as liabilities. These liabilities must be cleared away and the assets must be enhanced. The sky scraper takes up no more space than the shack, but it is the result of planning and work.

I would list *initiative* as one of the first qualities that the secretary should endeavor to acquire. Initiative is that self reliance or energy which makes us ready to dare new undertakings, to be willing and anxious to act. It makes us go ahead and do the right thing without waiting for suggestions from others. In order to use our initiative well, we must, of course, be prudent and cautious; but at the same time, we must be sure that fear is not masquerading as caution. Initiative is well illustrated by the boy who found the ten dollar bill and had it changed before returning it to the owner. "But the money I lost was a single bill", said the man. "Yes, I know", said the boy, "but I had it changed so it would be easy for you to give me my reward." The boy was entitled to the reward, but he showed initiative in securing it.

Another quality which is, I think, very important in building up personality, is *honor*. "Honor is paid up insurance against destructive temptation." Perhaps the best test of honor in the secretary is the keep-

ing of professional secrets. Cases have been discovered where the chatting tongue of a stenographer has cost the company thousands of dollars. If the stenographer does not think the business sacred enough to keep to herself, the person in whom she confides is not likely to cherish it either. Closely related to honor is *honesty*. Keeping appointments on the dot, returning borrowed goods on time and in good condition, telling no lies—not even "little white ones",—making correct change, not wasting time or supplies, are signs of honesty in the office employee.

Another important element in skyscraper personality is *enthusiasm*. Enthusiasm keeps "pep" in circulation; indifference dries it up. Those who laugh heartily, love deeply, work cheerfully, and sleep soundly, miss but little. Enthusiasm in the office is shown by taking a hearty interest in every detail of the work and by exerting good will in eagerness to make things right. To scheme on how to get by, yet at the same time to stay within the shell of selfishness, will expel enthusiasm and leave personality dry. Enthusiastic people thrive on hard work. On the other hand, self-pity is a deadly disease, eating away enthusiasm. To make work profitable, interesting, and valuable, one must be out of all kinds of ruts with feet on normal ground level. A manager of a very successful life insurance agency says that a rut is only a grave—with the ends knocked out for breathing space—of those who bury themselves alive.

To the above group of qualities I would add *poise*, by which is meant not merely dignity of carriage but mental balance, the sort of thing to which Kipling referred in the lines,

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you," etc.

It has a stabilizing effect on the staff: as has also even merely physical poise. In the office, everybody breathes slowly until Stumbling Sally has her desk open and has jerked her typewriter into battle order. Nerves are not frayed by the well-poised lady, who sits easily and naturally, without squirming and twisting. The squirmers would do well to remember that people have been known to sprain their ankles sitting in their arm-chairs.

Another important item in the personality of an office is *dress*, which reflects personality and taste. The wise stenographer realizes that the office is not a place to show off afternoon dresses. Style supplements grace—too much style will displace it.

To her fellow workers, the most desirable quality of personality in a secretary is a *sense of humor*. People who are constantly working together under the strain and pressure of office routine very often suffer from nervous conditions. A sense of humor is the best upholstery against the hard knocks of life. Humor has shattered the tenseness of many a taut situation, while laughter is a good outlet for pent-up emotions. Personal worries should be forgotten at the office. "Uneasy lies the head that wears

a frown." The secretary should think well of everybody in the office and not hesitate to apologize if she has unintentionally hurt some one.

An old-time country school teacher classified humanity as "workers, jerkers, and shirkers." The first group included the enthusiastic hustlers; the second, the quick promisers and slow payers who are "everything by starts and nothing for long"; and the last group numbered those not included in the other two. The school teacher did not consider these last-named worth discussing. Employers could probably make the same classification.

DORIS DYER, '38.

An Efficient Stenographer's Tryout

AN efficient stenographer steps across the threshold of her new life. In her trim black and white suit she stands against the stately rows of desks and chairs. Ah! but her steps that were so firm upon entering the outer door have become mere echoes of that self-assurance. Her head that was thrown back in an "I conquer the world" manner is held a bit lower; her hands that rested so composedly by her side begin to clutch nervously at her pocketbook (as if she didn't know that it was empty) and then proceed to dissect Aunt Bedelia's linen hanky.

"Where is everyone?" She tiptoes over to the little desk in the far corner and timidly raises the typewriter cover, for one never can tell where a mouse may sometimes hide. Her eyes dart over the equipment on the desk and linger thankfully on a small eraser. "Mmmm—that won't last long. My, this weather just simply takes the good out of a person," and she drops into the nearest chair, whereupon the back tips and she is twirled off her feet and left in a very precarious position in a swivel chair. "I can see how an office can be considered a playground. Where did I hear that office work is just like play?"

Bang! Miss Commercial rises quickly from her merry-go-round and flicks a few specks of dust from the books on top of the desk as—the office dog walks in. Bow! Wow! says Rover as, with head and tail high, he marches through each office. He stops for a second before Miss Commercial, looks at her with a disdainful air, and continues his padded sentry duty. "Be courteous and friendly to office help." Well, it won't hurt to practise on the dog. "Nice Doggie!" Miss Comercial holds the screen door open as Rover haughtily passes through, and looks up to find The Big Chief walking in.

"Good morning, sir."

"Huh! Oh, G'mornin". (Some words are very short).

Then the clock strikes nine and the office is literally swarming with people of all ages and descriptions, each intent on his or her own work.

Finally, Mr. Courteous, Miss Commercial's employer, arrives and beckons her gently to take some dictation. It is marvellous how fast a man can talk (and they say women are the talkers.) Gradually Miss Commercial's pencil controls its uneven bobbing, and the shorthand outlines emerge fine and strong, but several times the pencil hovers as if to take flight if the brain fails to remember a brief form.

After the twenty-fifth letter the manager smiles and says that he THINKS that will end the dictation for JUST NOW. "By the way, Miss Commercial, can you cut stencils?" Familiar ground at last, that word "stencil." How glad she is that she has made stencils at College. "Yes, Sir, I have typed stencils; but, of course, the ones I have always used fitted the machine, I didn't have to cut them." The poor man is overcome by an unexpected coughing spell. Miss Commercial says to herself, "A cold is so dangerous this time of year, I must have great patience with him." Miss Commercial can't know everything,—who would expect that "cutting" a stencil means typing it?

Quickly she rolls in her carbon and letterhead and she's off—BUT "Miss Commercial, won't you have a chocolate? I am Miss Sociable, I knew you were coming today. I hope you will like it here. Miss Forgot-to will look after you. She is now talking, (I call it shouting,) to Miss Prim, and the young lady waiting to get a word with Miss Prim, or perhaps not exactly waiting, is Miss Tardy. Tommy Newsreel is the boy chewing gum, and looking out the window is Mr. Figuredaze, and behind the glass door is Big Chief Thundercloud."

"Thank you, Miss Sociable, I am sure I shall like working here." Bending over the queer wavy lines in her notebook, she bemoans the fact that everyone else in the office writes Pitman. "Haw! Haw!" Mr. Bore proceeds to relate the latest fish story, for the second time that day. And then Ting-a-Ling! "Oh, the telephone, and there isn't a soul in sight. Please won't somebody answer that phone? Oh, Dear . . . . Hello, Good morning, Hop and Gofetchit, Accountants."

At 12 o'clock Miss Commercial starts home for dinner. Under her arm, slipping and sliding in all directions she carries two hundred circulars which can be conveniently dropped into the post office on her way.

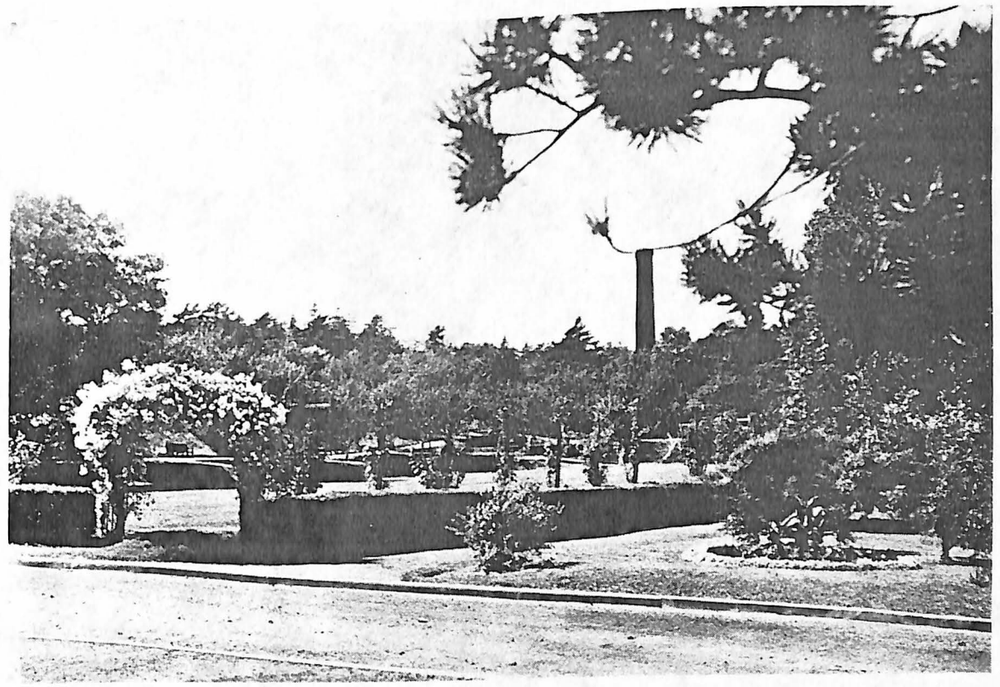
"Yoo-hoo, I heard that you have a new job. Isn't that just too lovely? Congratulations!"

"Yes, Mrs. Busybody." Will some people ever learn to say the right thing at the right time? What I need is Condolence! not Congratulations!

The next day Miss Commercial breezes into the office five minutes early, efficiently straightens a chair and desk on the way, proudly cleans her typewriter, deftly places a few letters in the files and calls Mr. Grump about a business meeting. She has a cheery "Good morning," accompanied by a friendly smile, as each of her co-workers is on the dot of nine. Rover faithfully follows her on her little duties, hoping for another gentle pat.

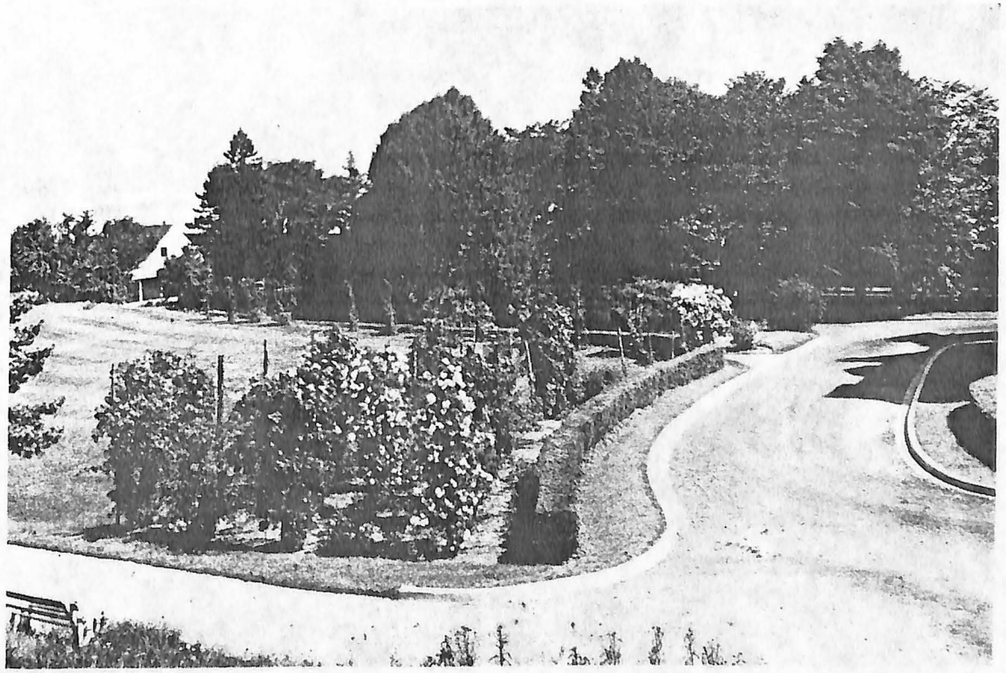
One day of discouragement is cleared by the brightening rays of a successful future.

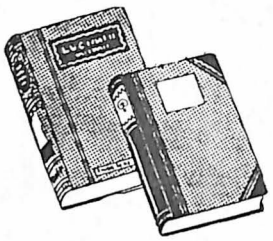
LILLIAN WAGSTAFF, '39.



ROSE GARDENS

NORTH CAMPUS





LIBRARY NOTES

EVEN as a little girl in the Academy, I was always proud of the Mount Library with its beautiful glass doors, attractive furnishings, and suitable decorations. Most of all I was proud of the many bookcases filled with books. But then I did not know much about Libraries! It was not until this year when I started to take a library science course that I really began to appreciate the Library. One of the first things that we studied was the Ideal Library and almost at once I began to compare our Library with the Ideal Library described in the text. How pleased I was to find that I had not been idealizing ours, but that it measures up gratifyingly to the Ideal Library of its kind.

What is it that makes the Mount Library ideal? Is it the room itself, easily accessible, with its many windows and glass doors, its comfortable oak tables and chairs, the light walls and woodwork, the mirror, the pictures, the busts, the bulletin board, the magazine stands or the books? Yes, it is all of these things and something more; it is the atmosphere achieved in the arrangement of this library equipment that makes the library complete and ideal. Immediately upon entering it, the friendly atmosphere and the attractive setting invite one to stay and enjoy its treasures.

The library of today is no longer a storehouse of books and a conserver of knowledge, but realizing its true destiny, it reaches out and invites all to come and make use of it. In our library, open shelves give us free access to all the books. These are classified according to the Dewey Decimal system. This is a system of book classification used in about 80% of College libraries, devised by Melvil Dewey, who was very active in founding the American Library Association. The books are divided into ten main classes and then again by tens into subclasses. Because of the decimal system, the numbers are never exhausted and new books can always be added.

In the arrangement of the books, according to this classification, those that treat of the same subjects are placed by each other and those closely related are placed near. All general works are in the first or zero class, Philosophy is 100, Religion 200, Sociology 300, Philology 400, Natural Science 500, Useful Arts 600, Fine Arts 700, Literature 800, History 900 —presenting the gradual development of man's interest from the abstract topics of Philosophy and Religion, to man's relation to others in society; his means of communication with them through language; his knowledge of the world about him in pure science; and in its application in the useful

arts, in fine arts and literature, and lastly the history of all his past experiences.

The cases in our library, occupying every available wall space, are filled with books arranged according to the Dewey Decimal classification. In the right corner of the library we find the general books, then the Philosophy and Religion books and we follow the cases until we are back again by the Librarian's desk, before a case that contains books of English Essays; but this does not complete our classification because it does not include books of foreign languages, History or Geography. We look for the rest of our collection in the cases that are placed down the center of the room. Besides these cases, there are three magazine stands, a pamphlet file, and our special Chesterton Collection placed near the Librarian's desk.

Our space is limited, but the books now number 15,000, a good collection for a thirteen year old college; some famous institutions have progressed more slowly. A collection of 20,000 constitutes a large library, and we are well on our way to the goal. Doesn't our expansion give you visions of a brand span new library building on "Mother General's lawn"?

Already our library is expanding, and two recent additions are the public Lending Library at Le Gras Cottage and the library science room for the use of the library science students. The library at the cottage was opened last May and already the accession book lists sixteen hundred volumes, which include children's books, a boys' section and a girls', fiction, biographies, history, travel, economic and scientific books, so that the demands of every reader are filled. A gratifying number of best-sellers in both fiction and non-fiction continue to be put into circulation.

At the opening of the Lending Library, students and friends were very generous in donating books and helping with the new undertaking. Now after a year of successful functioning, the library is still improving, and the number of borrowers increasing; but as the fee for books is very small and the magazines are let out free of charge, the librarian still depends on the generosity of friends to continue the project.

For the sake of those who say, "Anyone can become a librarian if she browses about a library for a time" I would like to tell about our library science course. As yet the class is offered as an elective and the training that we receive fits us for any general library work. We have the advantage of studying the functioning of the main library and have an opportunity for excellent practical work in preparing the books for the lending library and in taking our turn during library hours; thus we learn to cooperate with the clients and acquaint ourselves with their needs.

Our library science class room was ready for our use in December. The room is convenient and attractive, furnished with cases, a large table, desks and chairs in oak. It contains all the library science reference and text books and the other necessities used in the preparation of books. In their preparation, the books must be thoroughly examined, checked, marked and recorded. The library science student is instructed in the intricacies of cataloging and filing. By learning to appraise and place the volumes, she widens her education and her knowledge of books.

We know that this year all the book-lovers will miss Margaret Cumming's Kappa Book Reviews. Owing to the pressure of extra Curricular and other college activities, the book reviews have been neglected this year. All we can say is that many of the newest and best books are being placed on the shelves, and that we promise a book report for next year.

AGNES O'DONNELL, '39.

Aspects of Librarianship

PERHAPS the question most often asked by the eager young student as she completes the last assignments requisite for the obtaining of a B.A. degree is, "That is done. Now, what next?" We answer with all sincerity and assurance that one of the best things to do is to take a librarian's course which will enable the graduate to fulfil all her desires regarding the humanity of her life work and the opportunity for development and expansion that this work will give. Of course, it is not possible in a short summary to give all the reasons why we consider library work one of the most attractive fields open to the intelligent youth of today, but at least a few of the more prominent will be brought to the reader's attention.

We Canadians look about us at the young students who, like ourselves, are leaving college. We see many of them, if not the great majority, entering the teaching profession, after the proper preparation. Or perhaps they decide they can still be that "efficient stenographer." But the fact remains that there are only a certain number of children to be educated, and these seem to be amply provided for; and that there are only a certain number of business men looking for stenographers, while here the rush of applicants for any one position seems to justify the opinion that the ranks are pretty full. But what of library work in Canada? Is every man, woman, and child in Canada doing all the reading that he or she should? Has every town in Canada a public library? As a result of the "Biennial Survey of Libraries" in Canada in 1936 we have the following figures. Canada expends eighteen cents per capita in library materials, in comparison with an expenditure in the United States of thirty-eight cents per capita. Ontario leads the provinces in book circulation with four books per capita, while less than four per cent of the urban population is without library service. However, in Nova Scotia this figure rises to include forty-eight per cent of the population. Evidently much is yet to be desired in the spread of the library movement here. But the day will come when such a movement will take place, especially when it is realized that with our complex city life, the opportunities for primary contacts have been gradually lessened, and so reading is one of the best ways to know others. When that time has come, and it is coming, and more libraries will have been built, there will be need of more trained librarians than we can supply at the present time.

The first question which naturally arises is whether a librarian's work may be considered professional and what is her position compared with that of a teacher. Inasmuch as this work requires a certain period of intensive preparation and study in work that is not merely mechanical, and is disinterested service for others for which the monetary returns do not bear a relation to the service rendered, library work is professional. Now let us consider for a moment the second part of the question.

It is a well known fact that education during the past twenty years has undergone radical changes. Gone are the days of memorized history dates. One does not any longer consider the teacher a "walking encyclopedia"; but books and their comparison are utilized on the road to truth and knowledge. Individual study is encouraged and it is to the library that the student must come seeking information. Thus the librarian who serves in a college library might be said to be in an even superior position to the instructor in his avowed purpose, i.e. to teach the student to realize as many of his possibilities in life as he is able. In the library with the skilled librarian the student is not shy to confess his ignorance and so the librarian may aid him by selecting the proper books, and at the same time help to establish the correct focus on life which may have been distorted by some too personally slanted instruction. Moreover, under her direction, the library user may be trained to recognize and distinguish opinion, fact, and propaganda, and to use books as a walking stick in life rather than a cane or a crutch. A student who has learned the proper use of books "made by God," in the words of Milton, is well on the way to being a useful citizen.

This same work may be carried on in a public library, to an even greater degree, as that institution has been called the "poor man's college." Here an ordinary unskilled person would certainly be a greater menace than a benefit, since she would drive away by her inadequacy many new converts to the lure of reading. Surely there can be no doubt as to the part a conscientious and skilled library worker can play in the reconstruction of society. It is interesting, incidentally, to note that the present Pope, after teaching for five years, found that this work did not interest him, and he took over a position on the staff of the famous Ambrosian Library in Milan. Here his accomplishments as a linguist were of invaluable aid to scholars. Brother David, C.S.C. Librarian, University of Portland, writes, "His interest in library work and scholarly enterprises generally has made the Holy Father particularly sensitive to the great need of education."

Now we find ourselves confronted with another problem. Do the requirements for the position and its drawbacks overbalance the compensations?

Formerly the prime requirement for librarianship was nothing but a love of books; but today, with the increased specialization in the library, one must know much more than how to arrange books. One must make them a living issue. Fargo lists the following natural traits as necessary for the would-be librarian: Organizing ability, vitality, enthusiasm, re-

sourcefulness, initiative, humour, a love for books and a liking for people. In addition, one must have cultivated certain technical skills, which include everything from the knowledge of how a library should be furnished to how the books should be arranged on the shelves. One must know how books should be classified and catalogued (record kept of works under author, title, subject), so that the greatest service may be given to the reader of the present and future. All libraries demand that their employees have a vast knowledge of literature and many of them seek a working knowledge of two or three foreign languages. This aspect of librarianship is one that is not fully appreciated. This work is one wherein every atom of natural endowment, plus a vast acquired knowledge, may be used. In the words of W. P. Lucker of San Francisco, "Librarians must be statesmen to do the job successfully!"

