

Dalhousie Gazette



VOL. LXIX. NO. 1

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, OCTOBER 4th 1926

First Day of Lectures in Arts and Science

WELCOME TO DALHOUSIE!

Dalhousie will Debate Alberta

Stage Novel Contest

In November Dalhousie will debate Alberta. These two universities two thousand miles apart, will engage in a novel contest—a correspondence debate. The Gazette will announce in its next issue to whom falls the honour of representing Dalhousie. The subject will be compulsory lecture attendance.

On each team there will be two debaters—probably, though not necessarily a woman and a man—who combine "debating ability and journalistic skill". The resolution will be to this effect: That compulsory attendance at university lectures is in the best interests of the student body. Dalhousie will have the negative.

The speeches will appear simultaneously in the Gateway—University of Alberta publication—and the Gazette. Alberta's leader will begin the debate. When the "speech" reaches Dalhousie, both papers will print it. Dalhousie's leader will have two days to mail Alberta a return speech, which will in turn appear in the two papers. The second Alberta debater replies. Then the second Dalhousian. The Dalhousie rebuttal will follow. Alberta's rebuttal will complete the debate. The judges, who will probably be the editors of the Canadian college publications, will then give their decision. The Gazette extends to all its readers a cordial invitation to be present.

The debate is due to Western initiative—particularly to the efforts of Max Wershof, News Editor of the Gateway.

Gazette will Award Regular Prizes

We take pleasure in announcing regular Gazette prizes for writing English. Prof. C. L. Bennet, Mr. Arthur L. Murphy last year's editor and second year medical, and Prof. Gowanloch have consented to act as judges. The prizes will take the form of books.

The following regulations will govern their award:

1. The Gazette will give one verse and two prose prizes at the completion of each group of four issues. Thus there will be five competitions—fifteen prizes in all. The announcement of winners will appear in the fifth, ninth, thirteenth, seventeenth, and twentieth Gazettes.

2. The prizes will go to the best contributions. "Best" is to mean of most value to the Gazette. A contribution of much interest to many students would be very valuable to the Gazette; you can see the "headstart" which that gives to humour. On the other hand a contribution which interests only a few, might merit a prize. Whatever you submit for publication the Gazette will consider an entry. It may be the account of a basket-ball game, or an ode to immortality. It is no difference—the only qualification is that it be English.

3. The competition is open to every student except the editor.

The Gazette will appear, after the present number, Thursday forenoon as usual and in its usual form—four pages. If you want space in a particular Gazette you should submit your contributions early—Thursday of the week before if possible. Notices or announcements, if you give them or telephone them to one of the editors personally, we will do our best to insert so late as Tuesday.

The Gazette asks those who are interested in reporting to please drop their names in one of the Gazette boxes.

Dents Elect Omer Taylor

At a meeting of the Dental Society held Saturday, September 18th, Mr. Omer Taylor of Glace Bay was elected to preside over the destinies of the Dental entry in the Interfaculty Football League.

It is probable that the Pharmacy students will combine with Dentistry this year which with the influx of new talent in the faculty, should give the Dents a strong team.

A Message of Welcome to New Students

FOR the sixty fourth time in succession since her reorganization in 1863 Dalhousie opens her doors to greet again the old students and welcome the new. At each spring convocation we feel that the University cannot be quite the same again after the departure of so many students who have lived up to her traditions so well and have become part and parcel of her life. Yet, when registration week comes round each fall and we scan the throng of the hundreds of new faces who come to offer themselves to replace the old, we never fail to have the same feeling of relief and satisfaction come to us and to be able to say to ourselves—it is the good old Dalhousie Breed, our honour and reputation will be safe in their hands. It is Dalhousie's greatest pride that she can draw this kind to her halls. So, in the name of the University, I welcome warmly each new Dalhousian, and wish and hope that his stay may be profitable and happy.

May I say to the new student that at no period of his career will life hold so many possibilities for real happiness as during his student days; they may be made the halcyon days of life. By happiness I do not mean mere recreation or empty pleasure. The University assumes that you have come to her in order to profit by the academic opportunities she offers. The student who combines his academic and non-academic activities in the proper proportions will get the most out of his stay and be the farthest on the road to true happiness and of the most value to his fellow men.



Dalhousie University,
September 28, 1926.

President.

ALUMNI ATTENTION

The last (March) issue of your paper—The Dalhousie Alumni News—dealt almost entirely with undergraduate life and problems. Two writers concerned themselves particularly with certain undergraduate disaffections. They and all other alumni will rejoice to hear that undergraduates see no cause for alarm.

This issue of the News, including these two letters, is significant to the Gazette. It assures us of the Alumni's interest in the undergraduate.

One of Alumni's most important functions, we believe, is looking after the students' interests, which are the interests of the University.

One of the Gazette's most important functions, we believe, is to render the Alumni an accurate account of undergraduate life.

The Gazette without the Alumni has no root; the Alumni without the Gazette has no fruit.

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Cambridge Team to Debate Dal

Sodales Plans Big Year

The debating society is looking forward to a very successful season. Most of our old debaters are returning. Men who have not previously debated are showing an interest from which a regular attendance at Sodales may be prophesied. It is said that there is some excellent material in the freshman class.

The imperial debaters are visiting Dalhousie early this year. A team from Cambridge University will be here about the latter part of November. Previous visits of the Imperial debaters have aroused great interest; and no doubt the same will be taken this year. The subjects which have been submitted are as follows:

- (1) That the study of Latin and Greek in English and American colleges should be abolished. (Cambridge negative.)
- (2) That this house opposes the growing tendency of Government to invade the rights of individuals. (Cambridge negative.)
- (3) That this house regrets the large part played by Advertising in modern life. (Cambridge affirmative.)

The second subject is likely to be the subject for trial debates.

A meeting of Sodales will shortly be called to consider matters in reference to this debate and also other business. All members of the University interested in debating are urged not to miss this meeting. A very cordial welcome is extended to first year students.

Glee Club President Does not Return

Students will learn with regret that Gordon Graham, President of the Glee Club, has decided not to return this year. Glee Club goes—practically the whole college last year—particularly will be disappointed, for Dalhousie expected the Glee Club in his hands to repeat its success of last year. Graham's absence will involve the election of a new president. Those responsible will do well to look after this at once.

Graham belongs to Law '28. Another year we hope he will be again with us.

Gentlemen—the Coach

In signing Mr. C. R. Chipman, of this city as coach for this year's Football Team the Dalhousie Amateur Athletic Club made a choice that will go far to stimulate interest and hopes in the League games this year.

Mr. Chipman is best remembered as Coach of the 1923 Champion Team which, if memory serves right, was only scored on once all year—a drop-kick by Ritchie McCoy of the Wanderers ruining an otherwise perfect record. The team of that year made an enviable record in the City League games and ended by handing the St. F. X. Team, Intercollegiate champions of that year, a 32-0 defeat.

Dalhousie has not been so successful in football of late years but with the event of Mr. Chipman we once more hope to see those halcyon days of 1923 repeated.

We congratulate the D. A. A. C. on securing Mr. Chipman—and, if we may be pardoned for lack of seeming modesty, we also congratulate Mr. Chipman.

No word has come to Dalhousie about the proposed conference of Canadian colleges to consider the formation of a National Student Union. Students will remember that the Council appointed Fred MacInnes to represent Dalhousie if the Conference should materialize. The imperial debaters who visited Canada last year were responsible for starting this movement.

The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869).

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Freshman!

At last you have arrived. Dalhousie has been expecting you, though you may not have known until this very fall that you were coming, for over a hundred years. All that time we have been getting ready—gathering an increasing variety of minds for yours to brush against, struggling to be able to accommodate you, building the alumni to whom we owe the advantages you will enjoy. Look about you—go down to the Grand Parade where Dalhousie modestly began, visit the old Forrest Building, which until a few years ago housed the whole university, see the thousands of books in the Library; everywhere you will find the results of sacrifice and struggle. And all for you! Will you justify Dalhousie's expectations? Will you realize your responsibility? Will you accept the challenge?

