

Dalhousie Gazette



—Official Student Publication at Dalhousie University

VOL. LXI.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, MARCH 22nd, 1929

NO. 20

Announcing "Pharos" Year Book - 1929

"SHOW-OFF" PRODUCED BY ALLEN

MORTON IN TITLE ROLE, ALICE NELSON AND HELEN WILLIAMS—VERY GOOD

"Moron and Mackie" Again

For all those who did not have the opportunity of seeing last year's Convocation Play, "The Show-Off" by George Kelly was produced in the Gymnasium on Thursday evening with the self-same cast. It was rather remarkable that no changes were necessary; generally some, at least of the actors are of the graduating class. Apparently many had missed the play last year, or else had considered it worth while seeing twice, since the Gym was packed to the doors.

This was the first time in many years that anything so pretentious as a three act play has been attempted on the college grounds; but even considering the lack of suitable stage settings, and the obvious smallness of the stage itself, the producer, Graham Allen, and the players managed to give to the audience the atmosphere of a small Main Street home with all the realities of the life of that class. The show began with a preamble by Graham Allen, "For Months and Months and Months", a half-talking song, which line suits Graham well. Then the curtains drew back on the sitting room where all the action of the Play takes place.

Of course Ralph Morton was splendid as Aubrey Piper—"The Show-Off". Mr. Morton always turns out a finished performance, no matter what he happens to be doing. He is probably the best actor around Dalhousie today, and this part gave him a fine opportunity to show what he was capable of.

(Turn to page 6 please)

SOIREE FRANCAISE LUNDI, MARS, 25.

FRENCH EVENING

MONDAY, March 25, 1929.

7.30 sharp

1.

L'AIMABLE VOLEUR

Scène comique, par Gustave Nadaud. C. Fred FRASER et John Clifford MOORE.

2.

LES DEUX SOURDS

Comédie en un acte, par Jules Moinaux. Résumé des DEUX SOURDS.

Mademoiselle Eglantine, fille de Monsieur Damoiseau, aime le jeune Placide et est aimée de lui. Mais M. Damoiseau, qui est sourd, a décidé, afin d'avoir un compagnon dans son malheur, que sa fille épouserait un sourd. Placide feint d'être sourd, et Damoiseau lui promet avec enthousiasme la main d'Eglantine. "C'est là, dit-il, le gendre que j'avais rêvé!" Mais Damoiseau—ainsi qu'il arrive dans les romans et les comédies—est soudainement guéri de sa surdité par un médecin empirique. Dès lors il ne veut plus donner sa fille à un sourd, et ne pense plus qu'à mettre Placide à la porte. Placide qui ne sait pas que Damoiseau est guéri, et Damoiseau qui croit que Placide est sourd, pensent tout haut en présence l'un de l'autre et ne sont pas peu étonnés de leurs insolences réciproques. Enfin tout s'arrange lorsque Damoiseau comprend que Placide n'est pas sourd et qu'il est aimé de sa fille. Après de mutuelles excuses ils redeviennent bons amis. Placide épousera Eglantine. La seule victime du quiproquo serait Boniface, serviteur de Damoiseau, qui n'a pas su à temps que son maître était guéri, et qui a continué de parler devant lui comme du temps qu'il était sourd. Boniface est mis à la porte; mais Placide—généreux comme tous les amoureux devraient l'être—le prend à son service et lui donne les douze mille francs que Monsieur Damoiseau voulait lui laisser par testament.

(Turn to page 5 please)

To Debate at School for Blind Tonight

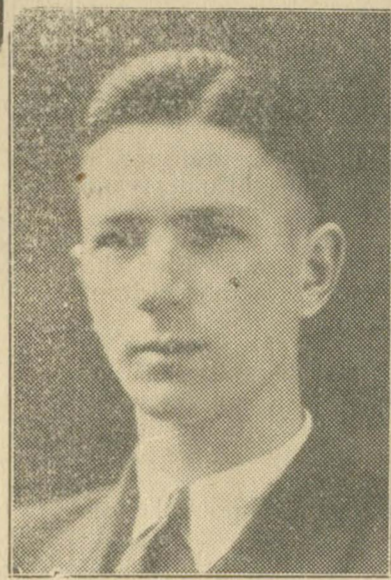


G. J. GREENE

To-night all roads lead to the School for the Blind, where another team of Dalhousie forensic fighters meet representatives of Kings for the last debate of the year. The subject of the discussion is: "Resolved that the St. Lawrence Waterway Improvement Scheme is for the Benefit of Canada." Dalhousie will uphold the affirmative.



J. LOUIS DUBINSKY



T. D. MacDONALD

MARKED BY SIX SPECIAL FEATURES

BLACK LEATHER COVER, CREST EMBOSSED IN GOLD

Originality on Every Page

Features of the Year Book of 1929 are:
1. The Year Book named.
2. Black leather covered with the Pharos, and the Dalhousie Crest embossed in gold.
3. Two coloured printing. Every page has a yellow border which with the black print makes the college colors.
4. The Pharos is divided into five books.

Book I, The University. Here you will find new views of the college buildings, and grounds. Several of McAskills newest studies are also included. For the first time a full faculty picture appears.

Book II, the Classes. Senior to Freshman. A novel treatment of the Freshman class. Every faculty has its own cartoon, drawn by Art Ross.

Book III, organizations with their pictures and write ups. Here again novel cartoons are featured.

Book IV, Athletics, novel and concise write ups.

Book V, Feature section opening with the caption, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." It contains "the year in pictures", Dal's contributions to "Believe it or not", also to the Hall of Fame. A page is most sincerely dedicated to the class of Eighteen 'Empty Eight, whose picture may be found in the lower regions of the Arts Building. These are merely a few of the pages of this section, which is, in itself, an innovation.

5. Clearer pictures are promised.
6. The number of copies is limited and cannot easily be increased so anyone who wants a copy had better get in touch with one of the staff immediately.

"ALUMNI NEWS" VERY CREDITABLE

The Alumni News for March is an interesting and valuable paper. From the "Message from the President" on the first page to the "Travelling Library for Dal" on the sixth it holds the interest and inspires the admiration of the reader. The editor J. Gerald Godse, and the associate editors Freda Winfield "Andy" Hebb and "Gerry" Stairs are to be congratulated on its production. Plans for the Dalhousie reunion to be held August 27, 28, and 29 form an important part of the paper, while the announcement of the proposed Archives Building fills one front page column. Together with the message to alumni from Mr. Stairs and a description of the New York branch they fill the front page.

On page two the editor in an article "The New Outlook" gives the aims of the news, "Dalhousie", he says, "exists to serve province, country, civilization. The purpose of the university is the purpose of the Alumni News." Besides the editorial is an article or rather a series of interrogation points "Do you know" by A. M. M. discussing the factors that make the reputation of a college, particularly of Dalhousie College and pointing out the students' ignorance of the traditions that have given Dalhousie her position in the world. The writer gives a few of the names that have put Dal "in the running" beside the best of Canadian colleges for such prizes as the 1851 exhibition scholarship.

The remaining four pages are quite as interesting as the first two. Page three dips into the present Dalhousie and comments on current Gazette utterances of interest, as well as the very disturbing question of the Officer's Training Corps. Occupying the fifth page is a "reminiscence" by Prof. Murray Macneill on college life in the gay nineties. A photograph of Dalhousie's Mussolini accompanies it. Having described the activities and interests at Dal in those days, the writer concludes with the emphatic assertion that despite the lack of dances, of Students' Councils and of Year Books, those were "the days of real sport."

The big problem at the Hall just now is moths. Cheer-up, graduation pictures are on the rounds and serve better than "Flit."

Winners of Gazette D's Announced

Gazette "D's" Dalhousie's premier reward for extra-curricular literary work has been won by nine writers. They are: S. W. Archibald, Jack Bowyer, Eileen Cameron, Paul Doyle, J. Louis Dubinsky, Margaret Eills, Ernest Howse, P. L. H. Muschamp and George Whiteley.

Following is a graded list of those who have contributed to the Gazette during '28 and '29. Div. V indicates twenty or more points; IV fifteen or more; III ten or more; II five or more; I less than five.

V. F. Ronald Hayes, Florence M. Brewster.

IV. None.

III. Peter Hebb.

II. Laurence Coffey, Don Murray, Tom Coffin, Murray Rankin, Richard Donahue, John Shaw, Chaire Murphy, E. R. Buckler, A. M. Page, Dr. MacKenzie, Ken Smith, Muriel Love, Douglas Gibbon.

I. M. L. Kimmel, D. G. Hill, Fred Forbes, J. L. McKenna, Maurice MacKinnon, Paul Sheppard, Frank Covert, Dick Humphrey, R. G. Harris, Douglas MacIntosh, George Mahon, Evan Morton, Mildred Samson, R. A. MacMillan, F. W. Hussey, Doris Margeson, Max Kelloway, J. S. M. William Wickwire, Abie Gaum, Sina Singer, Tom Parker, Edna Harris, Helen Ewing, W. MacDonald, M. H. A. M., W. J. McCurdy, S. D. Donaldson, Harold Davidson, E. A. B., R. Tulloch, M. M. W., R. A. Kanigsberg, Margaret Jubien.

May Read of McGill Speaks to Sociologists

On Thursday noon of last week, the Sociology Club had the pleasure of hearing Miss May Read of the McGill School for Social Workers. Miss Read is touring Canada and is delivering a series of lectures to University students.

Miss Read began with a description of the occupational opportunities and educational fields in social work. She reviewed the work of the various groups and schools and showed their gradual development. The experimental and field work of the schools showed remarkable evidence of a closer alliance with the university and the Social Science departments.

Miss Read then showed how Social Work is rapidly becoming a recognized profession paying a handsome salary and affording at the same time splendid opportunities for leading a very healthy life. There is a continual rise from field positions to executive offices carrying high wages. Scholarships to aid in research work are in the reach of the student who shows promising ability.

Demand for professional Social Workers is great. There is no profession that affords more opportunity for service to mankind.

The executive deserves great praise for having placed the Sociology Club this year in the very foreground of all Societies at Dalhousie.

COUNCIL ELECTS OFFICERS FOR 1929-1930

Jennings Acclaimed President; Miss Francis Elkin, Vice-Pres. Goudge Sec-Treas

EXECUTIVE AND COUNCIL OF NINE REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED

Tuesday night, at the Munroe Room, Dalhousie rang out the old and ushered in the new—NO not college year, something of infinitely greater importance to all Dalhousians—the Students' Council.

Under the leadership of Fred Jennings, President, with Frances Elkin, second in command and Tom Goudge as Secretary-Treasurer, we feel that our Alma Mater just can't go far wrong, and that the retiring Council have handed the reins of Government a body of students, who in shaping the destinies of 1929-30 will be actuated by feelings of altruism and who will base their policies on the principle of the most progress with the least possible expenditure.

We do not expect the new government to achieve the impossible—what we want is a government which will profit by and rectify in part, the mistakes of preceding dynasties, and one which will make an honest attempt to bring about urgently needed reforms and to discern and promote the most worthy elements in the status quo. The new Council is fully equipped with all these qualifications—at least we presume it is; if not, then why the student elections? Our sincere wish for the new Council is that every session may be more chaotic and tumultuous than the last! This may sound like a knock in the head but in reality our heads were never working more smoothly—we realize that only through disagreements will problems be thoroughly investigated and the best possible solutions be forthcoming. Unanimity and coherence are desirable only when the component parts are distinctly individuals.

A record of each member of the new Council appeared in the 18th issue of the Gazette. Following is the personnel:

President

FRED JENNINGS, M.A., B. Sc.