What are the compensations for this work which *appears* to many to be nothing but monotonous routine? Generally the rewards may be said to be three.

First of all, the librarian realizes that she is a power in the community. As some one has said, hers is the duty of "extracting the hoarded thinking of humanity"—and this extracted knowledge she is privileged to pass on to the public who frequent the library. Here artificial social barriers are broken down and she finds that the service which she is capable of rendering, becomes fascinatingly diversified. How many reveal to the librarian their innermost thoughts and feeling by so small a thing as asking for a book. Here come the rich and the poor, the healthy and the sick, the philosopher and the novel reader, the student and the ignoramus, and indeed, all those who seek entertainment, thought to be turned to more thought, or information to be utilized. The librarian may help to supply adventure for prosaic lives, travel for those who cannot afford to travel, or romance for one who has been denied it, merely by helping in the choice of recreational reading for her clients. Different, perhaps more varied, are the results of serving the cultivated members of the community. It is important to note in this connection that though the professional skill of these readers is far wider than that of the librarian herself, yet, without her aid, many an expert would not receive the full benefit of the library in supplementing his own knowledge.

Secondly, through these associations the librarian, or circulating assistant in the larger libraries, is afforded an excellent opportunity for self- development. Through daily contact with her diversified clientele her outlook on life is broadened, her knowledge of human nature deepened, and her desire to know ever more in order to be of greater assistance, prevents any mental stagnation. Indeed she may even discover some special line of work with an appeal so strong that she will gladly spend her leisure pursuing it. For her truly "All experience is an arch where thro' Gleams the yet untravell'd world".

Lastly we may mention the mutual friendships with fellow workers, based on a community of interest, perhaps on a common taste for books or for people.. "Such friendships often wear better than older ones founded

upon tradition and social connections—because the underlying motive is deeper and grows *more*, rather than *less*, binding as time passes."

We hope that we have made you realize to some extent, first, that the position of a librarian is not, as many wrongly suppose, one of a bookworm, nor that of a specialized clerk dispensing commodities, but a vast power in the cultural development of any community; and secondly that the library is a place where one may acquire a wealth of ideas and experiences which will add so immensely to the joy of living. How many will be pioneers in this phase of the movement to bring education to the masses?

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, '39.

HOW'S YOUR PROFILE?

EVEN your best friend won't tell you. The only way you can be sure is to have your picture taken, and a good excuse for having your picture taken is to go to college and graduate. Take me for instance, ignorance was bliss until the photographer showed me the indisputable truth.

When I trailed into the studio, head emerging from a confusion of cap, gown and hood, I knew the photographer would realize his opportunity—of course, I didn't tell him so in so many words. Then, hair combed for the tenth and last time, I ventured bravely into the "set".

Wouldn't it be frightfully embarrassing if the photographer had been one of those Wells' inventors with a mind-reading X-ray instead of a camera? Feature a total stranger knowing that you were thinking something like this: . . . . Is my cap straight? . . . . Now how was it I was going to hold my mouth? . . . .Those blinding lights and that grotesque machine . . . . Now I know just what an amoeba feels like on a microscope . . . . Why does he take so many from that angle? I rather like my profile . . . . Aren't those smart socks he's wearing?

Well, we got them—the proofs, I mean. From an impersonal point of view they might have been funny, but from the victim's point of view—well, the truth hurts. Anyway there must be some mistake. I distinctly remember combing that curl and besides I never smile like that.—Anyway, my cap was straight.

But what hurt most was that our friends liked them. It's pretty bad when the photographer does a trick like that, but when your friends confirm it—it's time to give up the ghost. However, having looked at them with every member of the family, college and faculty and in between times, I felt that maybe they weren't too bad, in fact I trudged into the photographer and ordered a dozen, no less—At least I've found a use for relatives. And then, my teeth did photograph well and those dissipation puffs can be touched up. I hope. I hope. I hope.

DONALDA KELLEY and DORIS DYER, '38.

The Point of View

Daughter to Friend

Dearest Peggy,

Can you ever forgive me? I am submerged with sorrow for not writing last week, but Mother and Dad paid a short visit to Halifax and for once in her life darling daughter went to town, not once but every day! I became quite a celebrity around these parts. I'm peddling autographs now. The parents aren't too bad at times, are they? I got the cutest hat—it goes in there and comes out here and altogether it's too, too stunning.

They came out to the Mount every day after classes. The Sisters were marvellous to them. They brought 'em everywhere—even to the "brand new suite!" I've been here over six months and still haven't made it; on the first day they're given the keys to the city. Tain't no justice! Of course, I'd probably manage to break a leg off something or other in the suite, but nevertheless!.

The first time Mother saw me I practically died of shame. She said, "Good gracious, child, take the hair out of your eyes, you look like a Pomeranian;" Oh, Peggy, only you can understand the absolute degradation which overwhelmed me. The girls told me I looked like Louise Rainer in my new hair-do. I was simply mortified. I was self-conscious and unsure of myself all the time they were here. Mother is a dear, but she does make me feel such a child. I've just realized what a relief it is to do things the way I think best, not what Mother thinks best. Parents are so unreasonable, aren't they? They send you to college to learn to stand on your own feet, yet in doing so you trip over theirs.

Poor Mother's eyebrows nearly shot off when she caught sight of my hands. I've been down in the Lab working with dyes, and well—I made a thorough job of it. It was such fun! Dad's all right, but Mother gets the queerest notions. She's horrified at the idea of my "fooling around" with chemicals. She thinks we take a handful of stuff out of any bottle, heat it, and wait for the explosion. In her opinion it's entirely due to her prayers that I'm not poisoned or blown up.

The second day of their visit I was presented with a good-sized package. My thanks were profuse until I opened it. Pills, capsules, tonics,—say, I could start a dispensary!

I managed to switch the conversation around to an increase of allowance very tactfully. (You know what a diplomat I can be with regard to pecuniary matters.) That little theme has been running through all my letters of late, and I thought that if they really understood the high cost of living down here they'd loosen up. Dad set me up with the plutocrats

by a generous gift, but informed me I would have to lower my standard of living.

I'm off to Glee Club now. Wouldn't miss it for the world. Besides singing we have a play presented by different girls each time—and then refreshments; but pardon me, you wouldn't be interested in such a grossly materialistic subject.

I've so much to do that I'm simply harassed. I'm in a play and I'm so nervous that my voice can't be heard above my teeth chattering and my knees knocking. Just tortured, that's what I am. And I must sing! Alas, cruel fate!

Ever thine,

Sally.

Mother to Grandmother

Dear Mother,

Ever since I acted on your advice and sent Sally to the Mount, I have doubted the wisdom of my choice. However, I succeeded in persuading Peter to take a short holiday and we motored to Halifax to see if and how she was getting on. Naturally we didn't pretend to Sally that she was the "business" which made it so necessary to visit Halifax. I'm certainly not a coddling mother, but the idea of her being so far from home, in a place where she knew nobody, bothered me a good deal.

Do you realize that poor Sally must be up at six o'clock in the morning! Why, it is practically the middle of the night! I can't understand why she does not have a nervous breakdown or something. Of course, she goes to bed early, but six o'clock is six o'clock, and in the morning, too. Still, I must admit she never looked better.

And another thing—that poor child has to walk four flights of stairs to her bedroom! I told Sister that in spite of her apparent robustness, Sally really was not strong and asked if she might use the elevator. Sister laughed and said that after sitting in classes all day the exercise did them good, and after all, the girls were not even middle-aged! To be quite truthful, I felt rather ashamed of myself. I try so hard not to be a doting parent, but Sally is so precious to me.

Obedience was never one of Sally's dominant virtues, but it is amazing the way she dashes to and fro when the bells ring—which they do constantly, by the way; really I think the child is a genius to distinguish them.

I was really distressed to see a horrid pimple marring Sally's lovely complexion. I tried to force pills and other remedies on her, but Sister told me that there was a direct relation between the receipt of her allowance and the blemishes. She'll soon learn to spend more wisely, I hope.

She is very funny, really, the way she tries to impress us with her knowledge. She thinks she knows such a lot. You'd laugh at Peter "taking her down a peg." She has been at the Mount for only a short

while, yet the way she stalks around you'd think she had been there all her life. She is completely at home. I can't understand it. You know I would be upset if Sally did not like it there and was very homesick, but I believe I am a little bit hurt because she is so content. I wonder if you felt the same way about me when I went away to boarding school. I guess we mothers are all the same, aren't we?

Sally sends all sorts of ridiculous and loving messages to her "Granny".

Your loving daughter,

Margaret.

Father to Brother

Dear Jim,

Heard you were thinking of college for Joan. Why not the Mount with Sally? The wife and I are just home from a visit there. That child's having the time of her life. Working hard? Sure, but Sally is showing the stuff she's made of, and will come out a winner! Of course, she doesn't know anyone in town, which is probably just as well, for Sally isn't above a little cadging if there is a week-end in the offing. She has taken up knitting now,—all the youngsters are doing it, and Sally is making me a sweater. Pretty nice, too. Not every father has a daughter who knits him something he really doesn't mind wearing.

Margaret was quite disturbed at "poor Sally" getting up in the morning. Personally I think it is a good idea. Of course I didn't mention it; one has to be diplomatic about such things. You know how funny women are—but I remember quite vividly the same "poor Sally" getting all too frequent lectures on slothfulness, etc., when she managed to get up at eleven o'clock during the holidays. Of course, you understand this is just between ourselves.

Sally tells me she's going to teach me to fence. She'll probably have me tatting next. The Mount is a great place all right and we're both pleased, even though Margaret would like to change the rules around to suit herself.

Sally's a cute youngster and I'm betting on her.

Best regards to the family,

Peter.

MARIETTA WALL, '38.

Drama: Yesterday and Today

IT is hard to think of a modern world minus the theatre. Today it has become perhaps the greatest single source of entertainment for people of all classes and of all places. Even the popular moving-picture theatre is steadily rising above the mere vaudeville and leg-show stage, and plays that have some right and title to be called plays are, more and more, finding a place on the screen. Apart from the cinema, however, the widespread popularity of the legitimate stage can easily be judged by the number and growth of the little theatre groups and dramatic guilds springing up all over the country. More than that, plays today are written, not to appeal to a select few, but to the great mass of the middle class population of the country. Interest, too, is increasing in the history and development of the drama.

In such circumstances, the conditions of the Restoration theatre are, perhaps, more foreign to us than those of any other period in English history after the Renaissance. In Elizabethan times, as today, the theatre was for everybody. After the close of the theatres, in 1640, however, Puritanism in a great wave swept over England, and its most zealous followers were the people of the middle class. Certainly, in the years before the beginning of the Commonwealth, the reputation of the theatre had become steadily worse, both on account of the riots which often accompanied the showing of a play, and because of the type of plays that were presented. At that time the plague was periodically sweeping over London, and the crowded atmosphere of the theatres, with their anything but ideal surroundings on the banks of the river outside the limits of the city, helped to spread it. The result was that devout Puritans came to consider the frequent outbreaks of the plague as the punishment of an angry God offended by the evils fostered by the theatre. Consequently they frowned on plays and play-writing, and by the time of the Restoration the Puritan middle class in England was definitely antagonistic to the theatre and everything connected with it. The court circle, on the other hand, was decidedly weary of Puritan restrictions. Many of the nobles had followed the king into exile, and had become accustomed to the theatre as one of the main amusements on the continent. Returning to England, gallants and ladies of the court flocked to the plays which were promptly put on after the opening of the theatres. Nevertheless, they made a small and very select audience. The playhouse was the toy of this small group, and they controlled it completely. During these years, the only theatre in Britain outside of London was in Dublin; and, except for the first few years after the Restoration, two theatres, the Theatre Royal and Duke's Theatre, served the needs of all London. Indeed, for twelve years the two were amalgamated. The people of the middle class not only did

not attend the plays, but they were made the butt of the Restoration comedies.

It is true that, in many ways, the court had brought from France a polish and culture new to the English way of life. Nevertheless, the theatre manners of the day had by no means entirely cast off the crudeness of the Elizabethan audiences. Gallants used the play-house as a meeting place; they came there to chat, to carry on intrigues with masked ladies, to gossip with the orange-girls who frequented the theatres, to criticize the play and its author, and to hoot the players off the stage if they did not please their fancy. Arguments, and even serious quarrels, arose, and interruptions which would cause the modern theatre-goer to be firmly and none too politely shown the exit door, were the order of the day. Gentlemen could enter the theatre without payment for a single act, or could rely on credit if their pocketbooks happened to be particularly flat when they passed the doorman. It was quite a common thing for a group to wander in, free of charge, for one act, interrupt the play, criticize everything in sight, and then leave at the end of the act. Some even made a practice of escaping payment by adroit avoidance of the attendants, moving from pit to gallery, from gallery to boxes as each act concluded. D'Urfey, a playwright of the time, complains in the prologue to "The Bath":

> "I'm told that Beaux with Perukes cover'd o'er,
> Make such strange shift to save poor shillings four,
> They'll in the Side-Box three acts for nothing sit,
> At last sneak down for sixpence to the Pit."

If you tried such tactics in a theatre of today, you would be very speedily, and possibly a trifle unpleasantly, made aware of the modern theatre-manager's opinion of your performance.

The stage of the time also differed from the stage of today, and was a sort of cross between the Elizabeth apron-stage, with its inner and outer room, and the picture-frame setting of today. The actors, although not in such close touch with the audience as those of Shakespeare's time, were not completely set apart from it as they are now. The costumes were elaborate, but by that time some effort was being made to have them historically accurate. With so small an audience, and such a capricious one, however, it was no easy matter for producers to succeed well enough financially to invest in suitable costumes. In such circumstances they turned to the king and to the nobles to help them out of their difficulties. It was not an unheard-of occurrence for Charles II, who was keenly interested in the drama, to pass over his state robes to the actors, Betterton and Mohun, for use on special occasions. The royal coronation robes appeared on the stage for a revival of D'Avenant's "Love and Honour" sometime before 1665. At this time, too, stage scenery was introduced. It had been used earlier, of course, on the continent, but Davenant seems to have been the first English producer to realize its possibilities. He

made of it a drawing card for the Duke's Theatre, enticing many away from the rival Theatre Royal, where it was introduced later, and not developed so quickly. At first, the attempts at "the machines" were crude enough, and in the nature of experiments. Often the run of a play had to be interrupted for a night or so to allow for alterations and improvements in the scenery. Nevertheless, it pleased the audiences of the time by its novelty, and they were not over-critical of it. Pepys noted in his diary from time to time the "fine scene" of some play he had recently seen at Duke's—fine because there was nothing better to show up its deficiencies.

Because of the favour of the court, the actors and actresses were counted as people of some importance at the time of the Restoration. Today, of course, the more famous actors and actresses are accorded an adulation of a kind; but at that time, because of their intimate connection with the court, the greater among them were looked on almost as members of the nobility. All of Nell Gwyn's children, for example, received titles. Certainly a tradition of good acting has come down to us from Restoration times. The names of Betterton, Mohun, Nell Gwyn, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Bracegirdle are thought of as synonymous with good acting even today. At the time they had to be able to take their parts well. To begin with, they played for a critical court audience accustomed to the highly developed dramatic practice of the continent. Then, too, the talent of a Betterton or a Nell Gwyn was needed if the attention of the unruly audience was to be held from its gossip, its love-making, and its quarreling long enough for the play to go over at all. In addition to that, the run of a play was very short—sometimes only two or three days—since the group that made up the theatre audience was small and always the same. The result was that the actors and actresses were forced to learn and play an amazing number of parts within a very short time. It is true, there were occasional complaints from different writers of the times that the players were not always word-perfect in their parts, but the wonder is that they ever managed to learn them at all. Modern actors would certainly consider that they were being asked to perform the impossible if they were obliged to learn half the number of parts in the same length of time.

One important innovation of the Restoration stage, which brought it a step nearer to the stage of today, was the assigning of parts to women. The fashion grew quickly, and in a few years after the Restoration, boys were no longer seen on the stage in feminine roles. Pepys remarks in his diary, under the entry of January 3, 1661, a visit to the theatre "where was acted 'Beggar's Bush', it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

The plays themselves were in some ways similar, and in some ways very different from those of today. There was very little real tragedy in the period, Dryden's "All for Love" and Atway's "Venice Preserved," being among the few that even approached the tragedy of the Elizabethans. The fact is not surprising, however. Life at the time was too artificial, pleasure too much the aim, and wit and raillery too much the earmark of the writings, to allow any expression of emotion deep enough for tragedy. In what tragedy there was, the characters were far more common, far closer to ordinary life, and of a much meaner stature than those in the Elizabethan plays. When we look at the drama of our own day, however, it becomes extremely doubtful if we have tragedy any more than they—at least if we accept the classical idea of it. From Ibsen to the present day, our serious drama has, for the most part, taken the form of the problem play. The feeling aroused by many of them, such as Galsworthy's "Shaw", is one of futility. Many of them, and among them some of O'Neill's plays, lack the completeness, the well-rounded shape and form of real tragedy. Probably such plays as Synge's "Riders to the Sea" come closest to it, despite limitations of form and brevity.

The comedy of Restoration days was witty rather than funny, with a rapier-keen cut and thrust of dialogue and satire. True, it was more often than not immoral and licentious; but in that, it was merely a reflection of the life at the court of Charles II and his immediate successors. Despite all its objectional qualities, it brought to the English language a polish and refinement it had never before known. The seeming simplicity, the grace, the ease, and the sparkle of a writer like Congreve were qualities which were needed after the exaggerations and fantastic conceits of the followers of the Elizabethans. The playwrights of the time turned almost completely to prose for comedy. Etheredge, one of the earliest of them, experimented at first in "Love in a Tub" with the use of verse for the upper classes, and of prose for the servants. He very soon found that prose was better for the sort of comedy he was writing. His best done comedy, "Man of Mode", is entirely in prose. The plots of their Restoration comedies were usually slight, and the play of dialogue centered around the ridicule of the follies of prevailing modes and fashions. Both on the stage and off of it, the keen edge of satire sparkled. We, today, have little to parallel the ease and flashing wit of this comedy of manners, unless it be found in the plays of Shaw; there something of the same intellectual brilliance, and the same satirizing of contemporary customs is to be seen.

The Restoration dramatists, however, retained blank verse for their attempts at tragedy, and for about twelve years the vogue of the rhymed play ran its course. Charles II himself encouraged the writings of rhymed plays, and Dryden, the literary dictator of the period, took up the practice. The best of them is probably Dryden's "Aurangzebe". The interest of all the heroic plays turns on the conflict between love and honour. The hero is always of super-human prowess, the heroine of unsurpassed beauty. The action is always complicated in the extreme; marvellous deeds are continually being performed. The play is full of bustle and bombast to cover the lack of subtlety in the play itself. The various complications are finally unravelled and the hero and heroine live happily ever after. To readers of today, the rhymed heroic play resembles somewhat a highly coloured melodrama, or a mystery thriller. The only difference is that

Restoration audiences did not see anything funny in it. After 1676, however, very few of them were written. In the prologue to "Aurangzebe" in 1675, Dryden announced that he had grown "weary of his long-lov'd mistress Rhyme", and his next play, "All for Love", he turned to blank verse. When Dryden grew weary of rhyme, the lesser lights in the literary system of his day found themselves compelled to follow suit—or be regarded with scorn by the contemporary critics.

Today we have gone a step further than the Restoration drama, and have turned to prose for serious plays as well as for comedies. The Irish writers, it is true, provide us with a few examples of poetic drama such as "The Green Helmet" by Yeats; and there are a few longer pieces like Paul Claudel's "Satin Slippers", but these are departures from the general rule: besides, they are seldom acted.

One thing which is a true product of modern drama, and is looked for in vain in the drama of the Restoration, is the one-act play. However, the increasing emphasis on form and simplicity in the drama at that time, broke the way for the simplicity of detail and the concentration necessary to the modern one-act play. In fact, although there are many ways in which the Restoration drama obviously differs from that of today, and although the conditions under which their plays were performed are so foreign to us, yet in it the seeds of almost all the modern developments may be discovered. The period is truly a bridge between the old drama and the new.

MARGARET CUMMINGS, M.A., '38.

The Blues

I READ once that a certain man could enjoy feeling melancholy and that he got a good deal of satisfaction out of being miserable; but I don't agree with him and I dislike a fit of the "blues", especially the post-examination type. Nevertheless, we all have them and we don't always know why—they come unexpectedly. Of course, if they settle on you on a day you were invited to the "Tech" ball and you were campussed—Well! The "blues" have the same effect as a toothache or a headache. You become stupid, restless, lonesome, rude to your classmates and mean toward your roommate; you are clumsy and can't see why you have to dust when your roommate sits and reads a book; you are a nuisance to yourself and everybody around you.

If the attack continues you find yourself in a worse predicament. You can do nothing, not even your foods' assignment and you have class the next day. You can't sit still so you put on your jacket and start for the tennis courts; but before you get there you wish you hadn't come out and so you turn back. You climb three flights of stairs to get to your room (Oh, why haven't they escalators?) and then you open a book and try to read, but you find Milton dull and Shakespeare trite. You throw the book on your roommate's bed and call the author names,—your roommate too.

You think you will write your letters but after sticking at "Dear Dorothy, I have a few seconds before dinner so I thought I would drop you a line"—for an hour, without being able to think of another sentence —you crumple the paper and make an aim for the waste paper basket. You decide to visit your neighbors across the hall, but it occurs to you that your neighbors are dull pests, and that they never have anything to eat, and that they won't let you sit on the bed.