This is a glad time. You who come now take the places of those who "with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow"—to use the words of Class Day orators—left us in the spring. Unlike Convocation the fall opening is a wholly joyous occasion—and the freshman is the man of the hour.

Be not surprised if no one rushes to greet you; we are retiring people at Dalhousie. Indeed, until the sophomores have welcomed you, the rest of us have to stand by. Even when they have done, we shall be apt to forget that we should go out of our way to make your acquaintance. You may find the burden of making friends thrust upon you. It is an enjoyable task; accept it gladly.

The Gazette wants to help you. This issue, of which you are the reader of honour, is an attempt to put you upon your feet and to help you begin college right. It may be worth saving; first, it will serve as a Dalhousie guidebook; second, it contains much advice—at once poor stuff and what you will get most of in the next few weeks. You will have no use for advice until questions arise in your mind—it then becomes wanted information and valuable.

You have probably come to Dalhousie without a definite purpose in life—without having decided what you will do for a living or whether you will do it for a living or for some other purpose. It may be for this very reason that you have come to college. You may be well satisfied—whether this be so or not—if you have found, when you leave college, where your interests and abilities lie. That is no mean task for four years. Many men and women never discover their talents; some only find them late in life. Ralph Connor, whom many freshmen admire, the Rev. Charles Gordon discovered only by an accident. You may have come to college to acquire learning; that is not enough if you are going to find out what you can do. In that pursuit you will learn little of yourself that you do not know already. Busy yourself, take advantage of the varied opportunities which college presents. Go to Sodales, see if you can learn to speak—you may be a Gladstone. Go to the football field—discover if you can think quickly, whether you can pass the ball to the right man at the right moment. Attend the S. B. B. C. meetings; if you can play a good hand at auction bridge—an intellectual game if ever there was one, you will go far yet. Go to the Library, search out the best books, learn to like a good story. Have you perseverance? do not forget track and gymnasium. Attend your class parties, knock about the college—if you are a mixer, you may make a great salesman; do not avoid committees—if you have executive ability as well as sociability, we may make of you a prime minister. When you have tried these pursuits you will have begun to live. You may not find four years enough to investigate these varied activities. Do not for that reason do nothing: he is a sorry student who graduates with only a diploma.

All these pursuits will avail you nothing if you neglect the betterment of your mind. Our rather fine pretext for gathering at the university is learning. A certain proficiency in this activity is essential to your remaining here; if you can find the right attitude toward it, your study will be valuable for its own sake. There are certain precautions. If you have a dull lecturer or a poor teacher, do not blame the subject he is murdering; pity it, see if you can get interest in it sufficient to outweigh the subject-icide. If you find your subject dull, you may be sure the fault is with yourself. Keep always in mind some purpose for your studies; a few see relations between the various subjects they study, and think they are doing a great day's work; a few see "practical" value in their studies; a few there are who delight in their studies' unpracticality; most do not think at all. For yourself—study only what you like and like what you think you ought to study. In your enthusiasm do not allow study to grow out of proportion to its value; keep in mind what Prof. Maxwell calls marginal utility—a time will come when one hour's worth of something else will be worth one hundred hours' worth of study; hence holidays—and compulsory attendance.

You will be surprised to find, if you consider the university concerned with the problem of living, no religious instruction. You will have to work out for yourself your attitudes—your attitude toward work, toward your fellow students, your attitude toward life. Christ is taboo in the classrooms. You may be well saturated already, though few freshmen are, with Christianity. The most important Christian ideas you will run into again and again as you read; today you do not have to go to the gospels to know the Christian principles. If you do go to them, the average freshman will put his thinking ahead about two years; if, on the other hand, he waits until he is a senior, and he has used the four years, a study of the gospels will be of little value. If you make much progress in a study of Jesus by yourself you are fortunate; the group method is the foundation of the Student Christian Movement, which has happened upon a good guidebook also. The S. C. M. is a university within a would-be university. If you keep your ears and eyes open your mind and personality will grow on the campus and at the games, in the classrooms and in the smoking rooms.

Whatever you do, do wholeheartedly. Go to a game because you want to go; if you believe in rooting, root heartily. Do not hesitate, because you are a freshman to turn out for a university team—a freshman has a name to make; express your opinions—you are lucky to have them; be wholehearted and honest and enthusiastic. You will meet the man—if you act as you should—who considers you too fresh; ignore him—he will condemn you again for a lack of college spirit. If you have the right stuff in you, you will want to defer to your seniors—who will accept your deference not without embarrassment—as to your juniors; you will be modest even as a graduate is modest. You will be a Dalhousian.

WANDERLUST.

It's noontide there in the smiling West, in the golden West and free,
A thousand, thousand scenes fly back on the wings of memory.
They bear my spirit away with them and leave me there to play,
And my eager feet are free again to travel the King's Highway.

It's noontide here in the smiling West, the dew is dry on the hill—
But, oh to be in the East once more, where it's night and cool, and still!

The New Year

For us whose place of business is the university, October marks the New Year. Now and not January, if we do this thing, is the time for resolutions. An October resolution is one of the most effective of resolutions. Suppose a student determines now to study consistently during the whole year; today—the first day of lectures, supposing him an Arts student—he goes to the Library and begins work; at once he is ahead of the game, and in study particularly it is easier to keep a lead than to keep abreast. His resolution will have effect. Suppose on the other hand that he waits to make his resolution until 1927: his task will be gigantic—he will have to throw from about his neck all the habits of laziness which he has acquired during October, November, December—probably impossible. A resolution is one of the most useful tricks in our trade: let us use it to the best advantage.

Resolutions, if they are to be of any value, presuppose thought. Let us not make snap resolutions. Unless we have already taken time, let us pause for a moment and consider what we are going to do. Let us leave for a while the handshaking turmoil of old and new Dalhousians, let us forget for a time the mad rush for "education", and think what we will do. We will reflect first of all that our year is valuable. We shall have only about fifty more of them; we had better make this year of some value for its own sake, make it more than preparatory—we had better enjoy it. The year is valuable in another way: we have come here because we believe the university will benefit us; there are few among us who can afford to stay here indefinitely. Unless we are fooling ourselves here at Dalhousie we have now an opportunity that we will not have again. Let us think of these things. We will also reflect on the relative values of various activities—for there is none among us who thinks a merely passive part sufficient: we will consider the relative values of work and play, of intellectual and of physical exercise. We will strike a nice balance. We will take time, right now—at the beginning of the new year, to work these things out.

Then, when we have resolved on the several courses which we shall pursue, we will set about our business with a heart. Let us make Dalhousie "go round" as she never went round before. Let us study earnestly and play heartily—let us carry out our aims and our resolutions; let us make the new year the biggest Glee Club we ever had; let the new year have a better. Last year we had the best Glee Club we ever had; let the new year have a better. Last year we had the best interfaculty sport we ever had; let the new year have better. Last year we had the keenest debating trials we ever had; let the new year have better. Last year we had the best Gazette we ever had; let the new year have a better. Remarkable achievements for a single year; let the new year have better. **Let us make 1926-27 Dalhousie's.**

A Freshmen Reception?

Until last year one of the best of Dalhousie institutions was the Freshmen's Reception. It lost its position only because it ceased to exist.

The Freshmen's Reception, students will remember, took the form of a supper. Not a dance nor anything in which some would be unable to participate. In addition to the freshmen, the heads of the various college societies and a number of representatives of the faculty attended. After the meal, whose informality put everybody at ease, these supernumeraries talked to the guests of honour. It was the task of the professors to prove themselves human—a task well begun when the meal was over. The student leaders presented to the freshmen their various societies. The freshman learned that Sodales was a debating society, learned that he was welcome on the football field, heard a student, dressed as any other student, talk about Jesus publicly. The Reception gave the freshman a good perspective of college and its activities; the freshman of those days got a better start at this college business than did last year's freshman.

