

The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869)

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Admirable Program

"In the stream of the world is character formed."—Goethe.
Judging from comments on the campus, the report of Dr. C. M. MacKenzie on the National Federation of Canadian University Students has aroused a genuine interest in the furtherance of the aims of this ambitious and admirable organization.

One is straightway impressed by the multiplicity of its interests. There is not one item of student life that is not brought within the purview of N. F. C. U. S. To make sure that nothing is left out—"A Commission on Student Problems" has been established: a sort of clearing house for all student problems.

But even broader than the boundaries of nationalism—is the scope of N. F. C. U. S.: inter-imperial and inter-national relations are admirably maintained through the National Union of Students of England and Wales (N. U. S.) and The National Students Federation of America, U. S. A., (N. S. F. A.)

The program of N. F. C. U. S. is bold. It is symbolical of the vision ambition, imagination and the love of great things, experienced by a robust youthful spirit. It is a noble, majestic gesture, indeed. A seeking after Unity in Variety; Variety in Unity.

It is not merely a joining of hands that extends across a broad continent from the wave-beaten shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific; it is even more than bridging those ravines of national Sectionalism that seems to be turning more than one heard, gray if at all, and (N. F. C. U. S. is only four years in the public service). No upper, nor lower, nor central nor western—but just one Canada from coast to coast; it is something more: a youthful sincere effort, to bring about a mutuality through comradeship, based, not on tolerance, but on equality and a desire for co-operative advancement.

N. F. C. U. S. and its kindred organs, the N. V. S. and N. S. F. A. are surely building on firm foundations. They are, one might almost say, fulfilling a prophesy ventured by that versatile Welshman Lloyd George—to the effect that after the great war a new and better civilization would arise, lofty in its outlook.

It is certain that a new character is forming: one that makes for frankness and open, above-board dealing—that scatters to all the winds that blow mediaeval secrecy and intrigue.

It may well be said that this is the cradle in which that much sought after international mind will be nurtured; this is the cradle whence will come that delicate noble child, culture; this is the cradle whence will come that spirit of co-operation, that brotherhood which is sought alike by cleric, socialist and scientist.

University Library

Students were regaled, when returning from their vacations when they read the announcements the bulletin boards that Library would henceforth be open every evening till 10 o'clock. This is to be permanent and as such is new. The announcement comprised only a few words but what stories may some day tell: Library open every evening; more literature, more science, more art; more life. The value cannot be calculated from the cost of electric light bills. It is on a slightly different reckoning that the profits from these must be evaluated.

The special feature is the attraction offered the young men of the University: fair intellectual co-eds are every evening doing the honours and any young cavalier may now receive his "source of knowledge" across the counter with a certain spiritual uplift, which can come only through gazing in magic of the eyes of a co-ed.

Might we suggest that a young man be added to the evening Staff? (We are not trying to suggest that this would attract the opposites.)

We might add that it is certainly no loss to the University to keep open Library—with young ladies and gentlemen as keepers; for then it may truly be said with Scott:
"Yet if one heart throbs higher at its sway
The wizard note had not been touched in vain."

Yes We Too....

A correspondent was surprised to have heard such wonderful music from a place that is so far removed from the great musical centres.

We are informed that the greatest mathematician on the campus is trying to figure out which would be the greater compliment.

(1) Being so good, even though so far removed.... etc.
or (2) Admitting that we too have been vouchsafed Heaven's blessing—the love for, and enjoyment of, good music.

And the consequent results thereof: Dalhousie offers a three-year course in Bachelor of Music. Noteworthy musicians (piano, organ, violin, voice) have gone forth from Dalhousie's Halls. In today's Gazette there is the report of the waltz: "For Always," composed by Frank Hebb, a student and given its premiere at the Student Concert.

I TOLD YOU SO

"Vive le Roi," written and produced by Arthur Murphy. We knew he could do it.

What Price Inertia

The campus is beginning to ask: "What has happened to Sodales Debating Society?" There have been only two debates before Xmas: the annual Freshie-Soph and only one other debate. Only one other debate!

It seems some are surprised that even this one debate was held. Is there disinterest on the part of the student body? Judging from

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND

(Being the story of a romantic love)

(No. 3 continued)

My dear G....., though you know me very well in many ways, you always had every cause to believe me an incurable woman hater. So you can hardly imagine how I felt the night when—bright stars our only witnesses—I met Veroneli, or Fanni as I more often called, her alone on that little island—met Fanni, the girl of my boyhood dreams, my then constant companion and my first love. We had neither seen nor spoken, nor written to each other for ten years. Many things had happened to each of us in that time, so that those ten years lay like a dark and impassible abyss between her and me. And so we unexpectedly stood before each other: she, I believe, with some trepidation, and evident alarm; I, with suppressed eagerness and wonder.

