

# Dalhousie Gazette



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Five Cents The Copy

## A Dalhousian Abroad.

By CLARA F. MURRAY.

To anyone who, for the first time, has made a voyage outside their native land, there is no greater pleasure on returning than in recalling those tumultuous impressions and sensations accumulated on the way. These impressions may be more, or less vivid; they may be so startlingly clear in the memory that they require no souvenir to bring them forth, others may exist only in dim, hazy recesses of the mind and come to light only when by the association of ideas,—a chance word—a picture—a note of music—drags them from obscurity. It has been remarked by a certain cynic, that some people travel—so do their trunks, inferring, I suppose, that some people benefit no more by travel than do their trunks. At any rate, the *voyageur* who wisely plans a journey comes back home with a fund of acquisitions infinitely more precious than any material objects which might be packed into his suitcases. Lucky indeed it is that no import duty is levied on such things!

When I recall the trip I had this last summer to the British Isles and to the Continent of Europe so many thoughts come to me that it is difficult to sort them out. Edinburgh! London! Brussels! Paris! Each of these is individual and as different from the others almost as the orient is from the occident. But they are the landmarks to which I shall return, when the lesser subjects of my narrative have been treated.

Due to fogs, the liner "S. S. Montreal" was late in arriving at Glasgow, our port of landing, and our first sight of Scotland was the little islands of Morran rising out of a heavy Scotch mist at the entrance of the Firth of Clyde. The sea-gulls of course came to meet us and screamed and circled around the decks in a very friendly way. On sailing up the river past Greenock, I noticed lying in the harbor H. M. S. "Hood" an old acquaintance of the people of Halifax, but except for that, I could have imagined myself in another world, all was so strange and unfamiliar. The countryside was perfectly groomed, every little house had its own little farm separated from its neighbor by hedge rows. Compared to our enormous hunks of land called farms, those in the British Isles seem like toys or perfect little miniatures. They utilize every inch of space; even the mountains and rivers are owned by somebody. If you want to go fishing there is no such luxury as packing your gear and setting off to any stream or lake you please. No, indeed! That privilege of fishing belongs only to the gentleman in whose estate the stream happens to be. If you attempt to trespass—you are a poacher and the law goes hard with you.

A Canadian abroad finds many restrictions on his liberty, restrictions which do not exist in his own country, and therefore make him appreciate Canada the more. I remember once while motoring through a particularly charming part of North Wales near the little village of Bettwys-y-coed, how we stopped the car to admire a pretty, though unimposing waterfall. A man in official garb approached and demanded "tuppence." "For what?" I asked amazed. "For looking at the Swallow Falls," he retorted with a snort.

However, though we experienced a few minor personal discourtesies, we were received officially everywhere with the utmost enthusiasm. Our party arrived in Edinburgh while the students were still at the University. They were exceedingly hospitable and had many teas and dances in our honor. Besides being entertained by the students who acted as our guides on all occasions, we were formerly received by the Lord Provost and the City Council in the Council Chambers of the City Hall. Lord Sleight and all the Aldermen were in their robes of offices attended by Halberders in red breeches, big buckled shoes and long battle axes. Such old-world ceremony which was later to become so familiar to us, filled us on this first occasion with wonder and delight.

During our stay in Edinburgh we used to go for walks up to the Castle to watch the changing of the guard, or down the Royal Mile to Holyrood to wander through the State Apartments or examine the relics of bygone days carefully roped off and out of reach of the touch of disrespectful hands. In the rooms of Mary, Queen of Scots, was a tablet on the floor marking the spot where Rizzio was murdered. Loquacious guides still point out to credulous tourists the stain of blood left by the deed; regarding this, one of my Scottish friends observed dryly,—“They renew it every year with red ink.”

It was with great regret that we finally

left "Auld Reekie", that city of stately beauty and princely hospitality, in order to turn our steps southward to Wales and England.

Wales is a country not included in the usual itinerary of the tourist, but it is well worth visiting. There one can gaze on a truly natural scenery that is unsurpassed in any part of the disturbed peace which seems to counsel, slow down and live! There one learns to understand something of the beauty, the poetry and harmony of the Welsh life from which spring those artistic triumphs, a national literature and a national music for which 'gallant little Wales' is world-famous.

We spent an enjoyable week making excursions through the country of North Wales, sometimes on foot, frequently by motor. One place of particular interest was Carnarvon Castle, where the first Prince of Wales was born and presented to the Welsh people. To enter its gates was to enter mediaeval life. The Castle keep, the Round Tower, the bastions and one of the banquet-halls remain as they did at the time of the Norman Conquest—all massively built of stone, admitting very little light except through the slits in the walls, and joined to one another by passages so narrow and dark that one could well imagine the many scenes of violence enacted within their depths.

While at Carnarvon we received a message from Lloyd George ex-premier of Great Britain, regretting that he could not be present to welcome us to the Castle of which he is Constable. Everywhere we went, people of distinction welcomed and entertained us—a tribute to Canada of course, and paid to us especially, because we were Canadian University Students. As the Mountain Snowdon was in the vicinity we could not leave without climbing it,—not on foot but by inclined railway; though the highest Mount in the British Isles it is not exceedingly impressive except for its ruggedness.

No report of Wales would be complete without mentioning that charming spot on the Island of Anglesey known as Llandfairpwllgwyngllgogerychwyrndrob-wlllantysiliogogoch. For short they call it Llandfair P. G.—no wonder! It is called the jaw-breaker of the language. A friend of mine once said that the sign announcing the name of the town began a mile from the station and as the train approached, travellers would start to read the sign, finishing by the time they entered the station. Now I know that my friend was wrong; they have no trains there.

I shall pass hurriedly over the next stages of our journeyings to Bristol, Bath, Weston-Super-Mare, Hereford, Wells, Cheddar, Oxford and Cambridge. Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield—all the larger manufacturing cities of England are practically the same, whole sections of each being taken up with rows upon rows of streets lined with houses exactly alike, the places where the 'commoners' live. The 'gentry' reside in the more pretentious dwellings in other parts of the city.

Oxford and Cambridge! These names, to Dalhousians are perhaps more familiar than any others from the Old Land. It is difficult to say which of the two Universities is the more impressive, the more beautiful or the more preferable from the educational standpoint; of course each is composed of so many different colleges that to select from among them one to attend requires no small amount of discrimination. To me, Oxford seemed the more stately, the more venerable and learned-looking—the very cloisters having about them an air of wisdom and culture; Cambridge, I thought was the more beautiful with its grassy quadrangles, cricket-fields and tennis courts, its ivy-covered buildings, and its slowly flowing river, overhung with weeping-willows. Many times we went punting on the Cherwell—this being one of the favorite English water sports. I must confess though that we were never very expert, so one day after much seaching we discovered where to get some real Canadian canoes, and to the great curiosity and amazement of the citizens, paddled forth on their river quite in our native fashion, at our ease at last.