The old Dalhousie Y. M. C. A. instituted the Freshmen's Reception. When the S. C. M. succeeded the Y. M. C. A. it inherited the Freshmen's Reception. Last year the S. C. M. executive felt that the banquet was helping to create a false idea of the Movement, and decided to discontinue it. The S. C. M. hoped that the Council of the Students would take up the Freshmen's Reception—probably no one brought the matter to the Council's attention.

It would seem a pity to allow this institution to go into the discard. It is one of the few ways in which we can as a body help to smoothe the difficult road of the freshman. The students certainly wish to help the freshman—there is, for example, the dance—we call it the Students' Council Dance—which we give at the beginning of each term in honour, though we sometimes forget it, of the new students. While one of those dances costs us two or three hundred dollars, a Freshmen's Reception, which would be of more value to more freshmen, would cost only about fifty dollars. Surely we can afford it. The S. C. M. is perhaps not the society to hold it; Dalhousie is non-sectarian and Jews particularly do not feel at home at S. C. M. functions; nor is there any reason, other than that it has always done so, for the S. C. M. to undertake it.

The undertaking is a privilege in which all students should have a share. Let the Council of the Students, which alone represents us, consider the matter before it is too late. There will be no doubt as to the result of their consideration.

To Music

Music, what influence thou hast for me
To sooth my anger or provoke my mirth—
What mystic power thou hast, what sympathy!

Transportest thou my soul above the earth,
I live above this mortal frame and hear
The cry of suffering humanity
Blended with angel voices. But I fear
To list too long, lest human sanity
Be changed to madness.

Oft thou showest me
Glimpses of Dreamland, but they are so brief
I only see afar an azure sea
On which white sails stand out in far-relief
And hear near by a haunting low refrain,
But cannot tell the source. The curtain falls
And leaves me filled with pleasure and with pain.

Sometimes I hear the bubbling laughing calls
Of Puck and all his fellows, or I see
The fairies dance upon a moonlit lawn.
Mayhap a host of goblins grin with glee
To fright the fairies 'till the hour of dawn.

At times I see, in fragrant gardens, warm
Beneath the sunset's glow, a lady white
A gallant knight beside. They fear no harm
And, happy-eyed, walk in the falling night.

Again I move through vistas long and green,
To find myself 'neath arches dimly high,
And hear deep organ music throb unseen,
Through spaces vast and in the distance sigh.

And yet again I hear the waters dare
With mighty strength to throw great waves on high
To cleanse the heavy thunder-laden air
And quench the lightning in the cloudy sky.

Anon thou liest me to realms unseen,
Where, far from mundane thoughts, thou teachest me
That over all, and robed in love's soft sheen
There dwells a great and mighty Diety.

—Rowena Gould.

Sympathy

Dalhousians sympathize with Max MacOdrum in the loss of his wife and child. Max was one of the best-known and most popular members of Arts '23, and his bereavement, but a year after his marriage, came as a great shock to all his friends.

A September Day

From across the lake comes a medley of clinking sounds telling of cows feeding on the luxuriant after-grass. The staccato knock of the hammer at intervals suggests the farmer patching his house and out-buildings. The harvesting of his hay and grain crops over he sets about making repairs lest the coming winter's snow and sleet find a way in.

Another sound pervades the air yet does not exclude the hearing dimly of more distant sounds. It is the cricket hiding in the grass and singing his incessant song. His note is neither full of hope nor of sadness. He attunes his voice to the season of the year,—happy at once in the sunshine and warmth of the day yet sad with the thoughts of their shortness.

A belated bee flies murmuring from golden rod to aster gathering the last sips of nectar lest its winter store be not enough.

Noisy and querulous crows fly with angry caws over tree-top and field and are answered by a lone mate in an equally petulant mood.

A gentle wind brings to my ears the faint pattering of the poplar leaves and an occasional splashing as the wavelets reach an unkindly shore.

The sky is cloudless except just above the horizon where a filmy haze, overlying the blueness, changes it to a whitish yellow. In places this smoky vapor assumes a strata-like formation between the layers of which a blue appears but not so deep as that in the dome of the sky. In another quarter the vapor appears as smoke from a fire beyond the sky-line. In a few places the pure blue of the heavens extends almost to the horizon.

A poised, vibrant stillness broods over hill and vale broken only by sounds which but accentuate the quiet.

Autumn has crept upon the wake of summer. —F

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

We congratulate Prof. Munro on his new responsibility. We further congratulate him on the courage which allows not even the American constitution to intimidate him. That charter declares that all men are equal; the new Superintendent of Education proposes a system of education that will recognize the truth that all men are not equal.

Sid Gilchrist has returned from Alberta—he wants a Dal degree. MacGregor Grant also will be here, rumour says. With these two reliables back, Sodales is sure to do well.

There is one particular in which Sodales and Glee Club might well co-operate. Both societies generally hold their meetings on Wednesdays. Last year Glee Club met almost fortnightly; Sodales' constitution declares its meetings to be fortnightly also. It would be a good idea if the executives of the two societies would arrange to hold their meetings on alternate Wednesdays. This would have advantages: the knowledge that these societies were meeting on certain nights would augment attendance; also we could keep these nights open. Shall we make Wednesday night college night?

Since Graduation the Perfect Class of 1926 has become—the English Department to the contrary notwithstanding—more perfect. Scholarships have fallen to two of its members: Ellen Barnstead will be at Toronto and Jarvis MacCurdy at Harvard. Congratulations.

Other universities are bound they will enjoy some of Dalhousie's advantages. This summer Dr. MacMechan delivered a series of lectures at Harvard.

The Dental Dean—Dr. Thomson—picked up an honorary degree this summer. More congratulations.

Some of the parents of Mel '31 members must be getting worried. Dalhousie has changed its course so often that this year there are men in first year medicine for the third time without ever having had a pluck.

The Gazette will accept contributions to this column.

Frequenters of the MacDonald Library will welcome the handsome clock which Class '22 has put there as its memorial. The class has not yet decided when it will have the official presentation.

Patronize Your Advertisers!

Make 1926-27 A Banner Year!

Sodales, President, Tells How to Avoid the Most Irreparable of Misfortunes

The Editor-in-Chief of the Dalhousie Gazette, with his usual interest in all societies which exist for the good of the student body has given me the opportunity of introducing to the new students, through the columns of his paper, Sodales Debating Society. It is with the greatest pleasure that I take advantage of the privilege so graciously offered to me.

The advantages of such a society as Sodales are not generally realized. Many think it exists only for what the late Hon. John W. Longely would call "Heaven born Orators". Such a conception entirely misses the mark, for no student is so dull that his wits can not be sharpened in the arena of debate and no undergraduate is so halting in his speech that he can not acquire an easy platform manner. Do not be discouraged if your tongue, "cleaves to the roof of your mouth," for Demosthenes was just such a one as you before he discovered the pebble.

The advantages of taking part in a Debating Society such as Sodales are namely three:

1. Sodales is a place to learn something of the art of public speaking. The press and the platform are the most potent factors in influencing public opinion. Therefore anyone who desires to be a leader in any field whatsoever should be either a good speaker or a good writer. Moral: Make use of Sodales and the Dalhousie Gazette.

2. There is no way to learn a subject like debating on it. We who study from text books are very liable to get into the habit of learning things parrot fashion.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT The Most Interesting and Valuable Group Activity to be Found on the Campus.

You ask me what the S.C.M. is and does. It is a little difficult to say. Whatever it is, it is the result of the human longing to understand and appreciate God. What are the highest and best things in life, and how may they be attained? This question has been asked since the beginning of time, but still it is always new. The keen desire to find the answer is the motive back of the S. C. M. The activities which the movement carries on, and the emphasis placed on each, vary from year to year, according to the view of the different individuals who are its members.

This is not very definite is it? As a matter of fact, the S. C. M. almost boasts of its vagueness of definition. There are no rules laid down to guide its development. But, of course, the tend of that development must be toward the goal outlined above.

It might be said that the movement is a personal thing and not a collective thing. If a group desires to find truth, or to attain the highest life, it must be because each member is seeking to do so. But one can be of great help to another. That is the reason for the fact that the S. C. M. has an organization. It is an attempt to bring together individuals with the common aim of attaining the highest. Some of the most valuable experiences derived from college life come from association with other students. The S. C. M. offers an opportunity for what is probably the most interesting and valuable group activity to be found on the campus, bar none.