"Fanni," I whispered tremulously after a prolonged silence—during which time Fanni, judging by her actions yesterday and the day before, had probably been meditating flight—"Fanni, let us be friends once more."
"Yeorg," she answered—she had always called me Yeorg, I cannot remember why—"Yeorg, it is late, I must go home."
"Had you not found me here," I replied, "you would have stayed a while, would you not, Fanni?"
Fanni did not answer. But presently we walked over to a large boulder and sat down, facing the upper end of the lake and the dark masses of mountains toward sunrise.

"It is a beautiful night, Fanni," I observed, after we had sat a while looking out upon the starry waters in silence.
A further pause ensued, then said she, "The moon will rise, presently."
And I, boldly, "Then I shall see you again in the moonlight."
Fanni made no reply. As I looked out upon the water again I saw the stars tremble on faintly perceptible ripples.

"Many things have happened since last we met, Fanni. *Nit wahr?*"
"Yes, Yeorg, it is as you say. Many things have happened."
Then after some hesitation, "Maybe you are married now?"
But she, quickly, "No, Yeorg."
"Engaged perhaps?"
After a long silence, in a barely audible voice,

"Perhaps."
At that, with my heart full of doubt and sorrow, I looked to the mountains in the East. I looked a long time. Fanni suggested rowing home. But she did not move, and presently I remarked, with abated breath, "The moon, Fanni, will not rise to-night."
"Why not, Yeorg?"
"There are heavy clouds coming up from behind the Glarnish, Fanni, and an ominous wind is beginning to blow."
"Then let us hasten home, Yeorg."
"Yes Fanni, it were well, I think."
But neither of us rose, and I moved closer to Fanni and placed my hand on her hand, where it lay in the grass. We looked at each other, and I read what was in her mind.

"You remember?"
We both remembered well. It was a night in late Summer—the last one I had spent at our old home in Staefa—Fanni and I, youthful lovers, and even more taciturn than now, were on this self-same island when a sudden storm came sweeping down the lake. And we swept with it in our sail-boat down to Erlenbach—miles below Staefa. These memories had at once brought us closer to each other. Had built a firm bridge over the abyss of ten years' parting, the mere suggestion of that memorable day, the mere prospect of another like it, had made us friends again. Fanni and I as of old.

But we did not give expression to these thoughts. After we had sat another little while, aware now only of each other's presence, Fanni asked, wistfully, "Have you a sail?" and by the light of the stars above I saw a strange and yet familiar glow in her eyes.
"I have that, Fanni," I replied, "and you may trust me still."
"Then shall we sail, Yeorg?"
We would sail presently. The wind was not yet high enough. So we sat side by side, my shoulder touching hers, listening to the wind blowing through the little cluster of trees on our islet. Dark waves began to splash against the rocks just below our feet, and presently there were no more stars above, only a few on the Western horizon. The storm bells began to ring on the isle of Utenau and at Raperswil. High up on the Etzel a beacon was burning. It was time.

(To be continued)

Poetic

SOLITUDE

The setting sun now sinks to rest,
The moon is come to take its place.
The placid lake far, far below,
Does take upon itself the hue
Of silvery light; serene and clear.
A cool delightful breeze is felt,
Gently blowing from the land.
Enwrapped by silence calm and still.
Above—the occasional flip of wing,
A dive, a splash, and then a cry
Of discontent—all in vain.
Then—silence once more reigns.

And lo!—from east there comes to view
A shadow scarcely moving—seen
Glist'ning like some rarest gem—
A paddle's dip scarce audible,
And soon the rays of silvery moon,
Shines down on Indian handicraft;
It slowly glides and soon is lost—
A speck towards far-off west.
Once more am I in silence, left,
With God alone, my guardian best.
—A. G.

TWILIGHT AND AFTER

Wanders the sun
Down by the hill
Shadows come,
Winds are still,
The shivering leaves
Their crying cease,
And peace is theirs
Who knew no peace.

Wanders the moon
Down by the sea,
Memories came
Hauntingly
Out of the night,
Ghosts of the dead
They mock our peace
And peace has fled.
Eileen A. Cameron.

READ THIS AND....???

20 Wheelwright Rd.
West Medford, Mass.
Jan. 13, 1929.
Station, C. H. N. S.

Gentlemen: From 7 to 7:30 p.m. this evening (Eastern Standard time), we listened to the broadcast by your station of the Dalhousie Symphony Orchestra, and enjoyed it very much. We were pleasantly surprised to discover that such excellent talent had been developed so far away from the recognized music centres.

Will be listening in for similar programs from your station. Best wishes for your continued success. I'm enclosing 10c. and will you please send me a

the crowds that turned out to both debates we would say not. Is there perhaps a mild utopian inertia on the part of the executive? Might we suggest a little action?