Our next move was to the Continent Crossing from Harwich to Antwerp or as the Belgians write it, 'Anvers,' we began one of the most thrilling phases of our experiences. The only thing I regret is that our time there was all too short.

Brussels is a city of the most beautiful public buildings I have ever seen. Everything is kept scrupulously free from grime and smoke; I even saw women in heavy wooden sabots, scrubbing the cobblestones of the street with

(Continued on page 3, col. 1.)

## Forgotten Poem of Robert Browning

Sir:—

In an old book that came in from England recently, was found a leaflet containing the following poem, with a note by F. J. Furnivall stating that he had found it in "The Sibyl, Edited by Members of Rugby School," April 1, 1893, with a prefatory notice that it was believed to have been written by Mr. Browning in the album of a Virginian lady, and bequeathed by her to a friend who gave permission to publish it. Mr. Furnivall says: "That this poem is Browning's own, no knower of his work will doubt."

One dull day in the bright Touraine,  
In a high-turreted, steeple-roofed town,  
Sheltering out of a skurry of rain,  
Down a dim back street, dusky brown.

I stepped into a bric-a-brac shop,  
Hardly room to open the door,  
Heaped with rubbish right up to the top,  
Strewn with lumber all over the floor.

Aubesson tapestries all in holes,  
Cabinets gutless of locks or drawers,  
Faded banners and tattered stoles,  
Cushionless tabourets, Louis quatorze.

Arquebuses and pistols triggerless,  
Clumsy teapots without a handle,  
Figured portieres, frayed and figureless,  
Sticks that would never again hold candle.

Soundless spinets on legs precarious,  
Long slim rapiers long since rusty,  
Stringless mandolines, violas various,  
All most musty, dusty and fusty.

And down in a cupboard, in mildew and  
rust deep,  
Like a rose in a city sewer,  
Like a butterfly on a dust-heap,  
Lay, unnoticed, a miniature.

Face most delicate, brave and fair,  
Glowing colour and perfect line;  
Sun-tinged circles of dark-brown hair,  
Costume the fashion of '89 (1789).

Blois or Beaugency, Amboise or Tours—  
Which fair town of that joyous land  
Gave her the beauty can still endure  
Fresh as it came from the artist's hand?

Whose was the portrait? At sunny  
Chaumont  
Turning over some casts by Nello,  
We discover the face we want,  
Face like our portrait, just its fellow

Turn of the head and bust the same  
Same fine features and radiant air,  
And beneath it a sweet girl name,  
"Suzanne Jarente de la Regnier.."

When the Terror, with hungry throat  
Ravished the homes of the wide Touraine,  
These medallions were flung in the moat;  
Terror past, they emerged again,

None the worse for their cold eclipse;  
But the originals, where were they?  
Human bosoms and eyes and lips  
Cannot compete with these things of clay!

Colder and deathlier roll the waves  
Where the sea swallows the dark Loire  
floods;  
Hungry the saven yawning graves  
Where tiger Paris is crazed with blood!

Forth from the fell Conciergerie towers,  
O'er sights and sounds that profane  
the air,  
Did one name float like a breath of  
flowers—  
"Suzanne Jarente de la Regniere"?

Were those steps the last path she trod?  
Did she, with gracious and even mien,  
Hand her sweet soul right up to God,  
Dauntless under the black guillotine?

Ah, my beauty! Or did she rather,  
Lightening a few years our English air,  
Cook and keep house for an emigrant  
father,  
While he taught dancing in Leicester  
Square?

Then his home where the wide Loire lies  
Warm in the light of its fleurs-de-lys?  
All I know is, her brave, sweet eyes  
Brighten a bit of the world for me.

—R. BROWNING.

The Dramatic Society of the University of Saskatchewan will present "Wurzel Flummery" by A. A. Milne, and "Speaking to Father," by George Ade at their next meeting.

## The True Nero

Sir:—

While visiting the Library the other day I ventured into the inner sanctuary usually invaded only by Professors, and among the sacred archives therein I discovered a very dusty, ancient-looking manuscript in, to me, an unknown tongue. Enquiry at the Librarian's desk failed to bring forth any information on the matter. I then submitted it to various Professors, but in vain—indeed it seemed as if the Christmas spirit of peace and goodwill would be shattered so hot grew the argument, Dr. Macmechan being convinced it was some form of Anglo-Saxon, Professor Howard Murray being equally positive that it was some very ancient Greek writing, while Professor Cameron swore by the words that it was hieroglyphics of a period before King Tut's reign. Into this heated atmosphere, fortunately, came the President of the Dalhousie Gaelic Society who soon convinced us all that the language of the musty manuscript was none other than Gaelic. The document proved to be a most interesting letter from the Emperor Nero to his friend Otho and as it may help to remove certain strange misconceptions of Nero's sweet and mild disposition that seem to be prevalent at Dalhousie, I submit a copy of this letter as translated by the genial President, for the benefit of your readers.

The original document, at the request of the Gaelic Society, was used as an ingredient in concocting a dish of haggis that, according to ancient custom, was served at Pinehill on 25th January.

I am etc.,

Rome,

Ides of July, A. U. C.

CCMXXVII.

My dear Otho:

Many thanks for your most kind and sympathetic letter which has been a great comfort to me. Poor dear Pop-paea! How frail a thing is human life! Hers was a beautiful nature and, under Jupiter, I owe all that I am to her. I miss her sadly.

Rome has been full of tragedies lately. Only the other day my beloved old tutor Seneca—whose plays always seemed to me so much better than the more showy productions of the Greek dramatists—cut himself in the jugular vein whilst shaving and passed away before help could be obtained. Another link with childhood severed—and I had always implored him to use a safety razor!

Isn't it sad too, about the death of our mutual friend Petronius? I knew that he had been depressed lately; he told me he had had great trouble with his servants, and had been obliged, most reluctantly, to order the chastisement of a Greek slave called Eunice, for forwardness. This undoubtedly preyed on his sensitive nature and there can be little doubt that in the last sad days his mind was wandering. Thus he even accepted an invitation to dinner with that intolerable parvenu Trimalchio; and the last letter I had from him began with some criticisms of my poems which were a melancholy proof of the derangement of that exquisitely subtle intellect.

You are lucky to be able to spend the holidays at Baiae; I have to sit stewing in town and attend to business. "In consequence of the late disastrous fire" (to quote the *Mas Diurnus*), I have now ten times as much to do as before. The new Town Planning Act makes the task of rebuilding the city very difficult. The party system in the Senate is most tiresome—they accuse each other of selling honors and I can't get them to make proper provision for the Army. Yet the Empire *must* be protected, and Prohibition *must* be enforced even at the sword's point.

The shock of the fire was too much for Tigellinus. His mind was completely unhinged and he went about accusing himself of arson. I am thankful to say he has now recovered. The distress due to the fire is very great, but the Vestal Virgins are doing a noble work. They arranged a charity concert for the victims while the fire was still raging, at which I played several violin solos and sang some of my own songs. Five hundred talents were collected on the spot.

