

# The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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No. 7

## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

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the BUSINESS MANAGER.

### RE CONTROLLED DEMOCRACY.

In the Gazette of March 4 was published a letter under the signature of Controlled Democracy. The situation which occasioned the appearance of this letter deserves a few words of explanation.

At the commencement of the college year certain members of the Students Council, after an informal discussion, came to the conclusion that it would be better if the colored students now at Dalhousie were to refrain from taking part in social functions at the University and suggested this to them. The coloured students accepted this suggestion, and acted upon it.

Controlled Democracy wrote in reply to an article in the Gazette which criticised the attitude of the white students. He is a former graduate not acquainted with conditions at Dalhousie, and consequently his letter is not germane to the present controversy.

The coloured students at Dalhousie, past and present, have always conducted themselves as gentlemen, and have merited consideration and respect. The Gazette deeply regrets the insertion of Controlled Democracy's letter, and announces that its columns are henceforth closed to any discussion of this controversy.

### WHAT DALHOUSIE STANDS FOR.

It was my privilege one evening not many years ago, to visit a certain Maritime University at which I was a stranger. A friend invited me, with the consent of a number of the leading students, to witness the conclusion of the ceremonies whereby the Freshmen were that night being introduced to their future Alma Mater. One striking feature was an address by a recent graduate who represented "The Spirit of the Old Z——." In the course of his remarks about the things for which the college stood and expected her sons to stand, one story stands out in my mind, and because of it my respect for that university has been higher ever since.

It was a story of pre-war days, when intercollegiate competition in football was keenest. The hero was a student whom I shall call Benson. He was playing in one of the most important games of the series, and one touchdown would mean victory for Z——. At a close point he fell on the

ball in such a way that the touch judge could not see whether it had been inside or outside the line. But some decision had to be given. So he asked Benson, "Was that a touch-down?" To say yes meant the winning the game. To say no meant telling the truth and losing. Benson said no! "Freshmen," said The Spirit of Old Z——, "never forget that my sons must stand for the best. If they cannot win games honestly, and by methods they can tell the whole world, then let them be honest and defeated, rather than become victors by questionable methods. Last year Benson gave his life, fighting for a scrap of paper over there in France. He is a son of whom I am proud! See to it that you do not lower the standard."

The story is essentially, though not verbally, as it was told by the speaker. These are the things that will make any college great. The men who laid the foundations of Dalhousie's greatness have gone, many of them, to serve the Empire in that same spirit of loyalty, and with the same high ideals, that they once displayed winning debating and athletic victories. Shall we lower the standard, or stoop to anything questionable in these days when some of our college activities are not so important as they would be in normal times? On the day we do so, our Alma Mater can no longer be proud of us, and her enviable reputation becomes stained with suspicion. Let's carry on!

K. A. B.

### THE FUND FOR THE BLIND.

The Gazette is keenly gratified to announce that the Quarter Fund for the Blind, inaugurated a month ago, has nearly reached the fifty dollar mark. Dalhousie responded readily and generously as she always has in the past. The thanks of the Gazette are due to Misses Lindsay, Littler, and McMechan whose efforts made the collection of this sum possible. The fund is now closed, and the amount will be turned over to Sir Frederick Fraser.

Previously acknowledged..... \$12.50

E. L. MacKenzie, Mary Louise Power, Gladys M. Littler, C. I. McInnis, C. M. Bayne, W. L. Gillespie, H. C. S. Elliot, A. H. MacLean, "Sunshine," L. M. Finigan, H. J. Adamson, K. A. Baird, The "D," "Midget," N. Littler, Laura Smith, Jean Munro, Bessie Turner, Velma Moore, Florence Henry, Lilian Owen, Marjorie McDougall, Gwen Fraser, Margaret Wright, J. M. Dunlap, E. B. Henry, Christine McKinnon, One who forgot, E. C. Davison, C. C. Walls, A. E. Kerr, J. Moriarity, A. O. O'Brien, Old Graduate, Miss D. Smith, Jean Ross, E. MacKay, H. Bronson, J. Distant, Roberta Bond, Mona Thompson, Ruth Huggins, D. S. MacIntosh, Alice Wickwire, Sally MacDonald, K. Tattrie, H. A. Embin, S. Atlee, H. White, L. A. M. Blenkinsop, H. T. Kent, Norman Watson, Jean Dunlop, Louise Sandford, D. M. Sin-

clair, Dot MacKay, "Moiles," W. H. Forsythe, J. E. Saunders, M. P. Lavers, A Friend, K. L. McMillan, J. S. Laurence, H. V. D. Laing, D. E. Nichols; M. Pugsley, F. Russell, 25 cents each.