Dalhousie must produce winning teams. One cannot learn to be an expert golfer by motoring over the golf-club grounds, neither can one become a debater by listening to ineffectual broadcasts.

Of course now comes the announcement of the trials and of the inter-class competitions. Neither these nor the Freshie-Soph were instigated through the originality of the present executive, but are the naturally recurring events of the accumulated impetus of the one hundred and eleven (111) years Dalhousie has been catering to the needs of student and scholar.

Why has not monsieur "The President" of Sodales done something?

Vein

GREY GOOSE CALL

Dull silver is the gray goose call
Across the trailing Northward ways,
High and clear in the Northern lights
Its music sways.
A thing of ice and sheen of snow,
A glory of freedom to fill the nights
When the white winds blow;
Through the sudden fire of the mid-
night sun
It's wistful beauty outward flings
A passing flare of outspread wings,
To catch and hold the stunted trees
And hush to peace their shispingers.

Eileen A. Cameron.

MOCKERY

I have no words, whose only craft is words,
I have no prayers, who have prayed by night and day;
Tragedy, with the jesters' cap and bells,
Has come into my house and means to stay.

I would have barred my windows and my doors,
Had I but known the fiend and all his guile;
But laughter was tangled up in the things he said,
And he looked so harmless with his clownish smile.

My heart was lonely, and so I let him in.
Ah, foolish was I who did not understand
That the fool of life has broken hearts
for toys,
And a tear and a jest go always hand in hand!

—Florence M. Brewster.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

Hillers



KELLY MORTON
As Hermie the Firefighter
At the Law Banquet

The Hiller Freshies have unanimously decided that the Haller Freshettes are like the weather—fair and cold.

Several helpful hints have been garnered for the next Hill hop. Harold Marston strongly advises a four course meal instead of a miserable lunch and thinks the Petites plates now in vogue might be advantageously abolished in favor of individual trays. Ed McCleave suggests that the dance committee be further empowered to the extent of guaranteeing a female with every ticket. After a fellow puts about seventy-five cents in the "clot" it is only natural that his mind shall wander in grooves of radical reform.

The Pine Hill dance created a unique record—only one mother called the "Y" the morning after to inquire who the chaperones were!

Did you hear the latest on our provincial scotch friends?
He was having a house built and sent to the Masonic Temple for two 'Free Masons'.

Fred Champion has "developed" more than any of the Pine Hill Freshmen.

The Pine Hill dance has come and gone—leaving in its airy train some memories and some empty pockets. And the world still goes on. Though perhaps the music of the heavenly spheres is a little sweeter.

Sometime between the darkness and dawn of last week, the Pepperbox appeared amid loud alarms.

Many heads had fallen and some, like McCoullan went down grinning in sections.

But Ed. Mac. still continues his flow of eloquence—the perorations of a heaven-born publicist.

Several of the boys have unfortunately fallen ill—while Frank Forbes has had to retire to the V. G. threatened with appendicitis. We hope that in due time he will recover his wonted good spirits and health.

Thus F. V. M. to J. A. F.
Look here, J. A., the difference between you and me is this. I am a highbrow trying to be a low brow. You're a low brow trying to be a high brow.

LOST
Bunch of keys on ring—H. E. Clarke, Dent '30.

Small Gold Bar Pin near Forrest Hall. Leave at Med Library.

Commencing a series of four line side glances of the mighty ones in and about the campus.

President of Council
"Silent, slow to anger
Soft words out do anpanker!"
Replica of Calvin Coolidge.
Such is Murray Rankin.

NOTE:—This is a very classical or biblical method of cooling one's wrath in this day of cold copper commercialism. One is really refreshed. Isaiah or Cicero or Milton?

ANGER

And now to you my dear and insane friend
Whose nerves and heart by nature wrought
Whose brain is full; can nought be taught
Who guiles one cannot see; whose wiles
one cannot mend.

Ye shall now tread a rude and weary path
Hard shall be your work; grave shall be
your strain.
And I shall see that you receive due pain
For lo! my rage is great, and I must cool
my wrath.
—A. M.

Hallers

!! Attention !!

Old Maids



It has been reported that the reports of the Old Maids have not been official. The old maids are asked hereafter to appoint an official scribe so that due secrecy may be maintained where due secrecy and good taste ought to be maintained. (According to the ancient and honourable traditions of Old Maids; and according to those great principles of justice that protect the reputation and right to the peculiar happiness vouchsafed to Old Maids.)

Sitting-room stories:
What goes up the chimney?
Smoke!

