

Dalhousie Gazette



VOL. LXVIII NO. 2

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, OCTOBER, 29th, 1925

Five Cents The Copy

Literary Criticism

Here they come! Here they come! Papers, Magazines, and Scripts of all sizes and shapes, a veritable deluge of college publications, has assailed the Exchange Editor during the past week. However, the paper that is of particular interest to Dalhousians is the "Western Gazette." The reason for this is that Western University is very much like Dalhousie, both in size and faculties. Out there they have a total registration of about eight hundred students, four hundred of whom attend the college of Arts. Dalhousie runs a close parallel. A very noticeable short-coming throughout the whole of their ten-page paper is the want of Editorials. Indeed, most of the space is taken up with reports of athletics and other student activities. But the eye of the critic is always on the look-out for merit, and from the "Western Gazette" come two meritorious suggestions which are passed along for the betterment of college life at Dalhousie. The first, for the women students, is for Arts '26 girls to invite the Freshettes on a hike, thereby forming an otherwise almost impossible acquaintance between Seniors and the girls of the Freshman class. The second is an account of the Faculty's reception for newcomers. The Freshman Advisor system, which we have here at Dalhousie, helps in a small way to further an acquaintance between student and faculty, but it does not produce the same familiarity as would a reception where new students became guests of the professors and their wives.

St. Francis Xavier's University, with scarcely over two hundred students, publishes a weekly paper of exactly the same size as the Dalhousie Gazette. Now, mathematically speaking, Dalhousie with over seven hundred students, from whom it is no more than reasonable to expect support, should publish a larger and better paper than it is circulating at present. The average student can contribute, and is assured that his material will be favorably received and given careful consideration by the editor. Think it over, Dalhousians!

The students of the University of Alberta have certainly appointed able hands to the office of editing their large six-page weekly, "The Gateway." From first to last there can be found nothing of an inferior quality; the editorials are of a very high standard, and although boot-blacking still seems popular around initiation time, the write-ups of Freshman initiations are in the best literary style. "The Gateway" is a serious paper, and aims at stimulating an intelligent interest in student activities and university administrations by presenting a definite policy through its editorial columns on all questions of interest to the student body, at the same time inviting comment from those whose views do not coincide with those propounded by "The Gateway" itself. This will help to create a more

unified university spirit. It is a paper which seems to realize that interesting news items do not constitute the whole purpose of publication, but that it should be a medium of exchange for ideas that are current topics for student discussion. In the words of Dr. MacMechan, "the University is a Clearing-house of Ideas," therefore, let the college paper be instrumental in furthering this work of clarifying. The University of Alberta has installed in their Convocation Hall a fourteen thousand dollar organ as a War Memorial. Of course it is unfortunate that we at Dalhousie have no Convocation Hall in which such a monument could be placed, but it is almost incredible to think that no attempt whatever has been made to perpetuate the memory of Dalhousians who fell in the Great War. "The Gateway" also speaks with pride of its Handbook, which is passed out to all students; how does this compare with Dalhousie?

"The Varsity" comes from Toronto University five times per week, and a capital paper it is too. Just at present, however, they are very interested in politics; but on the whole the paper affords much pleasure to the outside reader. The address to which they send the paper, is "Dalhousie University, Dalhousie, N. S."

Prof. Bennett has procured for the use of those students taking the class in modern drama, an admirable little magazine called "Drama," which is the journal of the British Drama League, of which Mr. H. Granville-Barker is Chairman of the Council. The magazine, published in London, discusses only the best plays, whether old or new, which are being presented on the stage at the present time. It gives a detailed account of the activities of various Producing Societies and Dramatic Schools throughout England. One article is entitled "The Ibsen Legend," in which Mr. G. Gordon Young makes a stirring appeal for a more frequent appearance of Ibsen's plays, which have perceptibly fallen off simply because dramatic societies, both amateur and professional have been as much scared of them as the ordinary playgoer. As Mr. Young explains, Ibsen "demands an attentiveness and sympathy from his hearers such as most playgoers are not accustomed to bring to the theatre." Now, anyone who has availed themselves of the opportunity of reading Ibsen, will admit that his plays are by no means "dull," therefore, just as Shakespeare can be made interesting and vital to quite ordinary audiences, so too can Ibsen be made popular. I do not think it would be too great an undertaking for our own Glee and Dramatic Club here at Dalhousie, if they are planning a public performance by Dalhousie students, as I sincerely hope they are, to put on an Ibsen play. There is a vital dramatic element in Ibsen as well as in Shaw, and John Tanner should not be more popular than Hjalmar Ekdal.

W. P.

In Conference

Upon the station platform at Wolfville, in the Annapolis Valley, stepped a Dalhousie student. Wolfville, on the shores of the basin of Minas, is the prettiest town in the province. So, at least, "the student" thought.

"Every beauty spot," he once explained, "seems to me the most beautiful that I have seen." Wolfville he saw for a week of fine days.

With him were others—Acadians, Dalhousians, U. N. Beings, in Conference. Women and men students considering the problems which most concern those who are young and who think. One young woman, who is a secretary for the Student Christian Movement in the West, ordered one or two of the most serious.

"A man or woman must first work out his or her attitude toward life," she said, "ascertain in what walk he or she can best serve, and finally choose a partner."

The Conference contributed much toward the solution of "the student's" problems. And greatly to many needs, one especially—individual development: beautiful surroundings and happy seriousness bore friendship, through which character and personality grow. Blossom time in the Valley, days spent in the orchards, serious discussion never out of place—"the student" made friends whom he knew: it was but lately that he had realized he could name no one whom he both really knew and didn't like. Another help was the use of Christian names—the Conference was Christian. Some of these Maritime Conferites "the student" felt he had always known—one boy particularly. He told him.

"That's strange," the other chap said, "I hadn't known you two days before I felt the same about yourself."

To such friends each morning "the student" awoke. With them to Matins: out on the hill perhaps—on the Ridge with the river below. Back to the college for breakfast where appetites were dulled and upon a run and fire of conversation—there was song and yell—wits were sharpened. Then to his discussion group. With a leader, a varied composition, a blossom canopy to inspire them, the group talked frankly together—nothing was sacreligious. Here particularly the Conferites disclosed their thoughts.

Rapidly friendship grew. Everything contributed to it—picnics, walks, tennis, swimming, talks by men and women of experience. And else. Than to wander with a friend in the cool of the evening, green turf underfoot, blossoming branches overhead, an occasional petal fluttering down, there is nothing more complete.

Return to Vespers. Perhaps they gathered "in Tully's cozy sitting-room" as one great family about an open fire. Or outdoors. A sing-song, hymns, a few words and a moment of thought. A solo—swaying in the moonlight, silhouetted against the stars, the singer's voice in harmony with the evening—inexpressibly great! And prayers.

"To say the truth," later in a midnight discussion another boy told "the student," "generally I haven't any use for prayer. But here—well, it's different. There is nothing so conducive to thought as silence—silent prayer. And you others—I feel your presence. Perhaps a low voice leads our thought. It's an education!"

And it is. The nucleus of a study group formed that same midnight and to be carried out this year at Dal, included "the student", who will attend all future Conferences possible—without fail.

How is the writer so sure?
He is "the student."

E.

What is this soul of mine?
Why was it given me?
I wonder if God knew
What I would be,
When He brought to being
On this earth,
One of my little worth.
What am I in this maze of life
That God has chosen me,
The bearer of a soul
That will everlasting be?