Now it is a fact, that consciously or unconsciously, every one of us is seeking the best to be found in life. There is a great difference of opinion as to the means. This is something which is very important, and needs to be given real thought. The S. C. M. gives a great deal of assistance to the student who wishes to investigate and find the best means.

You can see from this that it can mean a great deal in the life of the student. Some students have said that it is the most worthwhile thing that they had met at college. They came from all faculties. They realized the opportunity which was theirs only while at college and took full advantage of it.

The Movement offers the same opportunity to you.

E. BINNEY FAIRBANKS,
President Men's Branch.

ORA ET LABORA.

Gerald and Henry Godsoe are back with us at college, having spent the summer in Quebec, where they were securing their Ph. D's. But, gentle reader, Ph. D. means Post Hole Digger, for that is just what these two popular brothers were doing—digging post holes for a telegraph company.

Ewan Clark and Winfrid Henley have preached all summer in the West.

There is a danger that our minds will become as lifeless as the wax which is written over by the Gramophone record maker's needle. A rough and tumble debate however soon arouses the crammer from his mental stagnation; and he sees all round a subject instead of seeing only the text book author's view.

3. Debating sharpens the wits. It is one thing to memorize a lecturer's notes and quite another to have to rebut an opponent in five minutes time, who is mercilessly destroying a case that you had thought to be hole proof. That kind of thing will give your cerebral-cortex such a massage that your synapses will not know what struck them.

For these reasons alone it should be clear that Sodales has something for every undergraduate. You may not all be ambitious to become spell binders, but every one of you will do well to store your memory and sharpen your wits by spirited discussions upon questions of the day.

Do not be bashful about expressing your opinions. At Sodales you will have a sympathetic audience. Furthermore while of course modesty is a jewel, bashfulness often deprives students of half the benefits of college life. Make yourselves known either to me or to some other member of the executive of Sodales. We are interested in you all.

Lastly watch the notice board. An announcement of a meeting of Sodales will be on it soon so if you don't watch the notice board every day you may be the victim of that most irreparable of misfortunes, the missing of the first meeting of Sodales.

—Herbert A. Davidson.

A Follower Presents the Glee Club

Among all the student societies and organizations of a college, there is none which claims the interest and support of the entire student body to the extent that the Glee Club does. Moreover, since it is open to all students and under no obligation, its success depends on their voluntary support, just as its failure depends on their lack of it.

The truth of the above statement is well borne out by the records of the last two years at Dalhousie. The session 1924-25 was a very poor one for the Glee and Dramatic Club. Practically nothing at all was done before Christmas and even afterwards there was very little interest shown. Last session, however, the Club had a very successful year—meetings were held practically every three weeks and some very creditable—even ambitious—entertainments were provided. These last consisted of short plays—musical numbers etc. and two more elaborate productions of the opposite type. Through the efforts of J. L. L. Chisholm '27, a male chorus was organized and this group was heard several times in very finely rendered numbers. An orchestra, also, was formed under the baton of Miss Jean Shaw '27; but the session being then well advanced, it was heard but once—much to the regret of all.

A distinct novelty was "Faculty Night"—when the entire programme was furnished by members of the faculty and which proved to be one of the most memorable evenings of the year. Not many of us will forget the amazing ease with which the Herculean Prof. Bennett wrenched the spike-nailed chair from the cabin-floor of the pirate ship!

All these features of the Glee Club's activities will probably be continued this year—with, of course, the regular informal dance after each show. The

THE GAZETTE INTRODUCES ITSELF.

The DALHOUSIE GAZETTE speaks for itself. The following extract from the "Prologus" which appeared in 1869 when there was no other college paper in Canada, continues to express the Gazette's purpose:

"The Gazette is to represent the views of the Students, to advocate their interests and strive in all things to cultivate that love and intensify the sympathy that should exist between Alumni. The editors are to be little more than judicious censors, to select wisely what shall be published, to endeavor in a new sense, to practice the art of putting things, and by worthy service hope to earn the praise of being faithful Exponents of Students' views. If among much that may prove dull there be found some sparkling pleasure or wholesome goods let it expiate the fault. When you find many blemishes, learn to avoid them, and ere you condemn produce a work more faultless, while we timidly suggest the words of Horace:

"Carmen sequar, ut sibi quivis
Speret idem,
Sudet multum frustraue laborat,
Ausus idem."

Welcome

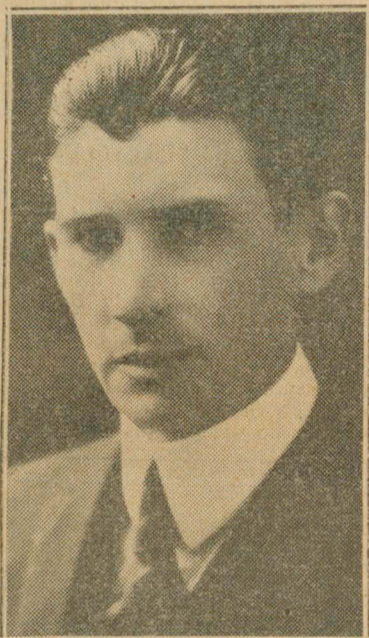
Time rolls its ceaseless course. Again we are gathered together within the historic halls of old Dalhousie, and as usual we have in our midst annual influx of newcomers.

To those who already enjoy the name, Dalhousian, I extend hearty greetings, and sincere thanks for past favors. Their unanimous sentiment, I feel sure I am voicing when I extend in their behalf, a hearty welcome to those who are entering the university for the first time.

To you, strangers within our gates, we offer our goodwill and friendship. We hope that your expectations may be fulfilled, and your ambitions realized. We wish you success in the course you are commencing, and hope to hail you some day as worthy graduates. We trust too that in the attainment of your main purpose here, you may also lend your support and influence to every phase of student activity; so that, by united effort with older Dalhousians, you will assist to make 1926-27 a banner year in the annals of our University.

—Fred MacInnes.

Council President



F. W. MacINNES, President of Council of the Students, who welcomes new students.

"Sing Songs" of former years will likely be resumed also for 1926-27.

So, Dalhousie Students new and old, get behind the Glee Club and give it the support that will make it as successful as it was last year anyway. The least you can do is to turn out to every meeting; and if you have any talent for music or dramatics, give it freely to make the entertainments as enjoyable as possible for your less gifted fellow students. Even though you may not be able to take "high C" and hold it till the janitor comes around to lock up the building, or play Tannhauser's Triumph in twenty-two flats with your eyes shut, yet your efforts will be appreciated to the full by the male chorus or the orchestra and by the whole student body. By giving of your best to her Glee Club, you are giving of your best to Dalhousie. Remember, she needs and desires it—now, especially when you are under her roof, as well as in later years when you will have passed from her portals to bring honor to her name.

F. C. Page.

Dalhousie Will Win if We Stand Side by Side in Support of Her

Editor, Dalhousie Gazette,
Sir:—At the beginning of another academic year with its correlative athletic season, may I be permitted to use your pages for the purpose of making a few remarks regarding the Dalhousie Amateur Athletic Club.

To those who are entering the University for the first time the D. A. A. C. extends a cordial welcome. Upon registration at the University Office you become a member of the Club and as such you are entitled to those privileges which the Club is able to extend to you. They include primarily an opportunity of competing for a position on any of Dalhousie's athletic teams, a chance to represent your faculty in the Inter-faculty League, use of the Gymnasium, Track, Rink and Playing Field, attendance at all meetings of the Club and a voice in the athletic affairs of your College. These are some of the advantages of holding a D. A. A. C. membership card, and it is my earnest request that full use of them be made.