A most unlucky contretemps occurred in the arena the other day. While we were watching a fight between some new and savage lions from Africa we were horrified to see a door at the end of the arena open and a number of men and women emerge. We shouted to them to go back but they seemed petrified, and before anything could be done the lions had killed and eaten them. It seems it was a party of Oriental Christians

## Revision Educational Methods Yale Medical

Science Magazine.

A thorough going revision of its educational methods with a view to placing less emphasis on routine class work and more on independent thought and research is planned by the Yale School of Medicine, according to an announcement made by Dean Milton C. Winternitz.

The faculty is considering the abolition of the year system of study and the resultant division of the student body into classes. This program will also involve the abolition of the system of examinations at the end of the different courses. The student will be allowed to select the sequence of his studies in the subjects which at present comprise the first two years of the medical curriculum, and then after qualifying for the clinical subjects, he will again be allowed liberty of choice. Their arrangement and his completion of them in any period of time will be largely a matter of choice and ability. Admission to a course will depend on the work as determined by the instructor in charge of it. This is the reverse of the practice. A teacher now has no voice in determining what students shall enter his classes. He determines only whether they shall proceed into other classes. Thus, the student often thinks only of the examination, which he is to take at the end of the year and misses the application of the knowledge he is being offered. Dean Winternitz made the following statement regarding the plan:

"These changes may seem radical but they are in accord with adopted systems of graduate education, and medical education is graduate education.

There must, of course, be some check on the student's accomplishments; group examinations, as well as the graduating thesis, will serve this purpose. For the convenience of the faculty such examinations may be given at fixed times, but within reasonable limits the student may determine when he will present himself for such a test.

Aside from other advantages, such a system will be equally valuable to the student who acquires knowledge rapidly and to his slower colleague. It is hoped that by the elimination of the class system, the pupil who acquires knowledge less rapidly will be less reluctant to spend more time in preparation, while the more brilliant scholar will be more willing to spend longer periods in investigation and specialization."

The Dramatic Society of the University of Alberta has chosen for the spring play Granville Barker's "The Voyage of Inheritance."

visiting Rome for the first time and they had taken a wrong turning in the dark and tortuous passages of the theatre with the above shocking result. I am trying to get in touch with the families of the victims so as to offer them my sympathy and some pecuniary compensation. By-the-by I have recently had some interesting talks with the Greek cynic, Chilo Chilonides, about them and their tenets.

To turn to lighter subjects—has anyone told you of the forthcoming marriage of Lygia, a ward of Aulus Plautius, to Vinitius, a nephew of Petronius? It seems an ideal match. He has been doing his duty nobly to the Empire in the recent Armenian troubles, and Lygia is a prima favorite with all the younger set. I thought it wise to remove her from her guardian (you know his weakness for Bacchus—poor fellow, he is his own worst enemy), and take her under my own protection. I gave a dinner the other night in honor of the young couple. After dinner I sang my "Hymn to Venus". You know the beginning, "Te Amo, Te Amo"—Old Petronius used to admire the hiatus in *Te Amo* as showing how the true poet rises superior to mere mechanical rules. What a critic we have lost in him!

Now I must say adieu as I have business to attend to at the Capital. The Senate wants to introduce side whiskers again, but I must put my foot down as I much prefer mine bobbed. This evening I attended the new revue of Trimalchio, I hear it is clever but rather risqué. Shall censor it if necessary.

Be an angel and write me a long and amusing letter with all the seaside gossip, the papers have nothing in them nowadays, not since the trial of Locusta, the poisoner.

Do you ever hear anything of Galba now? He has quite dropped me.

Yours ever,

NERO.

## "The Dalhousie Gazette."

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## "The Alumni are the University"

A short article entitled "The Alumni Association" appeared in the *Gazette* on Dec. 3rd, in which the writer explained in brief the purpose and work of the association. However, there is much more to be said on behalf of the Alumni Association and it is hoped that the students of Dalhousie will soon begin to realize the importance of that society as a factor in the administration of the work of the University.

**THE ALUMNI ARE THE UNIVERSITY!** Sounded, probed, and subjected to any intensity of the piercing searchlight of public scrutiny this statement will stand the test; and with a little analysis one can see that it is, on the whole, more right than wrong. It may be that we are placing distasteful food before a host of undergraduates, professors and officers of administration. But olives, tomatoes, and oysters often become pleasing to the palate only after they are "cultivated." Between the undergraduate and the graduate is a strong band of union, though neither student nor alumnus may fully realize how strong it is. We invite criticism from any source.

Within the past few years Dalhousie's Alumni, previously lacking spirit and organization, has increased in both aspects more rapidly than ever before. As yet this growth is limited to organization and the birth of many ideas. Ideas, of course, concern the future, and in the future we may expect to see Alumni Association funds, loaning funds, university endowment funds, memorials, and so on, and Alumni Federation. This last, embraces, we believe, at once the highest aim and noblest ideal of the Alumni body.

At present the Alumni Association is doing invaluable work for the University in keeping a record of all the students who have ever attended or graduated from Dalhousie, with their present addresses and any information regarding them that can be obtained. A visit by the writer of this article to the office of the Alumni Association revealed to him the almost incredible amount of work involved. A paid secretary must be continually employed by the Association to keep the various files in order. There are at present over five thousand names on record, and when we consider that at least 2% of these die or change their place of residence every three months without notifying the Secretary, it will be easy to understand the enormity of the work, and account in some degree for the inaccuracies which must necessarily follow. There is one file divided into districts of the different provinces, another of those who pay fees and are supporters of the Association, and another for the deceased.

A Directory of Graduates and Former Students has been prepared, corrected to July 1925, which may be obtained for the price of one dollar at the office of

Mr. F. Homer Zwicker, President of the Alumni Association, 227 Hollis St. Dozens of names of Dalhousians, some even of graduates of recent years, but particularly of students who have attended Dalhousie and left without obtaining a degree, are not mentioned.

We think it would be a capital scheme for the Alumni Association to try to have their secretary admitted to the University Office for several days or weeks as the case may require, with the privilege of going over all the university records in order to have these names embodied in the published lists. Surely the university has some record of its graduates and its students; so before these records may become destroyed it behoves the Alumni to secure what information they require. In addition to this, every student attending Dalhousie should purchase a copy of this directory and send in to the Alumni office any information they possess or can obtain. The Association will be very grateful for such information.

Speaking of Alumni Federation, Dalhousie's Alumni certainly has a potent opportunity to step forward towards active participation in the administration of the University's affairs. Consider how many representatives it has to the University Senate—that board of professors which nominally controls all things academic, that side of university life of which the graduate knows perhaps more than anyone else. Alumni Federation means the co-ordination in a working unit of every Dalhousie student and graduate. Not so long ago this would have seemed a far-cry. Now we are convinced it looms as a practicability of the not too dim and misty future. The usefulness and fame of the university depend almost wholly on its alumni; whether or not their alma mater shall be honored at home and abroad, whether it shall be known for training surpassing men and women, whether or not they shall be best fitted for citizenship—and, after all, good citizenship in that country whose people have made possible their education.

