

# The Dalhousie Gazette

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## The Dalhousie Gazette

—FOUNDED 1869—

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### EDITORIAL.

If we can judge from accounts, Germany, having sown to the winds is now about to reap the whirlwind. For awhile it almost seemed as if she might escape with simply a military defeat, crushing as that defeat has been. Her territory was intact, anarchy had been averted and the old spirit of defiance was beginning to lift its head once more. The new leaders began actually to deny that their armies had been defeated and blatantly proclaimed that they would not submit to the terms they had reason to suspect the Allies were preparing for them.

But now all this has been changed. The Allies only needed a hint to tighten the screws, and Marshal Foch was not long in letting the Hun know who had been the victor in the struggle. It must have been a bitter pill for the new German government to swallow after its bold assertions, and gall and wormwood to be forced to accept the new armistice terms. Furthermore Germany gives signs of going the way of Russia. The Constituent Assembly not in any sense a revolutionary government seems to be tottering and may fall at any moment. The Bolsheviks are getting in their evil work and it would not be surprising if a real revolution of such proportions as to shake the world to its foundations should occur. Indications would almost seem to be pointing that way, but let us hope that such a calamity may be averted if only for the sake of Western Civilization.

And verily it will be no soft peace for the German. The billions of marks that he will have to pay for the ravaging of Belgium and Northern France, etc., etc., will burden him to the ground for many a generation. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard.

Welcome home to the gallant R. C.R. in honor of whose return from overseas Halifax was recently *en fete*. This famous regiment for so many years stationed in our midst in pre-war days has played an active and conspicuous part in the great conflict. All that our city could do in the shape of erecting arches and other decorations and showing its enthusiasm—which by the way might have been more vocal—has been little enough in proportion to our debt of gratitude. May an even heartier reception await other home coming regiments in future.

## DALHOUSIANS WHO HAVE PASSED TO THEIR REWARD.

It is with deepest regret that the Gazette records the deaths of three more members of the University, two of whom were graduates, the third still a member of the student body. Truly death has been reaping a sad harvest among the youth of our land of late. The influenza plague following in the wake of the Great War has numbered its victims chiefly among the young and vigorous, passing over the old and enfeebled. Nevertheless it is recorded. "Whosoever will lose his life shall find it."

### DR. A. T. GODFREY.

Dr. (Capt.) A. T. Godfrey, C. A. M. C., departed this life at his home in Brooklyn, Queens Co., N. S. on the 21st day of August, 1918, aged 26 years.

After completing his high school course he entered Dalhousie University and Medical College graduating M. D., C. M. in 1916. Feeling the great need of medical men overseas he entered the C. A. M. C. and after the required training for captain went to England in January 1917. Here he served as surgeon in the hospitals at Folkestone, Ramsgate and Buxton. The work was so strenuous that even his once robust constitution began to give way until finally he was forced to take to his bed with strong symptoms of tubercular trouble. Gradually the dreaded disease wore life away. In February 1918 he was invalided home landing in Halifax whence he was sent to the Sanitarium in Kentville. Here he remained gradually growing weaker until on the 23rd of July he was removed to his home where all that loving hands could do could not avert the inevitable.

Dr. Godfrey was of mild disposition and for a young man was highly respected and greatly beloved by all who knew him. He leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his loss. Of him may it truly be said, "He laid down his life for his friends."

### MRS. LYND (LILY I. BAYNE.)

The death occurred recently at Chelsea England, of Mrs. William S. Lynd formerly Miss Lily I. Bayne of Hillsboro, Inverness Co. Miss Bayne graduated from Dalhousie in 1916 and was one of the most popular and charming girls of her class being well remembered by many at present in attendance at the University. After graduating in Arts, Miss Bayne married Surgeon William S. Lynd who was in the early days of the war temporary surgeon on H. M. S. Caronia then on this station. Surgeon Lynd having been called to the other side he and his wife took up their residence at Chelsea, where Mrs. Lynd but recently succumbed to the Influenza plague

then ravaging England a second time. The news of her death will be received by her class mates and fellow students with genuine and heartfelt sorrow.