Grace Cragg, G. N. Stultz, B. R. Coysh, G. L. Rogers, H. W. MacDonald, John MacKay, 50 cents each.

"A Crook," "Blossom," M. C. A. D. Fraser, B. Vans MacLean, \$1.00 each.

Camouflage, \$1.50.

Mrs. Gilbert Parker, per M. Doane, \$5.00.

Miss Mary Cronan, per E. A. McMechan, \$5.00.

Unknown Quantity, 30 cents.

Total..... \$48.80

### THE COLD GREY DAWN OF THE MORNING AFTER.

Papers and cake crumbs lay about the floor as though exhausted from their frantic endeavours to get as far as possible from the waste paper basket, while in that receptacle other papers appeared to have surged to the top to see the out-come of the race, and some had even fallen over the rim in their excitement. It was chaos, and gazing down in graceful contemplations at a much bespattered ice cream freezer, Queen of Chaos, her throne the sink.

I describe neither the room or Teufelsdröckh, now even the Delta Gamma Room after the explosion, but the Delta Gamma Room after the Sophette class Feed. The why or wherefore of the departure from the traditional "spic and spanness" of this room after each feed I know not, but may I suggest that the Delta Gamma Mouse made a sudden appearance and caused a sudden retreat of the Sophettes before they had finished clearing up, and their nerves were too badly shaken to finish the job next day.

GEE WHIZZ.

### THE BOOSTER.

I am the Booster;  
I'm busy as can be  
Keeping up the spirits  
Of the boys at Dalhousie.

It's easy enough to knock and kick  
With very little knowledge;  
The manly part is to do your share  
In helping along the college.

My enemy is the knocker  
Who says all things are slow,  
Because he does not realize  
He helped to make them so.

H. M. D.

Have you helped raise the \$3,500 for  
the prisoners of war?

## NEWS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

It is with regret that the Gazette chronicles the death of Major W. E. Outhit, B. A., M. A., Arts '99 at the Kentville Sanatorium, March 3rd. He was a son of Thomas Outhit, Melvern Square, Annapolis County, and was well known as one of the leaders of the Cadet movement with which he was actively connected both in Nova Scotia and Alberta.

A large number of the men students attended Y. M. conference in Truro, the weekend of March 9th.

Miss Lindsay had the misfortune to sprain her ankle while skipping merrily the icy pavement between the Science Building and the Library. Two lady Meds. administered first aid to her, really wishing that it had been something more serious. Eliphail Nichols and Miss Dunlop transformed a tobogan into an ambulance, and became the galloping steeds thereof.

The Delta Gamme entertainment on March 7th was an enormous success. As our society reporters might say; "a nice time was had by all." Two Professors very considerably portponed their Friday Quizzes, thus allowing many of those attending to be freed from any apprehension of what the morrow might bring forth. The programme was listened to with rapt attention. It consisted of a series of solos, and skits in which the lovely ladies endeavoured to even up scores with the Faculty, and that horrid creature, the Editor of the Gazette. The Mystery supper was more than delicious, and, so far is recorded, had no unfortunate sequences. Banners were selling at many points above par. Best of all, upwards of one hundred dollars cascaded into the moneybags of the Delta Gamma, whence it will be directed into numerous channels of usefulness.

The sensational inquiry, which has kept college tongues clacking, was concluded on Monday, March 4th. It is understood that the decision may be published in 1929. The nature of the evidence would have delighted the Squawko, and the cross questioning would have brought joy to an audience at the Strand. Our most vivid memories are of a lawyer who impersonated Eva Tanguay imitating a Jack-in-the-Box, and of the Chairman, whose calm and magisterial dignity with his Spartan impartiality, clearly showed that Stewiacke might yet number a Chief Justice among her sons

## WHO'S WHO AT DALHOUSIE.

Ed-n C-m-r-n, Better known as D-gby, virtuoso on wind instruments, the mouth organ in particular.

J. A. B-ntl-y; greatest living authority on Spiritualism, The After Life etc. It is rumoured that he wrote "Raymond" in collaboration with Sir Oliver Lodge.

M-r-j-r McD-g-ll. About to publish a critique on Sartor Resartus. Is said to have a preference for Scotchmen.

L-sle McC-r-d- the original model for the Nifty Clothing Co's Fashion Plates.

G-r-ld F-l-y. An adamant woman-hater. None of our luscious sirens have succeeded in vamping him.