Perhaps it was what she ate for supper, but anyway Miss Lowe rang the fire alarm at midnight the other night. Betty was talking to George on the phone and she said there was a fire and she'd better go. George misunderstood and came up to rescue her. Miss Lowe would not let him in the door, so he went home and read the last instalment of "Burning Beauty" by Temple Bailey and cried all night.

As Miss Lowe remarked: "Where there's smoke there are generally cigarettes!"

F. E. Wasn't it funny the way Prof. Stewart and his family marched into Glee Club the other night?
S. T. Yes, I suppose that must be the logical order.

Marg. Oh girls, you should come to our summer home! Why we even get quahangs at the front door.
Helen: My goodness, what kind of hogs are those?

It is said that Greek art is being studied very carefully of late on the first floor wing.

MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY

The friends of Miss Anna J. Taylor deeply regret the passing of her mother at St. Johns, N. F., and all join in sympathizing with her in this hour of shadow.

On Thursday of last week the girls on the third floor planned a sleighing party, the weather was so cold. On Friday it became warmer and the party was abandoned. In fact, it was so warm that a certain girl at the Newman Club Dance felt the need of finding a barber shop to get an immediate haircut.

Is it really true that glasses are a hindrance to effective osculation?

The latest exercise on the B. floor is saying *Prunes and Prisms*. This seems to have a peculiar effect on some of the visitors from the second floor.

We wonder if a certain freshette really will call at Pine Hill with a taxi for the man she is inviting to the class party!

Mysterious knocks have been heard lately on the third floor. Some freshettes are convinced that the place is haunted.

It isn't good luck to tell anyone on the ground floor that it's bad luck to put up an umbrella in the house. We don't know of anyone about to be married, but there's been a shower lately!

HOWLERS

The Editor regrets that he cannot introduce Percy Lawrence to your sister, Cyril, because Percy Lawrence is still in Switzerland, and seems in no wise inclined to return to less romantic Halifax.

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THE Phinney Music Co. Limited
Quality Sporting Goods

THE CHEST OF LEARNING

Being an allegorically expressed opinion by one P. L. H. Muschamp, to which this paper does not necessarily subscribe.

There was once an ignorant man whose thirst for information on things spiritual and things worldly was so great, and the opportunity for slackening his thirst so small, that he suffered great mental agonies. And so he came to Halifax, where he was told, there was to be found a wonderful chest full of medicine that would quickly relieve his pain and for ever satisfy his intellectual thirst.

The ignorant man easily found the chest, for it was accessible to all. It was very large, however, and its contents were locked up by night and by day. There were eight locks of different size and quality. Also, any man who wished to open the chest to make use of the medicine had to manufacture his own keys. But the ignorant man was very ignorant. He had never seen a key. So it was only after many, many days of arduous toil and fatigue that he learnt the use of a key and succeeded in manufacturing eight that would open the intricate and old-fashioned locks.

At last, one autumn day, he opened the chest and beheld a vast array of

unlabelled bottles large and small and of every colour. As he was going to grab the first one that came to hand he noticed an inscription on the cover of the chest. His high hopes sank as he read these words:

"Beware of using the medicine in these bottles without knowing the effect of each. Some of the bottles contain the elixir of life and happiness. Others, spiritual poison causing a slow and painful mental death. The contents of some will give you new life and intellectual exuberance, the contents of others will bring you jealousy, despair and bigotry. Some will make you love all things your mind can grasp, others will make you intolerant and selfish. Some will show you the way to ultimates truth and immortality, yet again others will fill your mind with faith in false gods and cause you to fear death. Before you touch this medicine, find one who knows its true value and effect."

But no such man could be found in the land, so the ignorant one, having gone thus far, thought he would at least taste a little of this and that medicine, to see if he might not be cured. After four long years, however, he left the chest of learning in despair, his mind a greater turmoil than ever.

The Room

There are roses in the room tonight and the ghosts of roses. The fragrance of the roses is deep and warm, and the fragrance of the ghosts of the roses is wistful and far-away. And here in this room I can sit and think my thoughts. My thoughts can be as strange as I wish and yet not be aliens here, or they can be deep with a heavy peace like dark, cool wine. There is no unrest here when I grow weary of restlessness. There is no noise here when the sounds of the world break too roughly on my ears. My soul rests here, and, laying aside grief and heaviness of heart, I am, for an hour or so, drugged with a strange opiate, that is fairly stillness, and partly roses, and partly the ghosts of roses.

But there is more than that in the room. There is the atmosphere of a life, a beautiful, questioning, seeking, life—a life that is very young and a little old—a life that will someday know the mystery of books and the deep places of love.