To all members of the Student Body of Dalhousie, I wish to make it clearly understood that you are members of the D. A. A. C., entitled to all its privileges, and expected to give in return the best of your athletic ability, or at least, your loyal support. We cannot all make the first teams but we can one and all, stand behind the efforts of those who represent us on the field of play, by taking an active interest in the doings of the different teams, by turning out to the practices and by attending the games and cheering the players on to victory or helping them smile in the face of defeat. This we can do at least, and this help, little though it may seem, is bound to make its valuable presence known.

Here I must state that in my opinion the athletic privileges and opportunities of Dalhousie University are not sufficiently appreciated and realized by the Student Body as a whole, or by the members of the Student Body individually. Possibly serious and arduous academic application on the part of the students accounts for this fact, but much as I would like to entertain this possibility I fear it is not the only explanation.

especially as the men in the professional faculties find the time to fill the greater number of places on the first teams. Much as I deplore the thought I firmly believe there to be a serious lack of interest in Dalhousie's Athletics, existing within the precincts of the University. Lack of interest kills any project. If the above conclusion is founded on fact and not only on my humble opinion, we, as Dalhousians, are faced with a duty to our University to stimulate interest in her doings and activities both athletic and otherwise. Are we going to meet it—or are we going to lie down, to quit, to declare ourselves beaten before we start; because to my mind that is just what the proposition means. Spirit makes the team; and interest, enthusiasm and support create that spirit.

Our academic duties come first and foremost—fulfill them, but at the same time let us remember that we have another duty, one which displays more than anything else our loyalty to our Alma Mater, namely, that of support in Dalhousie's athletics. Our Club is run with the sanction and approval of the President and Senate who want Dalhousie to win; her Graduates want Dalhousie to win; we all want Dalhousie to win.....and Dalhousie WILL win if we stand side by side in support of her.

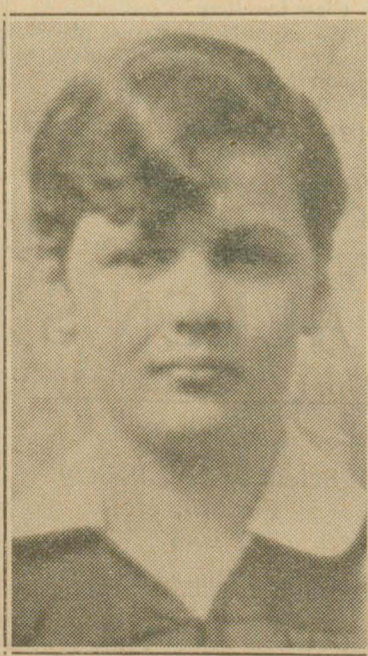
I thank you, Sir, for the privilege of using your columns for these remarks which I hope may be of some benefit to the D. A. A. C. Before closing I should like to say that it is a source of satisfaction to me to know that the D. A. A. C. has the sympathetic support of the officers of this year's Students Council. The Council's support is the start of a successful season—the students' support is the assurance of a successful season, and by successful I do not necessarily mean a series of victories, but rather a furtherance and development of that spirit of true sportsmanship which makes the real athlete, the real loyalty to one's Alma Mater, the real man.

Yours very truly,
Rex. J. Moore,
Pres. D.A.A.C.

ATTENTION '29.

In the old days it was supposed that every freshman had an inherent propensity to be fresh, and that to prevent this calamity he must be sat upon, shown his place, by the community generally and by sophomores in particular. A better way has apparently been found. The old idea was to make the freshman seem small; the new way is to make other things seem big. Under the new system a freshman can enjoy a considerable amount of self-respect, and yet, in the presence of the great and good things unfolded to him, possess the grace of humility. The new freshman at the end of this first (freshman) week may feel overwhelmed by the attentions he receives,—but he does not feel fresh.

The new method of dealing with freshman is not merely a contrivance of his elders, imposed upon him from above; it is the only method which is suitable to the new kind of freshman. For the new freshman, like his fellow students of other classes, and like modern youth generally has a mind of his own, and insists upon having the fact recognized. —The Harvard Alumni Bulletin.



HELEN WICKWIRE
President of Delta Gamma and Vice-President of the Council of the Students.
Delta Gamma is the all-powerful society at Dalhousie.

A REVOLUTIONARY UPHEAVAL. Off with the Old—On with the New. New Educational Methods Replace Old Antiquated Ideas.

It is a most regrettable yet nevertheless true, fact that Anatomy lectures seem to be the dullest in the whole world. Be the lecturer ever so good (page E. J. C.), nevertheless complaints have been received from students that the ennui involved in giving an Anatomy lecture has seriously interfered and in some cases practically entirely curtailed, their sleep. This, in a paternal University like Dalhousie is unthinkable the more especially when it is so entirely unnecessary. Sleep is an essential constituent of any college course and any college curriculum, no matter how extensive should be widened at once to include either Bed Time Stories or some method of making lectures so interesting that there will be no need for sleep—a sort of synthetic substitute for sleep as it were. Let us take under consideration the latter idea.

For instance, consider the following bare old statement entirely destitute of romance, sentiment or any appeal to the imagination whatsoever. Here is only stark fact almost appalling in its utter lack of appeal to the imagination.

"The spinal process contains a half-facet for articulation of muscles and ligaments which determine the curve of the lip".
Utterly lacking in all the characteristics necessary for gaining the attention. Is it any wonder that sleep could be disturbed by such statements? Now, under the new system I intend to describe, something like the following would replace the above bold statement:

"On a bright, moon-light night in June (or July) a dance was being held in a brightly lit gymnasium. A dozen couples dipped and swayed and bowed on the brightly lit floor before the approving glances of the chaperon. Outside, under the sheltering trees or in the huge black shadows cast by them, dozens of couples strolled or sat in solitude 'a deux'. Every couple consisted of a girl and boy—and in every case the white dress of the girl was crossed at the waist by a bar of black that was a coat-sleeve. Here the dainty ankle, the magnificent and alluring eye or the splendid curve of a lip delighted male hearts. Everywhere perfect femininity held sway. Here perfect alignment of muscles and ligaments to perfect half-facets of the spinal process determined curves which rendered more alluring already alluring, cherry ripe lips".

You see? Simplicity itself!

Beardsley and Harlow, medicals, have been waiters at the Chateau Frontenac.

A Song to Freshettes

Green grass, lush grass,
Entering together—
Sing the new battalion,
Braving autumn weather!

Pigtails hanging down
Proudly deserted:
Some of them are calicoed,
None of 'em are shirted.
Gentlemen are looking on,
Watching them go by:
Oh, sophomores and seniors,
Each of 'em will try
To estimate the company,
At dances coming nigh.

Green grass, lush grass,
Entering together—
Sing the new battalion,
Braving autumn weather!

Who of you play dominoes,
All of you play chess?
See the little nodding heads,
Each a-nodding, yes!
Juniors' eyes are asking,
'Other games you play?'
Pretty eyes are answering,
'No, we couldn't say.'

Green grass, lush grass,
Swaying together;
Women here, women there,
Undressed for winter weather.

Sing a song of sixpence,
Pocket full of rye;
Taxicabs are dearer,
So is apple pie:
Costs you nothing now, dear,
Maybe by-and-bye.
Gay life, the night life,
Danger drawing nigh.
Will you risk with me, dear,
Warming at the fire?
A gay life, the college life,
Passing all desire.

Green grass, lush grass,
Leaving together:
Will you pluck or pass, dear,
In December weather?

Red heads, gray heads,
Hoping together—
Some of them have tripping feet
Lighter than a feather:
Owners' hopes do rest on them,
Shod in dainty leather.

Green grass, lush grass,
Dancing together:
Some are always out of luck
This or any weather!

Think it nothing here, dears,
That sophomores are coolish:
They have a place to keep?
Sophomores are foolish!
Would you know the ones who hold
You above all others?
Not the senior class's girls—
Only their brothers.
They the college wisest men
To hold you 'bove the others!

Green grass, lush grass,
Entering together:
College life, college life,
Sing in autumn weather!

With '26 in the Wide, Wide World

Elinor Barnstead, Jean MacRae and Elizabeth Morton are all doing post-graduate work at Varsity this year.