By this time you wish you were dead. You throw yourself on your bed and bury your face in the soft pillows and wish you were in heaven. You picture to yourself your sick bed with all your classmates standing around you and weeping. You try to say a few words, especially words of advice, and you forgive your roommate for not dusting every morning. Then you think of what a loss you will be and how they will learn too late, what a true classmate you were. These reflections make you feel a little better, but only for a second, for the next moment you think how silly you must be to imagine that anybody would be sorry at anything that might happen to you. Who would care two ice cream bars whether you are campussed or have supervised study? What difference does it make and after all it was your own fault—you are the one to blame and besides who do you think you are ANY HOW?

MARY EILEEN FINNEGAN, '40.

A Summer's Experience in Social Work

LAST year as a member of the Sociology II class I made an extensive study of "The Children's Protection Act." Frankly, I was rather overcome by this complicated act until we came to the section dealing with Children's Aid Societies—their establishment, duties, and activities. It had always been my opinion that a Children's Aid Society was grossly misnamed. Children's aid, indeed! To me such a society was some sort of cruel and relentless organization bent on snatching children from their mother's arms to place them in gloomy, forbidding institutions, where they were doomed to a life of unhappiness and despair.

My study of the Children's Protection Act did much to clear up the haze which enveloped me on such matters. I learned that these societies carried on a great work. Founded expressly for the purpose of rescuing delinquent children from their bad companions and unwholesome environment, and for caring for children without visible means of support, these societies do a great deal in preparing our future citizens to live normal, profitable lives. I must confess that my attitude toward such societies softened considerably on learning these things; but it was not until this past summer, when I came into actual contact with the work of one of them, that I fully realized the enormous amount of good a Children's Aid Society does accomplish.

It so happened that I was assigned to do volunteer work at the Halifax Children's Aid Society for several months. Although I spent most of my time in the office I had several opportunities to come into contact with the workings of the society. On one occasion a family of children whose mother had died and whose father was confined to the hospital with an incurable disease, were taken over by the society. I was present in the Juvenile Court when the formal taking over procedure occurred. Instantly that section of "The Children's Protection Act" dealing with this procedure and containing the long legal terms, the "wherefores," the "whereby," "the provisions of this chapter and that," "of this section and that," was illuminated and I understood the process fully.

After these children had become wards of the Society they were given a complete medical examination. Glasses were provided for two of them and the whole group were given the services of a dentist. Proper clothing, the best of it too, was supplied to all. The girls were placed in an institution until a home could be found for them, while the little boy was placed in a foster home with a number of other wards of the society.

On two occasions I visited foster homes in the country section of Nova Scotia. Here I found normal happy children enjoying all the advantages of a good home and school life. One would never guess that these same children had been taken from the worst sections of the city and from most unwholesome environments. The older girls were particularly refined and nice mannered. Deeply interested in their school work, they chatted with me pleasantly.

While I was with the Society, the summer clothing for the boy wards was being bought and distributed. The office was piled high with boxes containing good-looking tweed suits, sweaters, and shirts. Stockings and socks for the older boys were there in immense heaps. In one corner the shoes were arrayed, Sunday shoes, school shoes, and play shoes. Underclothes, bathing suits that would be the pride of any average child, were among the many articles. In short, there could be found in that office everything a child needs from a toothbrush to a coat.

When I discovered in my searchings, several cunning suits, size three, I was sure some mistake had been made by one of the store clerks; but I soon learned that these little suits, as well as the darling little silk socks nearby, were for the society's baby boy, a little tot of three. He lives in a lovely foster home and could not be better taken care of, if he were his foster parents own child.

Children of all colors and creeds are made wards of this Society. Regardless of color or creed all are equally well cared for. Catholic children are placed in Catholic homes and institutions, non-Catholic in non-Catholic homes and institutions. When a foster-home applies for a child a thorough investigation takes place. The best of reference must be supplied. Questions of religion, income, home conditions, accessibility to church and school are of vital importance in placing a child and are thoroughly looked into. It is the Society's policy, if it is at all possible, to place a child in a foster home rather than in an institution, because every child needs and should have a normal family life. Another argument in favor of the private home, is the fact that the family grows attached to the child and often legally adopts him, thus giving the society a chance to expend more time and money on children less fortunate.

From this brief and rather sketchy survey one may get some idea of the vast work being carried on by the Children's Aid Society of Halifax and of the numerous children's aid societies throughout the world. Far from dooming children to unhappiness, they are taking them from unhappiness and misery and giving them a chance to develop normally, in healthy comfortable environments, into worthy men and women, the future citizens of this world of ours.

MARIE FORHAN, B.A., '37.

The Autobiography of Willie the Worm

UTOBIOGRAPHIES should, I know, begin with a description of the place in which one was born, but I always say, "Dare to be different," so I am starting out by telling you that my name is not Willie at all. It is Cuthbert. How I came to be called Willie you will learn presently: I always say, "Never butter your bread until you come to it." Well, to continue my story, my dear Mother thought Cuthbert was dynamic and dignified, for everyone said I possessed an abundance of poise from the time I began to crawl. I shudder when I think what a blur it would be on the family 'scutcheon if it ever became known that I received such a plebeian name as Willie. Personally, I rather like Willie. It has a—well, sort of reckless abandon—don't you think? But here I am wandering from the point. I pride myself upon being very logical, but sometimes my superesophrageal ganglion goes "wool-gathering."

Of course, I don't remember much of my early childhood, but my Uncle Samuel Lemuel used to tell me all about our family tree. I belong to the great phylum Annelida which embraces those worms possessing a body cavity and having a definite circulatory system and red blood coursing through, thus raising them above the lower forms of life. Then I am further classified as a chaetopoda or annelid having bristles. These bristles are what I call setae. Then, owing to the fact that I have few setae, (although I may possess about three hundred and twenty in all) I am placed in the order Oligochaeta. I am further distinguished by my genus Lumbricus and species terrestris; lumbricus meaning earth worm. So if you were to give me my full title, I would be:

Lumbricus Terrestris
Oligochaeta
Chaetopoda, Annelida.

We lived in a huge glass case of earth and every now and then men would poke down in the earth and pull me up and look me over, and even measure me. Now, I always say, "Everything in moderation," but that was going a bit too far, in my estimation.

From remarks I overheard, I gathered that the name of our home was "The Chicago Biology Supply Co." A rather queer name, at that—but then, considering that we were the elite, I could understand it.

If I do say so myself, I was quite a handsome young worm. I used to strut around on my setae, and I rather enjoyed the admiring glances cast my way. It was enough to turn anyone's head, and indeed most worms would get quite conceited; but then, I was a very remarkable

fellow. Meanwhile I was growing up rapidly—a veritable "Greek God," so they said—and soon I was fully six inches long.

This same old routine of being pulled up every now and then, stretched and measured, began to get very annoying and I longed for a change. It came sooner than I expected; for, one sad and memorable day, I was put through my examination for the last time and when it was over, I was placed, not back in my home, but in a queer metal container with a lot of other worms. Some of them were very vulgar. But it takes all kinds to make a world. I knew then, perhaps it was intuition, that this was the end. Alas and alack-a-day! Oh woe is me! My five little hearts beat in anguish, and I am sure enormous tears would have welled up in my eyes —if I had had eyes—but the truth of the matter is, I had none. Gradually I felt a queer feeling creeping over me as a sickly, sweetish gas surrounded my body, and I felt myself going—going—going. Ah, farewell, cruel world!

I awoke. What had happened? I was flitting around in the air. Why, I was a spirit, a real spirit, and what is more, I could fly! I looked about me and saw the men taking the remains of the worms out of the metal case—poor little worms, cold in death. Why, there was my body in the middle; and you had to admit it was a very handsome corpse. I felt rather proud. I watched to see what would happen next. Would you believe it? They preserved my body. Yes, they pickled it in a large bottle with the bodies of a lot of other worms, and when the cover was on tight, a big label was pasted on the jar, "Mount Saint Vincent College, Biology Dept." Well, I thought, "It must be going somewhere. This is going to be a lark indeed." I decided to go along too, so I settled myself on the top of the jar and waited patiently for days and days. I was afraid to leave my perch, for fear they would go without me. One day a week later, things began to happen. I won't try to describe to you that harrowing journey. For a day we, (I mean my deceased brethren and myself as a spirit,) travelled in a dark case in a baggage car until finally we arrived at a place which I hear they call Boston. We didn't stay long, although I should have enjoyed a trip around that wonderful city. No, we were shipped to a big boat—"Boston to Yarmouth" was painted on the side of it—and off we went. I'll never forget that trip, I was very sick during the journey which seemed unending. Up and down, down and up, we rocked all night. Early in the morning we sailed into a pretty little harbor, which was Yarmouth. My, what a lot of hustle and bustle there was getting us off that boat and on to another train! I really don't see why we hurried so, because after we started, the train stopped at every back-door on the way.

Well, then followed another tiresome journey consisting of a series of jolts and bumps—mostly jolts. One of them must have dazed me because the next thing I remember I was on the shelf in a dark room in company with my late friends. It was very quiet except for the freight cars shunting back and forth outside. "Aha, we have arrived." I thought, "This must be Mount Saint Vincent Biology Dept. What next?"

For weeks we stayed there. Now and then when there was no one near I took a flit around the room just for exercise. Every day a number of girls came in and hustled about. They frightened me so much that I flew to a corner and hid on the shelf.

At last one day the precious jar was taken down. It was opened, and each poor little worm was put in a long pan of water. I flitted around with great curiosity. "I wonder what is going to happen?" I asked myself. Suddenly the doors opened and in came those girls again. Back to the shelf I fled in terror and settled in the farthest corner on a bottle of amoeba.

"Hmm," I thought, "Those amoeba would make a tasty dish." However, now was no time to think of food. My inquisitive nature won over my fear and I emerged from my corner, getting braver and braver as I circled the room. Then I saw myself, or rather what used to be myself. Two girls were bending over me, eyeing me with distasteful looks. One of them actually seemed afraid. I settled down on the white shelf above "me" in the pan of water to watch proceedings—What a degradation!

First they picked up my beautiful form and looked me over. Well, I could understand that (as I have mentioned before, I was a very handsome fellow.) They then opened a drawer and pulled out a lot of shiny metal things, knives and scissors—Goodness, were they going to eat my precious body? No, they were going to—Oh, they were going to cut it up! What would my dear mother say if she could see her Cuthbert now?

I know you'll understand how painful this subject is to me. Suppose we skip the rest—how they pinned down and slivered up that delicate membrane, and to make matters worse, they didn't make nice even slivers.

I could stand no more. This was too, too cruel! No longer could I sit there and witness such merciless goings-on. With a heart-rending sigh, I rose and mournfully flew back to the amoeba bottle, and wept as only a spirit worm could weep.

There remains little to tell. Late that night, when the room was quiet, I revisited the scene of slaughter. At any cost I must see what had happened. I spied a big jar on the white shelf, filled with a queer smelling stuff; and there lay my remains, dreadfully disfigured, floating in the liquid. By it was a neatly written sign. Drawing near it I read:

Here lies Willie,
Too bad he died;
May he rest in peace,
In formaldehyde.

The beautiful simplicity of it touched me deeply. Again I wept bitter tears in the gathering gloom. Yet I was happy, for I knew the world appreciated me. With one last look at the Cuthbert that used to be and the Willie that now was, I slowly flitted away, rejoicing in the thought that my little worm body had been sacrificed in the interest of science.

MARTHA McCAFFERTY, '40.

L'Alliance Française D'Halifax

L'ALLIANCE FRANCAISE est une société qui travaille à répandre la connaissance de la langue française et à promouvoir l'étude de la littérature et de l'art français hors de France. Son siège central est à Paris. Elle a des filiales dans le monde entier.

L'Alliance française d'Halifax a été fondée en 1929 par Monsieur le professeur Gautheron, agrégé de l'Université de Paris, qui en a été réélu président chaque année depuis la fondation.

L'activité de l'Alliance française d'Halifax se manifeste sous des formes variées dont nous allons énumérer les principales.

Chaque quinzaine pendant la saison d'hiver, elle donne une soirée littéraire, dramatique ou musicale. Des conférences y sont faites, soit par le président soit par des conférenciers de passage. A toutes ces séances le public est invité.

Depuis 1933, de concert avec le Comité catholique des Amitiés françaises dont le président est le cardinal Baudrillart de l'Academie française, cette societé organise chaque année un concours littéraire auquel peuvent prendre part tous les collèges et écoles des provinces maritimes et qui, en fait, s'étend maintenant au Canada entier et à une partie des Etats-Unis. En 1936 le nombre des concurrents s'est élevé à deux cents. Aux meilleurs d'entre eux l'Alliance a décerné de très artistiques médailles mises à sa disposition par le Gouvernement français.

Par les expositions des travaux de ces concours qui ont eu lieu chaque année à Paris et en d'autres grandes villes, l'Alliance française d'Halifax a contribué à faire connaître en France les efforts méritoires que l'on fait et les beaux résultats que l'on obtient au Canada et aux Etats-Unis dans l'enseignement du français.

Les meilleurs de ces travaux ont été publiés dans des revues françaises ou canadiennes. Un compte rendu de chaque concours a paru dans la revue du Comité catholique des Amitiés françaises.

Les concours de l'Alliance française d'Halifax ont contribué utilement à signaler à l'attention publique certains établissements d'instruction. Les succès réitérés obtenus par les écoles de Chéticamp et de Morinville ont valu, en 1937, à la congrégation des Filles de Jésus un prix de l'Académie française.

Grâce à la générosité des nombreux bienfaiteurs et amis de l'Alliance française d'Halifax tous les jeunes gens qui ont pris part à ses concours littéraires ont reçu, à titre de souvenir ou de récompense, de beaux livres français.

Cette société a également, dans la mesure de ses moyens, offert des ouvrages utiles ou récréatifs aux bibliothèques des établissements scolaires auxquels appartenaient ses candidats. A l'heure actuelle, plus de douze cents volumes, dont beaucoup sont des ouvrages de luxe, ont été, par ses soins, distribués en Nouvelle-Ecosse. En outre, elle a abonné plusieurs écoles à des journaux français.

Afin de donner aux écoliers canadiens une agréable occasion d'écrire en français et de connaître la France réelle et vivante, l'Alliance français assure depuis six ans le fonctionnement d'un service de correspondence grâce auquel près de deux cent cinquante, jeunes Canadiens français ou anglais ont été mis en relations épistolaires avec de jeunes Français très seigneusement choisis.

D'autre part, préoccupée de ne pas laisser sans emploi le désir d'apostolat français des jeunes Canadiennes-Françaises, elle a donné à un grand nombre d'entre elles des correspondentes dans les pays de l'Europe centrale.

Par une entente spéciale avec une grande société de cinéma qui a des filiales dans tout l'est canadien, l'Alliance française a fait donner, au cours de l'hiver dernier, des journées de cinéma français à l'Orpheus d'Halifax, introduisant ainsi le film français sonore dans les provinces Maritimes où jamais auparavant il n'aurait été présenté au public.

Enfin, de concert avec une société d'enseignement populaire: Workers' Educational Association of Canada, le président de l'Alliance française a organisé en 1937, un cours public de français à Halifax. Ce cours est donné à raison de deux heures par semaine, à l'école de garçons de Saint-Patrick.

L'Alliance français ne poursuit aucun but de propagande. Elle ne vise qu'à instruire et à coordonner, pour cette fin, loyalement et fraternellement, toutes les bonnes volontés. Par la précision de son programme, strictement limité à la propagation de la langue et de la culture française, par le soin constant qu'elle a toujours eu de se maintenir en dehors et au dehors des querelles nationales et partisanes,— par la certitude absolue donnée à ses adhérents de conserver chez elle la langue et l'esprit français dans toute leur pureté,—elle est désignée, sans discussion possible, pour être le centre de ralliement des individus et des groupes qui consacrent à l'étude ou au maintien du français une part de leurs efforts. Chacun d'eux peut collaborer avec elle sans rien sacrifier de son autonomie. Elle ignore tout ce qui les divise et ne travaille que pour ce qui les unit.

GENEVIEVE MacMAHON, '39.

Dorothy Dix's New Assistant

Dear Girls,

You all, of course, realize what important advice Dorothy Dix deals out daily in the newspapers. I was reading one of her articles when the inspiration came to me that we needed a Dorothy Dix here at college, so I offered myself the position and accepted it. Please meet Dorothy Dix's new assistant!

The most important article of late is one in which Miss Dix advises a young man what to look for in his future wife; to her mind there are four important points, which briefly and in other words are: (1) thriftiness, (2) domesticity, (3) unselfishness, and (4) real love, not merely an infatuation. Well, our Household Science girls would certainly be (or should be) domesticated and economical; and from my vast experience (I do possess three brothers) I think a good motto for all of us is the old one, "The way to a man's heart is through the medium of his stomach."

Unselfishness is a different matter, and you will generally notice that like meets like, anyway; that other old saying, "birds of a feather flock together", still holds true. However, if you are of a selfish nature, and nearly all of us have our selfish points, discipline is a wonderful cure. (Here Mount training should be an asset).

The fourth point is too delicate for a mere assistant to tamper with; you yourselves are the best judges. May I offer a few of my own suggestions? First and foremost, if you want to leave a good impression, be natural! And what is almost as important, look natural! If there is one thing I have heard declaimed against it is "painted dolls". It is always wise to have a few ideas of your own, too, although I do not mean by this to be utterly disagreeable, for the male is susceptible to a certain amount of flattery; but do not overdo this either.

So far Miss Dix has just considered one side of the question, so her assistant will try to cope with the other side: what we expect in a man. Most of us are very particular (at least in our minds) about what we want, and it is well for us to remember that we cannot have everything. The usual girl says, "tall, dark, and handsome", (though some of us prefer fair men), having unusual powers of strength and perception so that he is a Greek god rather than a human being. Let's get down to earth for a change. We really want the "not impossible he" to be honest, respectable, with the average amount of brain and brawn, and above all to be possessed of that rare virtue—patience. He must be a considerate mortal, who although he has had a hard day at the office, will not expect us to stay home *every* night, but will remember the four prison walls of the noble kitchen, and compromise.

Beware of the man who patronizes! "The poor darling is such a numbskull, she knows next to nothing." He is the very man who will expect a housekeeper, maid, nurse, seamstress, laundress, chef, social entertainer, and family pacifier all rolled into that same "simple wife". One such gentleman was being shown around the Mount some years ago. Before quite a group he said to his wife: "How it is after all the years you spent here you know so little?" She had spunk enough to say: "I knew enough to be a good mother to your children."

We all admire the generous man, but how often do we seek the cause when a man is unable to spend? Sometimes because he has family obligations, or perhaps he is saving for his later career, it is impossible for him to show the little courtesies he would like to. We immediately criticise him without knowing his private affairs. Of course, there is the mean man who should be carefully avoided on every occasion.

Then there is the other extreme, the man who figuratively burns money. Perhaps this same gallant youth owes his tailor and candlestick maker for all we know, yet he can afford night clubs. Well, in any case, we women are partly to blame, for perhaps the suggestion of a walk does not draw nearly the animation a "Clark Gable" picture would.

You probably have had enough advice for one dose, and personally I have exhausted my store. However, any questions received will be promptly answered.

Yours hopefully and helpfully,

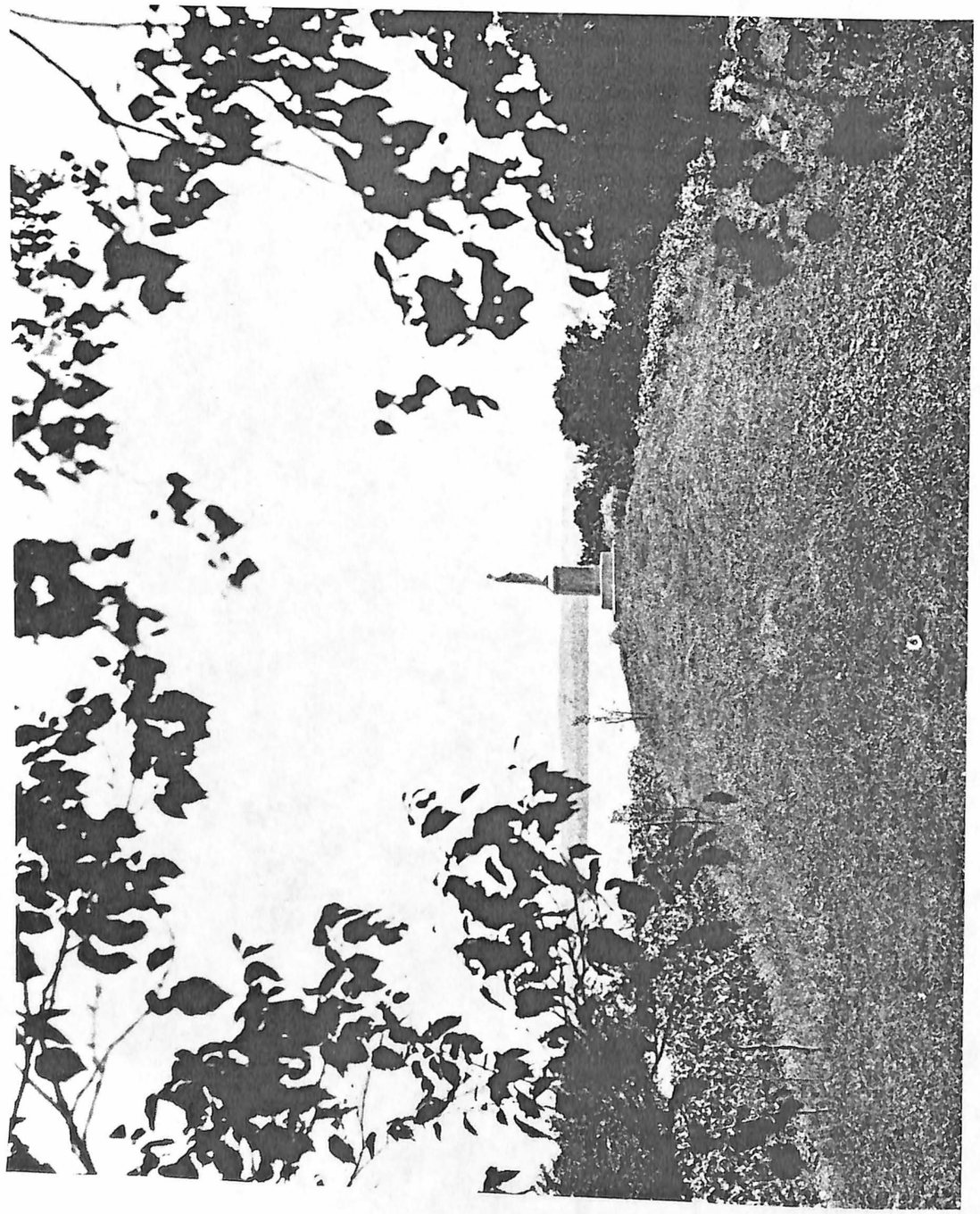
Aunt Nancy.