W. J. M. '29.

Ancient Relics

I wonder how many students know that Dalhousie possesses two dozen clay jugs of various shapes, none of them very large, that have been valued by experts at over five thousand dollars? From the third floor of the Library Building, a short flight of stairs leads up to a closed door. If you ask for the key and pass through you will find yourself in a very nicely appointed little museum. There are beautiful mounts of birds, and models of ships, and various miscellaneous things of interest, but the cabinet of pre Inca pottery is undoubtedly the most outstanding collection in the room.

Mr. W. B. Taylor not very long ago presented this collection to the University in the name of his father Mr. William Bell Taylor '84. The vessels are of curious construction, and seem to be representations of animals, or religious symbols, some being figures of gods. On some of the jars there is an artistic color pattern, various shades of red and buff colored clay, as well as some slate colored elements, having been used in their construction. One vessel represents a tiger-like animal of red clay with cream-colored clay stripes. Another seems to symbolize the sacrifice of a child to a god, representing a child being crushed under the feet of the idol. Still another is a hideous-looking figure with something like a human body and a bear-like face. In addition to the jars there are several implements of various kinds.

This fine collection, which is in a beautiful state of preservation, was exhibited for over a year before coming to Dalhousie, at the Metropolitan Museum in New York where it attracted much attention. Experts say that it is from seven hundred to two thousand years old, having been captured by the Incas from one of the Peruvian Coastal tribes many hundreds of years before the first Spaniard set foot in South America. Most of the units of the collection were taken from the ancient Temple of the Sun, near the old Inca City of Chau Chau, Peru. It is certainly a matter of pride for all Dalhousians that our University should possess this fine archaeological collection.

Charles G. D. Roberts, during his recent visit to Halifax, was requested to write a few words for the Gazette. As he was very pressed for time he excused himself saying that he wrote very slowly and carefully and never did a thing off hand since it wouldn't be his best and that he would not give anything less than his best. Think this over before handing in your next contribution.

A Geological Love Song

(To be sung at 2.30 p. m. on Fridays.)

O come with me, Geology
Extends fair invitations
O come my belle for Tosh will tell
Of wonderful formations.
But no formation's half so fair
As thy form's every section
Explanation hath not marred
An inch of thy complexion.

O thou shalt hear of Atmosphere,
And of the thermal blanket
How once was land where seas expand
And how the earthquakes sank it.
He'll tell thee of the Lithosphere
Of gaseous beginnings
But all props of the contentans
Can't match thy underpinnings.

So dearie dip and strike with me,
We'll easily overtake them,
On an erratic we shall perch,
Erratic as they make them.
Come bask upon a bedding plain
And praise the pretty strata,
If thou wilt follow science path
My crystal face, I'll try thee.

H. A. D.

The Old Grad Returns

"It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love it," said Daniel Webster in his famous speech in the Dartmouth College case. One would hardly think of calling Dalhousie a "little College" to-day. She numbers her admirers and her loyal friends by the thousands; but among them all there is, I firmly believe, no more devoted adherent than Knight—Joseph Hampton Knight, Arts '92.

And that's curious, too, for only a few years ago he would have denied that he had more than the slightest interest in the place.

Probably you have never heard of Knight. His friends in the Alumni would not recognize him by that name. In spite of his wealth he is a modest chap and some of the facts about him may have become a little twisted in this story; otherwise, I fear he might not keep his promise to visit us again in the near future, and he is looking forward to that with keen anticipation.

Queer thing how a man can get separated from his college. Joe Knight played football for Dalhousie in the old days; he was an editor of the Gazette; and he was Class President one year.

But immediately after graduation, he accepted a job in Montreal, then in a few years went West, and in the absorbing process of growing up with the country, Joe just about forgot that there was such a place as Dalhousie. When he began getting into the news he had returned to Montreal with a comfortable little pile, which grew steadily under shrewd management.

Then one day a letter came to one of his old professors. "Here's my youngster," he wrote, "wants to be a lawyer and says that Dalhousie is the only place. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I'm a bit surprised to find that the best law firm in the city backs him up. Tell me honestly what you think."

He was told. He was also told that Dalhousie graduates have been making a name for themselves in their post-graduate work at the largest Universities on the Continent and on other continents—how one of them is doing outstanding research concerning the dramatic customs of Shakespeare's time; and how another recent graduate has been appointed to a very promising position under the Council of the League of Nations. And finally he was invited to come down and see for himself just what was being done at the University in an educational way.

Joe didn't come just then but he sent his boy, and the lad never regretted it. When he came back after his vacation to enter his senior year, Joe came with him. He was a little shamefaced about it too. "I had a little business deal on down this way, so I thought I'd run in and see you," was the way he greeted one of his old classmates, now a member of the Faculty. And then they were off on "do-you-remember" which were only broken off when the boy came round to take Joe out to meet some of his friends. They made a bit of a fuss over him and his eyes were twinkling when they finally started for dinner. "A nice lot of kids," he was saying. "I guess you didn't make a mistake in coming here, son."

The first thing, of course, was to go over and see the veteran Professor of English. There was only an instant's pause for recognition, and then, "Well Joe," he said, "I suppose you know

better now than to write a theme about the Province House and quote me as saying it was designed by Adam?"

Joe's astonished guffaw was good to hear. "Why, Sir, the idea of your remembering that freshman trick. You certainly haven't forgotten me. You see," he explained, "you said that the Province House was Adams' architecture and I made a slight error. This certainly wipes away the years with a bang. I've often thought about you, Doctor, and wondered why you stayed here. You must have had plenty of fine offers."

The man whose labors have been instrumental in gaining a recognition for Canadian Literature, reached to a bookshelf and took down a volume. "That's the reason, Joe," he said. Joe took the book and looked at it. It was "The Life of a Little College."

"Perhaps you would like to look at some of the buildings, Dad," said the boy as they stepped out from the remembrance of the old days. "So I would, boy," said Joe, and he looked about him. The Library and Science buildings were there, and there was also another. "That one doesn't seem quite in harmony," said Joe, as he pointed to the Gymnasium. His boy explained to him how the Gymnasium was a temporary structure, pending the raising of funds for a new edifice to be erected as a memorial to Dalhousie's overseas heroes.

The trio proceeded down to the Medical Buildings, but Joe was pre-occupied. "A new gymnasium," he was muttering to himself. "They want a new Gymnasium to commemorate Dalhousie's fallen heroes."

"This is the new Public Health Building," were the words that brought him out of his meditations. "There is nothing to exactly parallel it on the continent. It is a monument to Dalhousie's progress in the Medical world."

Nothing seemed to bore Joe. Nothing seemed too small for his notice. He patiently probed for facts and classified them, from the little flies in the Biology Department to the gold fillings being hammered in by the student dentists. Joe might have been buying the place and figuring what return he would get on his investment. Perhaps he was, too—in a way.

When the time came for Joe to leave, he handed to his friend of the Faculty a slip of paper. It was a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars and it bore the name of Joseph Hampton Knight. It was inscribed "For the Memorial Gymnasium."

But we hadn't heard the last of Joe yet. When Dalhousie's debaters went up to Montreal to contest with McGill, it was Joe who appeared, fairly draped in black and gold and nearly making the roof fall with his college yell. And it was he who took the victorious gladiators to his mansion after the debate and entertained them in royal style.

It wasn't so very long after that that the Faculty friend received another letter from Joe. "They say I acted like an undergraduate," he said, "I got into an argument with some alumni of other colleges and backed them off the map. You may multiply that cheque by four if you like," and a green slip fluttered to the professor's desk. "Here's to old Dalhousie. God bless her!"