Flo MacMullen is teaching at Netherwood, and Allison Fitzrandolph has accepted the position at Edgell held for the past two years by Margaret King of Class '24.

Edith MacNeill is teaching at Highland Hall, a private school for girls in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania.

Charlotta Johnson is studying Dramatics in New York.

Molly Beresford spent the summer doing Social Service work, but is now teaching again in the city.

Rita Morton graduated in piano in June and has accepted a position on the teaching staff of the Halifax Conservatory of Music.

Jarvis McCurdy has gone to Harvard to study for his M. A.

Gerry Buckley of Commerce '26 is also at Harvard.

Blanchard Thomson has accepted a position in the bank in Kentville.

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Oh, Won't You Come Up To Dalhousie?

To a Newfoundland outport one morning in late summer a letter came for a "would-be lawyer". There was no opening for him, stated the letter, which came from Osgoode Hall. It all happened through a technicality—a little "red tape" which knotted itself in clovehitches, bowlines, sheepshanks and all manner of fishermen's knots which even the Newfoundlander cannot understand when used to tie up the good ship Education, about a small difference between Ontario and Newfoundland high-school requirements. Osgoode Hall would not admit to its classrooms and libraries the "Would-be Lawyer", whom we label WBL. No use telling you why he wanted to attend Osgoode Hall—a Dalhousian would never understand. Suffice it to say that he did, that he did very keenly, and that he had done so very long. That was the situation.

Is Dalhousie a Matrimonial Bureau?

Some time ago the question of whether Dalhousie is a matrimonial bureau was publicly debated in the School for the Blind. The final decision is immaterial now, but the general opinion of the faculty seems to be that if Dal. is not a matrimonial bureau it ought to be. Four of our learned professors even went so far as to get married themselves. (The members of the faculty have always had the courage of their convictions). But lest the Freshettes be unduly cast down, there are one or two eligibles left.

The first event was the marriage of Prof. W. Russell Maxwell to Miss Ellen Chisholm, a graduate of Dalhousie. It had been anticipated by the students for some time. Possibly the principals had that in mind when they arranged to have the ceremony take place so far from the college. No doubt they thus escaped the most vociferous expressions of regard, but the congratulations extended through the Gazette though belated are none the less sincere.

The "Meds" never believe in letting the Arts people get ahead of them; so they heartily expressed their approval of Dal. weddings; their representative being Dr. E. Gordon Young. Dr. Young was married in May to Miss Madge Musgrave who, though not a Dalhousian, is very well known among the students. Dalhousians, old and new offer their best wishes.

Dr. Harry Ritchie Chipman is not only a loyal Dalhousian, but an example of what the college will do for her sons if they are worthy. She gave Mr. Chipman his education, his "job", and his bride. Jiss marriage to Miss Freda Bisset is of particular interest to Dalhousians as he and his bride were students together at Dal. Though some people may have been a trifle "sore" at the way things were "put over on them" in the matter of the wedding, everybody offers the heartiest congratulations.

Dr. E. W. Nichols, too, has deserted his bachelor friends! He was recently married to Miss Roberta Bond, a Dal. graduate. Congratulations are numerous and sincere. Possibly Elementary Latin will be less of a trial to the doctor now that the Freshettes can no longer spend so much of their time wondering why he isn't married.

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Here's what happened. After sighs and curses used in alternate doses had dried up the wells of grief and the fountains of despair, WBL began to reflect. Some law school he must attend, and (of the trek to St. Johns and of the voyage thence to civilization he was thinking) he had better quickly discover it. Through encyclopedias, "dictionaries of fact", and magazine advertisements he went, exhausting their possibilities in a manner that would have done credit to a lawyer-become, trying to find some consolation for Osgoode Hall. There were many fairly good shops—so many in fact that he couldn't decide which was the best. Then came a fit of despair; desperation followed; then a desperate act. WBL had heard of a law school in the Maritimes—a ruddy little place.

"I'll go to Dalhousie," he announced.

From a Newfoundland outport we come to a dirty, romantic city 3000 miles from all points on the circumference of a circle described with named radius and centre, Halifax. There was in this stunted city a boy who was going to be a "doctor when he grew up". Not incidentally he was going to attend McGill—costing money of course but in his opinion, money well spent. Then something happened involving the filthy lucre, an event that made McGill impossible for him. No matter what it was; perhaps his father died, perhaps a wealthy aunt did not die, or perhaps—but you can yourself exhaust the possibilities from your memories of Alger.

The boy who was going to be a Doctor When he Grew Up (DWGU) didn't think life worth living—there was Dalhousie of course, cheap enough too; but to him "McGill" and "Medicine" were synonymous. Someone must have used a lot of persuasion for finally he made a momentous decision.

"All right", he said, "I'll go to Dal."

The third incident in this tale of woe is much like the first two. The result is identical, the facts only are slightly different. This time it is a dentist, a Dentist-to-Be—and differently there is nothing to prevent him attending the college he wishes, an American institution supposed to be the best on the continent, perhaps the worst. He is free to attend the college he wishes, but what good will it do him, who with all his soul wishes

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to live and to practice in his own home—Nova Scotia? By a remarkable extension of that brotherly scheme which politicians call Protection, Nova Scotians have, by making examinations for admission to practice unnecessary for graduates of our own colleges and by setting well-nigh prohibitive exams for others, given protection even to the manufacturers of our universities.

These circumstances forced the Dentist-to-Be to patronize the local university.

But to every story there is a conclusion with at least a fifty-fifty chance that it be a happy one. If to decide the question, the writer tosses a coin there are equal chances of any happy or unhappy ending. If on the other hand he himself decides, the chances for "They all lived happily ever after," are overwhelming.

This story ends—in the Dal gym. As in the final scene of your conventional play all our characters—WBL, DWGU, Dentist-to-Be—flock on to the stage. Not the gym stage to be sure for a Glee Club Clique was about to present a "show", but on to a figurative stage of which we will require little. WBL is now a "lawyer", DWGU a "med", and Dentist-to-Be is a "dent", and much prouder are they of these titles now than ever will they be of those which graduation will entitle them. Sitting together somewhere in the audience with many things in common, not least among which was the roof over their heads for that night it was raining, they talked Dalhousie.

That Dal had the best though one of the smallest law schools on the continent, was the observation of the lawyer. "Everybody is looking at the Canadian Law Schools," he said: "The Canadian law schools are looking at Dalhousie." The Dent made an equally good point.

A FRIEND OF THE COLLEGES The Morning Chronicle AND The Evening Echo

"Dal has one of the few best equipped dental schools on the continent," he said. Then quoth the Med. "Dal has a medical school equal to that of any university—A1," he said. "And, here's the point, because of the limited number of students better hospital facilities than most, more practical opportunities. Experience is the thing."

Naturally enough the trio went on to observe the all-roundness of Dalhousie's excellence and to express the opinion that there was about Dalhousie something unlike all other colleges of which they had heard. The reason, if they had known it, was that a mother is always superlative, that every mother is the best mother. No one knows where the conversation would have carried them had there been no interruption; perhaps to each of them might have recurred the circumstances of his coming to Dalhousie.

The curtains of the gym stage, just as ours are about to close, parted and fell together again behind a fellow student. "Until the performers are ready," he said, "we're going to sing a few Dal songs. Everybody please join in 'Oh, Won't You Come Up to Dalhousie?'"

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THE NEAREST STATIONER TO YOUR COLLEGE

A GARDEN

Rowena Gould.