NANCY O'HEARN, '39.

Romance--At the Entrance

The branches swept a low salute,
They didn't see—this pair;
The moon grew pale above their heads,
They didn't know—nor care;
The night air chilled and loosed its tears.
"Ah, love is blind?" These showed no fear,
But, full content to be thus near,
They stayed—these two stone lions.

F. C.



BEDFORD BASIN FROM ST. JOSEPH'S HILL

A Bermudian on Bermuda

WHERE is Bermuda? Incredible as it may seem, some visitors do not even know the location of our fair isle until the week before they book passage, which after lengthy consideration and various processes of elimination, they have decided will be to Bermuda. Before the decision was reached, there ensued a series of discussions, in which the above question, "Where is Bermuda?" cropped up. Someone ventured that it was in the West Indies. Jane said it wasn't, but couldn't give any suggestions as to where it really was located. The best place to find it would be in an atlas, they decided; so after perusing books, magazines, and maps, they finally emerged with the startling fact that Bermuda isn't in the West Indies at all. It is all by itself in the Atlantic. No land in the North Atlantic is so far away from the other places as Bermuda. If one has the desire to get away from it all and get there as soon as possible Bermuda is the place that person is looking for.

The trip from New York consumes about two days and two nights of that precious vacation time. This includes two good nights' sleep, a party in the Captain's cabin, a glimpse of some porpoises, or perhaps a whale, the Bermuda Clipper overhead, a couple of bridge games, a movie, two nights of bingo, horseraces, and the reading of one good book.

Everybody who can walk, run, or ride a bicycle, meets the boat in Bermuda. It brings mail, papers, livestock, and tourists. It is a pleasant sensation to leave a boat by simply walking ashore, without getting enmeshed in the confusion which usually reigns around such events. The first thing the tourist does on landing is to walk around Hamilton, the capital, during which time he notices some strange things, not counting elderly business men going to work on bicycles. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the silence. To those who are accustomed to the rumble of city traffic something seems lost without it. Another surprise is the quick alternate changes of light and shadow, as a tropical sun plays behind the high clouds. Because of this, the tourist in Bermuda spends much time putting on dark glasses and taking them off again. Then, too, more often than not, he finds himself on the wrong side of the road, as there are no traffic regulations, because there are no automobiles; consequently there is no hurry to get anywhere and no hurry to begin when one gets there.

The roads are winding lanes between scarred walls from which they were dug, bordered with hedges which echo to the "clip-clop" of horses' hoofs. All other transportation is by bicycle. The method of riding a bicycle in Bermuda is to walk uphill, pushing the bicycle, and coast down the other side. Only lunatics or exercise fiends ride bicycles uphill in Bermuda. But if you like tennis, if you like golf, if you like fishing, or if you just like to poke around old parish roads on a bicycle, Bermuda is ideal.

Hiking parties find pleasant walks and enjoy glimpses of unexpected beauty spots—there is always plenty to interest, and it is not only the naturalist who rejoices in the gorgeous flowering hedges and gardens ablaze with color. Beautiful inlets and bays with yachts and boats reflected in their mirrored depths delight the eye and are the joy of every amateur photographer.

Perhaps the following bit of advice, discovered in the pages of a recent magazine will be of help to any prospective visitor: "The wrong thing to do in Bermuda is to rush around frantically for two days, visiting aquariums, perfume plants, caves, banana plantations and beaches. The right thing to do is bask in the sun, drowse in the shade, and resolve to get up early some fine morning and go sightseeing. By the third day you will be satisfied to let somebody else do the sightseeing. All true Bermudians resent the restlessness which brings a man to Bermuda Monday and takes him away Wednesday. The fundamental principle of life in Bermuda is that there isn't that much hurry."

M. SYLVIA USHER, '40.

The Bus

Supposing you're a stranger who came to town of late
And you like to take a morning stroll before the clock strikes eight,
Then if you walk down Quinpool Road or Oxford Street or near
You will at any moment see a streamline bus appear.

Since one morning last September it has daily travelled through
To Rockingham, a special route of seven miles point two,
Taking Mount Saint Vincent girls to their tasks and then
Calling in the afternoon to bring them home again.

We have seen the Bedford Basin in every known array
From the whitecaps in October to the rippling waves in May
Not to mention in December when the temperature was low
And the Basin donned a bridal dress of shimmering ice and snow.

We shall cherish pleasant memories that will never, never fade
Of happy times together and the friendships we have made;
Of trifling conversation on subjects just as light
As "I forgot my tickets" or "Where were you last night?"

Now although we thought this journey was difficult to do
Still, I know we'll miss it when the college term is through;
For there's something fascinating in the hurry and the fuss
Of dashing around the corner in time to catch the bus.

FLORENCE WALL, '39.

Bacteria and Man

Dear Readers:

This is not to alarm you, but I wonder if you know that an invisible world exists all about you?I do not mean invisible to some, such as those unfortunates who fail to see even the things that are visible to the naked eye, but invisible to all. Yet there they are! Tiny living organisms in the air you breathe, in the water you drink, on the food you eat, in fact —everywhere. You have often seen the green, velvety growth on decaying fruit or on cheese; the black powdery balls on bread, which you probably called mold. Didn't you stop to wonder where all this came from? You, no doubt, have seen the pus develop when you had a cut and did not administer first aid treatment. Surely, you have seen milk sour and tasted fermented preserves. Didn't you wonder why and what caused these changes? They are all due to the work of the inhabitants of the invisible world which I mentioned.

I first saw the inhabitants of this invisible world under a powerful microscope. There they were, appearing as little specks, at first seeming to have no apparent shape; but later, as my eyes became more accustomed to looking at them I saw with wonder that they took on spherical, rod-like or spiral shapes, some even appeared in filaments; while others, I noticed, had delicate wavy threadlike processes projecting from their bodies. Later I learned these processes were the flagella by means of which the organisms move about. All that I saw greatly interested me, and I resolved to learn more about them. Hence, I began to read, to study, to ask questions, to do careful research on the subject.

In the laboratory I was told to wash my hands and then to touch my finger-tips to a sterile agar-agar plate. I then put the plate into an incubator at 37°C and two days later when I took out the plate, I saw with the naked eye, the surface covered with white and creamy, even orange specks. "What are they?" I asked myself. I learned that each was a colony made up of hundreds of the invisible organisms that had been on my hands and which grew and multiplied in the temperature and material suited for their growth. "Goodness me;" I said, "does that mean that even when I wash my hands the living organisms are still there?" I immediately began to wonder how they got there, how they grew, and if they were dangerous. One naturally fears what one cannot see and does not understand.

The air, as I grew to know, is filled with bacteria, yeast, and mold spores (micro-organisms they are called) which are so omnipresent, we say they are ubiquitous. They fall from the air onto surfaces of the body, of food, of water, of everything that is in contact with the air. It seems

they like for food the same things we like, that is why you so often find mold on bread; or have milk sour; why fruits and vegetables decay. The micro-organisms fall upon them, find food, grow and multiply, and in transforming the food for their own use, they spoil it for ours—if we let them!

But before I tell you how to beat these little invisible food-rivals, I want to explain that they are also very useful to us; because if we get them into our power and control them, we can stop their activity when we wish; and also when we so desire, we can make very useful servants out of them. For example, the preparation of various food products as bread, sauerkrout, butter, and cheese involves fermentations carried on by enzymes derived from various micro-organisms. A whole group of industries is based on fermentation, such as brewing and the manufacture of alcohol, acetic acid, and lactic acid. The very fertility of the soil and the disposal of sewage depends fundamentally upon the action of enzymes derived from bacteria. That tasty glass of buttermilk was made by natural or artificial inoculation with lactic acid bacteria or with cultures of bacteria bulgaricum or a combination of both. They even have their purpose in the textile industry. In preparing the flax fibre to be spun into cloth, the fibre must first be loosened by the process called "retting." This result is brought about by the activity of micro-organisms found on the flax fibre. These organisms also play an important role in the tanning of leather.

But just as every nation, race, country, even family has its black sheep—so it is with the citizens of this invisible world, some of which are a menace to human life. You see, besides liking our food and being useful servants when under our control, the "black sheep" are somewhat cannibalistic—they find our flesh a tasty morsel. That is why we sometimes have boils, carbuncles, pink eye, common colds, measles, typhoid fever, or any other infectious disease. Here the microbe breaks in and, if it does not meet with enough resistance to be driven away, it takes possession of our body tissues and works its will!

You notice I said, "if it does not meet with enough resistance" in the body. That is the key to the whole situation. The body possesses natural defences, such as, healthy tissues, antiseptic fluids and immunity mechanisms, all of which are something like "Keep off the grass" signs or barbed wire fences, designed to ward off all invaders. This immunity mechanism is the most interesting phase of my study. By means of it, the body has become so sensitive to the presence of an invading organism, that the least tap at the door is a warning and the body meets it with a challenge. "Oh, I know you—you were here before—you gave me measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria. I learned your tricks that time—I know how to cope with you —out you go." And the body is safe this time. Nevertheless, to be always safe, the immunity mechanism is not enough—the body's tissues must act like a police force and when the body cries "out you go" the tissues must be strong enough to put the enemy to rout—And for healthy tissues we need plenty of good food, rest, fresh air, good mental habits and plenty of exercise (sometimes in the form of hard work!)

As I learned all this, I have come to the conclusion that we, ourselves, can do much to keep the micro-organism away from his door of entry. With Clinics, Laboratories, Departments of Health in every city, knowledge of health, hygiene, and sanitation is brought to our very door. Radios bring the knowledge to our very ear, so we don't even have to go to the door. These stress the importance of protecting ourselves against these invisible cannibals by keeping our distance. "Forewarned is forearmed": and so it behooves us to keep our distance from sources whence they are derived; for example, avoiding the use of the common eating utensils or drinking cup; the putting of pencils in the mouth; not covering the mouth when sneezing or coughing; the too frequent expression of our affection by kissing.

In my study, I marvelled as I learned the long and patient efforts made by men like Pasteur, Lister, Reed, Harvey; heroic self-sacrifice of men like Kissinger and Moran, who gave their lives so that we could progress in our control of the invisible world. Our knowledge of the human body itself, of its workings, its need, its enemies and its natural defences (which makes possible its intelligent care) has come gradually. Today man thinks of health as a blessing which he can, in large measure, secure for himself.

IDA SHOFER, '38.

Choir

The winter wind was sharp and biting cold,
But somehow Spring was in the keen,blue air;
Snow patches lay upon the hillside bare,
The sun of afternoon shone palely gold:
Demure they sat, their feathers fold on fold,
Their dark heads bowed and white breasts smoothed with care;
A choir of nuns they seemed, still-rapt in prayer,
Those snow-birds in the apple tree so old.

Then suddenly they rose with upward swing,
Flashing the sunlight, rhythmic wing to wing:
"Dear God," I prayed, "from out our common prayer
May we, who bask each day in Thy dear light,
Rise with one will to Thee in rhythmic flight
Even as these, the wild birds of the air!"

S. M. A.

A Twice-Told Tale

ROM beneath the misty folds of yellow chiffon came the muffled voice of Margot, the Campus sophisticate.

"What did you say?" asked Jane, her room-mate, turning from the mirror where she was vainly trying to put on her makeup and listen at the same time.

"I said," repeated Margot, now sticking her burnished copper head through the mazes of yellow, "I wonder if the famous Leslie Parker will be present tonight?"

"So says the rumor on the Campus. It seems that he came back for a course on Geology, and intends to go to Greece, or somewhere anyway to dig up the remains of somebody for some Museum or other," answered the informative Jane. "I just don't know what it is all about, but that is the general idea."

"Pretty general, I should say," replied Margot, "but what is he like?"

"Oh, about six feet two, eyes of blue, and all the rest that goes to make the answer to a Co-ed's prayer," described Jane.

"This promises to be a very interesting dance," soliloquized Margot, as she buttoned her brocade sandals.

At that moment a horn was sounded twice just under the window. Then the door bell rang. A few seconds later an admiring Freshman knocked discreetly on the door, and when admitted, announced that Margot was being called for. Margot gave a cold "thank you" to the announcer and leisurely sat down to do her nails.

"Oh, you're not going to keep poor Ted waiting again tonight," admonished Jane. "You kept him waiting about an hour and a half Tuesday night, for no good reason at all, and besides your nails are in perfect condition, you had them done this afternoon."

"Listen, lady, it's a good policy to keep men waiting, they learn to appreciate you more," retorted Margot in a cool tone that told Jane that it was useless to argue further, and besides she heard the honking from Jim's battered Ford and she was anxious to be off.

"Well, far be it from me to worry. So-long, see you at the Hall," she called as she sped down the corridor.

After brushing her already glistening nails, and repowdering her nose, Margot rose and slowly made her way down to the parlor.

* * * * *

When Margot and Ted finally arrived at the dance the orchestra was playing "When the Moon Got in My Eyes". Margot made her usual

dramatic entrance, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but knowing that all eyes in the room were focused on her sleek copper head and yellow gown. It did not take very long to pick out Leslie Parker, because he was without doubt the best looking man in the room and his dark head could be seen over all others. Not long after, when dancing with Ted, Margot, catching Leslie's eye over her partner's shoulder, smiled and he smiled in return. At the end of the dance Margot left Ted, and slipped out to the closed-in verandah. She was not there long when she heard a step behind her. Turning quickly, she was not surprised to find that it was the man of the evening, Leslie, who volunteered a very sure-of-himself "Hello", to which she answered, "Good evening," in her most sophisticated tone, and immediately turned to look at the view again.

"A bit hard to see the view in the dark, isn't it?" questioned the ignored individual. Over her shoulder Margot looked at him languidly. He grinned cheerfully.

"Please don't turn away again, I'm a stranger here, and it is hard for me to get acquainted with anyone, because I am older than most of the students at the 'U'. The reason that I spoke to you, was because I thought that you were older than the rest, and had seen more of the world."

"Yes, I have," condescended Margot. "I came to this college only because my father and his father have been here before me, and there is a sort of sentiment attached to it. If I had my way I would be going on the stage. I think the stage is wonderful, don't you?"

"Yes, of course, I do; but there goes the music again, let's dance. I can see where you and I are going to be very good friends. I knew that you were different the moment you arrived," answered Leslie, smiling warmly down at her as they entered the Hall.

The evening passed all too soon for Margot, and she went home with the whole world wrapped in a rosy haze. She ran up the stairs at a much faster pace than she had come down, threw open the door of her room, to greet a much astonished Jane.

"O Jane, I had the most marvelous time. I met *and* conquered the lion of the evening, no less than Leslie Parker himself. Did he fall for me! 'We are going to be the best of friends,' he said. He thinks that I am older than the rest of the girls, that I have seen more of the world. Now don't tell me my technique is not good."

"Your technique!" Jane exploded. "His, you mean. He tried it first on me."

MURIEL BARTHOLOMAY, '39.

A Day With Miss Social Worker In A Children's Agency

NINE o'clock finds Miss Social Worker at her desk in the offices of the ——— Children's Agency. She spends the first hour dictating on the work done yesterday and on letters to go out today. Included in today's letters is one to the ——— Hospital for Incurables asking for a report on Mr. L., the father of Tillie L., who is in an orphanage under the supervision of the C. A.; another to the Social Service Society of Seattle requesting that a writer visit the R. home at 46——— Street to find out if Mr. and Mrs. R. are willing and financially able to assume responsibility for their two grandchildren whose father has deserted and whose mother has recently been admitted to a sanitorium; a steering blank to the General Hospital for a report on Jimmy J. who recently attended Pediatric Clinic and several letters in answer to enquiries made by other agencies, as well as one or two asking that parents or relatives come to the office at a certain time or telephone for an appointment.

Dictation over, the telephone rings. It is Mary M's father who has moved and wishes to give Miss S. W. his new address and telephone number. This is important, for it is sometimes necessary to contact the parents at once, as in the case of an accident or an emergency operation when an operation consent must be signed.

The first client in the office this morning is Mr. K. He comes in smiling radiantly. He has received his pay and wishes to make a refund of ten dollars for the board of his two boys who are in a foster home. The C. A. has been paying board and supplying clothing for the children for several months, but this is the first refund Mr. K. has been able to make. He is very proud of himself, tells Miss S. W. all about his new position, of his most recent visit to the foster home, and of the outing he is planning for the boys on Kenny's birthday next week. Miss S. W. discusses the plan with him, offers suggestions and encouragement. She is glad to see Mr. K. taking such an interest in the children, pleased that he is again "holding his head up" and feeling this pride of achievement after having been quite dejected and discouraged during the months of unemployment that preceded and followed his wife's death.

Next comes Mr. N. in great distress, saying that his wife deserted him and the three children several weeks ago. He has stayed at home to care for the children, thinking that Mrs. N. would return. She has not done so, his savings are gone, and he asks that the children be placed so that he may look for work.

Telephone! This time it is Mrs. B., Foster Mother, reporting that Baby B. is sick. Miss S. W. phones the Nursing Service, asking that a

nurse visit the child. The nurse will report back to Miss S. W. after her visit.

Miss H. W. of St. X. Hospital phones to say that Laura L. will be discharged from hospital on Thursday at two o'clock. It will be necessary to have her taken home in a car. Miss S. W. makes a note of this.

The incoming mail this morning includes a psychiatric report on sixteen year old Polly P. Polly has very low I. Q., is not capable of more advanced work in school, and is recommended for training in domestic work. There are several steering blanks which have been returned from various hospitals, a letter from Judge J. of the Juvenile Court, and one from Mrs. D., thanking Miss S. W. for the Cod Liver Oil and extra nourishment supplied to her daughter Dora, who has gained several pounds and is doing much better in her school work.

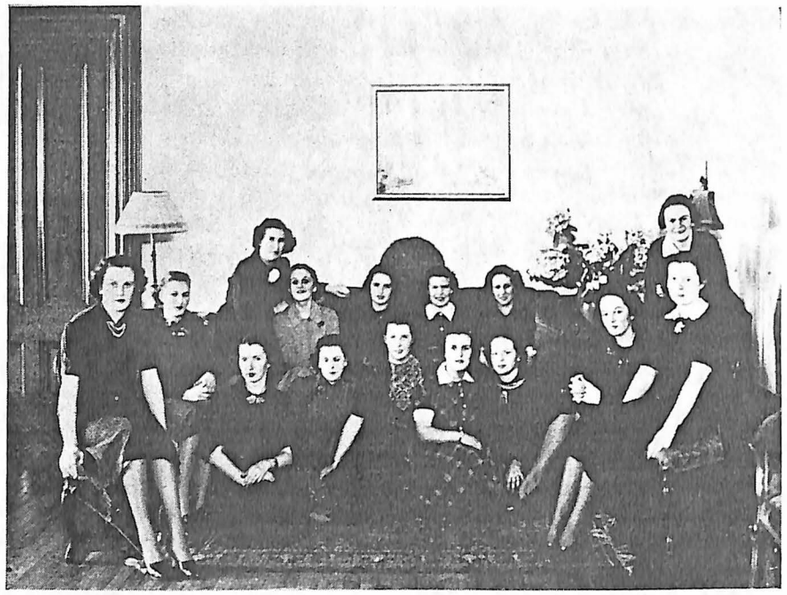
After lunch Miss S. W. goes out in the district. This afternoon she is taking Donald D. to hospital for a check up, as he had a Tonsillectomy last week. While at hospital Miss S. W. will visit Mrs. W., mother of Willie and Winnie W., who are in the agency's temporary home while Mrs. W. is recovering from a rather serious operation. Mrs. W. is being referred to a Convalescent Home and asks Miss S. W. to please take the children to see her next week when she may have visitors.

As clinic visits take a long time Miss S. W. will be able to make just one more call this afternoon—a Foster Home visit. Anna A.'s foster mother has reported that Anna is quite a problem. She is very disobedient, bad-tempered, and has Eneuresia. Mrs. F. M. does not see how she can put up with such behavior, although she has become very fond of Anna in spite of it. Together Miss S. W. and Mrs. F. M. discuss the whole problem, the latter giving particular instances when Anna misbehaved, the former offering suggestions for treatment and reminding Mrs. S. F. that it must be remembered that Anna has for a long time been deprived of the loving care and attention which a child of her age normally receives. It is decided that Mrs. F. M. will take Anna to clinic to seek the advice of a doctor, regarding Eneuresia. Mrs. F. M.'s farewell words are "We really don't want to have to give Anna up, you know."