### LUCY E. FERGUSON.

The students of Dalhousie University were deeply grieved to hear of the death at her home on Shirley street on Feb. 15th of Lucy E. Ferguson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ferguson of the city. "Fergie" as she was popularly known among the students entered the college as a member of "Class '21 Medicine" in October 1916, and during the two years there she became a general favorite ever ready to sacrifice her time to help others and always taking an active interest in everything relating to college life.

Of a cheerful and lovable disposition and possessing a charming personality "Fergie" made many friends among the students. She had just completed her second term when signs of failing health appeared. Her condition at first was not thought to be of a serious nature and all hoped that the complete rest during the summer months would bring about a speedy recovery and that she would be able to take her place with us at the opening of college in the autumn, but such was not to be and a few weeks ago it became apparent that the loosing of the silver cord was near at hand. Perhaps nothing about her was more admirable or more lovable than the serene cheerfulness and patient courage with which she bore so much physical suffering.

Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved father, mother and brother who have been called upon to mourn the loss of one who had so endeared herself to all.

MED.

### BOOK DONATIONS.

The appeal made in the Gazette of Feb. 14th for a donation of modern books which would increase the usefulness of the Library, has brought a prompt and gratifying response. Mr. H. W. Barnes of this city, has very generously presented eleven volumes containing the principal works of Ruskin—a most acceptable gift.

Major W. Crowe of Sydney—a constant friend to Dalhousie—has added to his many former kindnesses by presenting the Library with the works of Balzac in sixteen volumes, besides several miscellaneous books and some interesting old pictures.

### TWO YALE DALHOUSIANS.

Among those who obtained the degree of Ph. D. at the Convocation of Yale University last June was James Austin Dawson, B.A., Dalhousie, 1915. Dr. Dawson was

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ARTS AND SCIENCE DEBATE.

The subject of the debate of February 28th held by Arts and Science was "Resolved That Bolshevism is a Greater Menace than Prussianism." The Engineering Society furnished the speakers. The affirmative was taken by Mr. C. F. Bowes '18 Eng., and Mr. A. Mackinnon '21 Eng.; the negative by Mr. G. J. Marshall '20 Eng., and Mr. A. P. Frame '21 Eng. A great many members of the Engineering Society were conspicuous by their absence and missed a very interesting debate. Although the subject may appear rather dull and ponderous, the debate was enlivened by some unintentional touches of humor, and the critique delivered by Mr. W. O. Thompson was a gem.

Mr. Bowes compared the state of Russia to-day to that of Germany in a very interesting manner: in Germany there was a certain amount of protection from criminals but in Russia it was quite the reverse. He quite naturally needed some evidence and he supplied it by giving a list of horrors perpetrated by the Bolsheviki, that would have done credit to one of those writers of the French horror novels, samples of which are usually included in any well selected French course. Nevertheless Mr. Bowes' argument was excellent and he appeared to believe what he said—which can't be said of all the others. In his rebuttal he was much better than in his speech and certainly refuted many of the misleading statements made by his opponents. Mr. Marshall argued that the principles of Bolshevism were the most liberal and democratic that had ever been set forth. The government had got into the hands of a few fanatics and that they had dragged the name of Bolshevism through the mud and given it a significance that it was never intended to have. Mr. Marshall's presentation was excellent but he lacked sincerity. Mr. Mackinnon started off with a roar and tried to go through his excellent speech like an aerial express. As each point was brought out he would forget what he wanted to say next, then he would look at his notes, hurl some malediction at the Bolsheviki or Mr. Marshall and start off once more. Mr. Frame evidently did not wish any part of the audience to see him, except the fair portion, for he hid behind one of those blanketed posts that adorn (?) the Munroe Room. Like his colleague Mr. Marshall, he presented his arguments well, but, the arguments were not quite in keeping with what he was arguing about. He compared Czarism with Bolshevism, not Prussianism. Mr. Marshall's rebuttal was not as good as might have been expected.

Mr. Thompson, in a voice that reminded one very strongly of Lord J—n, criticised the debaters in a friendly and amusing manner. Mr. Bowes should have used his hands a little more but, doubtless he was so overcome by the fate of the thirty women thrown into the river with millstones round their necks, that he didn't feel he could (This was one of Mr. Bowes' horrors). Mr. Mackinnon was compared to his father very favorably for the latter. Mr. Thompson was quite sure that his father would not have forgotten so soon what he wanted to say. Mr. Marshall evidently felt some supernatural cold for he kept his hands in his slash pockets most of the time. Mr. Frame was congratulated on the excellence of his first speech. As Mr.