J-hn M-t-ch-ll. His greatest ability is falling out of frying pans into very lurid fires.

J-n M-r-r-ty, who as Titania, will make front row seats sell at a premium.

Some men have a longing to do daring deeds,  
Are always just dying to fight;  
But I am much braver, for I try to go  
To the Strand on a Saturday night.

O life will be dull for the Germans, I fear  
When at last the peace dove has soared,  
Without any woman and children to kill,  
They're sure to be terribly bored.

## The Orpheus Theatre The House of Quality

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday

GERALDINE FARRAR

— IN —

"The DEVIL-STONE"

By JEANIE MACPHERSON

From the story by Beatrice DeMille and Leighton Osmur. Produced by Cecil B. DeMille.

Thursday - Friday - Saturday

BILLIE BURKE

— IN —

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W. F. PAGE

Barrington St., Cor George St.  
HALIFAX

Editor Gazette,

Dear Sir;—

A great deal of discussion is to be heard about college regarding the recent investigation into the affairs of the D. A. A. C. and those who rightly or wrongly criticize them. Many statements have been made about officers in the various societies, and in particular about the Secretary-treasurer of the Student Council, who comes in for altogether too much adverse criticism.

Now Mr. Editor, in my humble opinion the President of the Council is more fully to blame than Mr. Baird, judging from a statement made by the latter while summing up the evidence in his own defence. He said in substance that he should have signed the check in question had not the President refused to do likewise. Mr. Bayne as far as I can ascertain gave no reasons for his refusal but rather seems to have assumed an air of mysterious secrecy. Under these circumstances, Mr. Baird (who everybody knows to be honest and upright in his dealings) could not sign the check. On the contrary had the matter been explained to him by the President, then I feel sure that Mr. Baird should have seen at once that there was no attempt at petty graft on the part of the executive of the D. A. A. C. and matters should have gone on more smoothly a neither should the Y. M. C. A. have suffered in its financial campaign, nor should there have been any necessity to even question the honest and veracity of any member of the D. A. A. C. Executive.

I do not wish to curry favour with Mr. Baird, but it seems to be somebody's duty to have the situation cleared up so that credit may be given to whom credit is due. It is a matter of speculation as to what will be the outcome of all this fuss, but the student body gives Mr. Baird credit for being a big enough man to act in the matter according to the dictate of his own conscience. I shall not presume to express my opinion as to his position in regard to the finding of the committee as I am well aware of the intellectual worth of the men who compose it, and that their decision will be fair.

If I have not been fully informed in this matter and place the blame too heavily on Mr. Bayne, I can assure him that I do not do so maliciously, but as it looks to me now, that is where the whole trouble began.

Yours very truly,

J. H. LAWLEY.

March 6th, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor;—

I write in defence of Harry—Harry the sweeper of walks, the mower of lawns, the opener of locked doors, and—The Shoveller of Snows.

A recent number of the Gazette contains a poem on Sykes the snow-shoveller, and I was moved to indignation. Thinking that my virtuous wrath might inspire my pen, I attempted poetry, but the rhymes came not. I therefore write in prose—"impassioned prose"—in defence of our Champion snow-shoveller Harry.

From the first snow flurry in December to the final slush of March or April, he and his faithful shovel are every busy. Think of our weekly blizzards of January and February, and think of the millions of shovelful of snow. Remember the path between the two buildings cut through a

veritable snow mountain. How could we ever dash from the Library to the Science Building, and be on time for the next class, were it not for Harry. No sooner is one snow-fall laid low, than another blizzard is due, and down it comes! Cheer up! it's only for a time. Harry and his shovel wand will cause that too to disappear before the next arrives.

Sing a song of Sykes if you will. He deserves one,—he and his fiery furnace. We students sing a little hymn to him every day;—a hymn of thanks when the rooms are warm, but a hymn of hate, when—

Sincerely,

THOSE WHO FREQUENT THE  
NEW DALHOUSIE.

DALHOUSIE.

Out of the rocky soil  
Quarried with heavy toil  
By men's endeavours,  
Came forth the ancient stone  
Till then, unmoved alone,  
To build Dalhousie.

Far off the misty hill  
Watching the Builder's will,  
Quietly pondered;  
Girdling the wave it shields  
Pondered what labour yields,  
Gazed on the rolling fields  
Circling Dalhousie.

Massive against the sky,  
Solid and strong and high,  
Rising symbolic;  
Long may its lofty halls  
Echo the young footfalls  
Heeding Ambition's calls—  
Splendid Dalhousie.