Vice-President

FRANCES ELKIN

Secretary-Treasurer

THOMAS GOUDGE

Executive Committee

CHARLES MILLER

GEORGE MAHON

BENJAMIN GUSS

Representatives on Committee of Nine

FRED JENNINGS

DORIS MARGESON

BYRON IRWIN

—G. A. B.

Gala Reunion of Alumni and Students

(From Alumni News)

This is the year of the Dalhousie Reunion. A growth of modern years, the idea of a gathering together of the Alumni of every year is comparatively new. The first Reunion at Dalhousie was held in 1910, and was received with universal acclaim among the Alumni. Accordingly, as a matter of policy and in keeping with her progress in other directions, Dalhousie decided to hold a reunion of her sons and daughters every five years. Pursuant to this decision a reunion was held in 1924. We now come to that of 1929.

Already energetic committees have been appointed, plans perfected, and machinery set in motion to make the 1929 Reunion not alone the success which characterized that of 1924, but indeed to excel it. Each class is to be re-convened. Group meetings and entertainments are planned. The old class meetings are to be recalled to life. Distinguished Alumni and Alumnae are to be present, and all is in preparation to make the 1929 Reunion an occasion long to be remembered.

ELABORATE PROGRAM

There is going to be a parade of all the classes from the oldest to the present year. Various costumes are to be worn. Open air meetings held. Smokers, dinners and in fact entertainments and attractions of all sorts are planned. The Committee in charge will announce in the immediate future. Every hour of the three days is to be provided for.

Property Man and Woman for Glee Club

The Students' Council have decided that a male and female student will be appointed by the Council to take charge of all the properties of the Glee Club.

The duties of the Property man and mistress are:—

1. To index all properties of the Glee Club under their respective headings. This index shall be kept at the property room and shall be open at all times to the President of the Glee Club and Students' Council.

2. To properly store and care for all Glee Club equipment.

3. To submit an inventory to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Council annually on week before the final meeting of the Council, or at the demand of the Council.

4. They will be held financially responsible for all properties not accounted for in their annual inventory.

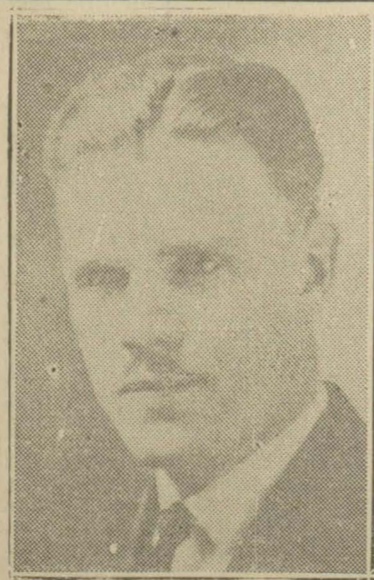
5. It shall be their duty to respond to the President of the Glee Club or Students' Council to produce the necessary equipment for any Glee Club performance.

6. They shall demand a signed requisition for all properties given out or loaned.

7. No properties shall be loaned to any organization except by properly signed vouchers by the President of such organizations agreeing to replace or pay for all missing material.

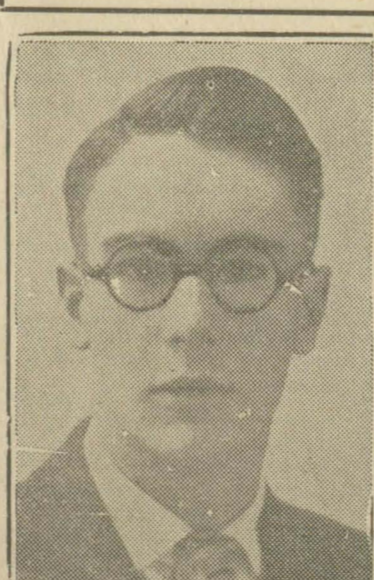
(Continued on page 2 column 6)

Council Pres. Elect



FRED JENNINGS B.Sc., M.A., present incumbent of presidencies of Newman Club and Medical Society who succeeds Murray Rankine as President of Students' Council.

Editor of Year Book



RALPH S. MORTON Editor of Year Book, who scored a great success in "The Show-Off", produced by W. Graham Allen at Glee Club last week.

The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869)

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Subscription Rate: \$1.00 per year

Appreciation

The Editor wishes to extend sincere thanks to Professor James Nelson Gowanloch, Professor Horace E. Read and to Arthur Murphy for their services as "Jury of Award" and for their assistance as friends of the Gazette.

We appreciate too the kindness of the Senior Professor in English Dr. Archibald MacMechan for his thoughtfulness and kindly advice.

To all those who have been good enough to encourage us and who have enjoyed the Gazette and told us so, and to all those who have offered criticism—we may say we appreciate the spirit of helpfulness in which both alike have been given.

Now that our tasks are over it is with a feeling of sorrow that we put aside the editorial pen to make room for a better. It is our sincere wish that the Editor elect may come upon and enjoy the same feeling of kinship with Alma Mater and its traditions. We feel that we have become part of a great family and are highly honoured.

Of course if we could live our term over again we would be in a position to produce a better Gazette than we have, but we stand ready as foster fathers to nurture this growing child to the best of our ability.

To the Editor Elect we say, may your path be strewn with better prose, finer poetry and more noteworthy editorials.

The Re-Union

"Determined efforts are being made to make this reunion the largest and most outstanding gathering of Dalhousians ever convened in the history of the old College and University.

These few words presage a reunion of Dalhousians that will go down in red letters in the annals of Dalhousie. It is dangerous for an uninspired mortal to prophesy, but one is willing to take a chance to predict infinite benefits to all when old and young Dalhousie picnic together, dance together, enjoy the peace pipe together, and in the words of the song: "Stroll the lane together, laugh at the rain together, (the acid test) and then make pretend it will never end"—and all this for three whole days—delightful days, August 27, 28, and 29.

It is certain that every road will lead all present students to this three days worship, not in the wilderness, but upon very fertile ground. It is certain that all loyal sons and daughters who can will join the Clan Dalhousiana in songs of rejoicing in the hour of her happiness.

The Passing Term

In our sixtieth anniversary number there appeared a synopsis of the events of the year. In this issue, under the caption "Stars", there is a word of appreciation for the college luminaries; for those who have sacrificed time and thought—and often a meal or two or an hour or two of rest that the heart of this growing university might beat a little firmer, that the organs of this growing university might function more regularly, that the life of this growing university might be more pleasant.

The path of the college executive is strewn with many problems and with much criticism. We realize that it is very difficult at times to keep up with the strain of the 'intrinsic' duties of office and at the same time ward off or deal with 'extrinsic,' and unnecessary problems created by those who are so far removed from the actual work that they are out of sympathy not only with the difficulties but even fail to be moved by the successes.

However this last year we have been fortunate in our leaders. Most notable has been the forward stride made by the Glee Club under Singer.

The Sociology Club under the unassuming president Zive and the Biology Club under Whiteley have aroused more widespread interest than ever before.

Sodales the Debating Society under MacKinnon and Coffin will have engaged in three debates with other colleges and will go on record as having instituted inter-class competition.

In athletics too under Wickwire and MacQuarrie our teams have met with greater success both at home and abroad. One outstanding game resulted in a spontaneous parade, theatre night and the first six page issue of the Gazette.

Under Morton the Year Book "Pharos" is without a doubt the most outstanding both as to artistry and originality.

The Students' Council under Rankine and MacIntosh paternally encouraged every endeavour of our organizations.

It is indeed a pleasure to congratulate our leaders for the wonderful efforts they have expended. Their greatest thanks is the happy consummation of all their endeavours.

To the new executives we wish the greatest success for the coming year. It is to be hoped that the Presidents Council will become a reality and will stand to serve as a centralizing force in the quickening of the life of this Our Alma Mater.

The Graduates

"The time has come the walrus said
To talk of many things
Of ships and shoes and sealing wax
And cabbages and kings."

—Alice in Wonderland.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR ERROR

Mr. Benjamin Guss,
Office of the Editor,
The Dalhousie Gazette.

My Dear Mr. Guss, I wish to officially call your attention to an error made by the Editorial Staff of the Gazette, in the preparation of your last issue.

I was asked to write an article on the History of the Medical School by a representative from the Gazette. I had short notice and simply turned to an excellent article written by Dr. K. A. MacKenzie, "THE DALHOUSIE MEDICAL SCHOOL, An Historical sketch 1863-1928" and published in the Nova Scotia Medical Bulletin, February, 1929.

My own article was essentially an ABSTRACT of this paper. I gave both verbal and written instructions that my name was not to be associated with the article I handed in for publication in the Gazette, unless the source of my material was quoted along with the article. For some reason as you know, my instructions were not carried out. I understand that the written instructions went down to the printer pinned to the manuscript, but someone "slipped up on the job."

Will you kindly see that your mistake is rectified in the proper manner in the next issue of the Gazette, otherwise I shall still be accused of the crime of Plagiarism.

Very truly yours,

R. J. Bean.

CRITICIZES TYPE OF CONVOCATION PLAY

Editor of the Gazette.

Dear Sir:—Having been to Glee Club only last evening, I write with "The Show-Off" fresh in my mind. I need not commend the acting to anyone who saw the play. Mr. Morton, Miss Williams, Mr. Musgrave and the others were excellent. For me it was the first performance. I imagine the play being presented at the Majestic theatre: the pros with their wives in the boxes, college men and women—graduates and undergraduates—townspeople and visitors to the city, crowding the theatre from Row A to the last row in that supposedly celestial berth. All have come to see the event of the year. It is the presentation of the Dalhousie graduation play.

Who holds the honour of having written the play? Surely none less than Shakespeare! Not he? Then Shaw, Galsworthy, Milne, Barrie—none of these? Who then is it? You forget the name? It is no one of importance.

The play itself beats out these words. Only the talent of our players has saved it from condemnation. Dalhousie university, for its graduation play, presents "The Show-Off"! Why, Mr. Editor, should we choose, for our public appearance of the year, a play obviously inferior to the plays we present throughout the year?

Yours sincerely,

PETER O. HEBB.

PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS ADVOCATES NEW SYSTEM

To the Editor of the Gazette.

Dear Sir:—Although this letter is only pertinent to those graduating in Arts and Science next year, I am taking the liberty of using the Gazette not only to reach those particularly interested, but also to inform the Student Body of Class '30 plans for re-organization. Briefly I will follow a class from their Freshman to their Senior year to point out the difficulties encountered in our present class system.

Freshman year, almost invariably everyone joins his or her class, unexplainable, save that Freshman are reputed to be quibbles. In the Sophomore year considerably fewer join the class—perhaps because they have acquired discretion enough to realize that they did not get what they expected. In the Junior and Senior years about twenty or thirty carry on the class business, having paid or threatened to pay their \$3 or \$4 fees. This small group, organized and calling themselves a Class, nominate their members for the Students' Council, elect Class Officers, their apportionment to the Arts and Science Society, and carry on the other class activities. It decidedly is not a class but merely a small group, interested in class parties, who control all class affairs. The reason for this unrepresentative group calling themselves a class is readily explained by the fees. Usually three dollar fees have been considered essential to carry on the activities of the Classes, consisting of two or three class parties. This is a satisfactory return only for those who go to the parties, but it must be remembered that there are those who cannot afford to pay three dollars; there are many who do not dance and naturally they do not join the class; women do not join the class because attending class parties depends on something

besides merely paying fees. As a result perhaps 75% of the class are barred, if not legally at least morally, from class associations.