O, how I wish that I might live in this room always. Here the hours go slowly, they are so burdened with beauty. Here the shadows lie softly, for they lie on beloved things. I should know less sorrow here and have more leisure for dreaming. Regrets would less often haunt me here than the breath of roses in the dark, the ghosts of satiny roses that are cool on my cheek to-night. And who will say that you might not someday come, and sit by the window and read, in your blue gown, while I kept very still, lest you vanish away? Then would the room be complete as it is now, like a flawless song that knows no break in its singing. But whether that would be or not, I should always have the roses, the ghosts of the roses, to stir my dreams while I slept.

MEDICAL SOCIETY

Next Thursday evening is set aside for the regular meeting of the Student Medical Society. Important business will be carried on and reports from the various committees will be heard. An interesting programme of communications and cases will be carried out and the evening should prove very entertaining. Interest in the society has been at a high level this year and much constructive work has been done. The annual banquet of the society is scheduled for Monday evening, Feb. 11 and final arrangements will be discussed at the meeting on Thursday. A large attendance is expected.

C. O. T. C. Reorganized

(Continued from page 1) get along satisfactorily without funds, but with capital behind it the C. O. T. C. can be made most interesting. The time might come when a C. O. T. C. fraternity will be formed. It is not too soon to start thinking about these things.

CAMP
The camp in all probability will be held at MacNabs Island directly after the spring examinations for a period of about one week. Anyone who has been to military camps knows what a wonderful time the boys have, learning the most interesting parts of military training.

TRAINING AS OPTIONAL SUBJECT?
It is hoped that the true value of the training offered will be fully recognized and that C. O. T. C. training will count as an optional subject. Another hope is that such training will be compulsory for the first and second year students.

PRESIDENT GIVES SUPPORT
President MacKenzie is giving the corps his full hearted support in providing space required in the University buildings. With the proper authorities behind this organization it should become one of the outstanding branches of student activities.

PARADES
Every Wednesday evening parades are held in the gymnasium from seven to nine. Capt. Beresford and Sergt. Major Hill want a real group of men to work with. These permanent force men are highly qualified to give such instruction and the C. O. T. C. is favored to have them with us.

Those interested in this branch of military work predict that Dalhousie University will furnish many capable officers for military units. This training furnishes adequate qualifications for a commission in the Canadian Militia. At the time of writing the non-commissioned officers have not been appointed. Don't be alarmed if you see a group of men in khaki running around with rifles because it will only be the C. O. T. C. out on some tactical scheme.

THE GOOFEE FAMILY AGAIN

By Iam Goofee

Dear Gazette: My younger brother is Gittin Goofee. His older brother "Iam Goofee," I submit to you a play which like my brother's poem of last week—which your genius as editor has recognized as a masterpiece—is also free, frank, and futuristic.

It is as you will read a remarkable play, the like of which has never yet, nor ever will be written. Unless duplicated by my own genius.

Glad to see you recognized Githin Goofee. Hopin' you are the same,

I am, Goofee.

Half-Cast or Dramatis Impersonae.

Its, (plural of it). A tree, a moon, a hill, a snow. A black cat and a fence, for romantic effects.

CAST OR CASTE

He: Played by himself.
She: Played by herself.

There are no other characters nor dramatis-personae, nor actors; nor chor-nor chorus, except the eat.

SHE

Cast your blinkers on yon lonely tree. Sullenly it stands upon the hill against a blue-purple sky. Buried deep in soft white snow. The blue purple sky is pierced By a yellow scar— The moon.

That yellow scar the moon Casts yellow streaks Upon the white snow. Upon the white snow too That yellow scar—that magic moon Casts wierd black shadows— Grim black distortions of that lonely tree.

—Grotesque-Lon-Chaneyesque.

That lonely tree with naked outstretched arms: scraggy-fingered. Branches bereft of their green foliage. Naked! Bereft of their beauty. Alone. Buried in deep white soft snow.

Snow..... That looks so woolly—and so warm. And yet is so cold. So cold. So cold. And the unkind jealous winds, Howl. Yowl. Scowl.

So in my dreams, Do I stand alone With outstretched arms Howling for you.

HE

What fell plow of fear has thus furrowed up,

Thy erstwhile virgin brow, oh Fat-eema! Fill in those furrows with hope.

Why hast thou allowed those salty precipitations

Thy tears— Thus to burst their breakers— And flood thy painted landscape, (Redundant with peaches and cream) Leaving pale irregular channels— Emaciated. Thy well made-up immaculacy—gone! Gone. And so forgotten!

I cannot bear to see thee suffer thus— Lonely! like your barren tree Upon which thou biddest me Cast my blinkers. I cannot see thee suffer so— Fill up those furrows with hope— I may yet love thee! Some day!

SHE

My Lord! Now am I too happy far, To be but one woman. (Off-stage is heard the noises of WINGS —drrrrrrrrrrr.)