When twilight broods lovingly over the tired earth, I like to sit and think. Strange scenes, faces and fancies crowd through my brain, but one of the dearest is a vision of the garden where I spent a great deal of my time when I was a wee little girl with two long braids, each tied with a ribbon. Perhaps time has cast a rosy veil over that garden; perhaps if I could see it now, it would not seem so large, or so like fairyland. But it is gone, and in its place is a large garage. My garden was at the back of the house and it was surrounded by a high fence—a fence over which I often longed to look. At one end there was a huge tree, part ash, part weeping-willow. Its branches spread out wide on all sides and in places they reached so near to the ground that I, with the dignified height of my seven years had to stoop to go under them. At the other end was a pear tree. The pears were small and hard and sour, but it was tragedy to me when the tree died and was cut down. At the very back of the garden there was a patch of raspberry-bushes. Of all the tempting honors in the world, it was the greatest. Luscious red berries hung just where one had to part the bushes in order to reach them; and just as sure as one so much as moved a stalk, big flies and bees buzzed and flew about one's ears with their most terrifying manner. On either side along the high fences were rows of dahlias—tall flowers with graceful heads and cool faces,—bold reds, shy pinks, dear little chubby poms and many others, white, yellow, wine and mottled, peeped down from their thick foliage and unselfishly held up their

honey-cups to the bees. There were other flowers too. The gentle pansies held a corner of their own and tried in vain to grow as tall as the golden-gloves that laughed down upon them. Foolish little pansies! They were far nicer as they were. Sweet-peas, sweet-william and sweet-may gave a charming fragrance to the whole garden. They could almost rival the roses. Moss-roses, rambler roses,—roses red, white and pink grew in beauty under the soft caresses of the summer sun, and finally dropped their petals, fingeringly as though loth to part with their treasures. Asters, flocks, verbenas and nasturtiums had their corners and parted with many a bloom pulled off, without stalks by fat little fingers. Wise-eyed bachelors' buttons, and stately cosmos, too, lost many a fair flower in this way, but I do not think they could have begrudged them—they used to look so tempting, and I never could pick them with long graceful stalks, as mother did,—but then, she did everything so wonderfully. She was the Fairy Queen of the garden. Eventide in that garden was delightful. The faint glow in the western sky, the soft cool breezes that rustled through the trees, and lifted the stray locks about one's face, the hush that spread over everything, and even subdued the shrill voices of the neighbors' children, playing outside the high fences, and the low swooping noise of the night-hawk as he flew overhead, seemingly so near yet never visible to my wondering eyes,—all this meant an hour that I counted among my choicest treasures.

But the night was magic. When a full harvest moon caressed the smooth lawn and made spooky shadows behind the trees and bushes; when the trees looked like countless, tiny holes in a big black umbrella through which a bright light was shining; when I was permitted to spend a few moments on the verandah before going to bed; then I looked upon a mystic dream-world that surely must be peopled by fantastic little creatures that I could not see; then I longed to dance as did the fairies about which I had read—skimming lightly from place to place, touching the sleeping flowers and whispering strange things to the shadows; then I longed to sing as I shall never sing, as no mortal ever will sing, longed to send my voice floating through the air in full waves of heart-stirring melody, mounting higher and higher, clearer and softer until the world should listen quivering with mute sympathy, and then my song ended with an exquisite vibrating note, draw a great sigh and sink to dreamless slumber. It is strange that I never think of that garden as it was in winter. It does not seem as vivid with its heavy mantle of white, and the sound of wind moaning through bare black branches: it always comes back to me with its soft colours, with the bees drooping in the hot air and the birds chattering in the leaves above my hammock. It is strange, too, that all these impressions should have crowded into my little head, to find expression now after a dozen or more years, but then everything is strange and wonderful and, I suppose, twelve years from now things will be more wonderful still. I wonder!

A Model Theme

PLAN

I. I spent two hours wondering how to begin this theme.

II. Whoever invented this subject should be shot.

III. Well, thank Heavens, this is the last paragraph.

Introduction.

Some call you "Class 30." The hard-hearted Sophomores place the accent on the first syllable, and brand you as "Freshmen." And even others, wishing to be kittenish, speak of you as "Freshies." But whatever your name, whoever you are, to that innocent band of youth which is entering our university for the first time, my sympathy goes out to you, in your great hour of need.

I see in the future, waiting for you, a color, a dreadful color—RED. I see it spotted all through your first year in college. I see shelves of books being searched for information. I see you as energetic students, walking the floor at a late hour on a cool Sabbath night, first scratching your heads, then scratching a pen, over a book, a terrible book, a little red book, your theme book.

Body

Themes at college are very much like accidents in that they are bound to happen, and so I shall here broadcast a few hints for those green Freshmen who might otherwise feel blue, adding local color to their red themes.

Our English department is fond of one theme in particular. No matter if they disguise it as "My Education", "What I Have Done in English", "What I Am Here For" or hundreds of similar titles, you are sure to get it, for it is one of those permanent fixtures like Christmas, it comes once a year, and it would take more than a third year Dent, to extract it from the curriculum.

With careful research into the pet notions of the theme examiner (N. B., the theme examiner, dear Freshmen, is the man who only uses the first four letters of the alphabet, namely A, B, C, D, to express approval or disgust concerning your theme, and who has created more "literary D's", than the Gazette ever hopes to create;) I have discovered the model theme for the subject, "My Education", etc., etc. It goes something like this:

My name is Hugh Knowitt and at an early age folks round about Greenville had me slated as the coming premier, and a leading statesman of the world. When becoming old enough, I readily understood why they had such a splendid opinion of me, and I heartily agreed with them.

Say it with Flowers, Say it with Ours
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My teacher could never set difficult enough problems for me, and that is one of the reasons why I am coming to this college, so that I might be classed with men of distinction, like you, dear laborious professor. I carried off every prize in school, and all this has never made me feel the least bit conceited. I look forward to the jolly time I will have at the Sophomores' expense, for I am an all round fellow and such a good chap they would hate to touch me. I enjoy writing these themes, and only wish, for the sake of the other students, that we should have to write them more often, as in order to excel, "ad maiorem patriae gloriam", one must continue to take pains with one's work, as I do myself, dear examiner.

Conclusion.

That completes the theme. Tell as much useful information about yourself as you can, stating the exact time you go to bed, whether or not you belong to a Sunday School class, and what you intend to do when you become mayor of your town. Do not forget to add a Latin phrase at the end, for it leaves a lasting impression with the examiner, even more so if used or spelt incorrectly. Now, armed with this little model theme, go wage your theme battles, dear Freshmen, and if this be any consolation to you, as you throw down your little red book on the Library desk, and exclaim, as thousands have done before you, "Thank heavens that's done," remember this, I have heard it remoured, that the Lord's Day Alliance is seriously thinking of banning themes, because they are a hindrance to what otherwise might have been a peaceful, restful Sabbath.
—Ralph "Kelly" Morton.

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—Life.

On the average it takes a year—often longer—for a new student to grasp the Dalhousie atmosphere.

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Challenge

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It's now our joy to welcome you.

And from this day—
Though somewhat new
And green withal—we count on you.

To learn to tend—
The sacred flame—
The throb beneath Dalhousie's name.

That name is yours
Now you are here—
It's honour now is in your care.

So guard the flame—
Make it leap high—
What gloom at Dal, if it should die!

But keep it dear—
It's gleam will make—
The tawdy thought seem nought but fake;

And all that's true—
Will glimmer fair—
The cherished things will seem more dear.

As each one leaves
He'll bear a spark
Throughout the world to banish dark.

On far On farther still
The glow will spread
As by fresh guardians it is fed.

Till—dare you doubt—
To worlds afar
Our world will gleam a richer star.

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A Yarn of the Times

I ask you to believe that this is a true story. There are a few advantages to true stories: the one which concerns me now is that in a true story I can say things which in another story you would call sentimental.

I want to talk for a moment about an ambition; if you do not like the idea skip along to the next paragraph. The ambition of which I speak was a rather spread out affair. It belonged, by the way, to our principal figure—for story purposes, John. John was like a balloon—all blown up with big ideas, tremendous notions of the Herculean tasks which he would perform. One day he would think that he had better be a prime minister; then he would wonder whether he had better be a Canadian or a British premier—that was a puzzler. Another time he would intend to be a great man in the business world. Again, he thought of being a martyr; but to what? Yet again, he would be a great actor. And so on. These desires which seethed and churned within him I group together under the name Ambition—an ambition to be somebody. Do you suppose he had a superiority complex? I am not poking fun at the boy; I admire his ambition—it is what most of us need. Ambitions like these, though they may be cheap, give great promise—the boy who possesses them will, if he gets a chance, do a fine job for his own sake. Have I convinced you that John was a fine boy?