The Junior Class realizing that next year, when they come up as Seniors, they will not have a representative class, as now organized, have consented to discuss class re-organization. They desire that next year the Seniors will meet and make their class plans, not as a small clique, but as a typical class. They wish the Seniors to elect the Senior Officers and Life Officers; that during Senior week, we will not meet as strangers but as class-mates with a common interest. We do not want this spirit only for class '30 but also for the other classes; and particularly we want the Freshmen to go through Dalhousie not divided, but united in all their activities.

We realize the difficulties—the other classes have only the financial difficulty—but we have an added problem of again interesting those whom we lost in our Soph. and Junior years. Briefly, we will try to settle the financial problem by having a class fee of 75cents or \$1, and the class social activities will be paid by levies on those attending the socials. Those who do not attend will not have to pay, nor will they be barred from the general activities of the class. And so each group will be in touch with the other, and we will have a common interest while we are at Dalhousie and later when we return as alumni to our Class Re-unions.

Tuesday, March 26, Class '30 will have a meeting to discuss our plans and to elect Senior Officers and we appeal to all next year's Seniors to come and help us for without the interest of all we will fail. Thanking you for this space in the Gazette in behalf of Class '30.

PRESIDENT CLASS '30.

Songs From Golden Pens

THOUGHT

Dusk and haze
And the soft wind crying.
Sun at the rim
And the dim day dying,
Hush and calm
And the sad soul sighing
For Life.

Night and stars
And a still moon sleeping
Stifled sounds
And a love loon weeping
Loneliness
In my heart is creeping
To stay.

—E.R.B.

INDIVIDUALITY

A common and eternal Self
Is hidden in us all;
Beside it my diurnal self
Is pitifully small.

There is no freedom here on Earth;
I work—and may be paid—
Bound in a private cell from birth
With chains that men have made.

Yet viewing our eternal Self
And all the vagueness of it,
I lapse to my diurnal self
And scratch the earth and love it.

—Don Murray.

THE WEAVING

All day I wove, and wove, and wove.
And all through the night long,
Wove thoughts and colors into words,
Wove words into a song.

A gay and splendid song it was,
And strong it had to be,
For I, with only that small song
Shut out reality.

—M. V. L.

LAST YEAR'S SPRING

I have loved spring too wildly to forget
How the first sweetness comes upon the
wind,
How the long twilights turn from green
to blue,
And the gray-armoured ranks of frost
are thinned.

I have loved spring too painfully to rest,
Knowing those things I knew so well of
old,—
Where in the bog the mayflower leaves
are touched
With the late afternoon's low-slanting
gold.

But now I am tired, too tired to turn
again
Down the old luring paths; too tired to
care
Even the night wind blowing across my
heart
Seeks in vain for the old desire there.
Spring again in the world outside my
door,
Beauty and joy that I cannot see or feel:
But I have loved you too truly to forget.
Here in my memories last year's spring
is real.

Florence M. Brewster.

MUSIC

The sea curving her white breast
The wave swinging its sullen crest,
Level of marsh where winds croon,
Lifting hills where skies rest,
Low sway of a dying moon.

A bird rising on curved wing,
A tree hushing its whispering,
Yellow of wheat where gold gleams,
Leaning spires where bells ring,
Pale sky where sunset dreams.

The stream nearing the old sea,
The sand hearing its melody,
Valley of dusk where leaves fall,
Gleaming heights where mists flee,
Dim note of a robin's call.

—Eileen A. Cameron.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

Hillers

The new President of the Students' Council has not yet delivered his inauguration address nor payed a visit of good will to Shirreff Hall, yet we may rest assured that in the former he will announce his policies both destructive and constructive, namely the breaking up of the "Studley" Bridge Union and the prosecution of students who persistently cut the corners in the disregard of those "Keep off the green" signs. And let us add that "HOOVER" thinks he is going to make his good will visit in a warship is mistaken—he is having a special tank constructed.

While perusing the bulletin board at Studley we were shocked to notice that there is still an urgent request for some students to go to the MacDonald Library and have their "balances adjusted". Whether of a physical or a mental nature is not specified. If the latter then we should advise hasty action on the part of these students because it is getting late in the season. And we can't help wondering who is going to do the balancing.

At a recent meeting of Psychology 3 Prof. Symons asked one of the ladies for a definition of necking (a touching subject we must admit). She said that a few days previously she had asked another girl (imagine that!) and received the answer that "it" was from the neck up. Well this is food for thought but we are still unconvinced about the direction pursued after leaving the neck. Somehow we feel that co-eds do not have to be necked by "degrees".

Just now the Hillers are on the "quiver" for a summer job. Present indications point to a revolution in the aluminum (accent on 3rd syllable) world and if all those take agencies who sup with the advance agent at the Lord Nelson then the poor husband will have an added expenditure. The sale will be: matrimony, matrimony, alimony and ALUMINONY.

With reference to Eileen Cameron's article on "God" (now stop!—I know you are expecting something cynical—I'll fool you) and poem on "See no Evil," some might be inclined to attribute them to a sudden inrush of divine light. But some people don't know Eileen any more than they know hundreds of others.

Hallers

"Sheba, you're wanted on the phone!"
Sheba: "Oh it's that fool again!" (to the world at large).
"Hello dearest, I thought you were never going to call." (to the poor boob on the phone).

Practically all the girls are ready to forgive Jack Bovyer all his sins—because he mentioned their names so nicely in his last epic on the Hall.

Why does Eileen get in such a rage when the girls talk about "fair curly hair and brown eyes"?

Dot Rossier has decided that there is "quite a lot" to Fat MacKenzie, and all his statements carry great weight.

There have been some bad cases of love at the Hall this year, whether they will prove fatal will be seen in the marriage column.

The seniors at the Hall had their favorite professors in for dinner last Sunday. "There's no getting by the fact that the way to a good mark is through a prof's stomach!" Shades of Toronto!

SYMBOLISM

(More truth than poetry)

Spring has come, a verdant scene.

Good-Bye, Good Luck
(Gazette in green)

Students working hard as bees.

Watching stars on bended knees.

PROPERTY MAN FOR GLEE CLUB

(Continued from page 1)
8. The annual remuneration shall be \$125.00 to be paid on submission and after official checking of the annual inventory. It shall be divided \$75.00 for the male student and \$50.00 for the female student.

Applications for these positions shall be received by the Secretary-Treasurer of the Council up to Friday March 22nd.

The Tragedy

There is a place somewhere between waking and sleeping where you may stop for a moment and think, see, and feel as you have never thought, seen and felt before. It is a spot half-way down the hill where you pause for a moment before descending into the enshrouding darkness of the valley of sleep below. It is illumined by a strange glow which shows all things up in their proper proportions and reveals many things which our hours of wide-awakefulness keep hidden from our eyes.

It was there one night that there came to me the sensation of being in a different atmosphere. It was as if at the same time a picture was presented to my eyes, while I myself lived as an individual in the very scenes I was observing.

A low sun descended slowly into the bay and touched the drooping, tawny sails that rested upon the breast of the waters with a last gleam of liquid gold. Temple bells sent a thin thread of music into the gathering shadows, and up on the hill in the court-yard of the queen, a night bird began to woo his mate.

There were purple curtains within the temple—shimmering silken curtains of purple fire that guarded the image of the goddess from the eyes of the profane. Slim priestesses with anklets of gold and silver moved about in the fragrant semi-darkness, and through the open door came the faint sound of wovelets lapping on a pebbly beach—the only noise to disturb the hushed beauty of the night. A worshipper knelt before the shrine with grief in her heart for the sorrow of another, mutely begging the goddess to give relief and happiness to

the little friend she loved. Suddenly she broke into weeping and her sobs filled the silence of the temple. When she ceased there was a great hush, and then the goddess spoke; not in words but in sweet music that was softer than the night wind and more fraught with mystic meaning than the strange undertones of the sea. And this is what the music said. "A life for the life of the beloved, and your happiness for hers. This is my law and so it shall be obeyed. Happiness for your dear one and the peace of the gods for you." The music passed, and there were only the rustling of the silken curtain as the breezes stole in, and the song of the night bird in the courtyard of the queen. An ageless joy filled the worshipper's heart as she arose and passed out into the darkness and dawn when the cooling waters were. A moment she lifted her eyes to the far stars, and then the night stopped breathing as the wovelets washed up over her brown, bare feet and the dark oblivion closed above her heart.

And someone's tears were dried as she wandered alone in her garden, and her soul was filled with hope for the gods keep their word.

O my dear, my dear, it would be so easy to do again. Only a moment of darkness for me, and for you the gladness I would so gladly give. But there would only be a little more dust to be blown about by the wind and another heart to feed the spring flowers. For this is the tragedy of tragedies, the old gods all are gone who would wipe your tears away.

Florence M. Brewster.

WORLD FAMOUS PIANO PIECES

A COLLECTION of Musical Masterpieces including the most popular compositions of Greig, Offenbach, Strauss, Lange, Tschaiakowsky, Mendelssohn, Godard, Mozart, Brahms, Schubert, Handel, Rubinstein, Beethoven, Chopin and many other great artists.

Price \$1.00



456-460 Barrington St., - Halifax, N. S.

"THEY CALLED HIM SAM!"

Everyone of us is fascinated by something different. We call it a hobby. Mine has been the studying of names and portraits. Portraits especially have always fascinated me yet I have often spent long hours discussing the value of names.

What is in a name? Have you ever seen newspaper articles which read to this effect—"The jinx which has followed for so many generations all persons of the name of Bernleigh was again evident last night when Howard Lord Bernleigh's eldest son was found with a bullet in his brain." Does this suggest anything to you—or are you above entertaining superstitious ideas?

Names, after all, are curious things. Personally I think we should take no interest in them at all, but we can't help it. Burns despised the name and rank, but loved the man as a man. Yet we must admit that names do mean something. My philosophy professor stressed that fact more than once.

"Don't you think it would be a terrible thing," he would often say "to give a French Canadian baby the name of Alex O'Handley or to place on the innocent shoulders of some new-born German infant the patriotic appellation of Murray MacGregor Rankine?" We all agreed with the learned doctor that capital punishment was too good for such a heinous crime.

Not so very long ago, an old gentleman who had more money than he could make use of, was struck by the name of "Peaches" and wasted a small fortune on its beautiful owner. What a cruel blow it would be to the movie fans if their Barrie Nortons, Vilma Bankys, Dolores Costellos, Mary Pick-fords, Rene Adores, Rod LaRoques, Ramon Navarros and hundreds of others turned out to have the plain simple names of Ralph Morton, Jessie Gladwin, Madeline Page, Minnie Black, Lillian Barnstead, Rod McLeod, Max MacOdrum, Charlie Bennet (shades of blissful matrimony) or any of our unromantic appellations. Rudolph Valentino's name was something to be conjured with. Compare it with the coldness of Tom Parker. Sara Jeanette Duncan forsook a truly beautiful name to win success under Garth Grafton. What would have been the result had she chosen Margaret Lowe. Thousands have done the same thing. I know a beautiful singer—a Miss Mary

Murphy. Her voice was sweet and musical yet few attended her concerts. Fortune changed when she did. Today the world acclaims her as the great singer Bello Gerard. Why even Elinor Glyn's magic name maybe nothing more than Eileen Cameron.

Nicknames are interesting and have, logically speaking, connotation. e.g., "Jock" means marvellous medical knowledge; "Bennie" meant flowing hair and flowing speech, today it means, God knows what. "Horace" might be applied to anything from a Latin poet to a Dalhousie professor. "Sina" signifies music—and how. "Nick" is a term used to designate "pretty decent exams". "Herbie" is another term for pluck. "Toshie" stands for a knowledge of the rocks and "Archie" means Dalhousie.