R. H.

Sonnet I. To Cupid

Ah subtle Cupid, thou who dost imbue
The chilliest hearts with love, serene and sweet
Who hast some magic balm with which to treat
Torn wounded hearts and mould them firm and true
Who ever canst with gold tipp'd darts subdue
Stern Nature's laws, and in thy way discreet
So pierce two hearts that e'en as one they beat,
Thus granting life and hope and joy anew.
Dear boy have pity, take my lonesome heart
And wandering o'er this world, o'er land and sea
Employ with zealous skill thy noble art;
Somewhere beneath these skies there needs must be
A fairer, sweeter, dearer counterpart,
Go, search, and finding bring it back to me.

DATE OF PUBLICATION CHANGED.

Owing to the fact that great difficulty is experienced in turning out the paper on Wednesday morning, and since the Editors wish to give the paper to the students on a definite date it is thought advisable to delay publication for one day. The Gazette will, then, appear at the College between the hours of 9 a. m. and 11 a. m. every Thursday morning.

Dr. Blois Babkin escaped from the Bolsheviks and out of Russia with great difficulty after the Revolution.

The current issue of the Dalhousie calendar is in error when it states that Merle Perry Colpitt is an Instructor in Physics.

"The Dalhousie Gazette."

(Founded 1869)

Editor-in-Chief:
ARTHUR L. MURPHY, 26.

Associate Editors:

MARY A. BERESFORD, 26.
AVIS H. MARSHALL, 27.
RONALD HAYES, 26.
WARREN PUBLICOVER, 26.

Financial Editor:

CHAS. F. MACKENZIE,
18 Walnut St.,
Phone S1961.

Subscription Rates: \$1.00 per year.

"The Old Order Changeth"

With the opening of college year comes the passing of a glorious old custom from Dalhousie. We are told by those whose college life is long past that their first and last days as students linger most fondly in their memories. Linger because they are most impressive and symbolic even in their extreme difference. For many years past the new students of Dalhousie have been promptly subdued by the superior forces of their upper classmen. It was clearly and forcibly shown to them that they were Freshmen, while at the same time, they were given an opportunity to display their own prowess and stand on an equal basis with their opponents, as college students.

This year the initiation was conducted quite differently. The Freshmen were instructed to appear at the Gymnasium on a certain evening. This they did, quite peacefully, and like little lambs being led to slaughter, allowed themselves to be blindfolded and in some cases bound. The Sophomores then proceeded to make perfect fools of them. All having fully qualified for their dunce caps they were freed and allowed to mingle, on equal terms, with their persecutors.

An initiation, what ever form it assumes, should be impressive. In years to come will the Class of '29 look back on this evening's performance as one befitting their entrance to Dalhousie? We think not.

There is no real boy or man, with fresh healthy blood coursing through his veins, who does not thrill at the prospect of a good fight. It is true that last year the initiation was carried out too roughly and while the casualties were not nearly as heavy as our sport toll, yet this could be avoided.

After careful consideration and numerous enquiries among the students we request the Senate to reconsider its prohibitory edict before another year approaches.

We should suggest that the Sophomores be allowed to overpower their younger classmen by physical force, at an appointed time and a suitable place. Such a combat took place in 1923 when the Class of '26 initiated '27 at the "Battle of Studley Campus." After a hard fight the Freshmen were overcome and paraded through the streets of Halifax as captors. There no casualties of even a minor nature. The grassy campus provided an ideal battle ground and there was absolutely no hard feeling between the rival factions.

An initiation of this type is impressive. Ask any Class '26 or '27 man. He will tell you that no matter how the Future may deal with him, it will always remain one of the most memorable occasions of his life. We suggest that in addition to this, the Freshmen might bear some insignia of their humble positions. A verdant bow or armband, while rather trite, is at least better than nothing at all. The McGill freshmen in addition to wearing green, are obliged to salute their superiors by placing the tip of the index finger on the top of the head and uttering a meek, but audible, "Tweet-tweet." If such a rule can be enforced at McGill, a university having, each year, almost one thousand Freshmen, there should be no difficulty in executing it at Dalhousie.

Regarding this year's initiation, the general impression seems to be that it was not impressive, neither morally nor physically. The Freshmen, playing the fool for a few hours, were not, in reality, vanquished. They were not shown that, while Dalhousie students, they were the least of Dalhousie students, and so must remain for one year. There is even a case on record in the recent initiation, of one Freshman, being mistaken for a Sophomore and actually assisting in the initiation of his fellow-classmen! Again, it is not at all fair to the new students of Kings, gaily bedecked in whatever the Sophomores may choose, to be looked at and laughed at by the "gentlemen" Freshmen of Dalhousie.

So we strongly urge that in years to come the old custom properly modified, will be returned to us, as it is the only way in which subjugation can be united with a firm bond of good fellowship which should exist among all Dalhousians.

The Plaint of A Non-Politician

Ensueth now a time of brag and bluster, Of meetings, of conventions and of woe Where every Candidate bravely devises Methods of coping with the latest crises And always tells us that he told us so Spouting at second-hand what falsehoods he can muster.

Honorable Mr. Drivel and Honorable Mr. Slick

Are with us as of yore, and in their train Ten thousand types of babbling politician To make one sigh for Nero or Domitian To bring their hemlock and their axe again, The while we pray, "Get in; but oh, Good Lord, be quick.

Amateur rhetoric of the modern school, Imbecile jargon, meaningless catchwords, lies, Speeches and more speeches in all directions,—

These are the joys of federal elections: Let me retire with bandages o'er my eyes And in my hearing organs plentiful cotton wool.

B.

Dalhousie Students

You can save considerable, and dollars in some cases, by buying college supplies at our store—such as

Bound Note Books	Pencils
Loose Leaf Note Books	Fountain Pens
Loose Leaf Refills	Index Supplies
Drawing Paper	Etc.

Frank M. O'Neill & Co. Ltd.
Commercial Stationers
152 GRANVILLE STREET

Class Jewellery

Do not send out of town for your class

PINS or RINGS

We can compete on quantity TRY OUR SERVICE

Henry Birks & Sons
Limited
HALIFAX

From The Mail Bag

To the Editor, Dalhousie Gazette.

Sir:— During the past few weeks attention has been directed to the plan of issuing a Dalhousie "Year Book" to take the place of the Graduation Number of the Gazette. This Year Book would be a larger and more attractive publication than the Gazette and it would contain a complete chronicle of all student activities of the year, in addition to the histories and criticisms of the graduating classes, by whom it would be edited in co-operation with several members of the regular Gazette staff.

The Year Book would be similar to those issued by other colleges and, of course, its primary appeal is to the senior classes, to whose members it would be a valuable memento of their college years. If present plans materialize there will be a picture of each graduate in addition to the usual "puzzles" at present carried in the Gazette.

The question now arises, what will it cost? At present no definite estimate can be made but a maximum figure would be three dollars. The council has unofficially expressed its willingness to give financial aid and the remainder of the cost would be met by the sale of the book.

There are various reasons why this plan should be more fully developed and carried into effect. In the first place, the Gazette is too small to adequately give an account of the year's events in the University. Dalhousie has increased in size while the Gazette has long since stopped its growth and indeed seems to be well on the way to senile decay. The graduation numbers for the last few years compare quite unfavorably with those of fifteen or more years ago. This is not due to any fault of the various editors of the Gazette, indeed, have often done surprisingly well with the limited financial and personal support they have received. The Gazette of to-day attempts to record the various activities of a much increased student body in as few or even fewer pages than the Gazette of twelve years ago. It can't be done and results have shown this.