Enter the Herald. (He speaks and is heard).

And that yellow scar, the moon Will never hear the medley music Of that black cat upon the white-washed fence. A romantic serenade quashed; Squelched by the ripe fruits Of an unappreciative modern world.

FINIS

GALA GLEE GAMBOL

(Continued from page 1)

phy was easy and natural, a splendid young actor. The Phi. Rho. Sigma, quartette, composed of Messrs. Giddings, Minshull, Ross and Murphy followed with "Kentucky Babe". The boys' voices blended well, and they were encored to the tune of "Roll Them Bones" followed by a medley.

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

The curtains parted again to disclose our old friend Graham Allen disguised as "Thompson" with a fine coating of burnt cork, immaculately dressed in evening suit and shite gloves. His song-act, an imitation of the many thousands of "St. Louis Blues" and "Goin' Back to Mammy" singers was original and entertaining. His B. number "Oh death where is thy Sting" accompanied by John Budd, literally convulsed the audience.

Later in the even Graham again appeared, this time doubling with Miss Margaret Mackie in "Moron and Mackie." Their act sparkled with witty repartee and rapid fire observations about persons and things in and around the campus. Graham and his partner put the audience into such a great mood that numbers following were assured of a sympathetic hearing.

"FOR ALWAYS"

A waltz song "For Always", the original composition of Frank Hebb, with words by Arthur Murphy was sweetly sung by Miss Lorna Stuckey. Dalhousians have every right to feel proud of Mr. Hebb's achievement. This is the first original composition to have been played at Glee Club, within the writer's memory, and it was a very creditable performance. To those who are lovers of the arts this was a most encouraging beginning, and it is to be hoped that this will not be the last composition which the Glee Club will hear from Mr. Hebb.

In the following number "The Toilers" song, Bunker Murphy dressed as a darkey sang "Man River". On the opposite side of the stage Donald Forsythe typifying the toiling student, sang a parody on "Old Man River", "Old Dalhousie".

The scene of the last number, a one act play "Two Gentlemen of Soho" is in one of England's night clubs. The plot revolves around England's prohibition law that liquor may not be sold after 7 p. m. Plum, a detective is guest of violators of the law, starts the tragic ball rolling which

leaves in its wake a fearful toll of human life. The play is a take off of the grand style of the 16th century. The time is 1928 and the costumes modern but the language is that of Shakespeare et al, and abounds in long mouth-filling lines and wordy declamation.

As the play reaches its "climax" and Plum public detective, killed Sneak private detective, the audience began to get the point. Each of the succeeding seven deaths was greeted with an expectant roar of glee. The death of Len Miller, the last member of the cast to pass out was a masterpiece of dramatic suicide. It took no less than eight stabbings to put him out, while in the intervals, keeping his knife poised for the next thrust, he gave whole pages of blank verse. His last words were, "And thus I die without a word." The play was well directed. During its whole course no member of the cast stepped out of character.

Alex McKinnon, as Lord Withers, is a new discovery and his acting was very fine. He combined an easy stage presence with beautifully clear diction, and seemed quite suited to the part of poetic love maker. Jean Morton as Lady Lactitia looked very pretty and acted well, as did also her mother, Duckess of Canterbury, played by Claire Murphy. Sneak, played by Ray Fraser made a most villainous fellow. Leonard Farmer as a waiter died splendidly as did also Hubert, played by Stirling Giddings, and Topsy, played by Mary Currie.

At the conclusion of the performance John Budd and his volunteers provided music for a short dance. The staff from the Glee and Dramatic Society was as follows.

Stage manager, Charles Whelpley Properties, Evan Morton Electrician, Paul Sullivan Mechanics, Austin MacDougall Paul Shepherd —J.F.S.

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MacDONALD & FORSYTHE
College Mens' Overcoats \$15. to \$30.
119 Göttingen St. - Phone L 142

Never Mind! SMOKE A REX



SAVE THE "POKER HANDS"

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NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club of Dalhousie held its second dance of the season in the Knight's of Columbus Hall on Friday evening. With a jolly good crowd and great music supplied by Walter Bishop's orchestra, the dance was an unqualified success from the very beginning of the evening. The chaperones were Mrs. P. J. Hanifen and Mrs. Sullivan. The arrangements for the dance were in the hands of Claire Murphy, Len Farmer and Doug Hill, the energetic dance committee, and they are to be congratulated on staging such a great affair. The Newman Club dances appear to be getting more popular with each successive one.

On Sunday afternoon a meeting was held with the President, Fred C. Jennings in the chair. Reports on the dance were read, and the members discussed the idea of putting on a Newman night at Glee Club. A committee of two, K. Hanifen and Peter Dowd will carry up the plans. Arrangements were also made for debates at the future meetings and a committee made up of Alex. MacKinnon and Joe Parnell was appointed to take charge of the matter. After the business was attended to the chair was handed over to Rev. Father McCarthy, the club's chaplain who gave a very interesting and educating little address.