Names are interesting things. Look through the telephone Directory some day—but don't stop at Sackville 6534

J. L. D.

Treasures

My brother and I owned an india-rubber ball. Every fine day we played with it. He would toss this treasure of ours over the roof of our home. I stood on the other side and did my best to catch it. Often it was lost in the long grass of the meadow behind the house. Then began a search. We used many charms which were supposed to mark its location. Always we found it. One day we were playing our usual game. The sun was bright and a robin sang in the apple-tree. We were very happy; for we were only children. My brother called to me, "Comin' over!" I lifted my face to the sun and laughed. Life was so wonderful. Just then the screen door opened and my grandmother came out. The sun shone on her white hair. She was tall and I thought how beautiful she looked.

"Eileen," she said, "your father has been killed in the war."

The india rubber ball came circling over the roof. I watched its gleam in the sun. I didn't even try to catch it and its black roundness fell into the long grass. Though we often looked for it we never found the ball again.

Aileen A. Cameron '29.

CARNIVAL TIME ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA

In February, the towns of the south of France are like a great exhibition. The natives perform their little feats, and the rest of the world comes to see them. From England, America, and from the other European countries, people come to watch the Carnival processions, to enjoy the clear weather, and to eye each other with curiosity. Of course, there are many who visit the Riviera year after year, who would not think of watching a carnival procession. They dash from the Ambassadors at Cannes to the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo, and spend busy days and feverish nights in the casinos, playing boules, baccarat, or roulette. But even if the carnival fetes do begin to bore one after a while, the ceremony is very amusing the first time, and the delirious joy of the people taking part is perhaps the most interesting thing about it.

Every year, in all the towns of the French Riviera, there is a riotous tumult of pleasure for the eight days preceding the beginning of Lent. Nice, since it is the largest town, makes the most elaborate preparations, and on the second Sunday before Nardi Gras, the fun begins, with the enthronement of King Carnival, the Monarch of Folly, in his place.

The Fete began, before the middle ages, but it was in 1578 that their splendour reached its highest point. Duke Emmanuel Filibert spent February in Nice with his son, the Duke of Piedmont. Honori de Grimaldi, the reigning prince of Monaco, desiring to present his sons to the young prince, sent them to pass the festive season that year were on a very grand scale, the organizers trying to surpass the pomp displayed on the occasions of the coronations of the Kings of France.

Each year the fetes recommenced, and every February brought some innovation—a new form of chariot, or a new type of missile. At first the conventional things to throw around were flowers and tiny bags of sweets, and one year the merry-makers went so far as to pelt one another with egg shells filled with blue, black, or red powder. Now there are so many traditions and customs connected with the carnival that it is always the same type of thing, though the decorated floats and chariots, are new every year.

Motoring from Cannes to Nice, we saw on the right the clear blue stretch of the Mediterranean, and on the left beautiful villas of white, pink, or yellow, surrounded by gardens of palms and cacti. The flowers were not yet in bloom and away off in the distance gleamed the snowy hills of the Bous, which seemed to make a barrier protecting the little cities of Cote d'Azur from the north winds.

Passing through the town of Cannes we noticed a large sign—Grande Ealle des Poissons de Cannes—such an imposing name for the Cannes Fish Market! And farther on, it was announced on a large sign board that at the Olympic Cinema Buck Jones would perform in "Le Roi d'Arizona". It was rather startling to see these products of American advertising methods reposing among the pines and cacti, but all along the coast we found them.

Nice was packed with people—not all Americans and English, as some would have us believe. We parked the car and walked around until lunch time. Even in the morning there were many grotesque figures parading the streets,

and the predominating idea seemed to be to cover oneself from the waist up with as large a figure as it was possible to carry. Accordingly, we were constantly meeting eight, twelve and fifteen foot creatures, with ridiculous little pairs of legs, and holes about the region of the stomach, through which the owner of the little legs could see the way—ugly figures, most of them—wild cats, eight feet tall, eight foot champagne corks with heads, fat men five feet broad, roosters, pigeons, and all types of animals and men, beautifully made of some kind of papier-mache, and all with ridiculous little legs. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of a large chariot, with more papier-mache figures, carefully hidden from view by a piece of awning. The streets of Nice were decorated with hundreds of wooden arches painted and carved in the form of fruit and flowers, and studded with electric lights for the evening illuminations. In the streets were many vendors of confetti and serpentine, which have replaced and old type of missily, and make less permanent wounds than the egg-shells filled with coloured powder.

After luncheon, at two o'clock, we took our seats in the Place Massena, which, in carnival time, is like a rectangular football field with rows and rows of tiny iron chairs, arranged in tiers in the centre, as well as on the sides. Along the track, or street, came the chariots, led by King Carnival in an enormous "grand chair". He was followed by other floats and "petit Chaos", and then came cavalades, groups, and individual exhibits. In between the floats, and during the whole procession, hundreds of masked pierrots, clowns, and harlequins went rushing around throwing confetti at everybody they met. The people who take part in the procession are the working people of the town, and the chariots are all decorated by the different shops, industries, and trades.

It was rather amusing to see the bands of masked revellers chasing the onlookers. One elderly English couple, quite obviously finding the crowds and the continual shower of confetti rather bewildering, made a splendid target. A crowd of clowns and pierrots made a dive for them and danced around them until the poor dears were quite distracted. And such are the joys of the Carnival.

During the afternoon trained pigeons were set free with serpentine tied to their feet. They flew around making figure-eights in the sky, and later, several hundred were set free at once and swept around the Place Massena like a blanket blowing and flapping in the wind.

In the evening people danced in the public square, and the thousands of illuminated arches made the city as light as a ball-room.

The following Sunday the procession was repeated, and on Mardi Gras, there was to have been a grand climax, but a storm descended upon the coast, and instead of dancing on the pavements, people were walking around in gashes and furs,—up to their ankles in snow. The burning of King Carnival, which is the final rite to be performed, had to be postponed for a week, but eventually he crumbled away successfully on his funeral pyre, only to rise again, more dazzling, next year.

EDITH MACNEILL,

Cannes, February 1929.

FRENCH PLAY AT "GYM" MONDAY NIGHT



PARLEZ-VOUS!

The Old Curiosity Shop of Dalhousie

Inspired by the remarkable collection of birds and the arctic curios of the Dalhousie Museum.

"Excelsior" is now a sadly hackneyed motto, nevertheless its application is often very appropriate, particularly where we do not expect it to be suitable. Take the MacDonald Memorial Library for example. Its interest to the average student increases in direct proportion to its height. The ground floor is an entrance hall, with bulletin-boards, for the students. Upstairs is the magic land of books with its swinging portals of crystal. Up another flight is the chamber where the kind sets in his counting house, while at the very top is the realm of the unknown, the land of fantasy.

There it was that I sat on an old sea-chest and surrounded myself to the enchantment of the museum, while hundreds of images formed and dissolved in rapid succession before me. On top of a case there was a carved fragment of some glorious, old ship, which shaped herself before my eyes, inviting me to come aboard and sail across the restless seas of the world. First we came to Nova Scotia, where there were great gulls, white and gray, that circled round the dream-ship or rested on the brooding waters near the shore. On the firm brown sands, wet with a curling edge of foam, a hundred little birds ran to and fro, darting back and forth, skipping over the wavelets, their long beaks pointed now up, now down. Suddenly they vanished with a whirr of flashing white wings—sanderlings, snipes, long-legged curlews, willets, sandpiper, busy with important affairs.

My ship grew wonderfully smaller as it entered the stream of a river and wound between gray-green marshes, where great bulrushes swayed in the wind and long grass rustled. Long-legged cranes, herons with feathers in their caps, strutted about or flew overhead, trailing their legs and crying mournfully in the silence of the lonely marsh. Deep in the grass nestled soft-plumed swamp birds, safe in the midst of grassy thickets. As we sailed further up stream, the woods came marching

down from the hills to the river's edge, and soon the tall trees, arching, met overhead and shaded the rippling water. The tiny rills and waterfalls, that made any stream so tantalizingly beautiful, rushed tinkling over great stones, but the ship, now very small indeed, sailed over them and entered the smiling still waters of a woodland lake. Its brimming waters shone as blue as the sky, ringed with sparkling white boulders, like some magic liquid in a goblet of alabaster. This was the home of the ducks that abound in scores of species, in colour and delicately marked plumage as varied as the dappled woods. Here a beaver colony lived and toiled, dear, busy, wise creatures, the nearest of all animals to man in their science of building. Far in the forest were the shy woodland birds—grouse, brown, stubby-tailed woodcock, pheasants with odd red eyebrows, a mother partridge with her darling brood of bits of fluff, one chick boldly perched on its mother's folded wings, the rest squatting low, with their down just the colour of the warm earth covered with moss. There were hawks, too, fierce creatures, gripping helpless birds in their cruel talons. The little feathered songsters hid away when they heard the sharp cry of their enemies. Flickers flashed their golden wings among the leaves, while woodpeckers, of all sizes from the tiny sapsuckers to the great red-heads, drilled busily on the tree trunks. Wisest of all were the owls, huge, horned and bespectacled, bringing prey to the downy owlets in a nest of twigs. There were little owls with heads cocked to one side, as wise as the seven wise men of Greece, the feathered philosophers of the forest. At last we came to the rough hill-top, bare and covered with rocks, where grim-eyed eagles, the fiercest of birds, circled round with death in their yellow eyes and blood on their claws. Yet their love was strong as they guarded the fluffy little ones, stretching their necks and crunching the shells of their newly broken prisons.

I then saw sleek, glossy ravens, whose black plumage shone with a myriad of

glinting colours, great brooding things, those ravens, creatures of ill-omen. No wonder Edgar Allan Poe was appalled when a lone one came and perched upon the bust of Pallas. My mind filled with thoughts of the unhappy poet and his life, then, like a flash, the name of Pallas carried me to ancient Greece and the shores of the Levant. In the dream-ship again we sailed along the coast of Palestine, past scorching deserts, swept by hot winds and clouds of sand, past white-towered cities asleep in the quivering heat of noonday. Here I saw old coins, wonderful things with antiquity, lamps, tiny yet perfect, and little heads carved in stiff Egyptian style. There were also stylli, Roman pews, that were, even in the days of Caesar, mightier than the sword, when the pen was that of Cicero, and more seductive than Cleopatra when wielded by the whimsical amours of Ovid. The glory of antiquity, of Greece and of Rome can never wave despite the efforts of the modern world to ignore its importance.

However, the gracious lady of the museum-key could not wait for long reveries, so the dream-ship was guided swiftly across the stormy Atlantic, rounded Cape Horn, and rode up the Pacific coast to Peru. We passed once more from low-lying land to the heights, and found a wonderful people, the Chimus, who lived and wrought and worshipped long before the splendid days of the Incas. They worshipped the Sun, bringing libations in strangely shaped pitchers that were made to the likeness of their grinning household gods. What a strange thought it is to dwell on the millions and millions of tenants of this earth; their straining efforts of civilization have vanished.

To complete the idea of "Excelsior," there is a great globe on which are charted the constellations, showing the wonders of the starry firmament that bend above the littleness of men, who are here one day and gone the next, leaving behind what?—a few coins—and bits of pottery.

—A. M. P.