On the way home in the tram car Miss S. W. passes the A. B. C. School and makes a mental note that she must visit there soon to consult Eddie E's teacher about his progress.

Considering that statistical records must be kept of all visits, consultations, interviews, clothing and other things issued and services given, Miss S. W. has had quite a busy day.

PATRICIA CLANCY, B.A.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Back row, left to right:

Joan Wallace of Halifax, who came in her Sophomore year from Saint Patrick's Girls' High School, the first to win the Alumnae Scholarship.

Melba Callow of Parrsboro, N. S., who has been our Sophomore Treasurer.

Catherine Kelley of Liverpool, N. S., who has been our Vice-President.

Eileen Finnegan of Lowell, Mass., who has been our efficient President.

Ruth Kline of Halifax, who has been the Secretary of the class.

Front row:

Patricia Dwyer of Kentville, N. S., who has been outstanding in the A.A.A., holding the office of Basketball agent.

Jean Rossiter of Halifax, who is a graduate of Saint Patrick's Girls' High School.

Hope Willard of Boston, Mass., a graduate of the Academy of the Assumption.

Rose-Anne Theriault of Belliveau's Cove, a star of the Commercial Department.

Marion Scott of Rockingham, N. S., who is a graduate of the Mount Saint Vincent Academy.

Anita Faulkner of Halifax, who with Hope Willard and Eileen Finnegan, is in her second year of Household Science.

Christine McCarty of Lubec, Maine, who is the "twin" of Rose-Anne Theriault—both being Charlie McCarthy's—in size.

Martha McCafferty and Mary McGonagle of St. John, N. B., who have constantly held the first and second places in our class standing.

The year just passed has been an eventful and happy one. We have learned to know our Alma Mater, her ideals and her expectations. She has imbued us with a spirit of loyalty and with the desire to make her ideals realities.

RUTH KLINE, '40.

What is a Philosophy of Life?

TO every man there comes at least once in a lifetime a period when the past with its efforts seems foolish; the present with its striving, futile; and the future looms threateningly; at its end the grave. Yet something tells man that he is not merely an animal to die forever, that his life is not to end in the corruption of the grave. Three questions then present themselves, three questions which will not be shelved: Whence did I come? Why am I here? Whither am I drifting?

He sees about him a universe, marvellously constructed. His researches teach him that, however infinitesimal seemingly, there is nothing, absolutely nothing in the natural order, which can remain unaffected by other creatures. Through this interrelation of cause man sees that nothing comes from nothing; and as he probes deeper and deeper into the great WHY of things, he is led by his reason to see, or rather the fact is thrust upon him, that there is a First Cause. Next he perceives that, of all God's creatures, he alone possesses a certain something which is peculiar to man, viz., his soul, endowed with intellect and will. The thinking man, whose judgment is unbiased, realizes that this which is a spiritual thing, since its effects, intellection and volition, are immaterial, could not have come from matter, could not have evolved, precisely because it is spiritual. Hence, there is demanded a distinct act of a personal Creator. Furthermore, by various processes of reasoning, man knows that this God is All-Wise, All-Powerful, and All-Sufficient, i. e., infinite Perfection.

It is obvious that God did not create man to fill a lack in Himself—being perfect, He lacked nothing; nor because He had need of man, for man can give God nothing which He did not eternally possess. The only possible reason for man's creation was Love. God formed man from the slime of the earth; but He breathed into him an immortal soul, which primarily constitutes man's likeness to God, inasmuch as the soul possesses intellect and will. God's intellect and will are identical with His Being; therefore, in man's soul is found his likeness to God, as it is spiritual and possesses activity of intellect and will, found in no other animal; and this natural tendency is further accentuated in that man, at the moment of creation, was raised to a supernatural level and given a supernatural destiny, viz., the Beatific Vision. Man, of his free choice, rejected this state, but once more through his redemption by Christ was reinstated in the divine favor and became again the adopted son of God. In this way, the first claims of God over His creatures can only be satisfied through loyal service of the Creator. The man, then, who sees the answer to these three vital questions, Whence? Why? Whither? in this fashion, has reasoned well—his philosophy of life is at least correctly orientated.

But, if these three questions present themselves to a man, and he is unable to answer as right reasoning dictates, his perspective is warped, and of necessity, his sense of direction is vitiated. Further, the lives of people over whom he has any influence or jurisdiction will become warped. Two very striking examples of bad philosophies of life are the Puritanic and Epicurean. The former, by stifling all innocent pleasure, viewing life as an intolerable burden, and picturing God as a harsh, cruel ruler, ruined the lives and probably the eternities of thousands, perhaps millions of people. On the other hand, the latter, by making pleasure the only good thing in life, and counting eternity as nothing, or not counting it at all, so long as one enjoyed one's self on earth, had an effect equally disastrous. From these two terrible examples of opposite extremes, it is easy to perceive where virtue lies—it is the happy medium, the golden mean—that this life must be enjoyed at its true value, i.e., as being a preparation for Eternal Life.

From the foregoing examples, it is evident also that not every philosophy of life will do. Every individual's philosophy of life is individual; but if it is to be correct, it must be based on true principles. There is only one correct foundation: there are many types of structure. Every philosophy should be such that it will stand up under each crisis of the individual's life; it must answer for the deeper and more significant things, the Whence, Why, and Whither, and be deserving of the title "philosophy" insofar as it inculcates a degree of wisdom.

We Christians can answer these questions; I was made by God to know, love and serve Him here on earth and to enjoy everlasting happiness by the immediate contemplation of Him in heaven. However, we are no better off than the pagan, if we can only glibly recite the answers; but if we try with every part of our being to live and follow the answer to the question Why, the Whence and Whither will look after themselves. In order to know, love and serve God, to the very best of our ability, it is necessary, of course, to follow His commandments, and to return the incomprehensively deep love of God in as great a measure as we are capable. Since every individual is individual, naturally every one will give a different type of service, and some will have a greater capacity for love than others, simply because they desire it so. The individual philosophy colors the whole life; no one else can give a service or a love like ours to God; then, if we do not give it—what a pity! The love and service which Saint Peter and Saint John each gave to Christ could hardly have been more different; it is true that both were founded on observance of God's law, but Saint Peter typifies more the spirit of faith, Saint John the spirit of love; yet who can say that Christ was not as pleased with the fiery, honest, and outspoken Peter as with the loving and gentle John, who never betrayed Him? We must build our individual structure upon this incorruptible foundation: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," i.e., the Christ life for Christ is the cornerstone, which no man living can wilfully reject—and live.

MARY McGONAGLE, '40.

"WE ARE SIX"

The Post-Graduate class this year is a small but unified and friendly group. All but Mary Morley, fourth from the left, have had the privilege of going through High School and spending their college years in the same classes. Although Mary has not been our classmate so long, she has, nevertheless, become really one of the "Post-Grads", joining whole heartedly in all their joys, tasks and activities. Having received her B. H. Sc. from the Mount in 1934, Mary has returned this year to obtain her B. A. The other five members of the class received their Bachelor of Arts degree last year and have returned to do post-graduate work in education. All have worked zealously and are filled with enthusiasm for their chosen profession. They are in order from the left:

VERTA C. CURRY—Verta's coolness and poise has always been a source of wonder and admiration to the rest of the class. Through all the trials and errors of student teaching she has emerged unscathed, with her calmness unshattered.

GLADYS M. CAMP—To the rest of the College, Gladys may be still the unsolvable mystery she always was, but to us she has revealed her amazing fund of common sense, an unfailing good nature, and a seemingly boundless generosity.

LENORE F. PELHAM—Lenore is the most versatile member of the class. Not only is she doing excellent work in the department of education, but journalism and public speaking aid greatly in occupying her time. She has won recognition and praise in the two latter fields for her work as editor of the Mount Saint Vincent edition of "The Halifax Mail" and in the recent Public Speaking Contest held by the Catholic Women's League.

DOROTHY WEBB—Catherine Dorothy, as she is known to her best friends, possesses a quality which is the envy of all her classmates; come what may she remains calm and unruffled and goes along her way (apparently) happy and free from care. Lessons in art appreciation and arithmetic are her forte, and even though her attention may be diverted at times by philosophy and stenography (60 word tests, etc.,) she remains loyal and true to her first love—Education.

MARIE FORHAN—Marie Loretta Rita's ready wit and good humor are a sure cure for any ailment, whether physical or mental. If present indications be true, those who are destined to come under Marie's supervision will be assured of a minimum of dull moments but of a maximum of work to be accomplished.

My sincere wish for the Post-Graduate class of 1937-1938 is that all its members will be successful and happy as they deserve. May the links of friendship formed here never be weakened in any way, but may they be strengthened with the years!

DOROTHY WEBB, B. A., '37

The Experiences Of A Student Teacher

HEN I was an undergraduate at College, how I envied the lot of the post-graduate students in Education as day after day they set out for the city to observe in the schools or to do their practice teaching. Often I used to say to myself, "O that I could get out of class as easy as that!" Practice teaching meant little to me then, but now—! Even if I live to be a hundred, my first teaching assignments will stand out as vividly as they do now, especially the one in fifth grade arithmetic.

A child's ignorance of mixed numbers and improper fractions may seem a rather inconsequential factor to the majority of people; but to me, for a week, it was my bugbear, a spectre that haunted me, the mere mention of which was sufficient to transform me from a happy, healthy girl to a shivering, shuddering wreck. The reason? Very simple. I was to teach the multiplication of mixed numbers. When the lesson was first assigned I was rather relieved, because Arithmetic always seemed to me a subject relatively easy to teach. Suddenly, though, in the midst of the preparation of my lesson plan, into my mind popped the question, "Will the class know what improper fractions and mixed numbers are?" My whole lesson depended on the pupils' knowledge of these facts. I was immediately reduced to a state of nervous exhaustion, from which I roused myself only after mentally preparing a lesson plan for the teaching of mixed numbers, and after philosophically assuring myself that if the pupils did not already know mixed numbers they would before I was finished with them.

After a restless night, during which the little sleep I had was disturbed by long races with elusive mixed numbers and improper fractions, the day of my "Waterloo" dawned. I stepped into a classroom containing fifty-six boys, ranging in age from eight to nineteen, who rose and cordially wished me, "Good Morning". Their brightness cheered me somewhat, but without further ado, I rushed to the blackboard and wrote the number $2\frac{3}{4}$. With quickly beating heart and bated breath, I asked, "What kind of number is this?" Never shall I forget the immense relief, the happiness that surged through me, when every hand in the class went up and with one accord the children answered, "A mixed number." During the rest of the lesson nothing could disturb my peace of mind, not even the giants in the rear seats, nor the "board-o-maniac", whom I unfortunately sent to the blackboard to do an example. He refused to put down his chalk and kept saying

fiercely—or it was it enthusiastically—"Gimme another one, teacher, gimme another one." For me to laugh would have been disastrous, and so I maintained my professional decorum by asking whether anyone needed help. Immediately the hands of boys in the rear of the room began to wave. As I went to help these boys, they gazed up at me rather foolishly or giggled senselessly. Torn between a desire to crack them smartly with the book I held in my hand and to laugh with them, I did neither of these things but simply ignored their actions and concentrated on the Arithmetic. Perhaps these latter mild disturbances would have troubled me but for the ever present relief I felt at their recognition of a mixed number.

My next lesson came under the heading, "Art Appreciation". The subject was George Frederick Watt's picture "Sir Galahad",—those who were to appreciate it, a class of Grade VIII girls. After my experience with the lesson involving mixed numbers, surely nothing so simple as teaching children to appreciate the beauty, coloring, story, etc. of a picture could disturb me. Nonchalantly I attacked the lesson plan. But alas, I found that my remembrance of the Arthurian legends had grown vague with the years. So I regaled myself with tales of Galahad, Lancelot, Elaine, and Guinevere. Then, forth I went to the combat armed with a copy of Watt's masterpiece, my newly-brushed-up knowledge, and most important of all, an elaborately prepared lesson plan. Mirabile dictu! The lesson was a success, the pupils responsive and enthusiastic, and I happy and exuberant for days.

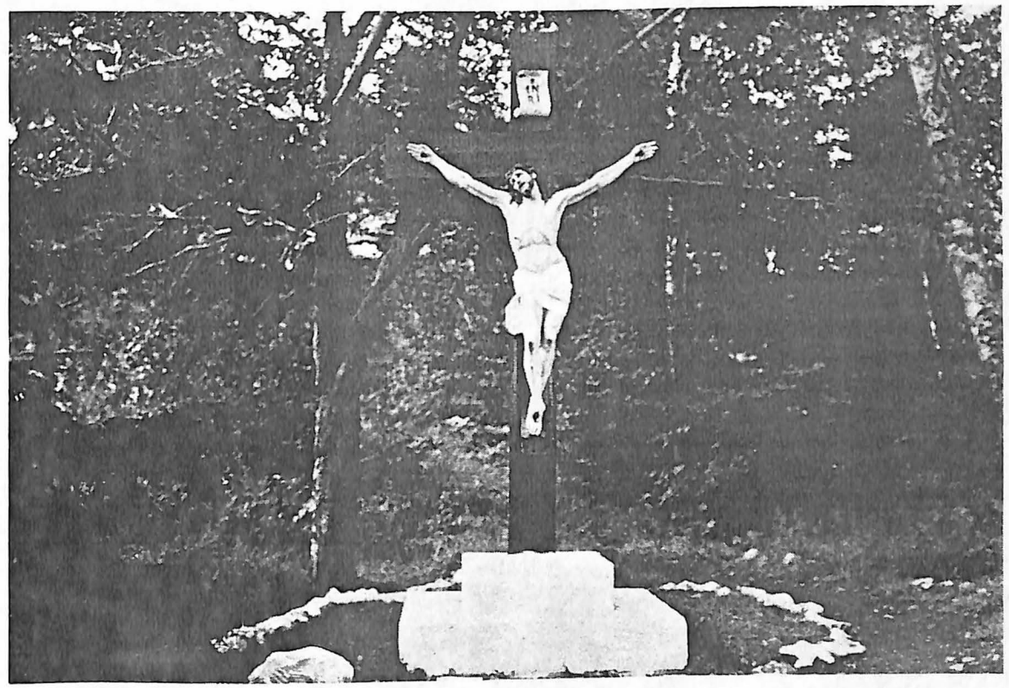
This feeling of success remained with me even through preparation for the teaching of "Square Root". Now fully conscious of the fact that nothing succeeds like success, I was determined to make use of this idea in the lesson itself. ALL the pupils must get ALL their problems correct—no errors whatsoever in this first lesson. What do we call this principle in Educational Psychology? Oh, yes, the Law of Effect— "A child tends to do over again that thing that has resulted in or been accompanied by satisfaction." Everyone remembers from elementary school days the feeling of satisfaction that always accompanied the long division example that worked out evenly. Only perfect squares must be used so that the law might function effectually. The children must experience the satisfaction of having their examples come out evenly. But horrors! A mistake! An incessant waving of hands and the humiliation of discovering that I, the teacher, had copied one of the examples incorrectly. It did not work out evenly! Was my lesson doomed? Such thoughts passed quickly through my mind, before I adroitly explained that the example had been deliberately planned to try to catch them, to ensnare them, as it were, and to prove that they understood the process. A mistake on the part of the teacher? Never!

Then, Reading in the third grade! I opened to the lesson, "The Brahmin and the—"but I saw no further. Shades of Philosophy III! With a supreme effort, I summoned all my courage and read on. What relief! The intricacies of Indian Philosophy did not have to be explained. The relief was short lived, however, for although the vocabulary of the lesson

was comparatively simple, the word, "decide" presented unexpected difficulty. No one in the class knew what it meant. Impelled by an inspiration I asked a little girl, just about as high as her desk, what she had *decided* to give up for Lent. As it was Ash Wednesday, she immediately waxed enthusiastic and answered, "Candy". Pleased with the display of intelligence, I asked her what she *did* when she decided. Innocently she answered "Why, Teacher, to give up candy!" Quickly telling her to sit down, lest the heresy spread throughout the class, I asked a child on the other side of the room what "decide" meant, and she very brightly replied, "To fast". Almost frantic by this time and not knowing whether to laugh, to cry, or to lose my temper, I calmly explained the meaning of the word. I wonder whether to those little girls the word "decide" still means "to fast" or "to give up candy"?

In spite of these difficulties of my practice teaching I do enjoy the work and I am sure that I am going to love the profession I have chosen. The one thing I have gleaned from my limited experience is that a teacher's morning prayer should be ,"Dear Lord, please let me be able to laugh today".

DOROTHY WEBB, B.A., '37.



WOODLAND CALVARY

A CAMPUS WALK

L'Examen Scolaire a Saint-Pierre

NOUS avons l'habitude, à Saint-Pierre, d'avoir un examen appelé "Brevet" pour terminer l'année scolaire. Ce dernier a lieu ordinairement dans le courant du mois de Juin. Il se compose de deux parties: l'écrit et l'oral. S'y présentent: garçons et filles, élèves ayant seize ans dans l'année. Les questions sont trouvées dans des livres venant de France toutes les semaines. Elles sont choisies par le Gouverneur de la Colonie.

L'année passée, le Brevet a eu lieu le 21 Juin, en présence: du Gouverneur de la Colonie, du Juge, du Directeur de l'Ecole publique, du Docteur, du Directeur de l'Ecole de Miquelon, d'une Soeur, directrice du Couvent, et du Directeur du télégraphe. Il y avait vingt et un candidats et candidates à concourir. Parmi ces élèves, j'étais du nombre.

L'examen commença le lundi matin, à huit heures et demie. Le premier devoir donné fut la Composition Française. Nous avions à développer cette maxime: "Plus fait douceur que violence." Nous avons eu deux heures et demie, pour la faire. Ce fut le seul devoir pour la matinée. L'aprés-midi, il fallait être rendus pour une heure et demie. A cette heure, nous avons eu comme devoir: l'Orthographe qui comprenait: une dictée et des questions. A trois heures, nous avions un devoir de Géographie qui avait comme texte: l'Afrique; il fallait le développer en une heure et demie. C'était tout pour ce jour.

Le lendemain, nous devions nous rendre à l'examen, à la même heure que le jour précédent. Le devoir était les Mathématiques; nous devions avoir: soit la Géométrie, soit l'Algèbre, soit l'Arithmétique. Nous sommes tombés sur l'Algèbre se composant d'une équation à deux inconnues et d'un problème. Nous avions deux heures et demie pour le faire, et, ce fut le seul devoir donné pour la matinée. L'après-midi, nous avions rendez-vous à la même heure que le jour passé. Le devoir à développer fut les Mammifères; il fallait le faire en une heure et demie.

Voilà ce qui forma l'écrit du Brevet. Mais, ce n'était pas tout! Il fallait attendre les résultats! Aprés être sortis à trois heures et demie, la commission est venue nous dire qu'ils ne pourraient pas donner les résultats avant onze heures du soir, parce qu'ils avaient encore beaucoup de devoirs à corriger. Enfin, après avoir attendu l'heure avec impatience, nous nous trouvâmes réunis de nouveau, mais, cette fois, il n'y avait pas seulement les candidats et candidates! C'était devenu public!! Nous discutâmes sur les différents incidents de la journée et le temps passa. Il était onze heures et demie, et les résultats n'étaient pas encore donnés. Enfin, à minuit moins le quart, le Gouverneur est venu lire à haute voix, ceux et celles qui avaient passé et ceux et celles qui n'étaient pas reçus. Ceux et celles qui avaient réussi étaient joyeux, mais par contre, les autres qui n'avaient pas passé, pleuraient à chaudes larmes. Heureusement, je

n'étais pas de ce nombre. Le président nous donna enfin, rendez-vous pour l'oral le lendemain, à neuf heures cette fois, et, tout le monde se sépara.

Nous étions treize élèves qui avions passé. Nous arrivâmes le lendemain à l'heure convenue. Les devoirs étaient: dessin et couture. Comme dessin, qui était de la perspective, nous avons eu une chaise avec une lampe dessus, et un abat-jour. C'était très difficile. Les garçons n'ont pas eu de coutre, naturellement, et les filles ont eu; une boutonniére et une reprise à trou. Ce fut tout pour le matin. Aprés avoir diné, il fallait se rendre à l'ecole pour une heure et demie. A ce moment, l'oral recommença. La première matière demandée fut le chant. Chaque élève devait chanter une chanson apprise à l'école. Après le chant, nous avons eu un exercise de gymnastique. Quand ce fut terminé, l'oral devint public. Le Gouverneur, qui est président de l'examen, ayant ouvert les portes de la salle, fit entrer toutes les personnes, aussi bien, hommes que femmes et enfants. Il n'y avait pas même assez de place pour tout le monde, si bien, que le reste était obligé de rester à la porte. Quant tout le monde fut tranquille, le nom de chaque élève fut appelé.

Il y avait deux bureaux; à un, se trouvaient quatre examinateurs qui interrogeaient sur ces matières: Géographie, Histoire, Littérature, Morale, Instruction civique; à l'autre, se trouvaient trois examinateurs qui interrogeaient sur ces matières: Arithmétique, Algèbre, Géométrie, Physique, Chimie, Histoire Naturelle qui comprenait: le Corps humain, la Biologie, la Botanique, le Paléontologie, l'Hygiène.

Le silence dans la salle fut troublé par l'appellation de deux noms: celui d'un garçon et d'une fille. Le garçon se dirigea à un bureau. Un des examinateurs lui prèsenta une boîte, dans laquelle il y avait mélangées treize di:érentes questions. Il en prit une et alla réfléchir dix minutes. A ce moment, l'examinateur l'appela pour répondre à sa question, et, en même temps, il nomma un autre élève. La fille était allée à l'autre bureau, faire la même chose que le garçon; l'examinateur nomma une autre élève, et ainsi de suite.