Something must be done and the time is now. This problem deserves the serious consideration of every student in the University of success is to be achieved. Other colleges—some much smaller than Dal.—produce creditable Year Books. Why not Dalhousie? Why not the classes of nineteen twenty six?

M.

To the Editor, Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Sir:— Will you or one of your readers (student or professor) help me out in a little problem that tonight is worrying my brain?

The other evening after "Othello" at the Majestic a Dal student remarked, "Geel that was awful piffle, a 'movie' has it beaten to a frazzle." The man with him guffawed derisively and the two accompanying co-eds stared in a superior sort of way (I think they take English 9), and one said to the other, "Isn't he awful!" And undoubtedly the Professors present had they heard, would have raised their erudite eyebrows in pious horror and groaned, "Is this the sort of person we have to teach? Is this the sorry product of our teaching?"

Now, Sir, why is it that because a man expresses such an opinion he should be regarded as a "philistine," as an "impossible person" in learned circles? Why must a man pretend to like Shakespeare when he prefers Harold Lloyd; why is he expected to consider "Sartor Resartus" by Thomas Carlyle greater than "Nomads of the Night" by Gaston Leroux? You can't say it's because of the energy expended in the writing. It was very likely as easy for Carlyle to write the one as for Leroux to write the other, and Harold Lloyd probably sweats more over his job than Shakespeare ever did over his. If you judge by cash values you can see that Lloyd and Leroux win easily. And if you judge by the numbers of admirers, then Carlyle and Shakespeare come in a poor second.

And yet because a few Professors and "Highbrows" have deemed it the correct thing to smile on the Carlyle stuff and frown on what they consider beneath them the Dal student has to pretend to like the same sort of stuff or be regarded as possessing no critical taste. I myself, have suffered in the same way. I horrified a member of Latin five by saying I didn't like Horace, that he was a humbug. I like Vergil, especially when he talks about his farm and his bees—I feel he really enjoys them; but Horace sounds so artificial, he always strikes me as speaking with his tongue in his cheek. And I have a notion I didn't get the mark I expected in History one, because I said Gibbon was a self-complacent coxcomb and that the fact that he rewrote his Autobiography six times and didn't even bother to correct the proof of his History showed that he himself didn't think very much of his History.

Now I don't pretend to know much about it but isn't it possible the "Highbrows" are wrong sometimes. Once upon a time a man said the world was round, but for thousands of years the "Highbrows" had asserted it was flat so the poor man suffered, yet to-day even College Professors say the world is round. Fifty thousand years hence what will they say of Carlyle and of Leroux? Who knows? And so, Sir, I should like to have this straightened out.

First, isn't it better to have honest opinions of one's own than to adopt opinions one doesn't believe in, no matter by whom propounded? Second, how does one judge between Carlyle and Leroux? In the ancient world at different times an enormous number of books were destroyed by so-called wise men. Why? Was it the Carlyles or the Lloyds who survived and how is one to tell? Someone says, "A poet is born, a critic is self-made." Isn't any criticism merely personal prejudice? If that be so why must we all let the critics lead us by the nose, or perish in their withering scorn? I enclose my card. I am etc.,

Freedom.

To the Editor, Dalhousie Gazette.

Sir:— I should like to express an opinion on the Freshie-Soph. debate contrary to that of the judges.

The standard of eloquence on both sides was about even—a large number of sentences and ideas left in the air, but on the whole the debaters showed promise.

But assuredly the number of cheeky and insolent remarks made by the Freshmen both on the Sophomores and older men in general, proved that the gentler methods of hazing used this year have not "tamed or humbled" the Freshmen if they chose their speakers as representative of their views.

The idea of hazing is not to maltreat as this year's Freshmen seem to think, but to see that Freshmen stay where they belong, namely on the lowest rung of the ladder up which one climbs step by step to the final year.

If the Freshmen actually feel towards the Sophomores the insolent attitude of Friday night, then goodness knows what their attitude to Professors, Presidents and to the world at large will be by the time they leave Dalhousie. It does a man good no matter his age or status, to treat his seniors with respect. This year's hazing has not taught the Freshmen that lesson. That was evident from the debate.

I am, etc.,

EVOLUTION.

Dental Society Notes

The first meeting of the Dalhousie Dental Society for 1925-1926 was held on October 3rd. The President, Mr. J. W. Dobson was in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

The following were appointed to take charge of the various sports: Foot-ball—Don Smith. Track Team—Purvis Millar. Basket Ball—J. W. Dobson.

Following this was considered the matter of adopting a suitable pin for the Society; to be used instead of a distinct pin for each class.

The Society feel that the Dental Library is seriously lacking in up-to-date text books. Accordingly Messrs. Dobson Barrett, Millar, Taylor and Griffin were appointed to interview President MacKenzie and Dean Thompson with a view to having modern texts on the various subjects placed in the Library. The students will await with keen interest the result of this interview.

Miss MacDonald and Mr. Tupper were appointed as Glee Club representatives.

Q. B. K.

Delta Gamma

A well-rounded college career! Of what does it consist? This was what the freshettes wanted to know and a reply was given in a very vivid manner by their upper class-mates on Saturday evening, Oct. 17th, 1925.

In a spirited dialogue, the Sophomores showed those freshettes, assembled at Shirreff Hall for the annual initiation, that sport was a very vital thing for the college girl. The various branches of sport were portrayed so alluringly that it would require a lot of consideration to choose just one or two. Then the Juniors by means of pantomime, women and song, endeavored to prove that the social life in College must not be ignored. They had no difficulty in proving their case, because all the Freshettes were in love with the social life anyway. An almost unheard-of "library scene" was staged by the Seniors who actually tried to make everybody believe that the intellectual side of college life was essential. A frivolous freshette was marvellously transformed in one act, into a sort of weird personality, that is, she got an A for her theme.

After the initiation ceremony the freshettes, while still slightly confused as to what it was all about, were seized by their sympathizing friends, and the dance went on. The girls were unanimous in their hearty appreciation of the kindness of Mrs. Barnstead who was their hostess for the evening.

A. M.

Troia Fuit

Forgotten all the weary strife of day: Lulled by the drowsy murmur of the sea, The city sleeps, under a full-orbed moon. The balmy night-wind sighs adown the streets—

The long white streets that shimmer 'neath the moon.

Deserted lie the battlements and bare, Save where some sentinel keeps eager watch

O'er sleeping plains and silent, starlit sea. The air is heavy with the scent of flowers, And land and sea are tranquil as the tomb, When suddenly the silence of the night Is shattered by a cry, "The Greeks! The Greeks!"

Canora.

Don't Envy a Good Appearance!

Come to SHIELD'S BARBER SHOP and enjoy the benefit of expert service. Always five of the most proficient barbers procurable on hand. Our HAIR CUTTING is sure to satisfy. LADIES' HAIR CUTTING in all styles; also CURLING, SHAMPOOING and MASSAGING. One trial will convince.

SAM. A. SHIELDS
PROP.
Phone S 4780 41 Sackville St.

"FIT-U"
Overcoats and Suits
Sold in Halifax City
ONLY AT
Gordon Isnor's
69 Gottingen St.

A Complete Musical Service
INSTRUMENTS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
A Full Line of the Best Classical, Standard and Popular SONGS.
PHINNEYS Limited



STUDENTS Guard YOUR SIGHT
Consult **H. W. Cameron** SIGHT SPECIALIST
Cor. Sackville and Barrington Sts. Phone Sack. 2728 for Appointment

"The Camberley Triangle"

An appreciative audience greeted the initial performance of the Glee and Dramatic Club last Wednesday night in their presentation of Mr. A. A. Milne's one-act comedy, "The Camberley Triangle." Those assuming the various roles were admirably suited to their parts, and the play was both successfully and creditably produced.