ASPECTS OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

The average person does not understand the importance of peaceful international relations. The very food we eat, clothes we wear and other economic commodities are affairs dependent upon international cooperation. Treaties are made between countries to make possible the importation of these things. In order to trade country with country each must have a certain standing in world markets. This required position is maintained by the observation of all international obligations. Russia is an example of a country which has failed to maintain her position. Recent papers carried the announcement that Canada is about to reopen trade relations with her. The British Government warns against any such move. The reason is because Russia is not dependable. The Soviet Government is reported to be playing unfairly in international affairs and it is suspected "Cash on Delivery" is according to attitudes of other countries the only possible trade method to use with her. This attitude of Russia has disturbed the economic life of the world. Several countries, Canada among the first, were inter-dependent on Russia for trade; now this balance has been shifted. The United States trades with this country, but not as Government with Government. All trade is through private concerns. The British commend this way of dealing with Russia; for they say Russia reacts better under contemptuous treatment than if there was the accepted equality between nations.

Canada may reopen relations if she wishes. Since the Great War her trade treaties have been of her own making; the opinion of the British Parliament being merely advisory.

In the last few years a great nation has arisen in the East, notably Japan. Relations with this country today are part of a clever foreign policy on the part of the white races. They have by their alliance with Japan taken her into the great fraternity of nations. She is treated as an equal among them. Given this status Japan has become a friend instead of a potential enemy. She is the greatest nation of the Far East and the menace of the Pacific; so that it behooves the West to make her a powerful friend rather than a powerful enemy. From this example of policy we are made to acknowledge the cry of India: that the West recognizes nothing but power. And it is true, nothing was ever conceded the yellow race, except contempt, until the Japanese developed into a nation.

This is an opportune moment to bring the League of Nations into the discussion. The West recognizes power, but it has wisely banded all power together. Each and every nation in the League is controlled by the Covenant. Thus none is greater than the next. With the exception of the United States, the league represents the mighty nations of the earth. Where once there was nothing to keep two nations from flying at each other's throats, there is now an organization to settle the dispute peacefully.

Before the League came into existence the Balkan States and war were synonyms. So carefully and fairly have nationalities been divided that peace has come to a torn country. If minor disputes arise, and they have arisen, the League is brought into action and a peaceful settlement is made.

Now the smaller nation is protected by the greater, instead of being abused as in pre-war days. This is another function of the League.

First an organization to prevent war the League has taken over such things as International labour problems, traffic in women and children, opium question and other questions which had been difficult to settle before the League became the wide channel for international relations.

That people today, students especially, are more keenly interested in world affairs has been shown by our own Maritime colleges. The recent Mock Assembly of the League held at Sackville was born of this interest. The enthusiastic reports brought back gave hope to the idea that the individual may mould world affairs by a living interest in contemporary affairs.

This is only a brief look at the world today, but one look encourages the hearts of people who are really trying to solve world problems.

Owing to illness our Editor was not present at the Assembly, but he sent all he could in fifty words. The telegram was read to the students present and enthusiastically received. This is the sort of interest we want to foster.

The College Widow

A Short Story by D. J. Hill

"Brr-r-r! Brr-r-r!" "Phone call for Aenid Blair. Ae-e-nid." Called a voice down the hall. No answer. The girl who had answered the telephone knocked on the door marked number seven; still no answer. "I'm sorry, Aenid is not in," she told the masculine voice on the line.

Behind the door of number seven dormitory reclining on a chaise longue in boudoir deshabille was a girl whose vivacity and fine swagger air had been noted on the campus for two years past. Never a big party was planned that did not include her; she attended all the best shows, took in all the big dances and even the little ones that were worth while and never lacked a partner. And yet she was not happy. Only the night before there had been the big hop, the college elite, good music, gay partners, many admirers while the envying glances of the fair sex bespoke her success, but—well, she had had a good time still, there was Mary Jacques, her roommate, just average looking, only a few parties and the odd dance, but quite happy and contented. The door opened and looking up, Aenid beheld the subject of her thoughts.

"Hello Mary."

"Good-evening, Aenid. You seem rather disconsolate tonight. Have you no date?"

"Yes, the phone just rang but I simply couldn't be bothered. I'm sick and tired of the grinding round of dates, parties, planning, on the go, on the go. Sometimes when I sit here in the room waiting for a date I wonder where does it all end, what does it mean, how long will it last, what will I do when these friends have gone away. Oh, yes they will go away; they're not the kind that stick to one. What will become of me when I no longer attract men, when these date sheiks are telling some other girl how much they love her."

"But, Aenid, surely you are having the time of your life, all these good times, these fine looking young men calling for you in taxis to whisk you off to the best affairs in town and at the college. Why you are the belle of the campus! What more could a girl want?"

"Yes, I know Mary. But what does it amount to? How long would my popularity last if my hairdresser's bill, my millinery and dress expenses weren't more each month than any other girl's in the college? These fine looking young men would be calling some other phone number. Mary I want more out of life than to be just a clothes rack, a fine article on display. Oh! I don't know what's the matter but there is something missing somewhere. I have everything I want but I'd give it all to be happy and contented like you are. What's the trouble, Mary, why is it that I feel all empty and dissatisfied like I do?"

"I don't know Aenid, I'm sure. Your patrician beauty is not to be compared with my very ordinary looks. In figure you are slim and graceful while I am twelve pounds overweight. You number your frocks by the dozen, mine can be counted on one hand. Your boy friends are legion and I have just Jack."

"Just Jack?" "Mary, I wonder if that isn't the solution of the whole matter. I have noticed him with you a lot; a nice likeable looking chap. Do you care for him, Mary?"

"Oh, we get along all right, I guess."

"Of course you wouldn't say. Now I remember seeing you dancing the moonlight waltzes together the other night. You must be in love to dance like that. How I'd like to dance one of those dreamy waltzes in the arms of a man I loved and that I knew cared for me. I wasn't asleep the other night when you came in so quietly and slipped into bed to cry yourself to sleep. For a while I wondered but when I saw you switch on the light and look at Jack's picture I knew that they were tears of happiness. If I ever weep it is because of bitterness and disappointment. Why I wouldn't give to be the queen of a man's heart instead of the college widow."

Transient Beauty

The train was crowded. A fastidious looking girl in a fur coat stood at the end of the car, and looked disdainfully about her. At last she sat down near the door. Her eyes roved over her fellow passengers and came to rest, at last, on the face of the woman sitting directly across the aisle. Untidy, almost pathetic looking in an ill-fitting coat, she was the direct antithesis of the girl. The man sitting with her was just common clay, but he wore an expensive button.

Bits of conversation drifted across to the newcomers. Something about "leaving her little girl" and "couldn't stand it any longer" was the gist of her disconnected sentences.

The girl's attention wandered. What on earth was keeping the train here so long. She felt that if she had stayed another half-hour in bed it would have been better than just sitting there. Four o'clock in the morning was an ungodly hour to catch a train anyway.

Suddenly the appearance of two policemen aroused the sleep-weary minds of the travellers. These men walked slowly down the train looking carefully at everyone.

The woman across the aisle gasped. The girl's attention riveted itself on the untidy one. Fascinated—the eyes of the stranger watched the officers. At last they came to her. A short survey of her luggage and features followed. Then one man reached up and drew down the battered suitcase.

"You had better come," was said.

For one brief moment the girl was transformed. Here she stood a magnificent girl wondering why she queer looking.

Then as quickly the fire died out. The girl of the transient beauty. "All right" she said, door echoed the empty

—EJ

?? QUO VADIMUS ??



WHAT PRICE B. A. ?



Just what is the significance of that hackneyed, nominal addendum B. A. ? Vulgar sentiment associates it with almost limitless knowledge but the college graduate (and he should be qualified to pass worthy judgment) very often considers himself at an intellectual level scarcely higher than that of his less erudite appraisers!

the ostensible excuses protecting the man who may waive opportunities to accept lucrative positions, and who sacrifices four of the best years of his life and spends some \$2500 for the privilege of doing some desultory, tuitionless reading. Trickery and cajolery must be resorted to and classes are the highly tinted petals which attract the bee to the honey.

—G. A. B.

SO TO AROS Who Have Lighted the Dal Campus

By J. L. D.

Who are the stars of Dalhousie? The Dalhousie firmament is studded with the bright planets that shone throughout the year that is now drawing to a close.

Murray Rankine! Murray has attained the heights of honor and glory. Five years a council member, president this year. Malcolm Honor student, executive offices galore—here is indeed a star which will never fade.

Sina Singer. Dalhousie's mighty man of music! The University owes him a great debt for he put her on the musical map of the continent.

Whacky MacKinnon. Still another star and bright. President of Sodales, President of the Law Fraternity; tall, handsome, athletic and a lawyer—oh well.

Speaking of the Presidents we naturally think of secretaries.

George MacIntosh. Council member for several years, Secretary this year, possessor of Literaty "D", basketball manager for a few years, all round sportsman, isn't that enough for stardom?

And Tom Coffin. Ah! Another lawyer with a reputation—but fortunately through strangely, a good reputation. Good student, great chap, Tom is one of the most popular boys at the Law School.

And the two genial "Dps" MacKenzie and Jennings. The one a Council member and this Year's Malcolm Honor Student—the other President of next Year's Council and future representative of the Council to the N. F. C. U. S.

But who's this? Bill Wickwire—and he landed among the other stars with a crash. Footballer, hockeyist, president of the D. A. A. C., good-looking—and who said Bill Wickwire knew no law?

And his right hand man—John MacQuarrie—another lawyer and another exception to the general rule. Brilliant course in Commerce, brilliant course in law—competition for Smith Shield, plays Inter-faculty sport and comes from Westville.

Oh well—let's go on—the lawyers win the day. Ralph "Kelly" Morton—Editor of the Year Book, last year's Gazette Business Manager, star of "Show-off", Class prophet, and, and

Ah, back to the dentists! George MacLeod, footballer, captain of Basketball team, next president D. A. A. C., dark and handsome and from Cape Breton.

Another member from B. is Harold "Davy" Davidson—foo ball star and hoopster, next year's D. A. A. C. Vice-president and perhaps the girls don't like his looks?

Archie MacDonald, star footballer, next year's Basketball manager—quiet, unassuming—and popular.

Charlie Jones kept the Tigers in the game "time and time" And Charlie, the girls like curly-headed heroes. Then there's Benny—'s the Editor. Oh well!

WITH ERNIE HOWSE TO NEWFOUNDLAND

Note— Here beginneth the tale of three reckless young students who recently left the seclusion of university corridors and, on warfare bent, adventured to the distant regions and unknown hazards of Newfoundland. No diary was kept but here are some remembrances:

March 5th, Tuesday. Jost, Cooper and myself boarded the S.S. Rosalind and left Halifax about 2 p.m. Cooper was on the ocean for the first time in two years, myself for the first time in five years and Jost for the first time at all. We very quickly adapted ourselves to the sea but were not altogether without casualty. We were reminded that: "There was a young man from Ostend, Who vowed he'd hold out to the end, But when half way over From Calais to Dover He done what he didn't intend."

March 6th. In the evening we assisted at a ship's concert in aid of the Permanent Marine Disaster Fund. The ship was rolling terribly. The pianostool, odd chairs, numerous beer bottles, and a miscellaneous assortment of gramophone records intermittently indulged in a sort of lively "Musical Chairs". What happened to the passengers we shall mercifully omit. But there were many informal exits and entrances. The Chairman acknowledged the fact that we were a small crowd and under difficulties and added that considering these things he had never seen a concert like this one. We suspect he was hoping he never would again.