Nous restions très longtemps à chaque bureau. Je me souviens, que j'étais à un bureau à huit heures moins vingt minutes, du soir, sans avoir rien mangé depuis midi, et, que j'ai eu fini de répondre à neuf heures moins dix minutes! A cette heure, je suis allée souper! Il fallait que j'y retourne encore! Après avoir soupé, je suis repartie à neuf heures un quart. J'ai été appelée au bureau, à dix heures moins le quart pour répondre aux questions de Morale et d'Instruction civique. Mon examen fut complètement terminé à dix heures et demie!

Mais, il n'y avait pas qu'à moi à penser! Il y avait des élèves qui n'avaient pas encore récité aux premières questions! L' oral se continua, mais, il était onze heures et il n'était pas fini! A minuit, il y avait encore des filles aux bureaux. A ce moment, la lumière disparait! (à Saint-Pierre, la lumière est retirée à minuit) il a fallu aller chercher les lampes, pour continuer l'examen. A minuit vingt minutes, mon amie, M. L., qui est au Mount, en ce moment, était à réciter sa dernière question de Chimie, et, ce qui était pire, c'est qu'elle avait tout le monde autour d'elle! Enfin, après

avoir fini d'y répondre, les examinateurs se retirèrent, il était minuit et demie. Il n'y avait qu'à attendre maintenant le résultat final.

Après avoir attendu, quelques minutes, la Commission revint. Le président lut de nouveau, à haute voix, le nom de chaque élève; tous ceux et celles qui avaient passé à l'écrit, furent recus à l'oral. La joie rayonnait sur les visages, mais, on y voyait aussi la fatigue! Il était une heure un quart, après minuit, quand tout le monde se retira!

Enfin, maintenant la vie scolaire est finie, pour eux, particulièrement ils ne retourneront plus à ce terrible examen.

BLANCHE DE LA VILLEFROMOY, '40.

A Dissertation On the Evolution of the Hat

ONE evening, recently, at the movies a battle waged fierce and grim between certain pest elements. Three guesses as to who won. Well, having successfully evaded seat-kickers and gum-chewers, I found myself behind a beautiful tweed coat with a nice fur collar, an expensive-looking permanent wave, all of which were most conducive to pleasure; but the crowning glory was an outrageous hat with plumage beyond words. There and then the seeds of doubt concerning the sanity of Fashion were sown in a mind which up to then duly revered that time-honored institution. Are modern styles reverting to some of the millinery modes of generations ago? It would seem so, and it would also seem that little discretion is being used in the choice of imitations; that public whim is pampering itself according to the philosophy expressed in a song of a few seasons ago, "Anything Goes." Wouldn't you like to have a peep at some of the products of the ages behind us which are being "modernized" into respectable head wear? For instance . . . .

'Way back, B.C. about fourteen hundred years, the Egyptian Kingdom came into being. In those first years work was hard and plain, fare was simple and plain, politics were clean and plain, dresses were straight and plain, and head dress was plainest of all. The hair hung straight and long, falling over the shoulders so as not to disturb a very plain silhouette. Later, the process of curling and plaiting the tresses became common and weird-looking devices were worn on the head which were so shaped as to remind one of the tame doves and pigeons, the favorite pets of the time. Still later, the elaborately dressed hair was given even more attention. In the days of Cleopatra, when the whole countryside did its best to be conspicuous and flashing, head-dress did the same. Jewels were worn in

profusion by those who could afford them and those who could not rejoiced in their miserable imitations.

Egyptian "hats" being inclined to the cumbersome, a happy relief is found in the simple grace of the Grecian styles. But there is a very good reason for this. You will remember that Greek women played no great part in the cultural life of the little peninsula. They retired to the kitchens and stayed there, which arrangement made everybody happy. Their simplicity and charm must have been inspiring, for the loveliest sculpture of all time has come to us swathed in folds and draperies never equalled in grace. Their head-wear then was typical and consistent. It was usually made up of fillets wound around the head several times, or a splendone, a band of cloth or leather. On journeys from home Grecian women wore veils of sheer cotton. All these forms of head-wear keep the profile simple and unaffected.

There is not a great deal to be said about Roman apparel. It was imitative of the Greek as was all Roman culture, but the grace of the Grecian women could not be copied. Their palla on the Barbarian's wife was almost comparable to the modern expression, "bull in a china shop."

To me the most romantic period of history is that one vaguely referred to as "The Middle Ages." Here then, we expect to find something unique and we are not disappointed. In France, the land of romance, and also the country wherein are bases of most of our modern dress, the styles of the Middle Ages were set. The Gauls and Franks then inhabiting the country appropriated the ideas brought by their warriors from Italy and later by the Crusaders from the East. A large veil, richly embroidered, was the head-attire for centuries. The twelfth century saw only the change from the large veil to a small circular veil surmounted by a circlet, which in turn gave rise to the wimple. The wimple in modified form is still found in certain religious orders of nuns.

A dull period, those twelfth and thirteenth centuries; little ingenuity or even interest is apparent. Then suddenly, as if to repair the loss by laxity, fickle Dame Fashion began to appear in creations that were delightful, ridiculous, and rich in suggestion, all in the same breath. The spirituality of the time, so obvious in the Gothic architecture of the cathedrals, is seen even in the architecture which women carried around on their heads. Often a yard in height, these cone-shaped hennins expressed the desires of the human race to scar to the sky in search of sublime direction. Don't you love a people who could ignore the incongruity of their attire so innocently, because it expressed their feelings so perfectly?

Then came the brightest, happiest period in all History, the Renaissance, bringing in its wake a train of attractive hats consistent with the beauty in all other fields. The monstrosities of the fourteenth century were replaced by small close-fitting hats, generously trimmed with jewels, furs, and almost anything ornamental. The introduction of corsets and hoops demanded that a head-dress be used in order to preserve a balance. The hennins with their tallness were not unsuited to their period because

dresses were made on long straight lines, but in the fifteenth century they would have been utterly incongruous with the wide dumply-looking skirts. Here, as with all good things, excess spelled disaster. Jewels were used so profusely that the natural outline of the hat was distorted and utterly lost to charm. And so the later Renaissance modes were basic for some of our more grotesque head coverings of the present time.

When hoops and ruffs went out in the seventeenth century, hats lost their absurdity again, and the coiffure became more important. Soft curls framing the face were the desirable style. Hats of this period were indifferent affairs with no special significance or even definite ornaments. Towards the end of this century the great high pompadours were beginning to be cultivated and, if you are possessed of a very powerful imagination, you can picture a hat nobly braving the rigors of that altitude.

The pompadour continuing in mode for some generations, there was no real progress so far as millinery was concerned. The pompadours were generously bedecked with gay ribbons, huge feathers, trifles of all sorts. The eighteenth century, however, brought a revolution and revolutions. With Mme. Revolution and her daughter Mlle. Guillotine came the fad of shorn tresses. Here they had something; like present day bobs, there was firm foundation on which to build, and build on them they did. Marie Antoinette and her ladies had given free scope to their fancy, and their fancy covered a wide scope. Political or social events, landscapes, ships, had been represented in all their glory. Extravagant, extreme, and altogether expressive of the habits of a luxurious court were these fashions. The utter lack of restraint in choosing head adornment typifies the period; restraint had been foreign to the spoiled darling of the French court.

Early in the nineteenth century, hats, along with other costumes, underwent radical change. Clothes again became simply and classically modelled. But alas, not to stay did these styles arrive; for within fifteen years hats returned to the extremes in decoration. Flowers and ribbons, and ribbons and flowers reached ever upward and sometimes outward at dangerous angles. But again, even before the century reached its half-way mark, the trend reverted to the bonnet type. Bonnets of endless shapes blithely did their share toward enlarging the selection bequeathed to us.

But now let us look at the twentieth century, our own modern times, the greatest age of civilization since once upon a time. Is it really guilty of those THINGS attributed to it? Some of you must remember those broad-brimmed portable gardens that for lack of a more suitable word, we call hats. And then there were those pre-war affairs that ranged anywhere from the small turban with its upstanding feather, quill or bow, to the Gibson Girl's picture-hat with hugh trimmings. About this time women began to think that veils were quite the thing. These veils made of yards of chiffon, were tied over the big hats and the ends allowed to stream in the air. Here a tragic note enters in, for one of these veils got caught and hurled a young girl, a dancer, to her death. Perhaps this accident was partly responsible for the short life of the veil fad.

With the war came a demand for simplicity. Women doing men's work had little time to be vain: hair had to be short; hats had to be small in order not to obstruct traffic in subways, street cars and buses. We all can trace the history of head-wear during the second and third decades of our century. The round, rather shapeless hats of 1925, the return to large hats, the fad for "off the face", and now, finally the present mode, consisting of anything and everything you feel the urge to wear, have fallen in line.

Just at present, every new season brings in its wake a brand new collection of freaks, the "babushkas", and other bonnet-shaped hats popular now, especially among the school girls, are as naught compared to some of the oddities shown recently in a movie short. Can you imagine even a self-respecting donkey appearing in an inverted pot or pan, a basket of fruit or flowers?

Oh fickle, fickle Mistress Fashion, never indeed will age wither nor custom stale YOUR infinite variety!

JEAN ROSSITER, '40

Thoughts Garnered During the National Sportsmen's Shows

THE month of February is the month par excellence for Sportsmen's Shows. These shows seem to have become a permanent institution. Nova Scotia has been exhibiting in the National Sportsmen's Shows for a dozen years or so. In previous years it exhibited in Boston, New York, and Hartford, but this year it exhibited only in the first two places. The shows had extensive representation, some of the outstanding exhibitions being, besides Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, the Canadian North, Alaska, Bermuda, South Africa, several of the New England States, as well as various cities and individual organizations.

A friendly rivalry exists as to who will have the most interesting display. Therefore, the spectator, turning away from the drab and dusty street, is charmed by the sight of bright autumn landscapes, clear brooks where salmon and trout are at play, log cabins furnished in rustic fashion and yet very comfortable, boats that are miniature homes, wild and domestic animals, African villages, Eskimo settlements, lakes where log-rolling, canoe-tilting and fly-casting are in full swing—in short, anything which will gladden the eye and warm the heart of a sport or a vacationist.

In previous years, Nova Scotia had been advertised, chiefly, as the paradise of the fisherman and the hunter—and with reason. But Nova Scotia has other merits of which she may rightly boast;—unsurpassed scenic beauty, fine people noted far and wide for their hospitality, the memories and tangible remains of a glorious past. So, to direct the mind of the visitor to these present assets and to her past glories, Mr. A. J. Campbell, director of the Bureau of Information and Publicity, thought it wise to create an Acadian booth, over which an Acadian girl, representing Evangeline, should preside.

Having had the honour of playing the part of Evangeline, I was, to some extent, able to ascertain the attitude of Americans towards us, i.e. towards all Nova Scotians. I am happy to say that, in general, they gave evidence of a kind and sympathetic regard, an attitude which made one feel quite at home among them. Thousands stopped at the Nova Scotia booth. A large number expressed the opinion that our booth was the best in the whole exhibition—but, of course, we did not feel conceited about it!

More who had already visited Nova Scotia—and there were many who had—were loud in their praise of my fair province. Many who had never visited it had heard such good reports of it that they desired to come. But all wished to make sure of one thing—the condition of our roads. Fortunately we were able to furnish good reports on the matter.

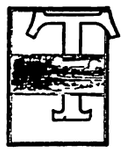
Some had false notions regarding our climate—the prevailing notion seeming to be that we were buried in snow for four or five months of the year. And one misguided soul, either to make conversation or through invincible ignorance, asked one of the "Mounties" if they had newspapers in his country! He came from Halifax, too!

One thing particularly struck me. I had not thought that I would find in New York, young people willing to admit that they loathe city-life, but I did,—and many of them. They came to me and expressed their longing to go back to the country where they could live in peace "far from the madding crowd." I was much impressed.

So, while we keep Nova Scotia what it is, unspoiled and natural, we shall continue to have these peace-loving visitors. Let us give them that, and a "square deal", even though some may be millionaires, and they will continue to come.

MARIE AMIRAULT, B.A., '30.

NEPTUNE'S TUSK



HE great sea raged and sent up its salt spray, as if it would engulf the little cottage perched up on the brow, just out of its reach. Poor was that fisherman's home; but it was as comfortable as only loving hands could make it with the little means at their disposal. A lamp shone in the window beacon. He was at sea.

Within, the fisherman's wife sat mending nets. His eight-year-old son slept soundly, blissfully unaware of the storm. The log-fire flickered and cast shadows. An ominous silence reigned, a silence that, tonight, frightened her somehow. It seemed to whisper: "He won't be back. Neptune's Tusk is there waiting for him. He's been trying to foil it, and have a lighthouse put there. His father and uncle tried before him, and it got them. It's *his* turn tonight."

'Twas fear that spoke, and Molly knew it; but, try as she would, she could not hush the voice.

Neptune's Tusk was a sunken rock, a peril in those days to the fishermen for miles along that coast. Countless were the number of wrecked vessels laid to its charge and useless had been the pleas made to the authorities for a lighthouse.

The hours passed as Molly waited for her man; the voice was speaking more loudly now. She tried in vain to calm herself. She laughed, then cried, then tried to pray. The sound of the sea seemed to echo and re-echo in her ears. All she could say was "God keep him safe" over and over again, mumbling like a person entranced. Then nature took its course, and she slept.

With the dawn came the news. She received it bravely.

The years passed. Molly watched her son grow up to be a fisherman, doomed perhaps to perish, like his father, grandfather, and all the other men of his family. Each night she prayed for a lighthouse on Neptune's Tusk. It should not have her son. It had enough.

One morning the men came home with tales of a strange light they had seen on Neptune's Tusk. Some said 'twas like a cross, others that 'twas like a great ball of fire. "Jim's come back to light the rock, himself," they whispered. The whole village was shaken to the depths of its superstitious soul. Molly prayed harder than ever. He had not forgotten what he had tried so hard to accomplish, and she wanted to help him. The thought of helping him comforted her. It made him seem so near.

News of the "ghost-light" travelled. Neptune's Tusk became notorious. Not only was its "light" spoken of, but the story of its evil deeds spread the length and breadth of the country; and so it was naturally forced upon the attention of the government. The next time the Official Inspection Boat made its annual tour, a lighthouse was ordered erected on Neptune's Tusk, and at this very moment it is flashing its warning to benighted fishermen. Neptune's Tusk shall not have another soul. It has had enough.

AGATHA O'KEEFE, 39.

NEW LONDON -- *A SATIRE*

*Lines adapted literally from Johnson.	Corresponding passages in Juvenal
*When injur'd John Smith bids the town farewell,	
Yet still I praise him for his lofty choice	laudo tamen
To take up farming and give up the Royce.	
Five miles from town, amid the country air,	ianua Baiarum
He and the wife will make a happy pair.	
E'en a farm I'd take instead of this:	ego vel Prochytam praepono Suburae
Across the street, the builders' hit or miss,	lapsus tectorum
Such dire perils as a penny sale,	mille pericula saevae urbis
The fire engines and the newsboys' wail.	incendia, recitantes poetas
While Smith awaits the van that will contain	una reda
All that the mortgage company failed to claim,	
He seeks in pensive mood, meand'ring down,	madidam Capenam
The river bank, a relic of the town,	
Where many a business care had been dispelled	
By the charm a weekly fishing trip had held.	ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae
But lo! since then, the sacred spot was let	nunc locantur Judaeis—
To beggars by profession, need or fret.	
At length, perplex'd and disillusioned sore,	
Friend John resolves to visit just once more	in vallem Egeriae descendimus
The lovely lower valley decked in green,	viridi margine
But finds the power house has spoilt the scene.	marmora violarent . . .
*Indignantly, Smith eyes the neighb'ring town.	
"Since honest labor never wins the crown,	nullus locus artibus honestis . . . nulla emolumenta laborum
Since business seems to go from bad to worse,	res hodie minor est here quam fuit
And soon I'd face the judge with empty purse,	cras deteret exiguis aliquid
While yet my steady hand can hold the wheel,	dum prima et recta senectus
And yet the Ford responds to my appeal,	
Let's make for th' open fields; let's leave this place,	cedamus patria
Where crooks and politicians win the race;	
Let them remain who cheat behind the scenes,	quis facile est . . .
Who sell their birthright for a can of beans!	praebere caput
Cheer-leaders these men were at college once;	cornicines
Well known for chubby cheeks, and nicknamed "dunce".	notaeque per oppida buccae munera nunc edunt
Behold! Now they themselves put on the show	occidunt populariter
And slay or spare according as they go—	
If Lib'rals are in power they are red;	
But if not, blue—no further need be said.	
*Now what, my friend, what hope remains for me,	quid Romae faciam
Who cannot say you're right if wrong you be?	mentiri nescio
Who cannot praise a downright filthy show,	librum, si malus est, nequeo laudare
Who can't play contract bridge, nor dice I throw;	motus astorum ignoro
And least do I possess that subtle art	
That finds the winding path to a lady's heart.	
I have no secrets worth their weight in gold;	occultis tacendis
So now I must, since sure when all is told,	
I never robbed a bank nor told a lie.	me nemo ministro fur erit
*Live unregarded, unlamented die.	
But never mind what others say or do:	
Let them get rich in a day—what's that to you?	tant tibi non sit
Don't sell for cheques what cheques could never buy:	praemia ponenda ut somno careas
A good night's sleep, good health, a steady eye.	nec pudor obstabit
I blush to tell how our fair Canada	
Has fall'n an easy prey to a neighbor's claw;	
What kind of folk this is whom we admire,	quae gens acceptissima
Too oft' a smart, sophisticated liar.	
*Forgive my transports on a theme like this,	
But our American metropolis	

Is really more than I can bear or own—
Not e'en our language can we call our own!
Nor is this all—our Country-home's not least
The common sewer of Europe and the East,
*With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
*Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Your Yankee daughter wears a New York gown,
Your brow is furrowed by a Wall Street frown,
Your boy, a Princeton football hero now,
The Cup on padded shoulder, takes his bow.
*All that at home no more can beg or steal,
From East and West give us the shady deal.
That witty, bold, verbose pretense of man,

Do you know what his trade is, what his span?
He'll teach you Broadway slang, Chicago scoff,
Then take you for a ride and bump you off.
To paint her face he'll train your daughter dear;
For gold he'll publish twenty books a year.
(Just trust Americans for something new)
And send him to the dogs, he'll take you, too!
Shall I not flee to their purpl' and fine array?
Oh! for that happy, long-forgotten day,

When men were men, loved truth and piety,
Delighted in great minds' society!
Now Hollywood's our source of fine emotion,
And Barrymore our object of devotion,
Alas! Canadians are welcome to this:
To laugh, or weep, or freeze or glow in bliss,
Mere imitators of the U. S. A.,
By night and day applaud whate'er they say?
*How, when competitors like these contend,
*Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Because I lack "that glib and oily art",
I'm at the gate of everybody's heart;
My long-protracted friendship is in vain:
No one esteems a poor man's favor gain.

Don't fool yourself, there's no job here for you,
E'en if in Sunday suit you hurry through
To reach the city bureau before dawn—
When you get there you find the job is gone.
Your only asset is efficiency,
But Mr. Mighty's boy has pull, you see.

I call to witness our great men of old,
How our ancestral pride has grown quite cold.
Now, when a lady of society
Makes out a list of favored guests for tea,
No doubt the question first put forth is this:
"Now does she ever social function miss?"
"How many Pomeranians does she keep?
"How large is her estate? Her silver, cheap?"

The measure of each man's trustworthiness
Is just his bank-account—no more, no less.

What if his overcoat, quite over-done,
His baggy knees provoke a nasty pun?
The shoe-repairer has applied a patch
To some strategic points that don't quite match.

*Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
*No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
No peaceful homestead in the wooly West,
While worthless sons of Money snatch the best?

non possum ferre Graecam urbem

quamvis quota portio faecis Achaei?

trechedipna

ceromatico fert niceteria collo

ingenium velox, audacia perdita,
sermo promptus
ede, qui illum esse putes
grammaticus, etc.

pictor
rhetor
omnia novi Graeculus
in caelum iusseris, ibit
ego non fugiam conchylia?
usque adeo, nihil est, quod nostra
infantia caelum hausit Aventini

natio commoeda est

rides . . . etc.

nocte dieque laudare paratus

nunquam partitur amicum

limine summoveor
perierunt tempora longi servitii
nusquam minor est iactura clientis

ne orbis blandiar
si curet nocte togatus currere

quod officum pauperis hic

divitis hic servo claudit latus
ingenuorum filius
da testem . . . procedat

protunus ad censum fiet questio

quot pascit servos?
quot possidet agri iugera? quam
multa magnaque paropside cenat?

quantum quisque sua nummorum
servat
quid, quod materiam praebet
causaque
iocorum omnibus hic idem, si foeda
et
scissa lacerna, si toga sordidula est
et rupta calceus alter pelle patet

"Exeat", inquit . . .
sedeant his lenonum pueri
magno hospitium miserabile, magno

The price of keeping up with yonder Jones,
Oft' leads, in cities, to disastrous loans.
Besides, nobody wears a mourning coat,
Tall hat and gloves till on the marriage-boat.
And if, to keep a Civic Holiday,
You choose the movies as the better way,
What do you see? The old and hackneyed tale—
Triangles, fights, divorce and maybe jail.
And if disgusted you should look around you,
Just seeking cleaner fun in those beside you,
You'll find the balconies and loges full
Of rich in cheap skull caps and common wool.
All right for them to get away with that—
But just you try to wear a ten-cent hat!

Yet still we will buy clothes beyond our lee,
And draw, for this, on next month's salary.