Miss Charlotta Johnson acted the part of Mrs. Camberley, war bride of Dennis Camberley (Mr. Roderick McLeod), while Mr. Cyril Norwood completing the "triangle" was played by Mr. Peter Elliston. All three characters represented distinct types, each of which had traits diametrically opposed to those of the other two;—a fickle wife, a forceful war hero, and a London "man about town." The psychology of the different parts was adequately grasped by the players and the lines sympathetically rendered.

Following the performance Mr. Frank Page rendered a piano solo, "Cat's Pajamas," encoored with "Kitten on the Keys." Mr. John Wickwire sang "On the Road to Mandalay," also encoored with "Tommy, Lad!" The Medical orchestra rendered several selections, afterwards providing the music for a few dances during the short time remaining.

One perceives a notable improvement in Glee Club activities this year, which is the endeavor to provide for the students better entertainment, in the way of good plays from acknowledged leaders among the best modern authors, than has been attempted in past years. It is gratifying to know that this endeavor is not without avail among the student body many of whom are only lately beginning to realize the importance of entertainments of this kind in college life.

The next play to be presented by the club, will be "Rococo" by Granville Barker.

W. P.

Commerce Clearings

The Commerce Society held its first party on Tuesday, Oct. 20th. This took the form of a theatre party at the Orpheus and a dance afterwards at Shirreff Hall. The evening was a very enjoyable one, and their was general regret when the hour for departure arrived. The party, chaperoned by Miss Lowe, included some thirty or forty students and also Professor MacDonald with his "lady friend" from Truro. The one regrettable feature of the evening was that there were so few Commerce freshmen there. It was hoped that they would all turn out and meet the other members of the Society.

To the Commerce Freshmen— This society which aims to act as a unifying force and promote an interest among the students of the commerce department cannot possibly hope to maintain its past high record or membership if the new students do not show an interest in the society by attending the meetings and social functions. Remember that this is a society of and for students. What this society is, and will be, depends largely on you.

It is rumored that at the Freshie-Soph dance a certain young lady on being introduced to Professor "Big Jim" MacDonald, believing him to be a freshman, asked him what subjects he was taking!

The gymnasium has been secured for the use of the Commerce students on Friday afternoons from 3.30 to 5.00 o'clock. It is to be hoped that all the students in Commerce will avail themselves of this opportunity and turn out next Friday at 3.30. So far we have never entered a team in the inter-faculty basket-ball league, but there is no reason why we should not do so this year. We have plenty of good material and should be able to make a good showing.

Any student desiring Commerce Society pins or rings should hand his name to the secretary as soon as possible so that an order may be sent away for them.

A. E. J.

BOB JOHNSON'S TWO BOBBER SHOPS

First Class Service The Home of the Shingle
Majestic Theatre Building and
Cor. George and Barrington Sts.
DON'T NEGLECT YOUR APPEARANCE

Nova Scotia Nursery

1088 to 1090 Barrington St.

THREE PHONES

Cut Flowers, Bouquets
and all Floral Work

Famous Letters of Famous People

No. "X."

The New Man's Impression of Initiation Night

Dear Pa:—

Talk about ma's social standing why it would remain seated compared with mine. I wasn't to college two days before I was handed out a bid for some big party the Sophs were staging on Wednesday night and of course I accepted with all the "charmed I'm sure's" I could remember. (Pa, in case you don't know Sophs are human beings who take great delight in making green "things" black and blue.) Well the party was going to be held at the gymnasium at 7.30, so off I started dressed in my Sunday clothes all prepared for a swell time.

I can't say as I altogether enjoy these parties at Dal although I suppose I can get used to them after a fashion, just like ma getting used to those new fangled imitation teeth you gave her Christmas. I entered the building and about 114 Sophs piled on to me and I would have liked 'em only the president of the Students' Council told me not to hurt anyone so I layed off for a while and did what they asked me to.

First they blindfolded me and put me through a long winding tunnel. I would have got lost only happily there was a fellow behind me pushing me on and yelling for me to go faster. Pa, while I think of it, tell ma to send me some liniment.

But it was worth going to, that party because after coming out of the tunnel a guy clapped me warmly by the hand and took me for an aeroplane drive. Gee it was great, although I can still feel the place where I landed. (Don't forget the liniment.)

About then someone suggested "eats" and I was right on deck. I didn't hanker for more though, Pa. One mouthful was more than two much. Sweet essence of red hot stoves but it burnt.

Then they got me out in front of a big crowd. One gentleman requested me to sing. Of course I modestly refused at first, but after considerable coaxing, (they had excellent methods of persuasion, those Sophs), I began "The Old Oak-ten Bucket," and that new jazzy jig I picked up last summer. Well it would have made you proud pa to have heard your son. The audience clapped so I had to sing another.

Next they put the boxing gloves on me and I started right into 'em. Once I have the gloves on nothing can stop me, isn't that right pa? Well sir, I guess I must have pretty near knocked all the Sophs out of commission, anyway, they were pretty scared because I heard one pipe up meekly, "I guess we'd better take the gloves off that man before he knocks 'em all cold!" Imagine your little sonny doing all that, pa!

Then I let them take the gloves and blindfold off me and first thing I saw was the second meeting of Class '29, but what a change had come over my dear classmates. They were black in the face and plastered with fly paper, all squatting on the floor looking calmed and uncollected. They were unnatural even to the grins on their faces—and so this is what the Students Council terms "a better method of hazing!"

Quivering custard but those Sophs are a dumb-crowd. Here they were trying to keep we poor freshman from being "stuck up" and they plastered fly paper all over our gobs. Well we were promised a swell time. We had it all right, only the swelling didn't come 'till later.

Am sending under separate cover 1 pr. pants. Kindly tell ma to put new seat in same. I've sworn off Sophmore's parties for good,

Your loving boy,
Sonny.

The Heart of a House

Out on the Bedford Road a new little house has just been built. It is an ordinary little house, and, like most of the cheaper houses of to-day, it looks brittle. Yesterday, the stark crudeness of it repelled. To-day one is drawn to it. For the little house is no longer only new, it is a new house that is an old home. The change is not in the house itself, for the curtains are still down, the steps are yet to be built, and no touch of paint has softened the hard reality of the structure.

But Grandpa has arrived! All day long, wrapt in thick, shabby clothes of indeterminate cut, he sits in the sun before the door, motionless, calm, untroubled. His face is filled with peace and benevolence. His old, clay pipe is a very symbol of contentment. Yet all this one might pass over, even to his dignity, the passionless dignity of age. The striking thing is his air of permanence. Already one looks for him, as for a familiar landmark.

Thus, he subtly sets the little house apart from all others, gives it character. In him are symbolized all the traditions of home that are being lost in the modern age. In Grandpa and the house, the old

and the new meet. Which will prevail? With the passing of the old man will the little house once more retain only the meaningless starkness of its hideous architecture, or will it still be a new house that is an old home?

F. W.

Publishing this paper each week is by no means a small undertaking, and all will realize that it requires a certain amount of work, and also sacrifice, on the part of those who undertake to see it through.

Especially should we recognize those students who have tried to do their share by contributing articles and news stories to the Gazette.

Aside from this fact, however, it is our advertisers who make this publication possible. They are willing to take a chance on a proposition, backed by the students of Dalhousie University. It is therefore our duty to see that their confidence is not misplaced.