CANON BALL.

NOTICES.

The owner of the fountain pen which has been lying unclaimed in the library for several weeks may have the same by proving property.

If any Dalhousian Overseas would like to have the Gazette, would he kindly send his name and address to the business Manager. There are also a limited number of back-numbers of the present volume on hand.

No copy for the Gazette will be accepted after March 28th. The last number will appear during the first week in April.

MARGUERITE.

She's tres petite.  
She's very neat  
From the top of her head  
To her dear little feet.  
My Marguerite!

Whene'er I meet  
Her in the street,  
She nods and smiles  
And walks tres vite  
Away.

Ah, Marguerite.  
My sweet!

SOPHET.

Professor Bronson (to class of deeply interested students.) Now a magnetic needle turns towards the greatest attraction. This is turning towards me as you would expect.

## THE PROFESSIONAL GIRLS' DINNER.

On Wednesday Evening, February 2nd, should you have chanced to pass through the Hall of the Medical Building, your olfactory senses would have received at simulms most foreign to those surroundings, for a most savoury odor proceeded from the Ladies' Waiting Room and was pronounced by Dr. MacDougall to recall Delmonico's. The girls taking the professional courses at Dalhousie were at home to each other.

The decorations, designed by Miss Cragg were unique and effective; the walls were festooned with wild flowers and a venerable bowl, filled with rare orchids, made brilliant the centre of the table. The place cards also were orchids.

At 6.30 p. m., the feast began and continued during the immediately succeeding hours, at the conclusion of which the six courses were represented by a war time ration of sugar.

(N. B.—Owing to its connection with the word "Fodder" the professional girls do not deign to call their banquet a "feed.")

## AT THE ORPHEUS.

Geraldine Farrar is coming, back to the Orpheus this time in a picture called "The Devil Stone." Unlike her previous roles, she plays the part of a woman of the world who is cursed by the possession of a certain gem, only obtaining happiness with its loss. There are many tense situations. Geraldine's gowns will fascinate those of the Delta Gamma who have not forsown the world, the flesh and the devil.

## ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Woe unto ye ice cream soda bibbers! Ye that frequent the house of the chromatic luminosity in packs, who leave the glorious sun to pour forth his beams unheeded and retire beneath the shade of the rank banana and wild rose. For annihilation shall smite thee! Woe unto ye also who thus neglect your lessons at night, for destruction shall hurl ye from your pedestals. Calamity unspeakable shall stalk headlong over the land and grip ye in its toils! Why, why are ye thus reckless, O wretched offenders, why do ye thus tempt destiny? O gigantic paradox too monstrous for solution!

It was late one winter afternoon; the sun shone brightly; it had been a glorious day. With deepest grief and lacerating a-

(Continued on next page.)

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## ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES.

(Continued from page 3.)

gony beheld I a mournful sight. It had been told me that the practise existed, but optimist as I was, I discounted such diabolical whisperings as the morbid product of a discovered brain. But now with bated breath and staggering frame gazed I at this sight of horror. Into a den from whose gaudily decorated interior issued discordant sounds, marched with eager and determined step a familiar groud. Yea, most awful to relate, so utterly were these sybarites hardened to their evil ways that their fair manners were unperturbed. No coral blush suffused their countenances; their expressions were as sweetly candid as those of babes.

There do such depraved individuals as these sit away the hours, eating and imbibing the deadly decoctions which are here dished up to the long suffering public; there do the wicked pay hard earned cash for sweetened slush. The awful demon of dyspepsia lurks in the corridors, and many are his victims. Here, and in other similar resorts are the graveyards of happiness, domestic and otherwise. Here the course of many a life is turned into the wrong channel and its future hopes blasted. For the lot of the dyspeptic is wretchedness, and it is easier for a spider to fly than for him who in an evil hour, partakes of a mixture of snow, walnuts, cherries, etc. etc., or drinks a beverage compounded of cayenne pepper and fizz to spend a peaceful five hours after such an orgy.

But alack! such is the folly of a wicked world that this vice horrible dictu— is rampant in our midst. Unutterable woe. Depth of degradation unfathomable! Into this awful abyss the human race plunges headlong, doomed to fall forever amid the clatter of kitchen utensils and ice cream freezers which rain down after them. Prepare ye, one and all, for the big jump.

ULTIMO ESTEMO.

## THOSE WHO MEALED AT 36 SEYMOUR.

Jim Lawley cracks up Dentistry  
And says in all sincerity.  
That men of other Faculties  
Should be condemned for Heresy.