March 7th. We landed at St. John's and were received by members of the M. C. L. O. These conducted us to the Newfoundland Hotel a new building about the size of the Lord Nelson. There we were entertained at a luncheon where we met our prospective opponents. We were much taken with their jolly, informal, manner, and the thoughtful kindness with which they had arranged for our comfort and pleasure. After lunch Mr. Puddister of the "Daily News" and Mr. Drover, one of our opponents, drove us around the city to various places of interest. We met Mr. Paton of the Memorial College, Mr. Hogg of the United Church College, Mr. Russell, general manager of the Newfoundland Railways, and some other interesting people. Then we were entertained at supper, again with our opponents and other members of the M. C. L. I. (Methodist College Literary Institute) at the home of Mr. Currie publisher of the "Daily News".

On this evening we were taken to a theatre party at the Casino, where the Glossop-Harris Company were playing "Julius Caesar". The play was well acted and we enjoyed it greatly. Afterwards the whole party went to the home of Mrs. Lawrence—mother of Muriel Lawrence of Shirreff Hall—for a pleasant visit and a delightful lunch. This was our fifth meal since the morning. We concluded a full day.

March 8th. The day of the great conflict. The morning was passed quietly. This was the lull before the storm. On the afternoon we visited the hall where the debate was to be held. We learned that there had been sold four hundred seats at a dollar apiece and two or three hundred more at a lesser price, also that arrangements had been made to broadcast the debate. We went back to the hotel in a state of doubtful anxiety.

Came the evening. The hall was crowded and a radio audience many times as large was waiting unseen. The chairman, Mr. Barbour gave us a very friendly welcome to the city and the society and then left the floor to the combat.

Roy Gushue led off for the affirmative. He prefaced his remarks by saying that as he was an ex-student of Dalhousie and as his opposing leader was an ex-member of the M. C. L. I., whoever lost both of us would be on the winning side. Then he presented a cautious, clever, logical, opening, for the argument of his side. His speech was lit here and there with flashes of wit, and he amused both the audience and ourselves by several oblique thrusts in our direction.

After Gushue had about persuaded the audience that it required a grave deficiency in intelligence to listen to any arguments in favour of war it was my turn to speak for Dalhousie. Each of the leaders had twenty minutes at his disposal so I put in mine with as much valiance as I could muster.

Mr. William White was the second speaker for the affirmative. He had a well prepared argument dealing mainly with the great war. It was well received by the audience and the M. C. L. I. had two good speeches chalked up for its side.

Mr. Cooper now came to the rescue and spent fifteen effective minutes dealing with the influence of war in the winning of our modern democracies and democratic institutions. He made a neat touch by pointing to the wall where the War Memorial Tablet listed the names of those who had died "for liberty and freedom". He asked if that were entirely a delusion.

Mr. Drover closed the case for the affirmative. His style was quite or-

atorical and quite popular. He called on an imaginary succession of witnesses from notable figures of the past and quoted their opinions. He maintained that was also had hindered progress by killing off as many young men who might have contributed to progress.

Mr. Jost came in as the last defender of the negative. He instanced periods of progress and periods of stagnation successively and pointed out that the former had been warlike and the latter peaceful. He also pointed out that the peaceful nations of the world had been the static and the warlike had been the progressive citing the Chinese and the English as examples. He made some neat and taking replies to Mr. Drover.

After the speeches came to an end there were seven-and-a-half minute rebuttals by the leaders. I spoke first and then Gushue closed the debate. Here again we received some stabs from the arrows of his not unpleasant sarcasm. Gushue was quite apt in pointed replies.

While the judges were deliberating, a piano duet was given after which the chairman announced the decision: two to one in our opponents favour. We joined with their friends in the audience in offering congratulations to the victors. Altogether we enjoyed the debate very much. There was a complete absence of "mental hostility" throughout. Our opponents were good debaters. They were good winners. And we are sure they would have been just as good losers.

After the debate a banquet was given us in the Newfoundland Hotel, at which our judges and the members of the Institute were present. When the toast to the visiting team had been concluded the Chairman presented each one of us with a souvenir of the occasion: a pen knife with handles having Labradorite set in silver. That was a final and altogether unexpected touch of the same graciousness which had made our whole visit a continued pleasure.

March 9th. Jost and Cooper sailed for Halifax while I remained behind to visit my home for a few days. Our friends were at the steamer to see them off. Just on the eve of departure we saw the picturesque scene of a disabled steamer being assisted into port by a rescue ship. Then the warning whistle blew and Jost and Cooper ended their visit to Newfoundland.

On Farming

AS AN OCCUPATION FOR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

By P. L. H. MUSCHAMP

I return to my pet subject. No doubt you will forgive me, for the spring is in the air, the brown earth drinks in the sun and frets with eagerness to grow green things. Soon the farmer will go out to his fields, where the crows in the morning sun flutter to and fro over the steaming soil, to plow and sow and dream of a rich harvest. And my heart is with him, and with the cattle, the sheep, and the horses, and with everything that flutters, and everything that grows around the farm.

Have you ever seriously thought of farming as a profession? But it is hardly a matter to think about, it is a matter to try out, fairly, with an unbiased mind. Just give yourself a chance. Why not go out on a farm for the summer? The farm needs your help. Your health needs the farm.

In the past it has been Nova Scotia's greatest misfortune that her ambitious sons, aware of the stigma that rested upon agriculture, aware of their own fond parents' glorification of the white collar, left behind not only the paternal homestead—crying for further development—but all too frequently also their native land, in order to seek "easy" and "respectable" occupations in the big cities. Throughout the world, however, and in Nova Scotia especially, the attitude to farmers and to farming is rapidly changing. People are beginning to realize that a good farm, scientifically managed, is a constant and secure source of profit, of health, and of general happiness to the owner of the farm.

No, I am no idle dreamer steeped in Rousseau. I speak from hard earned experience. I came to the conclusion while working on my own bit of land

A SENIOR'S CONFESSIONS!!

When I was a small child I used to shun every book that was written in the first person. No matter how interesting the title or how fascinating the illustrations, it was only another "I story" to me. But I hope that these confessions will not be condemned, unread for the same reason. "Confessions" cannot help being personal, but if one does not like "that sort of thing," the rest of the Gazette will, I'm sure, prove interesting.

It is "queer" to be a Senior. One hasn't any of those highfalutin, lordly feelings that a Freshman ascribes to Seniors. Years pass quickly, especially when they are happy or busy, and if it doesn't seem possible that the fatal day is so near. Graduation has always seemed distant—wonderful and interesting, but incalculably remote. In the uneasy days of the First Year it seemed the highest point toward which anyone could strive unutterably sublime and unutterably remote. Through Sophomore and Junior years it still seemed far away, but now that the examinations are posted and the date set, Convocation is almost upon us.

Four years! Four years of English and French, Latin, History, Mathematics, Chemistry and the rest. Twenty classes equal one degree; four into twenty goes five times; five classes a year, four years of college life—and what is the answer? An education? No, for education never ends; a vocation? Not that, an Arts degree gives me no training for earning a livelihood. But I have received something which I consider invaluable; and that is a desire to know. With it there is the corresponding realization of how little I do know and the utter impossibility of knowing everything. I hope I shall always want to know.

When I came to Dalhousie in the fall of 1925 I thought that everything in the university was perfect. The buildings were fine and impressive; it made me tremble with delight to think I went to classes in them; the Reading Room in the Library was high and beautiful, and I loved to study there; the professors were distinguished looking and so learned; I looked on them as demigods who knew everything and whom no humble Freshman like myself dared to approach. When the Christmas examinations came I was in mortal

fear of being "plucked"—delightful word to my strong, loving ears! I studied hard during my first term; it would have been an everlasting humiliation to disgrace myself in the eyes of one of the demigods. My relief at "getting through" was equalled only by my laziness during the rest of the term. When the year was over and I had passed, I felt that Dalhousie was even more wonderful and that I was wonderful too. Everyone I met that summer knew that I was a prospective Dal graduate.

That was three years ago, when I was a mere infant. My ideas have changed since then; I have been outside of Nova Scotia and I have grown three years, I am now convinced that Dalhousie has not the finest buildings in the world; that the Library has its defects and that even the professors are not the walking encyclopedes I thought them. I have discovered that it is a physical impossibility to know as much as I attributed to my professors; but I have also discovered that though they are not demigods as I deemed them, they are what is better, men. Though they have the frailties that go with the human frame, though their lectures may be occasionally uninteresting and sometimes boring, they, as men are, for the most part, possessed of that "sweet reasonableness" which is an attribute to few members of the human race.

It is the same with most of the objects of my admiration. The superhuman qualities which I expected and thought I saw and which I held in the greatest awe now seem silly. It is a different kind of admiration which I have for now, a truer kind, I think. They have taught me to work—I already knew how to play. For that instruction I am grateful, but I have even more for which to thank them, and that is a different way of looking at things. Every subject and every professor has helped to give me a broader viewpoint—Chemistry, Latin and Biology as well as History, English and Philosophy.

As a Senior I have come to realize the greatness of my debt to Dalhousie. In spite of the paucity there were compensations even in Mathematics and Latin. Far from being wasted the four years have been invaluable to me. May all seniors feel the same!

M.E.E.

Student's Fantasy

By J. Louis Dubinsky

(Continued from last week)

I looked up at the clock to note the time and found it was getting late. As I gazed at its face I wondered whether it ever grew weary of keeping time for the library denizens. There it stood above the fireplace with a cup and a flag on either side and kept ticking away throughout the years. What strange faces it must have seen and what curious looks have been darted at it since it began its life in the Reading Room.

The flags then caught my roving glances. Why are they hanging there? I smiled as I thought of the number of times I asked myself the same question. Why should we allow the appearance of the room to be spoiled by these two dirty

corn pieces of cloth? Surely two Dalhousie banners with the U-Pi D slogan would produce much a better effect. Few of us realize the value of these tattered remnants, few of us know the story connected with these Vierkleurs. As I sit here I can picture once again the dangers encountered by the two intrepid Canadians who risked their lives in order to bring back a relic of that struggle of almost thirty years ago. True, our library is starved to the bone!—but we have certain possessions that are priceless.

As I roused myself from my reverie I found myself gazing at the upright figure of George Ramsay, Ninth Earl of Dalhousie. My eyes wandered from the portrait over the door to that of Forrest, to Avery's, to those of the Youngs but it seemed I could think of none but that of Fondator Nestor.

His bearing is that of the trained soldier, for Lord Dalhousie had seen war at close quarters. This man whom we are so proud is known to the world chiefly for three reasons:

He was the close associate of another noble man, Sir Walter Scott; he gave birth to a son whose name became famous over the world in connection with the rise of India; and he laid the cornerstone of an "Old Building" on May 22, 1820 and gave it his name of Dalhousie. His faith has been cherished for more than a century.

The shadows lengthened and I settled back comfortably. Just as I began to doze off I heard a laughing voice say: "Sorry, old man but you'll have to go. The Library closes at 6 o'clock".

I arose and with a sigh of regret left the scene of my fantasies.

Editor's note: This concludes the first of a series of observations on the Library. Mr. Dubinsky has also written a series of articles on the statues and other interesting features of the Library, the publication of which will be left to next year.

BETTER BEGIN TO 'DO.

Everywhere around us we hear people talking about exams; but why mention them at all—no one is likely to forget to appear the day he is due at the torture chamber.

We all know they are handy—but why—my fellow sufferers rub it in? "Do" and stop talking about "all you have to do". It is one way to hasten disasters to be always talking about them. It reminds me of the old French proverb: "A force de peindre le diable ure les murs, il finit par apparaître en personne." (If you will go on painting the devil on the walls, it will end by his appearing in person).

SORORITY RAISES ISSUE

CATHERINE O. HEBB CRITICIZES

To the Editor of the Dalhousie Gazette.