IN OTHER WORDS PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

UNGAR'S VALETERIA

A NEW PRESSING SERVICE

4 tickets good any time

for FOUR PRESSINGS

— \$2.00 —

Ungar's Cleaning & Dyeing

S 428 BARRINGTON ST.



Medicals defeat Dents.—9-3

Fifteen representatives of our ancient and honorable profession met an equal number of the tooth extractors in the first inter-faculty rugby game, and were successful in handing the dentists a 9-3 defeat. The brand of play was surprisingly good, and provided the spectators with many thrills. Medicine started off with a rush, and encouraged by the stenographic admonitions of Manager Ernie Doull, carried the oval over the painless people's line after ten minutes of play. The rest of the first half was a see-saw struggle around centre field. The men of the Scalpel returned to the fray with vigor and soon made a second touch, which was not converted. Full of desperation, the molar artists rushed upon the overconfident medicos, shoving Cox over for their only score. At this point, however, a deputation of fair rooters from Shirreff Hall arrived. Their timely advent caused the lagging Meds to fall on their opponents right lustily, with the result that the surgeons' half-line worked perfectly for another score. Medicine is out to have the championship for the third successive year.

The Annual Medical dance will be held in the Gymnasium on Monday Nov. 2, 1925. Already there are indications that this will be an even more successful dance than in previous years. Preparations for the dance are being carried out by a very efficient committee comprised of Messrs. Cameron, (convenor), Bennett, Beckwith, McLean, Doull, McDonald and Winfield. To date the committee have reported a considerable sale of dance tickets.

A special meeting of the Medical Society was held in the Mumro room on Tuesday, Oct. 27th. Among other things discussed, the society decided to have the next meeting at the Green Lantern, in the form of a banquet. A very prominent speaker has been requested to address the society at this meeting and every medical student will no doubt be present.

J. I. M.

GROUND HOCKEY.

University of Maine Team Coming.

The first game of the season in ground hockey was played on Monday afternoon, October the nineteenth when the boys "all-star" team defeated the co-eds by three goals to one. The teams were fairly even in the first half but during the second period the boys' previous training in football showed to good advantage and they were able to outrun the girls. Several of the goals made by the boys in the last period were offside and thus did not count. Jack Grant of Class '29 refereed. A large and enthusiastic group of spectators were present.

On the first of November a team from the University of Maine, Orono, will play the Dalhousie girls. This will be the first time that our co-eds have played against an American team.

Music at Dalhousie

An Appreciation of Dr. J. D. Logan.

Music as a subject at Dalhousie is a new development. It has already proved its practicability and it is designed for students who have a liking for music and who wish to gain a further understanding of this important subject; both from a cultural aspect and as part of an Arts Course.

Harmony, Counterpoint and Theory are combined in the first year to give a good technical foundation for the second year. The second year is less technical and much more interesting. History and form of music together with a complete course in appreciation of music being the main subjects. Opera, folk music and the various schools and types of music are taken up and demonstrated fully through the medium of the piano. Provision is made also for the rendering of both vocal and instrumental selections throughout the year.

As time goes on and more is known about this course it will be one of the most popular on the college curriculum.

Some mention should be made of the help and interest taken in this class by Dr. J. D. Logan who has been a friend indeed. He has the distinction of starting two collections at Dalhousie. It was through his efforts that a collection in Drama was started. This year he has made an initial gift of over one hundred volumes of music. Many of these are very rare and a number to be contributed later are not replaceable. In all he has promised one thousand copies; two hundred and forty to be given each year for four years. It is to be hoped that in the near future a special room, equipped with a piano, may be available because many of the books contain music which requires an instrument to fully interpret them. The book plate is of a very fine design and reads as follows: "A library of musical literature, founded 1924, by J. D. Logan. Its object is to perpetuate Colonel William Ernest Thompson's services to the development of Dalhousie University and to assist in the conducting of a faculty or department of music in the University."

Mr. Harry Irvine Portrays Shakespeare

Although we realize that that silence, which holds merit above praise, is the highest tribute we feel that at least some acknowledgement is due Mr. Harry Irvine, who so kindly shared with us his experiences, that we might know, not Shakespeare, but Bill Shakespeare—a real, live man. It is only when we recollect that Mr. Irvine himself granted only last week that even out of the mouths of the unwise, wisdom may proceed, that we summon courage to undertake the great honor thrust upon us.

Whether due to "Professorial dry-rot" or not Shakespeare had previously existed to many of us either as a God of Literature or a veritable Dr. Jehkyl and Mr. Hyde, who at one moment wrote divine verse while the next he abused his family. Our speaker introduced us to a human individual whose father was a genius of versatility who failed impartially at everything to which he turned his hand; whose mother was of "blue blood," and whose brothers doubtless handed their outgrown clothes over to Willie for a last wear—even as you and I have done.

We discovered and gave thanks that the very neglect of his family, which we had formerly so depreciated, had been the power causing the latent genius to develop. Much more we learned—or perhaps realized for the first time. How often had we heard the story of Shakespeare parking carriages before the theatre and thought it a rather jolly fairy tale. Now it has become one of the grim realities that our author had to overcome before he finally convinced the Fates that he was indomitable; that it was wise to produce a patron while it could be done gracefully.

Joyfully we heard Mr Irvine state that he was confident Othello had not been overdone. The Anglo-Saxon or Scot as the case may be censures not because the interpretation has been exaggerated but rather because life has been somewhat too good to him—because he has not developed his emotions to their maximum capacity. We venture to suggest that should any dissatisfied member of the audience kill someone sufficiently dear to cast him into the depths of remorse and subsequently see Othello the criticism would be removed. Since this idea is possibly repulsive to the conventional mind the free play of an active and unexpressed imagination might serve very well.

I think we can best express appreciation to Mr. Irvine by referring him to those professors who for once heard the bell ring without the scraping of a single chair. At the close of the hour we so marvelled that one man held such knowledge and at the same time could impart it so happily, that we forgot to insist that we really weren't hungry and let Mr. Irvine go off with many tales untold. May we beseech him through this column to spare us another hour before he leaves Halifax!

VART.

Majestic Notes

If you have seen the Glossop-Harris Company it is not necessary to exhort you to go again. If you have not you are missing something really worth while.

The latter part of this week the Company is presenting "King Henry VIII." In no other work of Shakespeare is there such a wealth of ceremonial, of pomp, and pageantry. The history is somewhat Shakespearian, but nevertheless, the play offers a very interesting study of many world-famous characters and the period in which they lived. Another point of interest to the student is that a considerable part of the play has been written by John Fletcher, although the lines from his pen cannot be exactly determined.

For the first three days of next week the players are offering the greatest love-story of all time—"Antony and Cleopatra." A tragedy, this play seems vaguely to possess a modern touch and probably holds more appeal for the theatre-goer of today than does any other work in the Shakespearian gallery.

Study Groups

Any girl wishing to join a Study Group may do so by speaking to Miss Avis Marshall or Miss Marjorie Mosher; or if you are uncertain whether to join or not, get any one of the girls on the Cabinet to discuss the matter with you. I am sure that all will find these Groups most interesting and instructive. The idea of these Groups is not to force upon you the opinions of others, but to teach you to form your own opinions, and to help you to express your own ideas. If you feel that you do not know enough about the "Life of Christ" this is your opportunity to learn more; and if you feel that you already know enough, we would like you to come and help others with their problems. Discussions will be held once a week, and will be led by Miss Lowe and some of the girls from last year's Study Groups.