"But everybody does it," you will say.
So what? If everybody falls away,
And courts pretentious poverty, must you?
Now take, for instance, this new mad desire
To live in flats above the tallest spire.

If the basement catches fire, don't you fret:
You're only at the fifty-ninth floor yet;
But think of penthouse dwellers 'way up there—
They may have some excuse to get a scare.
Then there are those who buy a policy,
And lo! a certain night, mysteriously,
A fire breaks out at home—but from the ruin,
A bigger and better mansion springs forth soon.

To sleep in cities is a luxury:
Besides your tin can supper or a spree,
Your ears are dinned with radios and trucks
Till you'd agree to pay a wink ten bucks.

If duty calls Van Smythe to business soon,
And bids him rise an hour before noon,
The Rolls and James will get him there on time,
While you, poor wretch! must travel on a dime.
Not only that—but while he's riding through,
If you're not quick it's just too bad for you:
Survive none but the fittest here, forsooth,
And even he perchance forsakes a tooth!
The same is true when there's a sale up town:
A wave of rushing matrons press you down.

They jam you with their elbows, crush your toes,

Their quill-like feather'd hats will poke your nose.
The wife believes you safe, and for your sake,
Is keeping home fires burning for the steak;
While on a curb-stone you bemoan the loss
Of your last car-fare in that scrambling toss.

And, friend, when you go out at night, beware!
'Round here you never know how you will fare.
If wise, you'll make your will before you go,
Lest you should catch a brick or meet a foe.
A hold-up now: "Your money or your life!"
But he takes both; if, fearing such a rife,
You left your wallet home, he knocks you cold.

servorum ventres et frugi cenula
magno
nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus
ipsa maiestas dierum festorum
theatro herboso
notum exodium

aequales habitus illic similemque
videbis orchestram et populum . . .
clari velamen honoris sufficiunt
tunicae summis aedilibus albae

his ultra vires habitus nitor
aliquid plus quam satis aliena
sumitur arca
commune id vitium est

ambitiosa paupertate

nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine
fultam
nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis
tertia tabulata fumant
quem tegula sola tuetur a pluvia
ultimus ardebit

tamquam ipse suas incenderit aedes
meliora et plura reponit

magnis opibus dormitur in urbe
cibus imperfectus
transitus redarum . . .

si vocat officium

dives vehetur ingenti Liburno

turba cedente
curret super ora

nobis properantibus obstat unda
prior,
magno populus premit agmine
lumbos
qui sequitur . . .
ferit hic cubito . . . in digito clavus
mihi militis haeret
at hic tignum capiti incutit
domus interea secura . . .
et bucca foculum excitat
iam sedet in ripa
nec habet quem porrigat ore
trientum

pericula noctis

si intestatus eas . . .
cerebrum testa ferit . . .
"unde venis?" exclamat . . .
tantumdem est . . .

If not, he takes and strikes lest you get bold.

Enough of that. I could produce much more,

But now I yearn to quit this thankless shore.
*Farewell! When, youth and health and fortune
spent,
You feel like me, to your disgust give vent.
Or come and see me in my rustic home,
Unless you disapprove of this, my poem!

feriunt pariter; vadimonia deinde
irati faciunt
his alias poteram et plures
subnectere causas

M. F.

Dives and Lazarus

Self-love feeds like a king in state;
Heaped-up desire is on his plate:
True love lies outside at the gate.

His daily portion is crumbs, I wis,
A fragment of remembered bliss,
A chance-dropped word, a doubtful kiss.

Self-love is fat and fair and strong;
For him is music and dance and song,
For him the plaudits of the throng.

True love is parched and starved and cold,
Griefs in his soul are manifold,
Only his eyes a strange light hold.

Abraham's bosom is open wide
But hell waits for purple and pride:
So saith True Love, Who was crucified.

S. M. A.

When The Years Have Passed

"OO! Jo! Wait for me." Silence. "Jo!" The girl stopped and turned around slowly as short-and-fat Connie puffed along behind her. "Jo, you cruel brute, why didn't you wait for me? Here I am just practically bursting with news and jokes and such-and-such and soforth, and you strut off like a peacock all by yourself. Wait till you hear this joke I've saved up to tell you. It's a riot!" and Connie went off into gales at the thought of it. Still not a word from Jo. Suddenly Connie stopped and looked at her. "Why, Jo, what's the matter? Have I done anything? Why you—you've been crying. Here now, come along and tell your old friend all about it." She put a friendly arm about Jo and led her up the hill past the shrine where a few Academy children were swinging. Behind them, the College buildings of Mount Saint Vincent basked in the warm sunlight of that bright May morning.

Jo bit her lip in a vain effort to keep back tears.

"Jo, please tell me," Connie pleaded. "What's the matter? Did you lose something? Or did someone scold you for having dust under your bed? Now look at yourself! What would people say if they could see you —Josephine Winslow, future star of the Metropolitan Opera Company—."

"Oh, stop, Connie, stop, please. You see—Ah, it's terrible! You see it never will be Josephine Winslow of any opera company, because I've—I've lost my voice."

Connie stood still in amazement. "Lost your voice! Oh, Jo dear, it can't be true. After all these years of working so hard at your music, it just can't be! How do you know?"

"It was that attack of influenza last month. I saw the doctor yesterday,—and he told me definitely that I could never sing again. Connie, what shall I do? Ever since I've been tiny, I've planned and planned and now, look what has happened. I just haven't the courage to go on. My whole life is ruined. I would rather have died than have this happen."

"Now you listen to me, Jo. You must have courage."

"Courage! You stand there and tell me to have courage! Why, no one could have courage in the face of all this!"

Connie was silent a few moments. The quiet of the morning was broken only by Jo's sobs. Then Connie spoke again.

"Jo, come with me and I'll take you to my little hill. It's the cutest hill you ever saw. It's so tiny and it tries to look so important. Whenever I feel blue I walk through the woods to it and sit there a while and rest, and somehow, when I come away again all my worries 'fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away'. Perhaps my little hill will help you, too."

Jo smiled through her tears. "Connie, you are the most dramatic person I've ever met. Lead on, MacDuff, and we'll try out your little hill."

They walked on in silence through the woods and at last came to a very little hill, if it could be called a hill at all rather than a very high mound.

Connie bowed before it in mock dignity. "Mr. Hill, may I present my very good friend, Miss Winslow—Miss Winslow, Mr. Hill." She waved her arm with a flourish, and the two of them climbed up and sat on its grassy summit. Such an air of quietness hung over the morning. On one side, a huge oak spread its leafy branches overhead; and on all other sides stood silver birches, like solitary sentinels guarding a treasure from a prying world. It seemed like a little spot of the old world—such a spot as one might find among the Arcadian Hills in ancient Greese, or nestled in the slopes of Palestine. Connie lay back, closing her eyes in the drowsy stillness; but Jo sat forward, her chin cupped in her hands, and gazed out over the waving tree-tops at the sun glancing on the waters of Bedford Basin, so blue, so very blue.

It was blue, blue, all blue, that vast expense of ocean stretching forth in limitless measure, an infinite blue; but the hearts of the men were heavy as they dipped their massive oars, their muscles writhing beneath their carved arm-bands. Still on and on they dipped and heaved, and the three black galleys, their hammered-bronze figure-heads glancing in the sun, rode majestically over the crest of the waves. Erect and motionless in the prow of the first galley, stood their leader—a young Viking warrior, his long fair hair streaming in the wind, his right hand shielding his eyes from the glare of the sun. One to command, and thirty-four to obey, and not one of those thirty-four but would lay down his life for Lief Erikson. Suddenly he turned:

"Rolf! Rolf!" he cried. "Look!" and he waved aloft his arm, tanned and hardened by the wild winds of the North Sea. Thirty-four hearts quickened; their oars rested in mid-air as Rolf reached his commander's side. His gaze followed the direction of the pointing arm. Was it possible? Could it be? But it was—it was land! And those strange waters echoed with the hoarse cheers of the warriors as they waved the oars; and those hearts that had all but given in to despair, filled with wonderment and joy—a strange joy that brought a tear to many an eye. They plied their oars with new-found energy, their gaze ever on that purple haze on the far horizon. And as the high-pointed prows plowed through the waves, Lief Erikson's blood raced wildly through his veins, and his heart swelled within him, as he watched the dim rugged outline take shape against the evening sky. Success at last! How often had he felt despair and weariness clutch at his heart, but his courage had endured—Viking courage, that shrinks from no dangers and fears no hardships.

Hours later they drew within a few miles of shore. It was well past midnight and the galleys rocked peacefully on the swell of the waves, as they cast deep black shadows in the path of the full moon. But there was no sleep for Lief Erikson. He sat impatiently watching for the first grey streaks of morning to creep over the hills; and suddenly broke the dawn

—the dawn of a new day—the dawn of a new world. The sun shone down on the rocky beach and the green hills, and Lief rose, joyfully calling to his companions that morning had come. They jumped up, eager as children to explore this new land—Rolf and Ivan and old Thorgeir and Gorm, who kept up their spirits with his foolish joking. Swiftly they settled down to their oars and sang lustily as they rowed, while others busied themselves with shields and javelins, swords and bows. Who could tell what enemy they might come upon? They must be prepared. They drew nearer and nearer with each stroke.

"See," cried Lief, "we'll try that inlet; it's sheltered. We must find a place to pitch camp and rest, my friends," and in they rode, into a large harbor, rock-bound and smooth, where the cliffs rose almost perpendicular from the sea; and overhead myriads of seagulls noisily clamored, disturbed in their solitude by these strange craft. To the right was a promising narrow opening and Lief directed his course through this quiet corridor of the sea.

"Lief, we must land soon," Rolf was beside his friend. "The men are weary and anxious to rest. This offers no foothold, and perhaps holds only danger for us. Let us withdraw and seek better shores."

"No, Rolf, many times have I listened to your advice and many times it has been welcome; but this time I feel that I am in the right. A few minutes more and—there, see? The narrows are widening. We are coming into a haven."

Rolf turned aside again, fearing in his heart, not for himself, but for his splendid leader, whom he loved with all his heart. His blood raced to the rhythm of the oars as this new land unfolded itself before his eyes. Then suddenly they were out of the narrow passage and in a quiet, mirror-like bay, where the green hills sloped gently to the sea and waves lapped happily on the shore. Thus had it lain since the dawn of creation, a little spot of Paradise hidden from sight in this strange new world. Quickly the black galleys drew near shore and beached as the men jumped out. The next few hours flew by while shelters were erected, firewood gathered, and food prepared, and it seemed but a short time until evening crept on and the Vikings gathered round the camp-fire near the water's edge. The waves beat quietly on the shore, and the moon rose, blanketed in dark clouds in the east.

Suddenly Rolf started. Was that a crackle in the underbrush? He rose. All at once, with a mighty rush, hordes of natives swept down upon them from every side. The night was filled with the clang and clash of arms, with the low hum of arrows leaving the bow, with horrible shrieks and frantic shouts. All his life that night was destined to remain vivid in Lief's memory. He seemed to remember a dark figure ever beside him, warding off attack—a familiar shield protecting him as he fought—and then, that figure was there no more.

Many a brave heart broke that night, but their courage lasted still. The natives fled at last, conquered by valor if not by numbers. But at what a cost! When the dawn broke, seven of that brave body of warriors

were found, dead. Among them, lying pierced by an enemy arrow, was Rolf. Then did Lief's heart fill with bitter sorrow. Why, oh why, had he not followed his friend's advice and sailed away from these shores?

Need more be said? That day, according to the custom of the Norsemen, they buried their beloved companions, erecting over the spot a gigantic mound. All day they piled it high, and when it was evening they drank goblets of wine, pledging themselves to honor their glorious and sacred memory. Then slowly and distinctly, raising his goblet high, Lief spoke:

"Theirs is a high courage that will never die, but will live on through the centuries until time shall be no more. The land shall be peopled when the years have passed, but this monument shall stand forever, radiating courage that shrinks from no danger and fears no hardship." Silence followed, broken only by the shattering of glass as he flung his goblet to the ground. Then:

"Come, my comrades, this land is not for us," and he followed them slowly to the galleys. One craft they burned as a funeral pyre, and, as the flames rose higher and higher in the sky, they pushed off to sea.

Only once did he turn back to gaze sorrowfully at the burning embers at the water's edge, and the dark silent peak of the monument rising among the trees far behind. Then resolutely he turned his back and squared his jaw as the oars dipped and rose and dipped again—and the black galleys silently glided in the path of the rising moon.

Connie watched her friend through half-closed lids. She spoke no word to break the silence; she offered no advice, no encouragement. This battle must be fought between Jo and her inmost self, and no one could help her. The sun was almost at noon when Jo stirred, and without turning she spoke:

"Connie, it would be very foolish of me to give up everything because I've lost my singing voice. It would be cowardly. Why! so many things could happen that would be a thousand times worse. I can't explain this feeling within me. It's strange. It's the very atmosphere of this little hill, almost as if it were radiating courage and comforting me. And since I've been sitting here—now you'll think I'm imaginative—a few lines have been haunting me. I can't remember ever having heard them before. But still I must have—."

Connie sat up. "What were they, Jo?"

"Well, they weren't really connected lines. Just something like this: 'Courage that shrinks from no danger and fears no hardships', and a curious phrase, 'When the years have passed'. I don't know what they mean exactly. Do you?"

"It's just as I told you, Jo." They rose and started down again to the buildings as the Angelus rang out from the tower. "It's my little hill helping you just as it helps me."

Perhaps the little hill smiled to itself. If only it could tell them!

MARTHA McCAFFERTY, '40.

A Baby Sister

PERHAPS you know how it feels to be the eldest in the family, even if it is only a small family. It gives you a certain something, that sense of importance and responsibility, that sort of "I'm the first to be consulted" sensation that makes you feel more important than you did before. Well—you feel important for a while and everybody pays a lot of attention to you, and asks your opinion about everything that takes place and then, bump—you come down to earth; you don't feel impressive and important any more, but you don't even mind because it is such a cute little bump that arrives and starts running the house her own way. I 'spose you do know what I am talking about? But for those poor unfortunate, uneducated people who have never had the experience, I shall explain,—a baby sister.

You never liked babies; little red squirming things that reminded you of too-ripe tomatoes. They always yell at the wrong time and keep the whole family awake at night and then everyone is in a bad mood the next day and sleepy besides, but the baby isn't, therefore nobody else can sleep. Another thing, it sounded so sophisticated and worldly wise to say: "Babies? I loathe them! Of course, I never did have much to do with them . . . "

But times have changed: now you simply adore babies, all of them, even the most tomato-like ones. Of course, your own special one is above all others, and, being quite unprejudiced, you know she is the most beautiful one that ever existed, and her mental ability is extraordinary! Why, everyone turns to look at her on the street. My dear! you simply must see her in her bunny coat!

The baby becomes the chief topic of conversation. Mother tells the bridge club about what she eats, and you tell your friends about what she does, and Dad tells his friends about what she doesn't do; but, of course, Dad hasn't much to talk about.

All at once the important things that used to happen to you happen to her. Instead of wondering what you will do today, you wonder what she will do today, and then if it fits in with your plans you do what you intended doing in the first place.

Once upon a time in the distant past if you wanted to have a tea you had it, with no bother at all; but times have changed! Nowadays, you have to wait for a fine day, or else install sound-proof walls in the nursery so that the guests can hear themselves talk. True, a jewelry box or some equally intriguing object will suffice by way of a quieter, but it really doesn't last long, and anyway it's sort of hard on your jewelry.

Once upon a time when Mother wanted to go out she went by way of the front door like any respectable person; but again times have changed,

and she goes by the kitchen door or the nearest window, all depending upon where Her Majesty the Baby happens to be, because she does so hate to see Mother leave. If you decide to take the car out at night you've got to coast or be pushed along the driveway, because you can't turn on your engine till you reach the road. It might wake baby!

Then a year or so later when baby sister sails out among the snowdrifts gayly attired in your best angora mits and that cute wool scarf you got for Christmas, it is a little trying on anybody's temper; but when you look out the window and see how darling she looks in them what can you do? It sort of lowers your morale.

And then one day when you are feeling maternal you take her walking. She disappoints all your high expectations, rests on the curb stone and absolutely won't budge; there is the chance you have been waiting for to exercise your persuasive powers and ability for tact. Or when you take her visiting and she invites herself to tea. When you get home you swear you will never take her anywhere again, but a week or so later she uses *her* powers of persuasion and you weaken and it is the same old story told in a different way. It's a fine thing, too, when you are all ready for your big moment, with every curl in place and your face on just the way you want it, then suddenly you discover yourself flat on the floor, building blocks or playing piggy-back—oh, well, I always did say it's lots of fun having fun even if you don't enjoy it; but the joke is you usually do. Baby sisters are the best sophistication-breaker-downers I know.

PATRICIA DWYER, '40.

One Never Knows--Does One?

ABIGAIL Briggs drew herself up to her full height of six feet, folded her arms indignantly, and glared at little Mr. Bushby.

"Are you insinuating, my good man, that I should sell this house? Why, I'll have you know this house has been in my family for nearly a century, and far be it from me to let foreign elements lead to its ruination."

"You mean your family has been in the house, don't you, Miss Briggs?"

Miss Briggs sputtered at this unexpected comeback.

"Why you!—Leave here immediately!—Why!"

Few people were tart where Abigail Briggs was concerned.

"Just a moment, my dear Miss Briggs. I had no intention of having you sell your house; I was merely trying to tell you the improvements you could make here and there—mostly, there in the kitchen. Just look at that old stove—really I don't know how you ever stay so young-looking, having to work with that old heap of junk."

"Heap of junk, indeed!" Abigail showed no outward pleasure at the compliment he had paid her.

"Yes, heap of junk; and that sink! Why, Miss Briggs, tell me did it come over on the Mayflower?"

"No, that didn't, but I had ancestors that did."

"You did, indeed! That is very interesting; you must tell me all about them."

"Well, it seems this way—"

Two hours later, short, plump Mr. Bushby walked down the street with the air of a successful banker. In his pocket was an order for a "Brimstone" stove (his specialty), and an "Ironclad" sink (another specialty), along with a few other pieces of furniture and various fixtures.

Abigail Briggs shut the door with a final push, and turned to concentrate on what she had done. This insignificant little apology for a man had insulted her home—her dearest possession, in fact her only possession—and she had not said a word. What could have come over her? Then, to top it all off, she had actually consented to buy one of his awful, modernistic stoves. Like a shot the thought hit her—she realized what she had done, and flew to the telephone to cancel the order. No—the stove *was* a heap of junk, and she would think it over!

A week later found Abigail industriously thumbing through a new cook book. She already had a cake in the oven, and in spite of her better judgment, she was as excited as a high school girl going to her first prom. The new stove was indeed a beauty, and oh, so easy to regulate. But, alas, this new-found joy was soon to turn to tears of grief; a cloud of smoke came from the oven. Abigail turned white. Cooking was her one perfection, and sooner would she burn her own hand than burn a cake. She dashed to the oven, swung open the door, and was greeted by a swift, hot cloud of smoke. In no time the remains of the cremated cake were taken out, and Abigail Briggs, in a hot rage, muttered to herself, "An old heap of junk, was it? Well, it never did a thing like this!"

"Now, now, Miss Briggs—my dear Miss Briggs—you must calm yourself. I tell you it was not the stove's fault." Mr. Bushby was making a futile attempt at re-instating himself with Abigail. He had rushed right over when he received her enraged phone call.

"Now, just to prove it wasn't the stove's fault, I'll bake you a cake myself."

Abigail's eyes widened. "You! Why I haven't seen a man yet who could boil water."

"Then take a good look, Miss Briggs—you may never see another one."

True to his word, Mr. Bushby baked a cake, and it was truly delicious. Miss Briggs had to admit it.

"The trouble is, you're not used to it; you need some lessons. What about Thursday afternoon?"

Thursday afternoon, and every Thursday afternoon thereafter, was agreed upon, and Abigail found herself looking forward to that day.

That was April—then June.

Sarah and Elizabeth Hopkins received a card announcing the wedding of their next-door neighbor, Abigail Briggs, to Mr. Harold X. Bushby.

"Why, we didn't have the slightest notion, my dear," Sarah said to Abigail later. "When did you make the decision? My, it was such a surprise!"

"It even surprised me, I guess," said Abigail. "It was all so sudden, and he does make the most delicious chocolate cakes!"

MILDREN FLANAGAN, '41.

The Swinging Door

THANK heavens I'll soon be out of this," thought Anne. "Hospitals may be all right but I shall be very happy to get rid of this one. It seems like six years instead of six months since I came in here, but it won't be much longer before I shall be out again."

Her glance moved over the white walls of the painfully clean hospital room to the heavy swinging door connecting it with the corridor. That leisurely fashion in which the door swung back into place, after some one had entered or left the room, had amused her very often. Bits of conversation often floated in to her from the hall beyond, and she liked to imagine what was going on out there all day long. Now as she waited for someone to appear, her thoughts drifted backwards—six months in a bare little room, suffering and trying to be brave—"Yes," she thought, "I've had about enough of it." The horror of the accident which had caused all her pain still haunted her. Only her father's kindness and Michael's gay letters had helped her to be patient in trying to endure. But now she was feeling so much better and only yesterday the doctor had given her such encouragement! With these happy thoughts uppermost in her mind, Anne gave herself up to recalling all the events which had crowded themselves into the past year.