Making a good citizen is an art. And an art, to our minds, is the elimination of detracting details. In the college course, as it is related to one's life afterwards, exist multitudinous little things, whose existence as unnecessary can only be known by the alumnus who has experienced them, and then some years after graduation, learned their non-right to survive. He has learned too of things which should be added. No one but an alumnus can be so informed.

The above, in brief, is the right and necessity of the Alumni as administrators to some degree of the university's affairs. This is why the Alumni associated with the university should keep in touch with the Alumni outside and at a distance. In short, it is the reason why, "The Alumni are the University."

## FAIR SEX SENTIMENTS

Tall men, short men,  
Thin men and fat,  
A few of you are funny,  
Most of you are flat!

'Slow men,' 'fast men,'  
None admit defeat  
All softly ride along  
Bolstered by conceit.

Young men, old men,  
Men with lang'rous eyes,  
The dumbest ones among you  
Think themselves so wise.

So each man, every man,  
Listen to my song!  
You think we lie in wait for you,  
You've got our number wrong.

You hang around the stag line  
And look us up and down,  
You criticise each one of us  
From evening pump to gown.

But while you look at Helen  
And ask her for a dance,  
She thinks—"The simple dumbell  
To think he has a chance."

And when you start to wonder  
If you'll bother asking Jane  
She says: "O dear, I hope he won't  
Ask me to dance again!"

So when you call us dumbells,  
Pray just remember do,  
The chances are that that is just  
What we are calling you!

## Choo Choo

(A Fragment).

Choo-Choo you must know at the outset is the young lady occupying the position of Resident Goddess and Chaparrone-in-Chief of the Men's Section of the Library. Her origin is a mystery, in fact there are doubts as to her real cognomen. For aught I know to the contrary she might be either Andromache or Annajinski but undoubtedly to me she is plain Choo-Choo.

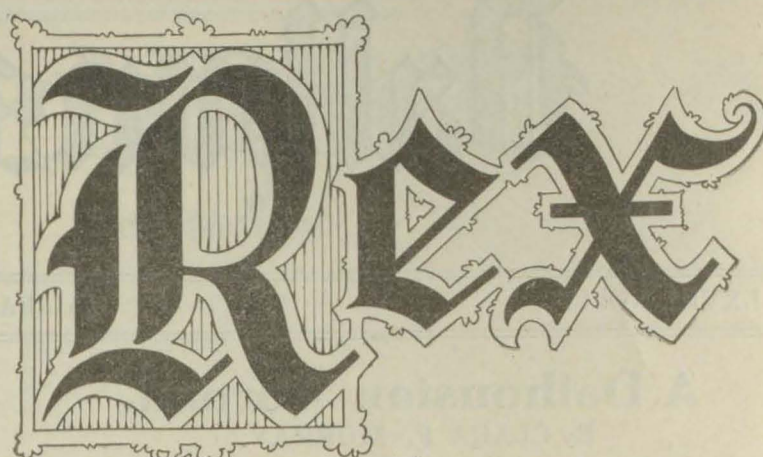
It is difficult to give a proper picture of the damsel. For one thing her figure is very abbreviated, and for another her habitual modesty, which compels her to spend her days in the most retired spot in the building, prevents one from doing much else than imagining what her appearance would be in the broad glare of the campus. Her features are of that severely classical style so much worshipped by the Chairman of the Library Committee.

How Choo-Choo and myself became acquainted is "wropt in mystery." Though perhaps not a case of love at first sight, one might conceive our fellowship as being due to that mysterious drifting together of two kindred souls, so characteristic of the modern novel. Chary, as a rule, of unintroducted feminine acquaintances, strange to say I felt little or no compunction when Choo-Choo and myself first ventured to exchange thoughts. The subject was certainly a strange one for a first rencontre, it being concerned with nothing more or less than the all-prevailing, and even invading personality of an exalted personage who though not a signatory of the Locarno Peace Treaty is yet not uninstrumental in preserving peace in the Library.

"Yes," she confided blushing, or at least as much as possible blushing. "He is so very nice, so cultured, so aesthetic, and oh! how devoted! He comes to see me several times daily." Her voice showed signs of that fading away into infinity of space only associated with moonlight nights. I became rather concerned, and taking what seemed to me the best way of brining her down from her astral plane, I ventured to remark in my most cultured tenor:—"Gosh! Dear me!" The effect was marvellous, a seraphic smile developed with such an amazing rapidity that I felt glad her figure stopped short at the shoulder. Never before had I suspected the power of severely simple expletives and am now convinced their universal use would conduce greatly to the amelioration of the lot of every disciple of their use. *En passant*, might I venture to recommend this Sennacheribean system of "cuss" words to both sexes especially at hockey practices—one sex could quite easily make use of "Gosh!" and the other of "Dear me!"

But to return, having witnessed the development of the seraphic smile I was quite convinced of returning consciousness, when the next plaintive remark reached my ears, "If I only knew what the A stood for! Adorable, Ardent, Archangel, Arch—" "Ah, my dear Choo-Choo I broke in, feeling quite justified in using this endearing expression, "You are but human after all!" And then across the stillness came a voice, "No consultation in the Library, please!" Hastily I took a book from the shelf and in some confusion sat down at the nearest desk. Glancing surreptitiously around I found Choo-Choo in her accustomed place, her features calm and unruffled as usual, women carry off these things so much better than men do—yet I could almost swear she winked at me as a stately bearded figure left the room.

B.



# King of CIGARETTES

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25 for 35¢  
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## Shirreff Hall Dance

The young ladies of Shirreff Hall entertained at a very enjoyable dance on Monday evening the 8th instant. The guests were received by Miss Lowe and House-President Florence MacMullen and dancing commenced promptly at 8.30 o'clock. The music was splendidly rendered by Joe Mills Orchestra and the Hall's beautiful dining room lent its classic loveliness to the making of a charming ballroom scene. The drawing room, library, and reception hall provided inviting sitting-out-places and the evening passed away very pleasantly. Much credit is due to the committee in charge which consisted of Phyllis Hilton, Jean MacRae, Dorothy Berry, Anna Wilson, Alice Atherton and Katherine McLeod.