ALPHA BETA You know the rest of this alphabet, but won't you learn the music from a Music Dealer's Text Book. It starts like this:

Amherst Pianos, Accordions
Auto Harps, Banjos, Bugles
Cremnophones, Cornets, Cellos
Celestaphones, Clarionets, Drums
Gerhard-Heintzman Pianos

EVERYTHING IN SHEET MUSIC

We also carry a nice line of Pictures
Harrison Fisher's, Maxfield's, Parrish's, etc.

WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN OUR
FICTION LENDING SOCIETY

2c per day

McDonald Music Co.

393 Barrington St. HALIFAX

One Touch of Nature

Recently I discovered that the chipmunk possesses many traits, one might almost say mannerisms, which are uncannily human. The object of my observation made his appearance at a picnic. His face bore a "lean and hungry look" that contrasted oddly with the furry rotundity of his little body. The expression is one peculiar to animals and spoiled children. He eyed with suspicion the first piece of bread that was offered. Finally, he picked it up in his paws, tasted it with a doubtful air, and, having found it good, disappeared with it into the tangled undergrowth.

A moment later he returned. The childlike air had vanished; and there stood before us a keen little business man, briskly twirling his mustache. At the miraculous appearance of another piece of bread, he cheerfully rubbed his "hands," picked it up, and tested it as before, but this time, it seemed, a trifle more scientifically. The third time there was a piece of frosted cake awaiting him. It was too much for his dignity! The business man gave way to the gourmand. The little nostrils quivered, the furry chest swelled and swelled, and both "hands" rubbed it vigorously. Caution and daintiness were forgotten. In a fashion most unflatteringly human, he frantically tried to cram it all into his mouth at once. Failing in that, with the utmost exactness, he neatly separated the frosting from the cake, and bearing it aloft with some difficulty, he trotted off, wearing an air of manly pride in the display of his muscle, mingled with the unapproachable dignity of a waiter.

F. W.

Clothes Seen at the Colleges
SUITS, OVERCOATS
 and **FURNISHINGS**
 TO PLEASE THE COLLEGE MAN
W. F. Page
 Cor. George and Barrington Sts.
HALIFAX



SPORT



Legal Lights Extinguished By Arts 12-3

Thurs. Oct. 21: Trim and in the pink, the lawyers tripped gaily forth to meet the enemy. Trimmed and black and blue they stumbled from the field when all was over. The two Arts rooters on the stand cheered. The throng of Law rooters sighed—for their dinner.

As usual, the game started with a kick off, Mitchell kicking. Then everybody kicked vigorously, till Doc Byrne kicked a man on his own team, and the referee was forced to interfere. Arts kept the ball in the law territory. Law became annoyed, and Longley screeched with rage, but to no avail. McLellan went over for the first score. Brown failed to convert. Shortly after, Morton the law fullback, chucked Butler playfully under the chin as the latter whizzed by for the second touch of the game. McLellan failed to convert. Law lost their heads and began to kick with both feet, which proved fatal. Morton gamely tried to recuperate and made a bold snatch for Brown's ear, but something slipped, and Brown went over the line for another score for Arts. As usual this was not converted. Everybody now kicked it abandoned. The whistle blew, with the score 9-0 for Arts.

Law came back determined and with better spirits. A wordy battle ensued. Longley screamed that they couldn't scare him with their loud talk. Thus emboldened, Fairbanks nabbed the ball and scurried across the Arts line for the only law score of the game. Bill Richardson's foot slipped and he failed to convert. Law redoubled its efforts. Godsoe made several graceful runs, only to gnash his teeth in rage when foiled in his attempts by the wily Arts fullback. Art Hull and Val Kyte continued to shout directions to the law team from the stand.

A few minutes remained. Beaton ploughed thru the fray, gave Morton an airy kiss to remember him by, and scored again for Arts. Law tried strenuously to argue "Ultra vires," but the referee manfully held his ground, and Arts failing to convert, the game ended 12-3 in favor of Arts.

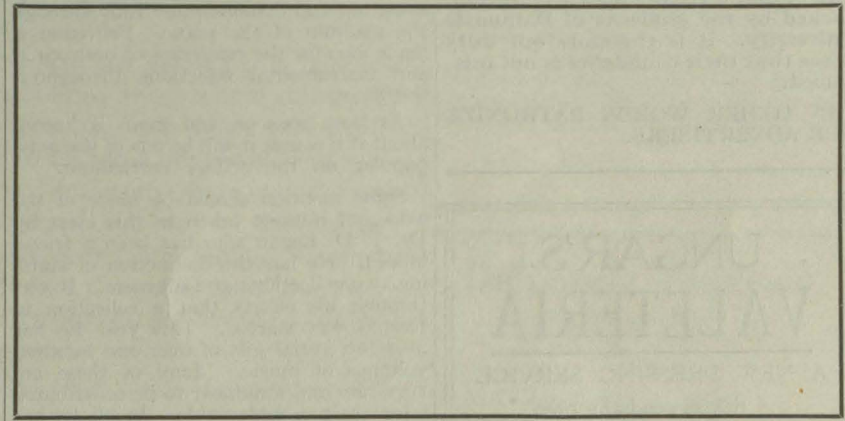
The referee started for Arts, while Blanchard, the law lineman, did effective work for his team, on the side.

The line up:
Arts—N. Fraser, fullback; M. Fraser, Brown, McLellan, L. Miller, halves; H. Grant, Doyle, McKinnon, quarters; Butler, Beaton, Upham, Coffin, Moores, D. Grant, Stevenson, forwards.
Law—Morton, fullback; Richardson, Russell, Fairbanks, McKenzie, halves; Sperry, Darby, Campbell, quarters; Heb, Doyle, Godsoe, Longley, Byrne, Mitchell, Coughlin, forwards.

Dal.-Intermediate 8-N. S. T. C. 3

The N.S.T.C. team went down to defeat before the Dal. Intermediates in a fast game played immediately after the senior game. For a time the Tech team appeared to be the stronger aggregation, but they were unable to keep the pace and the Dal. team settled down. The first try was made by Tech. This was not converted. Shortly after the Dal. line obtained the ball and after a pretty combination play went over for their first try which was not converted. The second try was made by Townsend and was converted by Smith, making the final score of the game 8-3 in favor of Dalhousie. Quartermaster Finch refereed.

SNAPSHOTS IN AND ABOUT DALHOUSIE



Actual picture of the Arts Faculty enthusiastically supporting the Dalhousie team at the Dalhousie-United Service game.

Dalhousie 5 Wanderers 0 Dalhousie 3 Wanderers 0

Mud—and lots of it, "shooting the bull," a band rivalling Sousa's, community singing, and open-air solos all combined to make Saturday's game a colorful and interesting one.

A few hours before the game several students armed only with real college spirit and improvised shovels and ploughs, made from ground hockey sticks and implements of every description removed the snow from the campus and exposed to view a regular mud flat. Undaunted, the second team played their game and, though I think they were infused with the best intentions to clear the mud for the following game—yet they only succeeded in further "messifying" an already wild-looking field.

Jim Mitchell gave the Dal. squad victory in the last few minutes of play when, intercepting a Wanderer's pass in mid-air, he bore the ball across the line and planted it firmly between the posts before the stupefied Redlegs became really aware of the fact. "Cutie" Smith also starred for the Dalhousians, his consistent kicking being a prominent feature.