Thompson said, add fifty per cent for virtues left out in this article regarding the speakers and you will have a just estimate of the debate.

THE SONG OF THE "COREUR DES BOIS."

Under the lift and shade of my birch  
I glide down the winding streams,  
When the stars come out and the moon  
shines forth  
I dip and slip and skip to the north,  
Where the great moon always beams;

I have followed the trail o'er hill and dale  
Till the days in the year are few,  
When the leaves have changed on the trees  
so gaunt  
When the thought of home begins to haunt,  
And old things are changed to new;

When the cow cries out to the far off bull  
As he feeds by the merge of the lake,  
Into the lands of the gods I go,  
To the feeding grounds I only know  
The pelt of the beasts to take;

When the forest has bartered green for white  
And the ice king swiftly came,  
When the great brown bear has gone to his  
lair,  
When brown has changed in the rabbits  
hair,  
But mine remained the same;

This is the song of the "coreur des-bois"  
As he sets by his camp fire bright—  
When the silence of God about him falls  
As he peers down the long and draughty  
halls  
In the dead of an autumn night.

TADPOLE.

FOOTNOTES OF THE GAME.

What do you say girls, isn't Charlie M. the "Jess" Campbell of the boy's team?

Who were the verdant Freshmen who had the audacity to take their girls out on Barrington street after the game and then into the "Green"? What about it, Mc-u-dy and H-r-is?

How did H-sk-ns like "Lockie" pouring the water over him down at the H. L. C. serenade?

A girl who is taking English IV: "It aint him, its me that wants it."

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REUNION OF CLASS '17.

On Thursday Feb. 26th the members of Class '17, now in the city, held a reunion at the home of Miss Lou Hoben, Robie St. About eighteen members of the class were present and in imagination were wafted back to the good old 'shines' held by the class in the winter of 1914. Those present were Misses Merle Colpitt, Annie Fraser, Clara Smith, Evelyn Crowell, Mona McGrath, Janet Wolfe; Lenore Laurence and Messrs. A. D. Ross, R. D. MacCleave, Hugh Frame, Charlie Bayne Ronald Fielding, Harold MacLean, Perley Lewis, and Norm MacKenzie.

Dancing and charades formed the principal amusements of the evening. Messrs. MacCleave and Fielding especially showed great dramatic ability and were ably supported by the rest of the caste. With a B. Mus. in the crowd there is no need to say that the music was good and all the Dal. songs were given with great swing. Eats and oh! such eats were the final triumph of a glorious evening. As one of those present remarked "everyone must admit there never was another class like '17" and the writer, for one, thinks he about hit the mark.

BUSINESS ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the following receipts:—

Miss E. Ritchie, R. B. Blanveldt; \$10.00 each. J. A. Mackeigan \$3.00; H. E. Mahon, \$5.00.

There is room for more names in this column! Wouldn't you like to see yours there?

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THE COLLEGE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

It was by throwing little bits of grass in the air to gauge the velocity of the wind that the old time heroes were able to judge the currents which would divert their cloth yard shafts and cause them to fall aside the mark. If they made due allowance for the air, success was fairly sure to be theirs. With this thought in mind the writer would suggest to certain people who are working among students in Dalhousie that they too might very opportunely throw up a few tufts of thoughts and make a judgment on the present tempestuous currents of student feeling. Due allowance for these currents and success is assured. Inattention to them, a domineering attitude toward those men and women, who are the University and without whom the university could not exist will bring trouble and discord which is not to be desired in Dalhousie at the present time when but the slightest act is sufficient to set in motion the highly excited and restless material which now walks the College Halls. Do not think, for one moment, that Dalhousie lacks college spirit, that she lacks the spirit of her pre-war days. Remember that on something like two hundred and fifty students per year rested the immense task of "carrying on" at home while Dalhousie sent forth her bravest and her best to fight the battles of humanity whenever Britain in her might called them to go. Remember again, to that small body of students was preached the doctrine that they should "carry on" in such a manner that when the "boys" returned they were to find a living Dalhousie, a Bigger, Brighter, Better college by the sea. If then, the students' quieted down and bent their backs to the burden which they had to bear, if they shuddered at the knowledge that they were to produce the Dalhousie of the pre-war days and wondered how they were to perform so great a task, if they grew weary at keeping the smouldering societies going, did they not have a reason? Were they not right in quieting down? Can they be blamed for shuddering at the thought of their stupendous task? Were they not to be praised and cheered up when they grew weary and fain would have given up the struggle. Returning Dalhousians may you be the judges. We doubt that those who have not lived among us can ever judge aright.