John lived in the thriving town of Nowhere, N. S. (That information will help you believe that this is a true story.) He was living there so late as September 27th, 1926. At that time he planned—or so his people thought—to leave on the 29th for college. On the evening of the 27th his people were talking about him.

"John's not so enthusiastic of late about college," his mother was remarking.

"You just imagine that," answered her husband. "Why would he feel that way?"

"He doesn't like the idea of leaving home, I think. If you will promise not to laugh, I'll tell you another reason. The precious boy, I believe, thinks he is in love with the Smith child—Elinor. You may smile, but that is one of the reasons that he does not like the college idea."

At that moment John arrived on the scene.

"I'm not going to Dalhousie," he announced.

"What! "You're not..." The family was excited. "Why what's come over you, John?" his father asked. "You

mean that you are going to another college?"

"No, I'm not going to any college. I'll tell you how it is. I have been kind of doubtful about college all this summer. I have been running into all sorts of stuff in my reading. People saying that college stereotypes men, and that sort of thing. Then the other day I ran into an article in this month's Cosmopolitan by H. G. Wells. That finished me. I'll get the article." He took the magazine from a table. "Here, Wells says of college: 'It is too grave a loss of time at a crucial period; it establishes the defensive attitude too firmly in the face of the forcible needs of life.' And, 'All the antiquated nonsense of calling people bachelors and masters and doctors of arts and science might very well go, with the gowns and hoods that recall some medieval alchemist or inquisitor, to limbo. They mean nothing. There is no presumption that a man who has a diploma, or whatever they call it, of M. A., is even a moderately educated man.'" Wells says that and a whole lot more. The result is that I can't go to college."

"Well, John," his father said, "I don't know. This surprises me. I didn't know that you were taking college so seriously. I think that Wells must base those opinions not on the colleges, but on the kind of men the colleges are producing. College, like everything else, depends on yourself. If you go there to waste your time, of course you will get nothing out of it. But if you tackle it right you will find college invaluable. The worst thing about college seems to be that it either benefits you or injures you greatly. I think it depends on the individual. You are foolish if you disregard the opportunity which college presents to meet boys with interests similar to your own and to get an idea of the extent of knowledge and the place of yourself in the universe. Of course I am not a college man; I don't know. You had better think this thing over."

Not until John had left the room did his father show his agitation. "I'm not going to force him to go to college," he said; "but with all my soul I hope he changes his mind. College, I believe, is the greatest preparation for life that a man can have. I have always wished that I could have gone." He paused. "Do you still think that the Smith girl keeps him home?"

"Yes and no." His wife answered seriously. "It is not for love of her that he is staying, but I'll warrant you that

she's had a deal to do with putting these silly ideas in his head. I understand that she has all kinds of wild notions. She may be scheming to keep John home. Who knows?"

"I should not be surprised."

On the morning of the 28th—not a week ago—the October Harper's Magazine arrived. John found among other articles "Fifteen Years Out" in which a college graduate described his class at a reunion. John read there: "If all they (four years on the campus) had given us was a certain half-real sentimental unity, certain common and amusing traditions of horse-play, a capacity to discuss golf championships with well-modulated voices, to solve the riddles of politics and the cosmos with nonchalant platitudes, and to lose—possibly beyond our means—at craps with genial mannerisms, we did not try to persuade either ourselves or observers that the results were otherwise. The truth about ourselves as the fruit of the republic's most lavish and genteel experiment in higher academic education might appear to a sociologist from a superior planet disappointing, wasteful, and even absurd. But after our fashion we were loyal to it." And, "On the train coming away it was hard to escape the impression that a fair majority of one's classmates would have done better to omit, not only college, but high school as well."

"Damn college!" John exclaimed; "I hope I never hear the name again."

That evening he proceeded to visit Elinor, and to talk of what he had said that he wished never to hear again.

"Do not forget, John," she said, "all the interesting people and books which you will find at college. What you say is probably true. I remember one Christmas when I worked very hard and was very good so that Santa Claus would bring me lots of things. Mother did not like my motive. 'It is not what you do that counts,' she said; 'it is how you do it.' If you can make a success of life, John, you will be able to make a success of college."

John walked home that evening very slowly. He found his parents at home—this was to have been his last night at home. As he was leaving the room where they were sitting, to go to his bed, he paused a moment.

"Mother, will you please pack my trunk tonight? And call me in the morning—in time for the train to Halifax."

P. B.

Majestic Notes

The Glossop-Harris Company who were so popular in Halifax last season have returned once again and open their new engagement at the Majestic this week with two popular successes.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, with a special matinee on Wednesday afternoon they will present the charming costume comedy by Anthony Hope 'The Adventures of Lady Ursula'. Cyril Harcourt's brilliant comedy "A Pair of Silk Stockings" will be presented the remainder of the week,—with the usual Saturday afternoon matinee.

For their present tour the Glossop-Harris Company present a varied and extensive Repertoire of Famous Costume and Modern Plays. Miss Florence Glossop-Harris is making this a personal visit and is ably supported by a strong cast of Fourteen Artists, while the entire elaborate scenery, costumes and properties are being carried. Those who were fortunate enough to see this famous English Company last year will certainly be back to welcome them, while those who have not yet had that opportunity have a treat in store. The usual excellence and high standard of the Company is assured.

"When I left College, I didn't owe a cent."

"What an awful time to leave!"

Dr. Thomson Gains Honour

Dalhousians may view with becoming pride and modesty the honors being showered upon graduates, professors and deans of our Alma Mater.

The latest who has been so honored is Dr. George Kerr Thomson, Dean of the Dental Faculty. At the International Dental Congress held at Philadelphia in early September of this year, and which Dr. Thomson attended as official representative of the Canadian Government, the honorary degree of fellowship in the American College of Dentists was formally conferred on him and several other distinguished members of the profession.

Dr. Thomson's paper on "Preventive Dentistry for Under-Graduates," read before the Congress, received marked attention and a committee was appointed to look into and investigate the dental situation existing at Dalhousie College with a view to adopting it in the States should the investigation prove favorable. Which is just another recognition of a long-known fact—that the Dalhousie Dental Faculty need bow to none other in North America—a fact which Dr. Thomson's honorary degree only confirms.

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The annual meeting of the Student's Medical Society of Dalhousie University was held in the Munro Room on Monday evening Sept. 27, at 7.30 p. m. This was one of the most enthusiastic annual meetings of the society in recent years and from the interest shown, it would appear that the medical society is beginning one of the most prosperous and progressive sessions of its career.

The business of Monday evening's meeting proceeded towards the election of officers for the ensuing year 1926-27.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1st. president | J. W. Merritt '28 |
| 2nd. president | D. R. Chisholm '27 |
| 1st. Secty. | J. R. McCleave '30 |
| 2nd. Secty. | K. M. Grant '29 |
| Executive Member | H. L. Scammell '27 |
- Other appointments made at this meeting were—
Football manager J. M. Beardsley
Basketball " W. A. Hewat
Hockey " A. E. Murray

Some discussion followed regarding the plans of the society for the coming year and committees were formed for the coming Medical Dance and for the entertaining of the Society at its next meeting. On motion, meeting adjourned.
J. H. W.

Kaye MacDonald of Class '28 is taking the course in Physical Education at McGill this year.

Helen Wakeley of Class '29 is taking a course at the Maritime Business College.

The Council of the Students will meet Tuesday. Every one will await with bated breath the announcement of the date for the Council Dance.

CASINO NOTES.

Rudolph Valentino's last and greatest work for the motion picture screen "The Son of The Sheik" opens an engagement of 3 days at the Casino theatre on Monday October 11th.

"The Son of the Sheik" is a sequel to "The Sheik" and is from a novel by the Author of the latter, Edith M. Hull. Vilma Banky, the exotic Hungarian beauty play.

Vilma Banky, exotic Hungarian beauty, has the leading role opposite Valentino in this production which is being acclaimed as the late star's greatest picture.

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