The seniors following the good example of their predecessors, again serving the Wanderers with a nice fresh duck egg, thereby raising themselves to a level with the Reds in the league standing. Kelly

McLean's hair was as brilliant as ever, his playing was even more so. Mont gave one of the most beautiful and consistent exhibitions seen for a long time. Harrington played a hard and steady game while Rex Moore, in his new position was excellent. Ab. Smith was also very good, but a little too inclined to "rough things." But to Murphy, "the old reliable" must go the credit of obtaining the touch that won the game. Some say that Atwood's artillery-like voice at this moment, floating over the campus routed the Wanderers while others say that it so put fear of what not into Bunker, that he could not very well do anything else but run. At any rate we are sure of this—that Murphy did get the touch—and that Atwood has a voice even louder than his costume. Haslam converted without difficulty.

Aside from the game itself, Saturday also saw the reorganization and revival of the "Students Volunteer Band." The first open-air concert ever given at Studley was led by G. Graham, of "vocal note," and was followed by "shooting the bull," (no relation between the two). This was a burlesque staged by the enterprising freshmen—and kept the stands in high humour when they were deprived of other amusement-creating antics.

G. G.

If You Want to See Well See WALLACE

T. J. WALLACE
 Optometrist & Optician Y. M. C. A. Bldg.

Freshmen and Freshettes

We have something very SPECIAL to offer you for one month. Get our prices on group and individual PHOTOGRAPHS

"CLIMO"
 For Distinctive Photographs
 501 Barrington St. Phone S 1395

Dalhousie 18—United Service 7

The postponed game in the City League scheduled to be played on Saturday, Oct. 10th between the United Service Fifteen and the Dalhousie Tigers took place on the Studley Campus on Tuesday, Oct. 20th. Owing to the fact that a half holiday had been declared by the Senate the students turned out in large numbers to witness the game, and incidentally to watch the tactics of the three cheer leaders—one Atwood being most conspicuous and giving a most unenviable exhibition of dancing.

The game itself was a fair exhibition of football, the Collegians showing the better form. Murphy, formerly with St. F. X. was the outstanding player for the Tigers while Timothy and Vokes played well for the United team. "Doc" Smith, McInnes, Moore and Harrington also played well for the Collegians.

The Service Team kicked off. The ball was immediately returned to their territory where it remained practically throughout the entire period, which ended 12-3 in favor of Dalhousie.

In the second period the play was more evenly divided and the Tigers were forced to touch for safety three times. But the Dal. three-quarter line again showed their superiority and after some fine plays Murphy again went over the line making the score 15-3. One of the best plays of the game was made shortly after when Timothy obtained the ball near the Dal. line and made a drop kick, scoring four more points for his team. Just before the whistle blew, "Doc" Smith made a long run scoring the final touch of the game and giving Dalhousie an 18-7 victory. Mr. Chipman handled the whistle most satisfactorily.

Arts and Science capture Inter-faculty Track Meet.

Commerce is Second

On Tuesday Oct. 27th, the Annual inter-faculty track meet was held. The event had been twice postponed but this fact did not lessen interest in the event to any extent.

The track was slow, because of the recent heavy rains, and with a stiff wind blowing across the field the runners were to some extent retarded in their speed. No new records were made but Lee Miller running under the colors of the Commerce Society, succeeded in tying the record in the 100 yds. dash, made by H. W. Flemming in 1908.

In the mile walk, Atwood, Law, got away to a flying start and held this position for two laps, when he weakened. Bell and Lowe, who had been closely following the leader, jumped in first and second positions respectively and finished in this order.

Hebb, (L) showed his ability as a runner in the 880 yds. run. He allowed the other competitors to set the pace for the first quarter, while he saved himself and with a wonderful sprint came from behind to beat out his opponents to the tape, by several yards. It was a pretty race.

Arts and Science were strong in the jump. Keating's exhibition in the Hop step and jump proved to be one of the features of the day. Jardine gave his faculty twelve points and showed he was as great a jumper as a sprinter.

The relay race proved very exciting. Hebb gave Law a considerable lead in the first lap, but Matheson for Commerce came from behind to give his faculty the premier position, which they held until the end.

Jardine, of Arts, was the highest individual scorer of the day with 12 points to his credit and beating out Keating by one point. Lee Miller of Commerce was third.

Arts and Science with 34 points won the meet, being six points ahead of Commerce. Engineers with 21 points were third, and Law fourth with 19.

Results will follow next week.

Dalhousie Loses to Acadia 9-0

Playing in the teeth of a terrific gale the Acadians revenged last week's defeat, trimming the Tigers by a converted touch and a field goal, both of which were obtained in the second period. Dalhousie miserably failed to avail themselves of the advantages offered by playing with the wind in the first period, whereas the Acadians played their game in such a way that as a result the wind became a deciding factor in both scores.

Acadia kicked off against the wind and the play remained in center field for several minutes. The Tiger forwards

The Leading Halifax Theatres

Direction J. F. O'CONNELL

MAJESTIC THEATRE

NOW PLAYING

English Repertory

GLOSSIP-HARRIS CO.

STRAND THEATRE

Musical Comedy and Vaudeville

then dribbled the ball into the Acadian territory and they threatened their line several times but lacked the necessary punch to score. In spite of the strong wind the Acadian backs succeeded by opportune kicking in relieving the situation several times. However, unfortunately for the Tigers the whistle blew just as Bunker Murphy broke thru for what looked like a sure score.

In the second half the Tigers although facing defeat all thru this period showed their "never say die spirit" when they fought right up to the Acadian touch line on three occasions and forced the red and blue to touch for safety. After five minutes of play the Acadian fullback connected up with the pignskin sending it nearly the whole length of the field. This was followed by a throw in and the ball having been received by an Acadian player it was relayed to two others the latter going over for the first score in the game. It was converted from an easy angle. The Tigers once more kicked off filled with a determination to even matters up, but all their attempts were frustrated by the hard and accurate tackling of the opposing backs. Three minutes later Eldrington put his team still further in the lead by a drop kick which was the last score in the game.

The Acadian team showed considerable improvement since the last game, and if they play with the same pep and show as good form against Mount Allison there should be little doubt as to the outcome.

SPEEDY, '26.

George F. Power

Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos

SMOKERS' REQUISITES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

—ALSO—

Cards and Souvenirs of Halifax

Majestic Bldg.

HALIFAX :: N. S.

Say it with Flowers, Say it with Ours

THE HOME OF

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants

We make up FUNERAL DESIGNS, also WEDDING BOUQUETS. We also do TABLE DECORATING. We are the only members of the T. F. D. Florists. We can wire Flowers to all parts of the world.

THE ROSERY

8 BLOWERS ST.

Phones Sac. 3321-3322 Night Phone Sac. 1934

Dalhousie Students

GET YOUR

STATIONERY, MAGAZINES CONFECTIONERY SOFT DRINKS, TOBACCO CIGARS and CIGARETTES

AT

Academy Fruit Store

Cor. Barrington and Salter Sts.

Men's GLOVES

of the better quality, "Dent's," "Perrin's," "Acme" and other standard makes. Leathers which are SERVICEABLE, GOOD FITTING, STYLISH.

\$1.50 to \$6.50

KELLYS LIMITED

GRANVILLE STREET

Students, Please Take Notice--

that we carry a full stock of Pens and Pencils, including the products of *Waterman, Parker and Wahl Pens and Eversharp's*, and that we maintain a SERVICE STATION where we give prompt and accurate service on repairs and replacements. We also carry a full stock of goods for GIFT SEEKERS—the choicest products of the best factories in many lines. BUY HERE FOR CHRISTMAS.

COOLEY BROS.

Jewelers

395 BARRINGTON STREET