The honored guests were Professor and Mrs. Donald McIntosh, and Professor and Mrs. Henry F. Munro, while the guest list included: Messrs. Jack Harrington, W. M. Outhit, Fletcher Smith, Gerald Godsoe, Evan Thompson, Stewart Stevenson, Vance Fraser, Jarvis McCurdy, Phillip Allison, Donald McInnis, Harry Bell, James Mitchell, John Dobson, Gordon McKinnon, Hughie Turnbull, Charles Johnson, John McCleav, John Byron, John Loche, Charles McKenzie, Robert Slayter, Charles Smith, Henry Godsoe, Con Upham, Rod McLeod, Harold Grant, Jack Morris, Gordon Frame, Borden Tupper, Hugh Eaton, Herbert Harris, Owen Armstrong, Leonard Fraser, George Duneau, Walter Dechman, Aubrey Price, Ralph Morton, Ernest Doull, Douglas McDonald, Gerald Marshall, Ben Guss, Bruce Stevens, Ralph Hebb, Albert Smith, Harold Price, Wm. Wickwire, Gordon Grant, Rex Moore, Harold Coffin, Blenus Morton, Clarence Bethune, Forrest Musgrave, George McIntosh, George Puddington, Herbert Morton, Jack McQuarrie, Norman Blanchard, Roy Wilson, Wm. Clark, Ewan Clark, Clifford Grant, Alden Harrison.

## FEBRUARY.

The days have been so cold!  
The sparkling river  
Has been arrested on its hurrying way,  
And now is silent; for,  
That One Great Giver  
Has made it pause, and given it rest  
to-day.

The days have been so cold!  
The sparrows shiver  
And cuddle in the eaves, their only home,  
And cheep for food, for they,  
Unlike the river,  
Must feed themselves wherever they may  
roam.

The days have been so cold!  
Old Father Winter  
Has taken pity on the tiny plants,  
And laid a blanket thick  
Of fluffy whiteness,  
To comfort, and to warm them in their  
trance.

M. M. S. '29.

## Valuable Model Histology Dept

Professor R. J. Bean has received a valuable addition to the equipment of the Histology Department in the form of a model of the human central nervous system.

The model is about seven feet in height and consists of a series of sections shaped and colored to represent accurately the form and arrangement of the tissues of the brain and spinal cord at various levels. Upon the model each of these sections is enlarged twelve diameters, and each is based on tracings made from lantern projections of actual tissues. The nerve tracts are represented by bundles of variously colored cords. The ends of the cords are knotted and unlaid into their component strands to represent cell bodies, dendrites, axones and terminals and when in place each tract bears its appropriate label.

The model is perfect in every detail and is valued in the vicinity of five hundred dollars.

## Phi Kappa Pi Entertains

On Friday evening the Phi Kappa Pi Fraternity held their annual dance at the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. Although Old Man Weather did his best to make it impossible to hold the dance, he forgot he had to reckon with Ernie and his committee. As it was impossible for cars to reach the club house the committee had three large sleighs take the members and their friends there.

After Gordon Fago had introduced those present, Allan MacLean and his orchestra settled down to play for the best dance yet. During the intermission "Kelly" MacLean gave an exhibition step dance. Bill Wickwire was also called upon to entertain the guests and he gave a delightful exhibition of the Charleston. (One step only).

At one A. M. everyone voted the dance the best yet and the Frat. boys jolly good fellows. The sleighs were then brought into action and everyone went home tired but happy.

The committee in charge of the dance were, A. E. Doull, J. Burchell, H. Turnbull and Kelly MacLean. The Chaperones were Mrs. G. McG. Mitchell and Mrs. H. E. Campbell.

The Player's Guild of University College presented at the Woman's Union on Jan. 20th H. G. Wells' "The Inexperienced Ghost."

The Trinity College Dramatic Society will present John Maesfield's "The Tragedy of Nan," in Hart House Theatre Toronto, in February.

## BASKET BALL

DALHOUSIE vs. ACADIA

DALHOUSIE GYMNASIUM

TUESDAY, FEB. 16th, AT 12 NOON

"Tat" McLeod, J. Atwood, A. Tupper, "Binny" Fairbanks, Arley MacDonald, C. MacKenzie, C. Sperry, "Billy" Dennis, Bob Doull.

## TO - MORROW NIGHT

8.15 IN THE GYM 8.15

JUNIOR - SENIOR DANCE

**A DALHOUSIAN ABROAD.**

(Continued from page 1, col. 2.)

soap and water. One would never guess from the appearance of the place that it had ever undergone German occupation. The recovery of that little country from the effects of the war is marvellous. No man's land no longer. On all sides stretch fields of grain, treeless it is true, but showing every sign of prosperity; nothing indicates what took place there eight years ago,—except here and there a demolished factory,—a ruined Cathedral partially reconstructed,—a deep gouge in the level plain, an old shell-hole, now covered with grass,—a few criss-cross ditches half filled with water—some fields studded with crosses.

Such of France is the same, Mons, St. Quentin—all the little villages whose names have become so familiar because of the War. In Paris however there is a difference. I shall never forget my first impression of Paris. We arrived at midnight, it seemed like midday. Some of the students of the Sorbonne were at the Gare du Nord to meet us, waving Canadian flags, giving us directions as fast as they could in French and gesticulating excitedly when they were not understood. They conducted us across the City down Avenues and Boulevards past the Arc de Triomphe to our hotel. Then followed a succession of days of which I shall not attempt to give an account. We visited all places of interest, the Louvre, the Pantheon, the Dome des Invalides, the quartier latin with its bohemian life, its studios, artists and students, Montmartre with its cabarets, Notre Dame, the Bois de Boulogne. We climbed the Eiffel Tower, saw the Folies and the Casino, and heard the Opera. One of the greatest tributes we received on our whole tour was when we entered the Paris Opera. The orchestra of more than fifty pieces greeted our appearance by playing "Oh Canada." Instantly a thousand opera glasses were turned in our direction and we were forced to undergo the trial of being scrutinized by the most critical eyes in the world—those of the fashionable Parisian.

Outside of Paris, Severs, Fontainebleau and Versailles attracted us,—Versailles especially because of the signing of the Peace Treaty which terminated the Great War. The Palace itself is magnificent, and the gardens beautiful, mostly conventional in design. The Petit Trianon, where Marie Antoinette played at being a farm girl, stands as she left it, and is rather pathetic in its forsakenness.

What impressed me most was the strange temperament of the French people, a curious mixture of gaiety and melancholy; they are at all times courteous from the nobility down to the taxidriers, though I must admit that the latter have a constantly extended palm, seeking the *pourboire*. If one speaks French, however, one can conduct oneself with savoir faire on most occasions and avoid any unpleasant situations. I was greatly delighted to find my French understood by the Parisians, except for the fact that it sometimes entailed extra duties. For instance I had to act as interpreter at times and when at Fontainebleau was obliged to respond to the toasts in French at a banquet held in our honor.

"La Belle France" certainly fulfilled all my expectations and I had no wish to leave when the time of departure came. But we were yet to visit London.

London and Paris are as different from each other as it is possible to be. Paris—where everything is spectacular, appealing to the emotions,—is a city of feminine whims; London conventional, unostentatious, standing aristocratically aloof from interest in anybody's business, is distinctly a man's city. Women model their gowns as Paris dictates; men are governed by the standards of Bond Street.