Last week's Gazette contained an announcement of a new Sorority at Dalhousie. It came as a complete surprise to the large majority of students and has caused some friction among the women students of the university—there being many heated discussions concerning it. The reason for this is that a large number of girls are opposed to the idea of Sororities and especially at Dalhousie.

In the first place it is against the traditions of Dalhousie. Delta Gamma was formed so that all Dalhousie girls could belong and never have cause to feel themselves slighted.

This is the chief argument against Sororities. It is apt to give rise to snobbishness and all the bad effects of snobbishness. With the existence of sororities some people are bound to be elected to membership and others be black balled and so some will feel themselves to be better than the common herd and others will feel that they are looked down upon. And therefore sororities will come between friends as has been shown already in the brief existence of the Kappa Beta Phi Sorority at Dalhousie.

Besides this there is another consideration. I do not think that this university has ever appealed to anyone as able to maintain six sororities and yet since the Kappa Beta Phi Sorority was formed six others have cropped up. It will indeed be a touching sight seeing six sororities trying to gain an existence on the campus where everyone is so superfluously wealthy.

And then we come to the vital question. Why was this sorority formed? In the account of last week's Gazette I find the words: "whose sole aim in so doing was to arouse enthusiasm and spirit among the feminine faction at college." Passing over the fact that Dalhousie co-eds scarcely consider themselves a faction it seems to me that the enthusiasm and spirit has so far only taken the form of strife and bitter feelings. And therefore this reason is hardly enough for having a sorority at Dalhousie. Through it such were the original motives of the sorority they do the founders honour, but since the desired objective has not been attained in this way the members of the sorority will doubtless see that this is not the proper way and drop the whole scheme.

On the other hand if there are yet more reasons for the existence of the sorority that make it impossible for it to be broken up, what can they be? The article in the Gazette mentioned no others, but perhaps some can be found. Is it because they wish to have banquets every week at the Queen Hotel? This seems an insufficient reason. Perhaps it is a new form of bridge club; but then one of the leading members has every opportunity to play bridge all day long without forming a sorority. No, it cannot be for any reason of this nature. Perhaps it is an attempt to be like some other colleges. That is the only solution. If this is the reason I bow to such a weighty one.

But we return again to Delta Gamma. As I have already said, one of the motives for the founding of Delta Gamma was to take the place which sororities occupy in other colleges. But every girl of the sorority being a Dalhousian will therefore be a member of Delta Gamma. But surely this is an inconsistency. How can one honourably belong to a society which is opposed to sororities and yet belong to a sorority too? Have these pioneers resigned from Delta Gamma?

There is this consideration which is favourable for sororities at Dalhousie. Delta Gamma has in the last years not been very active but before giving up Delta Gamma as lost, why not try something in the way of reform. Has every one of the new sorority supported Delta Gamma whole-heartedly, for it is obvious to everyone that unless there is some cooperation no society will ever be a success. If they have given all the time and energy to Delta Gamma that they are giving to this new sorority and have not had their efforts attended with any success they are justified in resigning from Delta Gamma. But have they?

Again the members of Delta Gamma as such are opposed to sororities. But have the founders of Kappa Beta Phi ever given their fellow members of Delta Gamma an inkling of their intentions. Have they ever given them a chance to express an opinion on the subject or the chance to cooperate in an effort to make Delta Gamma come up to the expectations of the Kappa Betas.

It has all been done secretly. The only apparent reason being that they wished to be well established before any objections could be raised. Aside from that however one of their members has been elected to the Students' Council before the rest of Dalhousie knew that she belonged to a sorority. We do not know what the issue of the elections would have been if everything about the sorority has been known to the college beforehand. Does the Council of Students of next year therefore represent the students?

Not only have the students been kept in ignorance of the project but the whole matter having been carried over the head of the Dean of Women of this university some of the women students consider it an insult to her position that she was not officially approached on the subject. I do not wish to be unjust to the Kappa Beta Phi Sorority. I have stated my reasons for objecting to all sororities and this one particularly. Perhaps I have been unfair and perhaps I have been misinformed. If so let the sorority in future be more explicit.

Yours sincerely,

CATHERINE OLDING HEBB.

CLAIRE MURPHY REPLIES

To the Editor of the Dalhousie Gazette.

As this is the last edition of the Dalhousie Gazette, the editor has most kindly allowed me to read before hand the letter which is being sent in by Catherine Olding Hebb and has given me the opportunity also of writing a letter concerning this Sorority affair.

Miss Hebb has stated that a large number of girls at Dalhousie are opposed to the idea of Sororities in general, but the point would be more fairly stated if she said they are opposed to The Kappa Beta Phi in particular. Sororities, she says, are opposed to the traditions of Dalhousie. But it is only by the breaking down of existing institutions by some pioneers that progress can be made. If the world had continued to move on, ruled by traditions it rather seems that there would be no necessity to bother about Sororities since there would be no girls at college at all. Seventy-five years ago the idea of a woman becoming a college graduate was the height of absurdity. And yet today women have so freed themselves from the shackling, then-existing traditions that it has become almost an economic necessity for a woman to be a college graduate if she intends to hold any position that calls for executive ability in the business world.

The arguments used is that Delta Gamma supplies the need of any sorority "Sororities are apt to give rise to snobbishness and all the bad effects of snobbishness" the letter states. The writer of this epistle apparently is unaware that the meaning of the term "Sorority" is "sisterhood". Very good. Delta Gamma is a "sisterhood" then and contains no snobbishness whatever, it is entirely opposed to cliques, and it is touching the way every member sticks up for her sisters in any circumstances whatever. What a Utopian affair. If Delta Gamma is a Sorority it has failed miserably to live up to the standards. Then if it is only a Society, as one always considered it, why should we have to resign from it? People have, you know, actually belonged to more than one society before. We did not mean to be disloyal to Delta Gamma and had there been a society to which we could have considered it an honor and a pleasure to belong, there quite likely would have been no Kappa Beta Phi. But we feel and I'm quite sure the majority of students honestly feel also that Delta Gamma is quite lost and all but all forgot except for two times during the year, initiation and the annual dance. The writer suggests that it would have been more proper to have put our energies in retrieving Delta Gamma. I would like to ask her if she ever seriously thought of taking a Society about which the general opinion "Oh, it's simply a joke as far as activity is concerned," of over two hundred people who all lack interest and which is divided into at least twenty small groups, some with too much superiority complex and others with too much of the opposite kind and of which one half doesn't know what the other half does and cares less, I would really like the writer to think of what her mode of attack would be in moulding such a Society into an active and working body. If she would kindly tell me, I can assure her if it is at all feasible the girls of the Sorority will do their utmost to remedy matters. Delta Gamma was started when the feminine portion of Dalhousie numbered six and to all intents and purposes it seemed then as if there would be very few more in the coming years. Then "it embraced all the students." But does it honestly now carry an its main object?

Pray, may we ask, if all the boys in the University broke up their crowds, refused to speak to their friends and immediately started another Frat when the now existing Frats were formed here, and some were asked to join and others were not? In every argument I've ever been in I have upheld the feminine sex as against the masculine, but I honestly must say that these past weeks have rather shaken my convictions. It has been shown that such petty jealousies that are being exhibited now do not exist among the men of this University.

Miss Hebb wants to know why this Sorority was formed? Many of the Dalhousie girls are simply friendly with two or three personal friends and are merely on "Hello" terms with the rest. There is an acknowledged definite cleavage between the Hall girls and the city girls. It was to remedy these defects in the college life that the Sorority was formed. That the Sorority was going to take the form of "strife and bitter feelings" was the last thought of the girls who formed it. We are awfully sorry but we really cannot feel morally responsible for the way other people acted. We would like to find out also if the Frat boys were publicly asked why they formed themselves into a Frat and if they stated their reasons and constitution in the Gazette? The writer asks with heavy sarcasm if it were to have weekly banquets at the Queen Hotel that the Sorority was formed. Financial difficulties prevent this but still since we are told that one of the members, Miss Frances Elkin, represents the Sorority and not the students on the Council we will in all likelihood have a grant next year for the sole purpose of dining weekly at the Lord Nelson. We also wish that no innuendos would be used as to whom the member is that "has every opportunity to play bridge all day long without forming a Sorority".

One thing we are sorry for. If the Dean of Women is annoyed that we did not consult her, may we hereby make public apology. We were lacking in courtesy not in any official requirement as far as permission was concerned the Sorority is made up not of Hall girls but of City girls. The Faculty and the Board of Governors have been spoken to and permission granted from them.

SPENDTHRIFTS

"Dalhousie noo may fidge fu' fain. She's gotten poets o' her ain." To adapt the couplet of Burns. One is Guy Mason, who went to the War, serving in France with the R. C. Artillery. He completed his course at Manitoba, and is at present teaching School in Saskatchewan. 1927, he published, as a Ryerson Chap-book, his first slight sheaf of verse: "The Cry of insurgent youth." Now he has followed it with a second chap-book, entitled "Spendthrifts," the initial poem. It begins,

"Great wealth was theirs; who died not long ago: And they were royal spendthrifts:— The opening lines give the idea, the lavish sacrifice of youth upon the red altar of war. The thought is not unlike Rupert Brook's, "Blow out, you Bugles, over the rich Dead!"

But it has its own turn. Perhaps as fair a specimen of Mr. Mason's verse as any is "The Road of Youth".

(As an old man would see it). I came along that road but yesterday. How strange it seems that I shall never move

Again with light free step along its way; Count the quick milestones, the dreams I wove

In the fair sunlight; pick the wayside flowers That gaily smile and beckon; shed hot tears

When friends fall by the way; chase flowing hours, And dally with the sun-kissed, golden years.

That slyly steal our treasures. Not again May we one second's full experience Repeat. Down life's quick stream it moves. It's pain

Or joy is shadowed by its consequence. That, pressing on our future, ever strives To point the devious pathway of our lives.

Mason's work should find a place on the "Dalhousie Shelf" in the Library.

—A. M. M.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY VERSUS LIFE

Science and philosophy say to me: "Your immortality is but a primitive conceit, You childish man, close up your book of fairy tales, What is, is Here. There is no There." I answer:

There was a war. Bugles sounded prettily Thousands of boys—not yet quite men— But would have been— Went off to war. Cannons bellowed and were still. Horses hoofs stamped, scattered eyeballs Bits of mucous brain, shreds of heart Into the dirt. And clotted blood like slippery jam Oerspread the fields of France While mothers knitted socks for soldiers And now and then a tear dropped on the yarn.

But they at last, whose fingers —When they were not holding forks and knives

At three fat meals a day— Held pens, said "stop" to them Whose stiffening fingers clutched the sword

It was over and the grass sprang up Greener than before on Flanders field. Thousands of boys had lost their lives Before they had scarce had chance to think

What living meant. Where are they? In Flanders field, they left them—bones And the flesh that rotted on them But surely not, in Flanders field—their souls.

Science, with simple mouth inquisitively ajar Whence issues a dry sound As hollow as the rattle in the throat That warns of death;

Science with crude raw prying paws Keep off this hallowed ground. Philosophy, with words so long They can't mean much;

Who's taught us not a whit These last two thousand years. Go mumble to yourself your stuffy lines They have no truth for human ears. —"R."

How many people are worrying about those six Sororities? All the fury and energy of the attack is against the Kappa Beta Phi's and all because it was not announced publicly from the house tops and the rest of Delta Gamma allowed to express their opinions. Did Delta Gamma want the Sorority to announce by daily bulletins on the notice board what was the burning question of the moment. Did it want us to post one day a bulletin reading "Kappa Beta's would like to have Delta Gamma settle for them the question as to whether they should pay \$1.25 or \$1.50 for their banquet? All opinions gratefully received". And we call ourselves broad minded.