Do not blame the students of the last three years with the lack of college spirit. Theirs was the very essence of college life and spirit. True they did not tear down Academies of Music or storm Acker's nor did they fight policemen, but they showed a finer spirit when they left their books to attend debates, with the knowledge that if the hardest worked students did not turn out, there would in all probability be no audience, or they rooted at a foot ball game in almost hopeless groups, from a sense of duty that Dalhousies' name should still be proclaimed aloud while her thousands were upholding her honor overseas. It was a pleasure also to shout aloud her name but what a joy would that have been had the grounds reechoed with the cries of hundreds of happy voices.

Now that their task is done, we have ample evidence of the old type of college spirit reasserting itself. The type that will not be driven but wants to direct itself under competent guides. The writer can assure any member of any "autocratic



few," that the easiest way to create unrest in Dalhousie is to attempt to drive the students.

No biting, stinging sarcasm from any outside source will avail in this University. Its effect will only be to place Dalhousie in ill-favor around the province and be a source of infinite delight to the universities which carry their advertising campaigns from door to door from Cape Sable to Cape North. What we want in this crisis, when the world is changing its mantle of war for the gay garments of peace is harmony. Think in the terms of 1914-1919 concerning the present body of students. Get their view point of life and forget to measure 1918-1919 in terms of 189—something. All is not gold that glitters now nor was all gold that glittered then.

DE FEMINA.

The opening years of the twentieth century have been marked by revolution and strife and many ancient and honored ideals have been thrown on the scrap heap or perhaps laid reverently away in some lavender scented recess of memory—to be frequently and regretfully watered with melodious tears by the sentimentally inclined.

Among the ideals which have suffered the latter fate may be included that time honored institution, the "feminine" women, that is, the cloyingly sweet, altogether bewitching wisp of femininity whose charms no mere man could resist.

The ages in which these beauteous creatures lived were fitting frames for their lovely, although rather useless faces. Who does not indulge in day dreams about the age of chivalry when my lady's smile was easily worth a life—the Elizabethan age with its gorgeous splendour—the time of the Georges graced with its fainting, delicate ladies.

Strange, however, as it may seem, there has been gradually evolving through the years such a different type of women that it seems hard to believe it is of the same species—a type which has only recently become numerous enough to be recognized as such. This had its pioneers in such women as Mme. Roland, Mme. de Staël, in the wives of those men who laid the foundations of our country. At last it has become generally recognized that

it is woman's right to have an active part in regulating the affairs of that society of which she forms so important a part—a share in extending and bettering the influence of the home. The clinging "vine" is almost extinct and yet the "world wags on."

Home making should always come first, and I believe it does with the average college girl but it is home-making in a wider and more significant sense. All women who are training to improve conditions of society are training themselves to make better homes, whether they are to be doctors, lawyers, social service workers.

Is it not axiomatic that the home is the corner stone of national life?

It may be that during the process of training some of the glamour is lost, some of the tinsel rubbed off. We modern women may not be able to "cling" as gracefully as did our ancestresses, and we may be thoughtless enough to think but after all the "conscientious objector" to our sex is only a superficial observer—who may be more specifically designated as the lordly male. I am glad to say that my firm conviction is that, although by no means a *rara avis*, the lordly male is, like his feminine compliment, gradually fading from the earth. W. R.

A "STRAFE."

Zero hour is 9.35 p. m. It is a quarter past nine, and we are off duty. Let us go up from the dugout and have a look around.