She well remembered the ocean voyage she and her father had taken; the quaint out-of-the-way places he had shown her; the kindly, interesting people they had met, and the strange foreign customs about which they had had many a laugh. The music they had enjoyed and the plays they had seen still lingered in her memory, and then—there was Michael. At the very thought of Michael, Anne smiled wistfully. How distinctly she recalled their first meeting. It was in Paris. She and her father had gone to hear a poet recite. And such a poet! Anne had always loved

poetry, and so was sure she would enjoy it. Besides, the name of the youthfull celebrity (for he was that) suggested Romance and Adventure. Michael Bryne! What a delicious sound it had! And so they had gone to the lecture.

The young poet was charming with his handsome, intelligent face and tall, straight stature. His ease of manner and his very pleasant voice captivated his entire audience immediately. Anne and her father were very much impressed by his beautiful, soft accent and his extreme good looks. His name had suggested his ancestry and Anne's imagination running riot could easily picture him as another Phelim Brady, only a very youthful one, and then, of course, he wasn't blind she had concluded sensibly. The power he had to hold the almost breathless interest of his listeners was also upon her and Anne, abandoning her imaginings, gave herself up to it. Soon she was deeply thinking of and swayed by the musical phrases of the poet.

Her father had been impressed too and puzzled. The boy reminded him of one of his oldest friends—a college mate, whom he had not seen for years. Could this young man possibly be the son of his friend? He knew there was such a lad because he had seen him years before. But could this splendid fellow be the little boy he used to know? All through the performance his thoughts pondered the possibility of it.

After the applause had subsided, and when the audience had begun to disperse, Anne's father felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning, he exclaimed, "Dan old man, how nice it is to see you again. So my suspicions were not falsely grounded. He is your son."

The other, equally pleased, nodded proudly. "And a fine lad he is too," he answered.

Soon the young poet himself appeared. "Hello, Dad, how did it go?" and, noticing the strangers, he smiled and was introduced. Then they learned that Michael Bryne was really Michael O'Callahan.

They decided to dine together, after a little more talking. From Dan, Anne's father learned that his friend's wife had died several years ago. Anne herself learned that this was to be Michael's last lecture for some time. He and his father were going to enjoy a long promised tour. To the approval of all, it was suddenly decided to join forces. It seemed that the older members of this little group had always wanted to travel together when they were in college, and since their tastes were so similar, the members of the foursome were delighted with the idea of viewing all the scenes they had wanted to see for so long a time. Anne and Michael thought the plan was ideal.

How much fun they had all together. How they had grown to like each other. How sad they had been at parting, and how her father had teased her about losing her heart to a rhymester. That was just what she had done, thought Anne. They had spent Christmas with the O'Callahans. Here it was that Anne finally fell in love with Michael. It was at his home that she learned to know the handsome stalwart youth whom everybody liked. Here it was, in his own land that Michael asked her to

become Mrs. O'Callahan. Anne's memory recalled the lovely evening very vividly. She was seeing everything so clearly—the cold, frosty night when she and Michael had gone skating—how happy they had been—and then, the suddenness of Michael's proposal. They had stopped skating and were watching the slender new moon make her appearance. Michael, glancing at Anne's uplifted face, broke the silence rather brusquely for him.

"Do you know the Irish belief in the power of the new moon, Anne?"

"No," replied Anne, briefly, "I don't believe I have ever heard it."

"'Tis an old superstition," he hastened to explain, "that if you wish on it and then look over your left shoulder, your dream will come true."

"How delightful," exclaimed Anne; "and have you ever tried it, Michael?"

"I've never felt the need before," he answered.

"Before?" she echoed carelessly.

"Yes,before," he said, and then suddenly he added, "Anne, are you going to marry anybody?"

"Of course I am," she answered flippantly. "Goodness, you did not think for a minute that I would be content to be a spinster, did you?"

"Who is he, Anne?" spoke Michael softly, not noticing her tone.

"Who is who, Michael? Please don't talk in riddles."

"Who is going to rescue you from the wretched state of Spinsterhood, you goose, since you are so determined to be rescued?" he retorted.

Anne's gaze left the starry sky to glance at Michael—

"Oh" she barely whispered, "Prince Charming, I suppose—Who else?" And then, slipping quickly behind him she said softly, "Wish hard, Michaeleen,"—and Michael, ever quick-witted, said "I wish," and turning hastily, he glanced over his left shoulder to find Anne's lovely face lifted to his. So Michael's desire was fulfilled; Anne promised to marry him in June.

How she had missed him when they finally sailed for home. And yet, she thought happily, he is really with me all the time, because his letters are part of him. Since her accident, his letters had meant even more to her because they helped her to overcome her fears and to have faith and courage.

Her reverie was broken by the entrance of the doctor, who was making his usual morning rounds. He seemed rather stern this morning, Anne thought, as though he had something on his mind that was worrying him. After a short visit he left her with the wish that she be feeling all better soon. Anne watched him leave and as the door swung to slowly she heard voices just outside and the doctor's grave tones as he answered someone's question with, "She appears very well but she will never walk again."

Anne's face radiated the horror she felt at such an awakening. Never to walk again! Why, she was only nineteen and life had just begun for her. "So that is why he was so abrupt this morning. That is why he looked at me so queerly," she thought. "But no! It can't be true," she mused almost wildly, "No, I won't believe it. It can't be true." But she knew that it could be and the awfulness of her plight settled down upon

her at once. She thought of her father and of Michael. How sorry they would be for her. At the thought of those two who loved her so dearly Anne could no longer restrain the tears. "No, I will not believe it," she rebelled. "How can it be so?"

The calm that had settled so quickly upon her was only the lull before the storm. A few minutes later Anne was saying over and over to herself "It isn't true, I must walk again. I must. Oh! it is too cruel a thing to really happen." Her brain whirled with all sorts of denials and with the tortured cries she was too proud to utter aloud. Finally, overcome with exhaustion and despair, Anne fell into a fitful slumber. She awoke with a start to find the nurse waiting to take her temperature. That the patient had one was evident to the nurse who noticed the flushed cheeks and very bright eyes. She was puzzled and worried. Anne seemed to be ill again and she had been so well the past few days. For her cheery quips Anne did not have even a smile;—another sure sign that Anne, their best patient, was not feeling well. Anne didn't touch her supper, but by the evening she had persuaded herself that she must be brave for her father's sake. When she thought of Michael the tears again welled up into her eyes. To have to give him up! That was too much to expect. They had such happy plans for their future. Anne was much too sensible not to see that marriage was now out of the question for her. But how was she to let Michael know the awful truth? It wasn't going to be easy to write and tell him that he must not write again—to say that she released him from his promise, for it would be too much to expect that he should be allowed to burden himself with the care of an invalid. Since they could never hope to marry, it would be foolish for him to keep on writing. It could only hurt her and would do neither of them any good.

When Anne's father appeared in the evening for his usual visit, she had gained control of herself and laughed and chatted with him quite normally. Only once did a shadow cross her face—when he mentioned having heard from Mr. O'Callahan. Her father was so wise and so witty thought Anne—"He knows I shall never walk again and he is being gay just to help me." On the contrary, her father, noticing her flushed cheeks and bright eyes, was worried. "She doesn't look so well to me," he thought. "I wonder if she will ever be well again? She doesn't seem very hopeful herself. I must see the Doctor and make him tell me the exact truth."

After her father had gone and Anne was left alone for the night, rebellious tears replaced her forced bravery. "How shall I stand it, and how long shall I live like this?" were the questions tormenting her. Anne seemed to fail after that day, she no longer showed any eagerness to live. She was quite listless and only during the brief minutes of her father's visits could she force herself to be cheerful. Yet she did not feel very ill. The strange part of it all was that she appeared to be improving all the time. "It's false strength, I suppose," she would say to herself.

As time had passed in which no word had come from Michael, Anne began to get more reconciled to her fate. Evidently she had convinced him of the wisdom of her plan and, though she still missed him, she was glad

she did not have to go through the torture of an argument with him. During the morning Anne had been reading poetry and one line seemed to remain with her. It was a line that Michael often quoted to her, and to get rid of it and the sad thoughts it awakened, Anne turned on the little radio by her bed. The blare of a jazz band soon drove away all thoughts of the line of poetry. At the same time it prevented her from hearing the gentle swish of the door—and it wasn't until Michael stood at the foot of her bed that she was aware that it had opened at all. "Michael," was all she could manage to say.

"Yes, Michael it is," he replied, "don't look so astounded. You didn't really think that I would fall for your letter, did you? Or that I would give you up without a struggle? Because if you did you were greatly mistaken. You asked me not to write. I obeyed that command and caught the first boat I could which would bring me direct to you. So you see, it isn't easy to break a promise made to me." And all through this speech Michael was gazing intently at Anne and smiling at her reasurringly.

Anne's brain was crowded with all sorts of jumbled thoughts, Michael was here—he still wanted her—he refused to give her up. But it was all so silly—how could he possibly marry someone who would never be able to walk again? At that thought Anne's eyes filled with tears and Michael had difficulty in controlling himself at the sight of her distress.

"Anne dear, don't cry so. You can't give up hope like this. I won't believe it is true. We are going to be together for always, I know we are. Somehow I can't think that God will let it happen. He couldn't, Anne; please, please be brave. We are not giving you up, your father and I, so please, honey, don't cry any more. It would never have been meant for us to meet and love each other so, were you to be snatched away suddenly like this. I'm sure of that, Anne, so you must be patient and have faith. I can't believe that you will never walk again and I won't, Anne, I won't.." With that speech such a look of determination came into his face that even Anne was amazed and almost believed that there was a chance for her recovery. But only for a moment, and then she lost heart again and tried to make him see reason. He could not be convinced, however, and in the midst of this very heated argument, the doctor appeared. He had been sick himself for several weeks and Anne had not seen him.

"What's going on here—what is this I hear about you, Anne? Why aren't you up walking around instead of moping about and losing all interest in getting well? I expected to find you waltzing all around the room by now, especially when I heard about your latest visitor. What's the matter with you though, Anne?" he added seriously. "Don't you feel well enough to try to walk or are you afraid?"

That was the last straw. "How can you be so unkind? I know all about it," she sobbed, "and I think you are cruel to torment me so."

"You know all about it? About what may I ask? Anne, you funny child, what are you talking about?" It was evident that the Doctor was much puzzled. "What is it, Anne? Tell me what is worrying you and

perhaps I can help. That is what I am for, you know, and I had no intention of hurting you with my joking. Tell me, Anne, what is it?"

Michael walked to the window and stood looking out. He hated to see Anne cry so. "Yes," he could hear Anne's pitiful tones telling the doctor. "I will tell you why I no longer want to get better. Who would want to get well when they know they can never walk again? I heard you tell Miss Larkin that I would never be able to walk. I suppose you would be so brave that you could smile all the time and try to find the silver lining somewhere," she added defiantly. "Well, I am no angel and I never did like silver linings, so there," and Anne's sobbing continued.

"Now wait a minute, let's get this thing straight. I told Miss Larkin you would never walk again?" The doctor looked astounded.

"Yes, you did. Just as you left the room, I heard her ask 'How is she?' As you walked down the corridor, you said, 'She will never walk again.' "

Light dawned. "You goose! It was old Mrs. Whitten we were talking about." As the door swung to behind him, they heard him chuckle, "Exit the doctor; enter the groom!"

LENORA PELHAM, B.A., '37.

Is Higher Education For Women Worth While?

An Article Written for the Kappa by Mr. W. W. Page

THIS is not a new question by any means. It is not always presented in just the same form of words, but the general idea has been discussed privately and debated publicly a good deal, especially in recent years. I certainly do not hope to give a decisive answer, in fact I do not know whether I shall be able to throw any new light on the matter. Since, however, I have been asked to make a contribution to "Kappa", I shall state the case as best I can.

Higher education for women is not something peculiarly modern, as many speakers and writers would have us believe. It is as old as human civilization, though it necessarily varied greatly among different peoples and at different periods of history. I do not intend to elaborate this point, nor even to emphasize the exalted position given to women in the Catholic Church, a position lost to a great extent as one of the results of the Reformation. To do that would require a volume. I shall consider only our own Province and particularly our own city.

The ancestors of most of us were pioneers, whether they came direct from one of the European countries or indirectly, after some generations from what is now the United States. Most of them emigrated with the object of bettering their condition, rendered intolerable at home by poverty, by religious persecution or other adversities. Some were dis-

banded soldiers, offered special inducement to settle; others were pure adventurers. The Loyalists came because they did not like the changes brought about by the Revolution. Generally speaking they were hard-working people, farmers carving out homes in the wilderness, artisans of various kinds or shopkeepers. They had no easy task, and they, with their wives and families, had little inclination or opportunity for education. There was considerable opposition to the establishment of the Public School system, because it involved taxation. When it was finally carried out, it did not aim to go beyond the "Three R's." Young men who were ambitious to enter the learned professions had to go abroad to study. The daughters of the better-off families also went away to school. Later on private schools were established, usually with religious affiliations, Protestant or Catholic, the latter conducted by nuns or sisters. No very advanced education was attempted at these. Next to religious training, on the lines of their respective beliefs, the main object was "ladylike deportment." Those who evinced musical talent took lessons and were considered clever if they could sit down at the piano and play the "Maiden's Prayer," or variations on the "Carnival of Venice," or if they could sing "Juanita." The violin was taboo until long afterwards. They also learned to draw, sketch and paint, generally copies, which, if pretty good, were framed and hung in the parlour.

The lady who first took (at Pictou) a "Grade A" Provincial License was regarded with great awe. Very few men had it at that time. She is still living in Halifax and, though she is a great grandmother, I can assure you that, if you want to keep your end up in conversation with her, you have to be wide awake. It was several years later that Dalhousie turned out its first lady B.A. She was looked upon as not just altogether feminine, somewhat of a freak in fact.

What is now the Halifax County Academy was not originally open to girls. In 1878 the City put up the present building and took over the Halifax Grammar School which had been a private school for boys conducted by an Anglican clergyman. Many of the pupils continued to pay but there were free scholarships for boys from the common schools who attained a certain standard. It continued as the High School until 1885 when it became the County Academy and was thrown open to girls. In the previous year the nucleus of St. Patrick's High School had been begun.

It is hard to say just when higher education for girls came to be fashionable. The invention of the typewriter with its accompaniment of stenography, and the resultant invasion of women into offices started it. Then came the war and the filling by women of positions formerly occupied by men. As a result the daughters of many families who had formerly been content with a common school education continued at High School, a considerable proportion completing the arts' course and taking the Provincial Grade XII, examinations, others graduating in the commercial course. Large numbers, both from the city and country, went to Dalhousie and the other provincial colleges to take degrees in Arts and Science, a few even in Medicine and Law. Then came the slump. There

were not enough positions to go around. As a result young women, whose parents had made sacrifices to educate them, if forced to earn their living, could only find work at occupations where their education was of little or not use to them. There are now, I have been told, High School graduates working in a candy factory and B.A.'s selling goods over counters.

For this reason, it is not to be expected that there would not be disillusionment as to the value of higher education, but are we justified in concluding that it is not worth while? It depends upon what we mean by "worth while"; it depends still more on what we mean by "education." Spending a certain number of years in school or college, studying certain subjects with the object of gaining "credits" and passing examinations in order to win a diploma is of value only in so far as the knowledge is assimilated or made a part of one's self. Knowledge of that kind is an asset no matter how one fills in one's life. No honest work is degrading. It is not what we do but how we do it that counts. These are the veriest truisms, but they are often forgotten or overlooked. Neither is there such a thing as an "easy job". Work cannot be escaped. The King and Queen worker harder than many of their subjects. People who make social distinction the object of their lives have to work very hard indeed. Manipulating a typewriter all day is not easier than standing behind a counter. A teacher has comparatively short hours but is apt to be completely exhausted when they are over. Housework is hard and tiresome; but, at least if it is one's own house, there is no unpleasant boss to be accountable to and the results of the day's work can be seen.

Even though the education one possesses may be of little or no actual use in the earning of a livelihood, it is at any rate not a hindrance and circumstances may arise when it will prove serviceable. But there is much more than that to be said for it. Life isn't all drudgery. There are few who do not have some leisure time and that can be made more enjoyable according to the way it is employed. If one takes up a good book to read, or even only a good newspaper, is it not an advantage to know the meaning of words, to understand classical and other allusions, to appreciate beauties of style? If one goes to a good movie, let us say "Romeo and Juliet", does not one get more out of it if the play has been studied and the plot and lines are familiar? If a good concert is heard over the radio, is it not a delight to know something about the music and the composers, perhaps to be able to look for and recognize the finest passages? As a Catholic, does not one who has learned to use a missal derive spiritual as well as mental profit from an intelligent comprehension of what the Mass and other liturgical functions mean? Last of all, if one is blessed with the joys, which are not less than the sorrows, of being a wife and mother, is it not one of the most ecstatic of joys to be able to answer correctly the innumerable questions of the growing minds of the little ones and to put them on the right track for their future lives?

There is, I think, a fair case for holding that Higher Education, if and in so far as it is the right sort, is in itself worth while for women.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Marie Amirault had the honor of being chosen as "Evangeline" at the recent Sportsman's Exhibition held in Boston and New York. We were glad to print Marie's account of it in our Year Book.

Doris Bead, now Mrs. McCormack, is the mother of a baby girl born this spring.

Loretta Brady has been teaching typing at night school in Worcester.

Norma Buckley, Mrs. Ronald McIsaac, will be making her home in Halifax in May. Word has just reached us of the arrival of a daughter. Our congratulations!

Anna Burns is teaching at the Vocational School in Saint John.

Evelyn Campbell is Librarian at the Provincial Science Library, Halifax.

Muriel Carey, who is teaching piano in Halifax, comes several times a week to the Mount for organ lessons.

Marie Carpenter is taking special courses in Brooklyn, New York.

Rose Chambers underwent a serious operation at the Kentville Sanatorium this winter but writes she is improving steadily.

Irma Charman is studying art at the Vesper George Art School in Boston.

Kathleen Deasy is working for her M.A. from Boston College. She has been substituting in one of the schools near Boston.

Francoise de Billy is travelling in Switzerland and Belgium.

Mary Dee is teaching piano at the Maritime Academy of Music and is rapidly making a name for herself as a musician in the city.

Carman and Liliane Dery with their sister spent the year studying and travelling in Europe.

Hilda Durney directed during Lent a religious discussion group of which Irene McQuillan, Evelyn Campbell, Mary Shannon Flemming, and Muriel Donahue, President of the Alumnae, were members.

Ruth Elliot graduated from Regis last year with a degree in Household Science and is now a lady of leisure.

Cassie Ferguson is in Montreal doing social service work under Coline Clancy.

Dorothy Harrison is dietitian in the Waltham Hospital, Waltham, Massachusetts.

Irene Jordan is working in the W. P. A. office in Lawrence, Mass.

Betty Kelley has returned home after spending the winter in Florida.

Cecilia MacDonald obtained a year's leave of absence and is studying Library Science at McGill.

Margaret MacNeil is teaching Domestic Science at the Technical classes in Reserve.

Marguerite MacNeill of Inverness has completely recovered from her recent illness.

Annie Mancini is a student nurse at the Halifax Infirmary.

Rita Maxwell is working in the W. P. A. office in Lawrence, Mass.

Marion McCarty is teaching in her home town. She has a sister Christine here.

Marion McDonald, we are happy to hear, has fully recovered from her illness of last fall.

Mary McDougall has written several very nice letters. We are sorry to learn of her father's ill health.

Constance McGrath, we are glad to hear, is recovering from her recent illness.

Margaret McLean is working as a stenographer for the Eastern Trust Company in Halifax.

Irene McQuillan was in the winning play in the Dramatic Festival held in Halifax. This entitles her to a trip to Winnipeg this spring. Irene has been three times a bridesmaid! !

Mary Morley is back with us working for a degree in Arts to add to her Household Science degree.

Rita Nugent is working in her father's office in Lawrence.

Mary O'Brien is taking Library Science when she can manage it between substituting in the different schools.

Monica and Gerry O'Rielly are working and have an apartment in Worcester. They attended the dinner dance held by the Alumnae during the Christmas holidays.

Mary Parsons comes to the Mount several times a week for vocal lessons. Rhoda is a busy teacher, gaining an enviable reputation for her charity towards those in need.

Mary Pumple is working in the office of the General Electric Company in Saint John.

Gene Stevens has been substituting for Eileen Meagher.

To Delphine Stokes our sympathy is extended on the death of her father.

Margery Thompson is working as a stenographer in Saint John.

Jane Thorup expects to get her degree in Social Service from the Catholic University in Washington.

Irene Veniot is Assistant Supervisor of The Woman's Institute for New Brunswick.

In the recently organized Boston Chapter of the Mount Alumnae **Catherine Markham** was elected convenor, **Margaret Lauder,** Secretary and **Katherine Ahearn,** Treasurer. This Chapter held a very special dance at the Fox and Hounds Club during the Christmas holidays.

OUR ALUMNAE IN RELIGION

Elizabeth Adams, now Sister Frances Eleanor, was professed at Easter. Sister is adding a B. H. Sc. to her B. A.

Florence Butler entered the Community in August and is now Sister Florence Bernard.

Mary Coady entered in August and is Sister Edna Marie.

Dolores Donnelly, Sister Frances Dolores, is continuing her studies in Library Science and acting as assistant to the Librarian.

Margaret Foran, Sister Thomas Edward, was professed at Easter and has been missioned to Reserve, N. S.

Marguerite Keenan is now "Miss Keenan" in the Postulate here.

Katherine Meagher, Sister Ellen Frances, was professed at Easter. She is to have B.A. as well as B.S.Sc. after her name shortly. Sister has gone to teach at Our Lady of Good Counsel Convent, New York.

Geraldine Meagher, a member of our Senior Class, entered the Postulate on February 2.

Mary Trainer, Sister Theresa Madeleine, another of our girls who was professed at Easter, has been teaching languages in the Academy.

DONALDA KELLEY, '38.