ON RIDICULE

It is too bad that people cannot be taught to face themselves as others see them. Half of the criticism which is showered on us from the cradle to the grave is well-meant. Some humans, the moment a weakness is revealed, run away from the place of revelation. This is no attitude to adopt. Take all criticism with a smile and study yourself in its light. I am not exactly an antique, but I have passed the "foolish years". In all my days I have learnt much that would never have been my privilege to know if my weaknesses hadn't been mocked. I hope it has improved my general make-up. At least it has strengthened my sense of humor. New college students are as a rule, held up to ridicule. But don't run away from it, stay and laugh with the others. —A Senior.

The Hell Bender

The Hellbender, who so lately occupied such an important position in our midst, gazing through his glass house balefully at the quiet tenants of the Marine lab., has received the reward due all rare amphibia—and raring. Now he occupies many small jars where formerly he occupied but one. And if the Zoology-fivers are successful in their weird processes, if the incantations and the moon are right, and if Prof. Gowanch's rabbit's left hind foot has been sufficiently waved over "the works" we may confidently expect that Dalhousians yet unborn will gaze with rapture and delight at a cross-section of the liver of the Hellbender, in perpetual memorial to the bold villain who left the marks of his pointed incisors on the head of the department, to the said Head's great delight, who described the combat with relish, faying while the blood flowed freely "aorth, What a splendid sight!"

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Norma Talmadge, who will be seen next Monday at the Majestic Theatre in her startling success "The Woman Disputed"

DAL DEFEAT CRESCENTS BUT LOST TO WANDERERS

By Jack Whalen

Dalhousie is now represented by its strongest hockey team in three years. In the three games played the Tigers demonstrated that they are capable of holding their own with any of the teams now playing in the nearly defunct City hockey league. Strengthened by Eaton, Oyler, and Thompson, the Dal team is much stronger than last year's outfit. Coached by Joe Matte, they are all infinitely a better team. All of which means just so much and no more.

It means that the team is well worthy of support from the students. It means that they have a fair chance of copping the City League. It means that the possibility of Dal trotting out a crack ice outfit is now within sight.

On the other hand it does not mean that Dal have at present a team of senior calibre. The Halifax City League at best is only on a par with the old intermediate league. It's not in the same class with the Eastern League although it has the same privilege of entering the winner in the provincial play-offs. If the winner should draw to play with the Kentville Wildcats, the Truro Bearcats, the Halifax Socials, or the Wolverines, then you can expect a slaughter of no mean proportions.

Considering the City League in its right plane, there is little to be found fault with the brand of play provided by the different teams. There are many young fast players, players who will eventually advance to real senior hockey and be a credit to it. The one thing that is now impeding their progress is the lack of interest displayed in their games by the fans at large and the supporters of the different teams in particular. Dalhousie is probably the greatest sinner in this respect. Obviously the students must expect star teams to mature over-night and crack players to develop after a week of high class coaching. Much has been made over the fact that the Glee Club staged a show on the same night the Tigers were playing. But Glee Club or no Glee Club the students wouldn't go anyway. They didn't go Monday night. The team lost: Heaven only knows what will drive them there now. They want a crack team, they want to see their College played in streamer headlines in all the newspapers. When this takes place they'll shout their heads off about THEIR college team. Now when they are asked to lay out the frightful sum of thirty-five cents to support the present team they laugh and try to show how much they know about hockey. Then they spend the thirty-five cents in order to see Greta Garbo and John Gilbert stage a wrestling match or Clara Bow run around in her undies. Aw well *Cui Bono*, let's say something about the games.

On Thursday, the 18th, the Tigers outclassed the Crescents and went twenty minutes overtime to win 4-3. The game wasn't bad at all to watch. The few fans who attended were well pleased with the Dal men. Ferguson in goal, tho' somewhat unsteady turned aside twenty hundred weight of rubber. Wickwire and MacKinnon, handed out stiff checks and helped materially to keep the Crescents at bay. Bernie Eaton scintillated in the forward line and was ably supported by Oyler and Thompson. Max Brennan performed usefully as a sub. The Crescents had a strong team and man for man looked better than the Tigers; but the Tigers won and deserved to win.

Monday night the Tigers took a trimming from the fast skating Wanderers sextette. The Red's outfit showed a world of speed, more experience, and deserved their 3-1 win. The Dal defense again worked desperately to stave off the clever attacks of Foley, McGlashen, and Smith. The Dal forwards were outclassed but seemed a bit off form. Their one chance against teams made up of such fast men is to play "com", "com" again, and "com" always. They are coached to do it. When they forget, they are done. Let's hope they'll not forget anymore. Next Thursday they meet Dartmouth. Here's the team—and it's worth seeing.