Our weeks in London were packed with interest, since the Capital of the

World has gathered into itself so much that is of material, artistic and historic value. The very name London conjures up a vast array of scenes—Westminster Abbey with its Poets' Corner, the Stone of Scone and the Grave of the Unknown Soldier; the Houses of Parliament; Whitehall and the Cenotaph; Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross with its legend; the Strand; Piccadilly, Hyde Park with its parade of fashion and its Sunday soap-box orators; Rotten Row or the Rue du Roi where each noble horseman goes for his morning canter; Buckingham Palace with its picturesque Life Guards in their red and gold uniforms and turbid, black, furry hats; the Mall; the huge, Thames covered almost from sight by innumerable long, flat barges; London Bridge; the grim Tower of London in possession of the Yeomen of the Guard, who are commonly known as "Beefeaters" from a legendary privilege belonging to them of taking away from the Annual New Year's feast as much beef as they could carry on a fork; these and many such places steeped in lore became very familiar to us as the days passed by and we at last began to understand and appreciate the loyalty of the Britisher in clinging to the traditions with which his country is saturated.

One of the famous ceremonies often repeated is that of the surrender of the sword at the entrance of the King into the City of London. The Lord Mayor of London is complete sovereign within his domain of one square mile and the King cannot make an official entry into that territory without being received by him. So on the occasion of a Royal visit a string is stretched across the Street from Temple Bar to the buildings opposite. The Lord Mayor approaches, bearing his jewelled sword of office which he hands over to the King. The King invariably returns it with the words, "You, my lord, are the best custodian." The string is withdrawn and the King is allowed to enter.

Besides its fine aristocratic section, London also has its darker side and the district around the docks known as Limehouse is perhaps the worst part of the London slums. There are places where it is extremely unsafe to go even when attended by a guide, and at all times it is the better part of wisdom to hold tightly to your purse. It has been said that in Petticoat Lane, there is scarcely a single article for sale on the stalls which has not been 'lifted' from one of the large, well-known shops of the City; and a tale is told of a man losing his watch at one end of the street, and having it sold back to him at the other—so daring are the thieves!

While in London we did not neglect the surrounding country and had many delightful excursions up the Thames to Henley, Maidenhead, Windsor Castle, Eton and Hampton Court as well as motor-trips through Kent and Surrey. One never-to-be-forgotten day was spent at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, but to tell of it would take many pages.

The last place we visited in England was the Shakespeare Country, the quaint little town of Stratford-upon-Avon and its neighborhood. There we saw acted at the Memorial Theatre a number of Shakespeare's plays, by the famous Company of Randle Ayrton who were in town to celebrate the Shakespeare festival. This in itself was an education.

The next day we set off for Liverpool where we embarked for Canada.

One source of continual regret to me throughout the tour was the fact that out of two hundred Canadian University Students, Dalhousie was represented by only four. Toronto and McGill Universities predominated and at times the names of other colleges were totally submerged. There is no reason why the students of Dalhousie should not seize the opportunity, which perhaps comes but once in a lifetime, of seeing Europe for themselves and experiencing the lasting pleasure and benefit which arises from such a journey.

**Dal Glee and Dramatic Club**

A record-breaking entertainment and a record-breaking audience—such is the record of last Wednesday night, when the Glee and Dramatic Club presented its second offering for the new year.

The entertainment consisted of two parts—a musical programme and a one-act play produced by members of the faculty.

Prof. E. L. Schofield of the Conservatory of Music, opened the programme singing an Aria from Faust "Avant de quitter". His fine resonant voice held the audience spell bound and much to the delight of all he appeared again later in the evening giving three short songs—"Il neige" by Bernberg; "Border Ballad" by Cowen and a Southern love song "O! Mis' Hanah" by Deppen.

A duet—"Marche Militaire," Schubert—played by Dr. E. G. Young and Miss M. Musgrave, came next and was excellently done. The *Gazette* hopes that when they are made "solo", they will keep together as well as they do in a "duet"! Dr. W. H. H. Beckwith then favored us with two songs "Up from Somerset" by Sanderson and "John" by Lohr. His Mellow voice was never heard to better advantage and he was ably assisted by Mrs. Beckwith at the piano.

Two violin solos played by Mrs. W. A. Affleck followed. They were (a) "Czardas" by Michiels and (b) a piquant waltz "La Zarzuela" by Lacome. Mrs. Affleck captivated her audience by her spirited and vivacious interpretations. Prof. Harry Dean, Director of the Conservatory, was at the piano; and, as he assisted Prof. Schofield also, no small measure of the evenings' success was due to his artistic accompaniments.

The final number was extremely novel and eagerly anticipated by the audience. It comprised four solos played by Dr. B. Babkin on his native Russian instrument—the balalaika. The compositions were (a) "Night"; (b) "Moonshine" (one could not help thinking of O! in the "Stilly" Night!); (c) Waltz; and (d) Gavotte—composed by Dr. Babkin himself. The sweet tones of the fascinating instrument was a delight to hear and Miss E. Taylor at the piano provided the perfect, subdued accompaniment which was necessary in order that Dr. Babkin's interpretations might be heard to the best advantage.

The eagerly-awaited play now began amid much realistic cannon fring. It was a one-act comedy by Booth Tarkington entitled "Bimbo the Pirate." The farce was written as a skit upon several well known pirates of the olden days who possessed the highest moral traits in some ways, and actually attempted to justify their piratical actions as quite excusable. All the members of the cast were excellent—each taking his or her part with great skill. Prof. H. P. Bell as the non-swearing Capt. Deuteronomy Bimbo was very good and actually succeeded in maintaining the essential requisite of his title during the entire play. Prof. Theakston as the gunner was perhaps the most lively and realistic of the cast. We were glad to see that Prof. MacDonald can prey on commerce with the same ability as he can play for Commerce. Prof. George Henderson and Miss Orpheus McNutt in their respective roles of Mr. Driscoll, the captured merchant and his daughter Lydia, gave convincing characterizations of the frenzied terror which can fill the human heart when it knows not what awaits it. As the mate of Mr. Driscoll's ship, Prof. C. L. Bennett did a strenuous part with "A plus" excellence, wrenching a "spike-nailed" chair from the floor with amazing ease to defend his sweetheart Lydia.

As usual, the costumes and stage settings were all that could be desired—the Glee Club's sincere thanks being due to Major Prideaux for invaluable assistance in this line. It is to be hoped that the realization of their dramatic capa-

bilities will lead the professors to decide to give a short play each year in future for they certainly can act and nobody can say "may be."

**Criticism of Shaw's St. Joan**

**Justification for Joan's Fate and other interesting points dealt with.**

The following are a few striking excerpts from an article by Prof. A. S. P. Woodhouse of Manitoba University entitled "Shaw's Dialogues Probable Impossibilities!"

St. Joan is at once a historical drama and a tragedy—The title "St. Joan" a Chronical Play, shows clearly that Shaw had the Elizabethan type of play in mind—One brilliant scene, to me the most interesting in the play, is set in the tent of the English commander.