It is a dark night. There is no moon but the stars are shining faintly through the misty Flanders sky. Nothing is to be seen except an occasional Verrey light that shoots up from the German trenches, sheds a brilliant flickering light for a few seconds, curves over and drops back again into darkness. The only sound is the occasional grunting pop! pop! pop! of a machine gun, the whistle of the bullets like crinkling paper, and the phut! phut! phut! as they hit the parapet of the opposing trench.

The crews come to the gun pits, and set to work by the light of lanterns which illuminate the big squat masses of the guns under the camouflage screens with a faint flickering glow. They hang up on the aiming posts the night lights on which the sights are laid, and get ready to load.

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## A "Strafe."

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"All guns, amatol one o six, third charge, cordite, load!" shouts the telephonist, and the numbers one repeat it. There is movement round the guns, a sharp command, the heavy clank of the shell going home into the barrel, and the metallic slamming of the breech block. "Number one ready!" "Number two ready!" and then silence.

We look at our luminous wrist watches. Four minutes to go. There is something ominous in the stillness. Pop! pop! pop! away on the right from over the lines, a faint high pitched wail goes up into the sky then lowering in tone and quavering as the shells descend, then the ping! ping! pin-n-ng! of the 'whiz-bang' gas shells somewhere on our support trenches. That peculiar throbbing drone from far up in the distant sky is from the twin notors of a German bombing aeroplane.

Two minutes, one minute, a half minute, getting near. "Stand by for salvo!" and the order is repeated back. Three intense white flashes in the rear. BANG! BANG! BANG! and a reverberating roll like thunder as the sixty-pounder shells go howling over our heads towards the enemy. Flashes from the field artillery sparkle all along the horizon in front. "FIRE!" and our own two eight inch howitzers crash forth with tongues of vivid flame, that light up the countryside, and with a hiss like escaping steam two two-hundred pound shells climb aloft towards the German lines.

The ground tumbles from the concussion. The sky is lit by vicious stabs of flame in every direction. The air is torn by the crashing and booming of guns and the whining shrieking and roar of shells, punctuated by the terrific reports of the heavier pieces. One is dazed and feels as if he were being boxed on both ears at once.

"Look!" Three or four rockets go up in quick succession and burst into green and yellow balls of fire. "The German S. O. S."

What is going on at the horizon behind that living hedge of bursting shells and flying steel! Have our boys got into the Boche trenches? Are they getting back safely?

A new note. "Look out!" Into the nearest shell-hole. The whine grows to a roar, a shriek, then a terrific rending crash, followed by the whistle of jagged splinters. Short, and to the right. Another shell, and another. The acrid smell of high explosive catches one in the throat. They are searching for us, trying to neutralize the battery. Each man's breath quickens, but they carry on.

Suddenly the 'strafe' slackens down and presently dies away, and the crews hurry into shelter until Fritz's shelling will stop. Soon the night is as silent as before, except for a little machine gun firing, and a few more Verey lights from the German lines.

Next day there is an item in the *communiqué*, "a successful raid was carried out on hostile trenches west of ——. A number of the enemy were killed and seventeen prisoners were brought back to our lines." Not a word is said of the million dollars worth of ammunition, or of the hundred brave men who will not come back.

A. S. M.

Class '19 girl to class '20 girl: "Don't those spectacles make J-se P-w-r look intellectual?"

## FROGS EGGS.

At last we have found what many wiser men have sought, the original exponent of the expression "sour grapes." You ask who it is? Why ask such a foolish and unnecessary question? Surely you have read the Gazette of March 5th? Yes of course you have. And it is equally certain that you have read "Open Sesame." Yes naturally you have; for who would fail to read that article—"the product of a heat oppressed brain." Anyone who should fail to read it would be failing to keep abreast with the thought, literature and philosophy of the time. It is worthy of being read by all who are interested in bettering the moral tone of society.

Now, as we see Tadpole, on his own admission, places himself among the genus "wall flower"—*cheiranthus fruticulosus*—and his views, although prompted by a high sense of morality, are, forsooth, but the vaporings of an over-heated choler. It can't be due to a fiery stimulus for Halifax is "dry."

"If we could only see ourselves as others see us." Alas, dear Tadpole, how true that is? If you only could, we are sure the "Sesame" would no longer be open. You cause us grief, and our grief is in vain. Oh! dear Tadpole, must we be caused such pain, such heart-ache, and a thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to?" Please do have mercy upon our souls. Oh! please do forgive us, and lead us from the path of the transgressor. We need your counsel and advice for you are "a king that no judge can corrupt."