Goal: Ferguson, sub goal: Ian Fraser; defense: Wickwire, MacKinnon; forwards: Eaton, Oyler, Thompson; subs: Brennan, Power, Taylor.

In the first game mentioned above the refereeing was rotten, in the second game it was almost as bad. Monaghan handled the first, Wonnacott the second.

Mr. Sterling umpired at the plate on both occasions. H. Harris looked after the bases in the first game and Alec Nickerson in the second encounter.

The lineups:
Meds—Howatt, Eaton, Maxwell, Ross, Murphy, Outhouse, Douglas, Grant, D. Thompson, Minshull.

Commerce—McKenna, Harris, Lamb, M. Ross, Smith, Zink, McColl, R. Thompson, C. Miller, R. Miller.

On Saturday McLean replaced Outhouse on the Meds team.

GARRICK NOTES

"Little Spitfire" is the intriguing title of the play in which the Carroll Players will be seen at the Garrick during the coming week, and undoubtedly this will prove to be one of the liveliest offerings of the entire season. Those who are familiar with this Broadway success, claim for it that it is one of the "peppiest" plays to be found on the stage today, and that there is not a dull moment from curtain to curtain. It is declared to be particularly delightful to audiences of about the college student age, who prefer a play with "snap" and "zipp".

Miss Mabel Grainger has a wonderful role in this play, and it is interesting to note that her return is particularly warmly welcomed by the college set. It is a light comedy with a "wow" of a fight between two female "wildcats". "Common Clay", the Harvard prize play, is the current attraction at the Garrick.

LECTURES IN PSYCHIATRY INSTITUTED

(Continued from page 1)
Health Clinic. With such an alert and capable leader the new school is bound to be of tremendous assistance to all social workers.

At the initial meeting of the school on January 27, Professor Prince will discuss "Principles of Mental Hygiene and Social Welfare" and Mrs. Marshall will open her classes in the development and guidance of child behavior.

TIGER HOOPSTERS TAKE VICTORY

In a fast overtime game played in the Y gym Saturday night the Dalhousie basketball quintette snatched a 37-33 victory from the Nova Scotia Tech. The game, which was the opener of the Halifax City league, was featured by the combination of the Dal forwards, the shooting of Davidson and the large turn-out of Tiger supporters.

Harold Davidson, whose sensational work featured the Xmas tour of the Dal hoopsters, again accounted for the majority of his team's counters—scoring a total of twenty-five points. "Davy" displayed fast floor work and hooped the rim with shots from all distances and angles.

While Davidson was the brilliant star of the Dal outfit the whole five players played steady basketball. MacOdrum and Parker at guard were practically impregnable and very seldom did a Tech player break through for a close in shot. Don McRae at center played a nice defensive game and in the first period had his rival center tied up in knots. In the second game McRae got his eye on the Tech basket and rolled in a total of eight points. Captain George McLeod was below par in shooting but displayed some brilliant floor work and started many combination attacks that ended in scores.

Dalhousie—Davidson 25, McLeod 2, McRae 8, MacOdrum 2, Parker.

DAL vs Y. M. C. A. TOMORROW NIGHT

Tomorrow night the Tiger basketballers will hook up with the Y. M. C. A. in what promises to be the feature hoop meet of the year. Both the Y and Dal came through with victories in their first league games this season but that doesn't say who will win out.

The intermediate game starts at 6.30 and the senior tussle at 8.30.

It has just been brought to light that the Dal intermediate hoop squad should have won against the Garrison in the first game of the season. It is claimed that the scorer omitted to chalk up the last two points of the game, two points which would have given Dalhousie victory. It is expected that the Basketball association will look into the matter.

PAST AT LAST

At Casino next week

After waiting for something over a year, Halifax theatre-goers are soon to be privileged to see the motion picture, "What Price Glory." This great triumph of the screen, condemned about a year ago, has finally been approved by the Nova Scotia Board of Censors and will be on view at the Casino Theatre the first four days of next week. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio are the principles in the cast and an out-of-the-ordinary treat is promised when the picture is shown.

A NOVEL FEATURE

A new kind of "Wheel of Fortune" plays an important part in the British "Napoleon" film "Land of Hope and Glory" which comes to the Orpheus Theatre on Monday, with Ellaline Terriss starred in an important "mother" role and such fine artists in the company as Lyn Harding, Robin Irvine (one of the first native stars created by the British film revival) Enid Stamp-Taylor, Arthur Pusey, Ruby Miller (in some striking "vamp" gowns) Henry Vibart and Lewin Manninger.

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