There Shaw gives to Warwick and Cauchon something of his own boasted insight into medieval history. It is impossible to understand St. Joan, says Shaw unless you understand mediaeval Catholicism, the Holy Roman Empire, and Feudalism. You must also, if you are to accept the Shavian interpretation of Joan of Arc, know something of the forces that emerged to do battle with this trinity of powers, namely, Protestantism or individualism, and Nationalism. Nothing is more remarkable in the play than the manner in which Shaw conveys through the mouths of Joan's contemporaries his own ideas on the real issue involved in her career—Cauchon and Lemaitre have to make intelligible, not only themselves, but the church and the Inquisition just as Warwick has to make the feudal system intelligible, the three between them having thus to make a twentieth century audience conscious of an epoch fundamentally different from its own. Obviously the real Cauchon, Lemaitre and Warwick could not have done this—In presenting Joan herself, no such device is used. The saint is a genius but she is completely unconscious of the mighty forces ranged for and against her; and she goes on blindly to her doom. Life to Joan, as perhaps to all reformers, is simplified to the point of unreality. What she sees is not a death struggle between the rival spirits of two ages but a very deplorable situation in her beloved France—St. Joan like more than one of the heroes of Carlyle is at once visionary and practical; her insight comes in the form of intuitive perceptions, not as the result of patient enquiry. She explains this insight to herself and to others as a direct revelation but is nevertheless susceptible of the reasoned defence which she cannot give it. Her councils are practical councils; they take Orleans and they crown the Dauphin.

Some people will say that Joan was too virtuous and too noble for the world in which she lived. Others will see in her character a fatal lack of knowledge about herself and about her surroundings, the shoal on which many a tragic hero has foundered. Both judgments are probably true. The close of the play is profoundly tragic. That Joan's death is not a punishment for crimes worthy of death goes without saying.—In the epilogue there is a magnificent tribute of the people who had killed Joan or had let her be slain. The Princes of the Church praise thee—The dying soldiers praise thee.—The tormentors and the executioners praise thee.

According to Shaw the fate of Joan was inevitable. She was not condemned herself—She and her judges alike did what they did for the best. That is the pity of it. If Joan had been condemned by corrupt men, if she had been condemned for the sake of the cause for which Warwick stood then we should have had melodrama perhaps, but not tragedy. Shaw is quite specific on this point. There are no villains in this piece, says Shaw—She was condemned by innocent, nay by benevolent men, not by criminals. It is what normally innocent people do that concerns us—We experience the emotions of pity and terror; pity that St. Joan should perish; terror lest we should be found among her judges—A great tragedy helps to clear our vision. It makes us doubt our individual wisdom; it increases our charity towards the weakness of others; at the same time it sharpens our perception of human weakness and nobility. That in some measure at least is the effect achieved by Shaw's "St. Joan."

**PRETTY MUSICAL PLAY TO BE PRESENTED BY DALHOUSIE STUDENTS.**

Friday, February 26th, is the date set for Saturday, February 6th, big 1926 Musical Comedy, "Honi Soit—". On that night the gymnasium ought to be packed, for the managing committee are doing their utmost to secure proper seating and costumes for this bright musical play. The show, which is being directed by J. P. Connolly is complete with the best opera music, side-cracking comedy, and pretty dancing. It is entirely a Dalhousie production and from start to finish ought to be a great success. When the curtain goes up "Honi Soit—" every student and friend of Dalhousie should be there.

**DELTA GRAMMA MEETING**

The regular meeting of Delta Gamma for Saturday, February 6th, took the form of a skating party. Having relieved themselves of much surplus energy in divers antics and gymnastics at the Dal. rink the girls returned to Shirreff Hall. In the absence of the President, the short business meeting was in charge of the Vice-President, Jean Messinger. The Junior-Senior criticism was well discussed but no definite decision about it was reached. The proposal to abolish it altogether, was offered, but before such an important change could be made in our unwritten constitution more members must be present. Hot coffee, brown bread and doughnuts ended the discussion and after a pleasant social chat before the fire, the meeting broke up.

**POUR RIRE.**

A Versailles, dans l'immense cour du Château, Marie—sept ans et demi—est en contemplation devant la statue équestre de Louis XIV, dressée sur son haut piédestal. Elle lui terroge: —Quel est ce monsieur, papa, qui est monté sur ce grand cheval? —Le roi Louis XIV, ma petite. —Et qu'est-ce qu'il fait, ce roi? —Rien—rien—il est mort.

Un silence. Marie réité:hit: —Dis, papa, quand je serai morte, tu me choisiras un cheval pas trop grand et pas trop méchant, n'est-ce pas? Une malade est chez le docteur.

Celui-ci l'ausculte, la prie de lui montrer sa langue. Après l'avoir examinée: Votre langue, madame, est bien meilleure aujourd'hui. D'ici trois quatre jours, vous pourrez reprendre votre activité habituelle.

A l'Hôtel de Château Fronténac, Québec.

Ma Note, garçon, s'il vous plaît —Un couvert. Un filet. Un petit pois. Pas de fromage. Une demi-bouteille de Beaufort. Un fruit. 80 francs. Pas de cigare? —Non, pas de cigare. —80 francs et pas de cigare: 85. Voilà, m'sieur! SOUVENIR.

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**Engineering Notes**

Lecture by Mr. T. Locke.

The third of the Engineering Society's series of lectures was delivered on February 5th by Mr. T. J. Locke, the district engineer of public works. Although advertised as "The Value of Experience to the Engineer," yet the main idea running through the talk might have been called "Commonsense in Engineering," and as such it contained a great many valuable suggestions for the embryo engineer.

These speaker defined engineering as "The Art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and benefit of man." Engineering is perhaps the oldest profession. The Creator was an engineer. The Egyptians with their mighty pyramids, the Greeks with their marvellous buildings, and the Romans with their magnificent system of roads which are still in existence in Europe, all show a greater knowledge of the skill and technique of engineering than can be found in the world of to-day. For a man to be the agent in carrying out any of these great works he must have four inherent qualities to act as a foundation for future training, viz. Devotion to duty, Doggedness, Discretion, and Courage. In addition he must have a technical training, and following this he must have what is most important of all, experience. This experience should be of the roughest kind. In former times a man had to serve a five years apprenticeship before he became a full fledged artisan, and he had to pay for this as a great privilege. But training is the keynote of success. Dealing with the college education of the engineer, Mr. Locke said that the associations formed at college were the foundation for the "esprit de corps" which must exist between engineers if the profession is to keep advancing. Always be loyal to you calling.

Visit to the Sackville Exchange.