Miss Smith, Caddell, and Pugsley,  
When Jim resorts to sophistry.  
Take up their stand behind the balm  
Of number eight Philosophy.

Displays of their verbosity  
Given forth with much hilarity  
Would make the wildest Johnsonese  
Lose all its popularity.

Newcastle's queen so beautifully  
Tosses her head and haughtily  
Squelches with much acidity  
Funmakers of the Bush-ery.

What's left of the celebrities  
Who do not lack sagacity  
Are the ones who act advertantly  
Amidst such loud loquacity.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

"A welcome to springtime," the optimist sang.

As he tunneled his way through the snow,—  
If he should acquire pneumonia and die,  
I know where I'd like him to go!

GIVE A BOOK TO THE LIBRARY  
Random Suggestions.

Books not on the curriculum that are not in the Library—but we think the students would like them, and maybe profit by them if they were there. Perhaps the graduating class might obtain timely suggestions from the list below. I am sure the Powers that be in the Library would be delighted to receive gifts from students, past present and future. Let Class '18 think about it. It is a very happy-go-lucky sort of list.

Works of Poe, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Synge, W. B. Yeats, Rupert Brooke, William Morris, Christina Rossetti, Stephen Leacock, Henry James, Mrs. Meynell, Bret Harte, Mark Twain.

The best of some modern novelists, W. J. Locke, Maurice Hewlett, Arnold Bennett, Compton MacKenzie, Mrs. Ward, W. W. Jacobs, H. G. Wells, George Moore's *Ave atque Vale*, A new set of Kipling, The inimitable works of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll, Thackeray, Scott, Kingsley, Dickens are incomplete. Oscar Wilde's *de Profundis*. A complete set of Ruskin.

All the classic anthologies. Not even the Golden Treasury and Oxford Book of English verse are in the Library. Surely some one could supply this lack. And how about the Edinburgh Book of Scottish verse, and the Dublin Book of Irish verse. Another anthology of Canadian verse has appeared within recent years, and ought to be in our Canadiana. Many collections of war poetry contain good poems from our less known writers otherwise unobtainable.

Reference works on painting and sculpture. A Bible. A Book of Common Prayer. Greene's History of England is incomplete. Poems of Henley, Newbolt, W. W. Gibson, Stephen Phillips, Rabindranath Tagore, Edward Fitzgerald. More books of travel and biography—there are lamentably few. Some splendid missionary biographies have been published recently—full of adventure and interest. Lucan's *Life of Charles Lamb*. Replace Mrs. Jameson's Shakespeare's heroines, and Chesterfield's Letters to his son. **Wanted**—Good translations of Balzac, Maeterlinck, Hugo, Ibsen, Strindberg. Works on Russia an up-to-date (as far as possible) history—translations of Russian novelists—we dare not try to spell them—but there are many good translations of their best works obtainable at reasonable prices.

Perhaps some of our graduates and students have copies of the modern novels mentioned. They have read them and they lie on their shelves neglected. If in good condition, why not pass them on?

Professor Murray, writing "ingens" on the board;—Pronounce that word.  
Freshman—Injuns.

## THE MURALS AT THE GREEN LANTERN.

The new Green Lantern has for the first time given Halifax a restaurant in which it is a pleasure to sit. The usual take-it-or-leave-it attitude of Nova Scotian Tradesfolk is for once forgotten. The management has striven to provide, in addition to excellent service and catering, rooms whose decorative scheme does not assault the visionary senses.

It is the mural decorations of which I wish to speak. These consist of a dozen panels in oil, the work of Mr. Arthur Lismer, of the Victoria School of Art and Design, Halifax, whose sketches of the Halifax disaster appeared in a recent Canadian Courier. These panels are immeasurably superior to the pictures usually hung in cafes. We are spared the inevitable nude Bacchantes with clusters of grapes and faces reminiscent of Hoboken. Instead Lismer's work portrays a series of typically Nova Scotian landscapes. In the smoking room are a series of studies of Halifax and its surroundings, in the rear apartment sylvan sketches of the four seasons. The colouring is warm and delicate; the drawing a trifle impressionistic. They answer the true test of painting, they are a joy to the eye. The next time you go to the Green, stop paddling your ice cream for an instant and give them the once-over. They are more than worth it.

Is it true that the Food Controller is meditating rebuking Dalhousie for the gluttony which has recently evidenced itself at Class Feeds?

## A. &amp; W. MacKinlay

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