We thank Miss Hebb for her purely altruistic motive in presenting the "Sorority Case" before the public and in hoping that by her letter we shall see the error of our ways. But after careful consideration we find it impossible "To drop the whole scheme" until told to do so by higher authority than a fellow student.

Sincerely, CLAIRES MURPHY

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Soiree Francaise

(Continued from page 1) Personages: DAMOISEAU Charles F. LE BRUN PLACIDE Richard D. HUMPHREY BONIFACE Richard A. DONAHOE EGLANTINE Mary D. FALCONER LE JARDINIER Kenneth W. MATH-ESON LE GARDE CHAMPETRE K. Dane PARKER

3. EPOUSEZ CAROLINE Monologue par A. Erhard Margaret Graham COWPERTHWAIT

4. LES DEUX GRENADEIERS Poésie traduite de Henri Heine. Musique de Schumann. John C. BROOKFIELD Accompagné par Donald MURRAY

5. N'EN DITES RIEN A PERSONNE Monologue Rachel P. WAINWRIGHT

6. L'ETE DE LA SAINT-MARTIN Comédie en un acte, par Meilhac et Halévy.

Résumé Monsieur de Briqueville, vieux célibataire avait concentré toute son affection sur son neveu Noel qui est le dernier représentant de la famille et qui doit la continuer. Il lui avait choisi une fiancée de naissance aristocratique et richement dotée. Mais la veille du jour où l'on devait signer le contrat, Briqueville a reçu de Noel une lettre lui annonçant qu'il ne voulait plus faire le beau mariage de raison qu'on avait préparé pour lui, car il était épris d'un violent amour pour une jeune fille de condition modeste. C'est à la fille d'un tapissier chez lequel un jour il était entré par hasard. Noel l'a épousée malgré l'opposition de son oncle. Briqueville brouillé avec les parents de la fiancée abandonnée et tous leurs amis, est venu cacher sa douleur et sa colère dans son château de Touraine. Il a juré de ne plus revoir son neveu et de ne pas recevoir la "grissette" qu'il a épousée. Par quel stratagème le jeune couple va-t-il apaiser et reconquérir le vieil oncle? C'est tout le sujet de la pièce.

Personages: BRIQUEVILLE Hervé LE BLANC NOEL Emile-Charles STEHELIN ADRIENNE Muriel-Catherine DONAHOE Madame LEBRETON Marie-Alfreda POIRIER Un domestique Richard A DONAHOE

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AT THE SHOWS

CASINO NOTES

"Redskin" starring Richard Dix, will be the feature attraction at the Casino Theatre the first three days of next week.

"Redskin" is the drama of a race clinging to traditions of their people in the face of the march of modern civilization.

"Redskin" is photographed almost entirely in natural colors revealing all the beauties of the open spaces before your eyes.

Richard Dix renders his greatest performance on the screen as the modernized, educated Navajo Indian who is cast out by his own people because of his refusal to adopt again the customs of his tribe.

It is a story of the present day, of an Indian boy and a girl. Tribal hatred rise to keep them apart. Their mad fight to retain their love for each other despite tremendous odds is the basis of the story which has been acclaimed throughout the country.

GARRICK NOTES

Edna Preston is back in Halifax, and of course every Dalhousian will be planning to take in all of the three plays in which she will be seen at the Garrick theatre. This week she is scoring a tremendous "hit" in "The Rose of Picardy", and during the coming week, will be seen in the marvellous role provided in "Smiling Through", a play that needs no introduction. It is a story that is known to all, and endorsement of it is universal. You will be wise to make your reservations early, for seats are being snapped up at a fast rate. The box office sale for the coming week of "Smiling Through" is already opened.

The Carroll Players, under the direction of Ada Dalton, can always be counted upon to give a presentation of any of their plays in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired.

MYSTERY AUTHOR FILMED AT LAST

S. S. VanDine Permits Identity to Become Known in Picture of Famous Detective Yarn

S. S. Van Dine, the mysterious author of the most successful series of detective stories in modern fiction history, who thus far has shielded his identity behind his nom de plume, was persuaded by Paramount officials to appear before a motion picture camera.

Van Dine is seen on the screen for the first time in "The Canary Murder Case," his famed mystery story which will show at the Majestic theatre on Monday.

At first, loath to give the world at large an opportunity to discover his identity, the author, whose name had become a byword in the world of books through his detective stories during the last three years, finally consented to step in front of the camera lens.

The exact manner in which the author appears when the picture is shown on the screen will not be revealed. However, he has famous companions, for the cast of "The Canary Murder Case" includes William Powell, as Philo Vance, the super-detective; Louise Brooks, James Hall, Jean Arthur, Charles Lane, Lawrence Grant and Gustav von Seyffertitz.

Malcolm St. Clair directed "The Canary Murder Case," with Van Dine assisting him in ironing out technical difficulties.

MCLEAN'S MAGAZINE OFFERS EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY TO STUDENTS

In the past two years, The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, has grown tremendously. Today it is one of the largest publishers of periodicals in the British Empire—due largely to its intensely Canadian attitude. The purpose of the founder of this Company, Lieutenant-Colonel John Bayne MacLean, is and always has been to develop Canada for Canadians.

The largest publication put out by this company is MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. It is particularly devoted to informative articles by competent Canadians on Canadian affairs and current events, and that it is being appreciated is shown by the fact that in 1928 its circulation increased over 30,000 copies and today exceeds the Canadian circulation of the largest United States magazine by about 22,000 copies; a fact of which Canadians might well be and are proud.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE feels it is fitting that students should enjoy the special opportunities of making money offered by a work so basically patriotic as the wider and more intensive distribution of the Magazine. It will not tolerate, however, sales based on any charity appeal—MACLEAN'S is sold on merit only. MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE has had a considerable experience during the past two or three years with students as salesmen. This experience has shown that university men can successfully sell MACLEAN'S on its merit; several students having earned over \$1,600.00 during their summer vacation months.

This year MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE is offering a special arrangement to university men who desire to earn money during vacation. To men of the right type MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE will pay a weekly salary sufficient to live on comfortably, transportation expenses, and an especially liberal bonus on production. The contract offered to students requires them to produce full quota in order to draw their season's bonus; if they fail to do so by as much as one order they lose out on that particular bonus. The arrangement is exceptionally fair, however, as it is divided into five periods and every student may earn a bonus for one or more of the periods even through his production may not warrant payment of the bonus offered for the whole season. Any student of this University who is interested in earning real money during the coming summer, will be well advised

FROSH WIN HOOP TITLE

With Lorway running in a total of eleven points the Freshmen defeated Dentistry by a 28-10 count in the play-offs for the Interfaculty basketball title. The second game of the series was forfeited to the Frosh.

During the game the losers scored by two field baskets, getting the rest of their markers on foul shots. The winners were masters of the play throughout leaving the floor at the end of the first half leading by a 14-7 count.

Dents—MacIntosh 3, Parker 2, Harris 1, Oldfield 2, Sullivan 2, MacMillan, Duxbury, 10.

Frosh. Conrod 8, Spencer 8, Lorway 11, Stoddard, Webber 1, Smith, McCulloch, Rogers, 28.

The Joys of Travelling

(Author's remark: funny)

"Do you golf?" asked the sweet young thing, feeling somewhat a veteran after a week's stay at Jasper Park. "No," replied the boy, a little sadly. "No, I have never played golf. Never hit a ball".

"Really," remarked the girl, mingling surprise with incredulity. She groaned at the ocean of wheat which was tossing its head at the Eastbound Confederation. Then looking away from the window, she continued. "So you must play tennis," and as an after thought, added "the courts at Jasper were heavenly, and I had the best partners".

"That must have been gratifying," returned the boy, "I have never played tennis, and know none of its delights". The girl affected astonishment.

"Well, what on earth do you play? Do you ever enjoy yourself?" "Immensely, at times," the boy assured her, "I don't play the games you mention, because I have never had the opportunity, or rather I have put the time to a different use. I play a little rugby".

"What's rugby?" "It's the English term for one kind of football. Different from association football."

"Oh". There was a pause. Then she continued brightly, "I say, what's that book you have?" pointing to a volume of Schopenhauer's Essays bound in bright green.

"Very high brow isn't it? Mother was wondering who could be reading it".

"Why," replied the boy smiling, "it is very interesting. Some of the essays I thoroughly enjoy. His essay 'Of Women' opens up vistas".

"What does he say about women?" the girl demanded eagerly. "You had better read it. See, it is not long". The boy held up the volume and eyed it quizzically.

This is a peculiar book", he said, "it is a charm or touchstone. I have been travelling all summer and I have always kept it by me. Whenever I travelled by train, I would take it out and lay it on my seat; sometimes open, sometimes shut. Then I would go into the observation car.

It invariably followed that on my return, either the person opposite, or the one sharing the section would scrutinize me keenly; and it so happened that several times I became acquainted with people who were most entertaining—all because of this little book. Don't you think that's interesting? I think it is remarkable".

"You actually did that purposely", the girl ejaculated.

"Yes—but at first unconsciously".

"Well you're incorrigible", and she shook her dainty head.

"As bad as that?" smiled the boy.

"Yes—but—ah— Am I one of those interesting people?"

"Perhaps", countered the boy, laughing to himself.

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"The Show-off"

(Continued from page 1)

Alice Nelson, as Mrs. Fisher, the mother-in-law of the Show-off, gave a competent performance, carrying out admirably the part of a much older woman and her expression of grief at the death of her husband was the only obvious weak spot in her whole night's acting.

Helen Williams as Amy Fisher who eventually marries the Show-off and Margaret Mackie as her sister Clara Hyland both looked very well on the stage and gave consistently good characterizations throughout the whole play. Amy, like her mother could have shown a bit more emotion.

Joe, the brother who makes the famous invention was done by Forrest Musgrave. With the exception of Ralph Morton, he and Margaret Mackie gave the two best bits of acting during the whole evening; Mr. Musgrave when he came in and told his sister of the bad news concerning his father and Miss Mackie when she broke the news to her mother.

Clyde Douglas as the father; George MacIntosh as Frank Hyland, Clara's husband who was always helping out Aubrey in his financial difficulties, John Budd as Gill, a workman, and Richard Donohoe as Mr. Roger, a lawyer, all gave good performances, although of minor importance.

Credit is deserving to Graham Allen for evening attempting to put on the play in such cramped quarters and with so few of the necessary equipments entailed with the production. It was not as good as last year at the Majestic but no one was expecting it to be so. But it can be easily said that the play was done just as well as it could possibly have been under the circumstances. The backstage cues were well timed and done with much effect. There were no promptings and the play ran smoothly from beginning to end.

For the first time in his career Graham Allen attempted something serious. Between the first and second act he gave one of the speeches from Hamlet in costume. He did it rather well, but some of the students seemed to find it amusing and were unnecessarily rude with their applauding. It is a pity that any sort of art at Dalhousie can never become objective—the students persist always in making it subjective.

Between the second and third acts Graham Allen and Margaret Mackie gave some more of their "Moron and Mackie" line. Although the jokes were decidedly of the gay ninety vintage, they put it over well and the students seemed to find it entertaining, especially the local hits. Their stunt on the Library was rather good, and it seemed as if Graham was appreciated far more in this humorous vein than in the more serious.

This was the second last Glee Club before exams and if the next one in April by the Newman Club is as good as its predecessors it will complete one of the most successful years the Glee Club has ever had.



MISS EDNA PRESTON

Who is playing at the Garrick theatre in the part of leading lady for the Carroll Players.

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