On February 6th the Engineers took their second inspection trip of the season, when they were conducted through the various departments of the Sackville Telephone Exchange. The first section visited was that containing the purely automatic machinery. Here were found the long-distance relays which amplify the voice on distant messages, the ringing motor supplying the ringing power for all the telephones, on the Sackville exchange, and the measured service register which keeps count of all calls through professional phones. The most interesting thing seen here was the trouble board, a comparatively unimportant looking piece of mechanism, but one, which, with a skilled operator in charge can show the location of trouble on any of the telephone lines, down to the wire strung between two poles.

The next section visited was the Sackville central with its many switchboards and "hello" girls. Here was something of great interest and the Engineers watched with attention the operations and the operators. Each central has a certain number of subscribers to serve, but she is so situated that she can connect up any one of these subscribers with any other telephone user in Halifax. This is managed by having the switchboards arranged in multiple-series, with a certain number of girls to each series. The long-distance operators are placed at smaller switchboards in a separate room. Two highly trained operators placed apart at special boards, supervise the work of all the operators and make reports on the service. For the training of all these girls a course is given for the newcomers. After a short period of training the girls are stationed between two skilled operators, and soon become highly proficient at their work. After watching for a short time, the Engineers decided that even with Mechanics they felt rather lost in the maze of lines, and that the telephone girls had them all beaten as far as "plugging-in" their work was concerned.

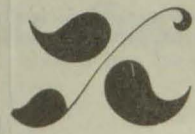
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**SPORT**

**NEWS**



**Crescents win the City Hockey League.**

Captured the title which Dal had last year by defeating Dartmouth 9-8 in a very close and well played game.

**Sport Time Table.**

Fri. 12 Dal vs. Y. M. C. A. at the "Y" Intermediate Basketball. Important game.

Sat. 13 Dal vs. Y. M. C. A. at the "Y" Senior Basketball. Deciding game.

Tues. 16 Dal vs Crescents, Arena, Senior Hockey. Pine Hill vs. St. John at Military Gym.

**Senior Basketball**

Dalhousie 35—Wanderers 14.

Dalhousie took another step towards the top when they beat the Wanderers last Saturday night in a rather slow and listless game. It was really too one-sided to be exciting, besides Dal wasn't playing her usual game at all. It started off slowly both sides trying long shots but failing to register. Then Dal woke up and ran in 20 points, keeping the Wanderers down to a lone 2. In the second the play was somewhat closer and netted Dal 15 to the Wanderers 12. But even the closeness of the score in the second failed to produce much better basketball. Dal's shooting in spite of the large score was far from accurate and it was only the worse shooting of their opponents that enabled them to win at all. They will have to show far better form against the "Y" next Saturday night if they hope to win. Next Saturday is the big game of the League. A win for Dal puts her on even terms with the "Y" a lose practically give "Y" the League. So remember Dal vs. "Y" next Saturday night.

Line up:—Langstroth 7, McLennan 14, McLeod 10, Doyle 4, Smith, Bradshaw refereed satisfactorily.

**Intermediate Basketball**

Dalhousie 42—St. George's 18.

Pine Hill 20—Y. M. C. A. 22.

Dalhousie beat St. George's and Pine Hill went down to defeat before the Y. M. C. A. at the "Y" last Friday night. In the Pine Hill game the excitement was intense for in the second period Pine Hill came from behind and exactly doubled the score of their opponents. During this game also the Pine Hill rooters had a share in the fun for Referee Williams called a foul on the gallery and awarded free shots to the "Y" as a result. The final score was 22-20. The Dalhousie team on the other hand gave St. George's a severe trouncing. St. George's were forced to play with only four men as two of their players had subbed at too many Senior games. They very sportingly went on the floor however, and in spite of their handicap gave a very good account of themselves.

Line Up:—Pine Hill—Richardson 6, McLennan, Blenkinsop 2, Brown 12, Frame, Sullivan, H. Frame, McLean, MacIntosh, Ross, Williams of the "Y" referee.

Dalhousie—Clark 17, Hewat 17, Miller 8, Jones 2, Sperry 2, Bradshaw of the "Y" referee.

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**Girls**

Dal 15—St. Agnes 11.

Dal. Girls had a very close shave against the St. Agnes in the City Girls Basketball fixture last Tuesday week. They were minus some of their regular players and, were so forced to play all their subs. It was, as a result, very closely contested and well played. However Dal managed to come out victors.

Line up:—Forwards, Phinney, Thompson; Centers: McKay, M. Thompson; Guards: McPhail, Freeman.

Though Miss Thompson scored all the baskets for Dal yet her partner Miss Phinney played a very excellent game and was indirectly responsible for many of them.

**Interfaculty**

Arts 26—Commerce 10.

In the only game Saturday afternoon the Arts men beat Commerce in a rather good game. The Arts men were never forced to extend themselves very much in order to win. Clark who is developing into a quite good player was the best man for Arts, while Grant was the pick of the Millionaires.

Arts:—Hockin 4, Jardine, Clark 10, Keating 12, Ross, Hood.

Commerce:—McColl, Harris, Macdonald 2, Meduff, Snow, Matheson, Grant 6, Miller 2.

**Changes of 20 years**

From horses and bicycles to motor cars and airplanes, such innovations as the radio and the telepix photo and their like, have characterized the rapid strides made by man during the first quarter of the twentieth century. With unerring accuracy "TIME, THE COMEDIAN" which will be shown at the Casino Theatre for three days beginning next Monday, presents a great kaleidoscope of the changes in customs and manners that have influenced the course of modern history. It is one of the most brilliant society dramas of recent years and has an extraordinary great cast headed by Lew Cody and Mae Busch. Of particular interest to Canadians will be the feature for the last half of the week, "THE CALGARY STAMPEDE" for the reason that, for the most part, the film was made in Canada, the great Calgary Rodeo of 1925 being used as the background for a thrilling story of the West in which Hoot Gibson plays the leading role.

First She—"How will I put down the hat in my expense account?"

Second She—"Oh, just charge it to overhead expense."

First—"Then what about these silk stockings?"

Second—"Necessary expenses or Running account."

Prof.—"What was the Star Chamber personnel, Mr. New?"

Him—"The Committee on Studies and Attendance, sir!"

**MAN ELOPES WITH HIS OWN WIFE AT THE MAJESTIC.**

Constance Talmadge, impersonating "Her Sister From Paris"—a twin sister—vamps her husband and induces him to elope with her. But this is only the beginning of a series of clever and delightful misunderstandings. Constance and Ronald Colman, her husband, finally discover that they are indispensable to one another and the picture ends.

"Janice Meredith" is the offering at the Majestic the first half of next week. The famous story of the Revolution is known to everybody. All the leading characters of the Revolution appear in the play and lend a most realistic and historic background to the romance in which Marion Davies stars. It is unsurpassed for magnitude, dramatic sweep and splendor of settings and costumes. It is the most authentic picture of the Revolution, yet produced, and combines with it the greatest of all famous love romances.

For the convenience of their patrons the Majestic are presenting but one performance each evening commencing at 8.15. The whole of the lower floor is reserved and tickets may be obtained in advance.

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