Surely, dear sweet Tadpole, it cannot be that at one time you, you! our own Tadpole, were caught upon the time worn sofa and that you handed the "ostrakon", as our old friend Demosthenes would say. Tell us it isn't so! ! If it is "I am shocked, I am astonished, to hear such principles confessed and openly avowed." But it can't be true! And still more surely, my Tadpole, you cannot be anxious to enlist into that "false, shallow, and ephemeral society" to which you claim that the hateful, sinful and immoral act of dancing is the "Open Sesame"!

Yea verily, lovable, Tadpole of mine, you most certainly do not object to hugging and kissing a pretty girl. And who does? But has the sweet young thing nothing to say about it? You may not be "averse to hugging a pretty girl," but do not forget my dearest Tadpole, that the "pretty girl" may—although you know I wouldn't.

Oh! Tadpole, I do entertain great apprehensions for you. If you do not mend your ways, I am afraid that

"For you a flower was born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But, nevertheless, my sweetest Tadpole, you may ever recall the words of Tennyson:

"It is better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

Adieu! Taddy, the wind of dawn is ruffling the water of our mutual pond so we must part—it may be forever. But Oh! can't you save me from the "pangs of despised love"?  
H. L. C.

## DEGENERATE MUSIC.

One is at times filled with horror and apprehension not to say disgust at the unspeakable trash which is ladled out nowadays in the way of popular music. There was a time not very long ago when sweet and simple melodies coupled with

words becoming in their genuine poetic sentiment were heard everywhere. But alas! how different is the case nowadays, One goes out to a gathering of young people. Perhaps there is dancing, if so the music(?) frequently employed is truly of such a character as to well-nigh make one swear never even to learn how to dance. The writer when out on a recent occasion picked up and played a gramophone record out of sheer curiosity. Its label bore the name "Me-ow One-step." Whether the perpetrator of this atrocity considered that an infernal bang-whang of cacophonous sounds was not in itself suggestive of the feline species or whether he thought merely to give it an extra realistic touch we do not know, but at more or less irregular intervals a male chorus broke into the orgy of noise with a long and sonorous me-ow! This is a sample of modern dance music. There may be others worse but the writer has been spared hearing them, unless perhaps some of the stuff said to hail from Hawaii may be said to be worse.

Nor are we apparently any better off in the vocal line. Here also rag ruleth. People who ought to have infinitely better taste are heard carelessly vociferating "Oh Johnny" and K-K-K-Katie as well as other kindred rubbish. The cheap dance halls of New York and Chicago in flooding the world with this meretricious trash are literally debauching and ruining the musical taste of the rising generation. Their noisy products, which are nothing but permutations and combinations of more or less rhythmic noises strung together with cheap and vulgar sentiment, not only drive away worthy compositions but foster an appetite for the tawdry and debased in music. They make it virtually impossible for the individual to develop a taste for the beautiful and the noble in music. The writer would almost place good music next to religion as a force of spiritual uplift in this world—religion in its wider sense. Yet how few of us recognize our opportunities in the matter. Even our Sunday school hymns are sometimes nothing but popular airs plagiarized and revamped in the most barefaced manner.

It is not necessary to resort in the first instance to *classical* music. The average pianist does not amuse himself normally with Liszt transcriptions nor the moderately gifted soprano immediately attempt the Mad Scene from Lucia. But there is a great body of melodious and beautiful music both vocal and instrumental of merely moderate difficulty. Why not turn our attentions to it? It is only that we have been victimized by fashion and the blatant advertising of rag publishers that we ever turned aside from the beautiful in music. Let us get back to it as soon as possible. Endless vistas of musical cultivation will then open up before us. For musical appreciation is common to all; it is only in the degree of cultivation that we differ.

Yet at the present time most people seem content to take the nearest thing at hand at all resembling music. It is much the same in theatricals and even to a certain extent in literature. The average photo play is not worth the concentration necessary to follow the plot. Our magazines and book stores are cluttered up with trash.

Psychologists assert that children absorb inevitably whatever is presented to their senses and build it into their characters. If this is so then Heaven help the present rising generation!