

## THEATRE NIGHT IS OVER

### Dal Science Comes To The Fore

#### Cooperation Makes Exhibit A Success

(By J. A. F.)

THE Science Exhibition, held in the new Medical Building on Friday and Saturday of last week, gave the Science departments of Dalhousie an opportunity to show their wares to the general public. The exhibition was held under the direction of the Nova Scotia Institute of Science which consists largely of members of the Dalhousie faculty and men closely connected to Dal. In addition to the part played by Dalhousie departments, displays were put on by the Technical College and the Atlantic Experimental Station for Fisheries.

The University departments which took part were those of Chemistry, Biochemistry, Botany, Zoology, Physiology, Geology, Physics, Bacteriology and Pathology, Pharmacy, Histology and Embryology, and Dentistry. Each display was in charge of the professor of the department with the assistance of various of his students. The Dalhousian, on wandering around the exhibit, could see such strange things as Pat Wyman adopting a very professional attitude as he nonchalantly melted the end from a file, Bill Moran blowing most intricate designs in glass, Freda Winfield telling her auditors that the female mosquito is more deadly than the male, and Hughie Fraser telling a horrified member of the S. P. C. A. that the frog on which he was experimenting was quite dead.

The building was crowded throughout the whole exhibit with townspeople and students. Possibly the townspeople were interested in finding the destination of the pet tabby who disappeared this fall, but whatever their purpose in coming they showed great interest in the whole exhibition and one could not but think of what some of those people might do

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### Institute Of Science Thanks Students

The Editor,  
Dalhousie Gazette,  
Halifax, N. S.

Dear Sir:—On behalf of the Council of the Nova Scotian Institute of Science, please allow me space in the Gazette to thank the staffs of the Science Departments of Dalhousie University, the Nova Scotia Technical College, the Maritime College of Pharmacy and the Atlantic Experimental Station, for their co-operation in making the recent Science Exhibition possible.

The committee particularly desire to thank the students of the University and of King's College who helped in the various demonstrations and they feel that much of the success of the Exhibition was due to their invaluable assistance.

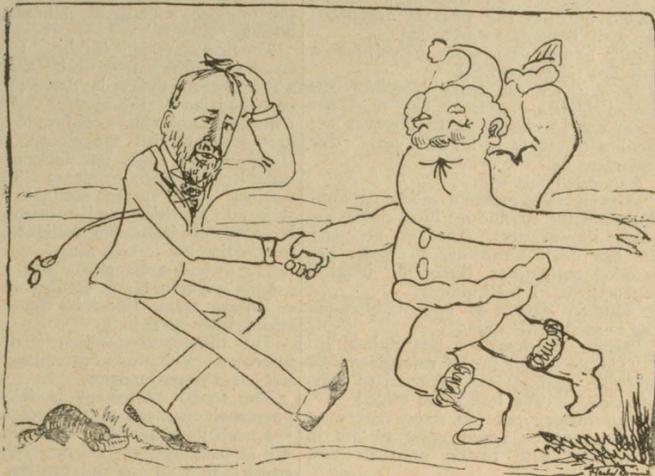
Yours truly,  
J. H. L. JOHNSTONE,  
President, N. S. Institute of Science.

### The Pepper-Box

The Pepper-Box, the official Pine Hill organ, under the guidance of Art Ross, who is Editor-in-Chief, made its second appearance for this year on Saturday night. Following is an extract from the editorial.

This, the second edition of the Pepper-Box, will also be the last before Christmas, as we, who are more or less responsible for it, have other and far more serious affairs to occupy our time.

Shortly the student bodies of both Pine Hill and Dalhousie will gird their loins and set forth for the regular semi-annual battle with their respective faculties. We hope and pray that the defeat of the professorial aggravation may be complete and ignominious. May we fool these all-powerful, high-and-mighty, know-it-all, personages who endeavour to pluck every feather from our wings, lest we might soar to greater heights.



Santa—Shake on it, Archie, we're about the only ones left.

### Glee Club Ends Season With Big Success In Play and Music

#### January Thirteenth

There will be no more Gazettes until January 13th. Can you wait? Last year you had an issue on December 10th. This year that is impossible, as you want only eleven more Gazettes—making twenty in all, and as the second term is far longer than the present one. As it is, by commencing publication again so late as the 13th of January, we shall have published our quota of twenty issues—more than a month before college closes and more than a month and a half before Convocation.

#### Newman Meeting

There was a meeting of the Newman Club on Sunday, Nov. 14th, 1926, in the K. of C. Hall, Hollis St.

This was no ordinary meeting, for the members were privileged in having the opportunity of listening to Mr. Justice Carroll give a very interesting talk on one of Canada's greatest premiers: Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

A very enthusiastic vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Justice Carroll.

The members were then treated to a piano solo, by Mr. Francis Page, after which the meeting adjourned and refreshments were served, this last being also well received.

#### Interfaculty Sport

A sudden-death basketball league will bring Interfaculty Sport to a close for 1926. The following schedule is the official one, all games to be played in the Studley Gymnasium.

Saturday, Nov. 27 (1) Medicine vs Law  
(2) Arts vs Commerce  
Saturday, Dec. 4 (3) Engineers vs Dents  
(4) Winners of (1) vs winners of (2)  
Saturday, Dec. 11 Winners of (3) vs Winners of (4)

Meds and Arts were the winners in the opening games of the interfaculty basketball league over Law and Commerce respectively. Both teams won by the narrow margin of two points—the Meds winning by a 23-21 score and Arts by 18-16. The Glee Club orchestra, rehearsing for Tuesday, accompanied the Med-Law game. Hewatt, Douglas, Mitchell and Sperry were the high scorers in the latter game while the Commerce—Arts stars were Clark, MacLennan, Miller and Matheson.

#### BASKETBALL STANDING

	Won	Lost
Meds	1	0
Arts	1	0
Dents	0	0
Com.	0	1
Law	0	1

#### Male Chorus Attains High Standard

(By F. C. P.)

THE Glee Club's second show Tuesday night was especially notable for two reasons. Firstly, a play was presented by a group of students who not only had never acted before, but who undertook all the details of production themselves, with the help of some "polishing off" suggestions by Profs. Bennett and Theakston. Secondly, the Male Choir appeared for the first time under the baton of an outside director—that of Prof. Harry Dean, director of the Conservatory of Music.

The play—a one-act comedy called "Enter the Hero," furnished a delightfully amusing first number. Muriel Donohoe as "Ann Cary" and George Nicholls as "Harold Lawson" had the main roles, which they played with ease and finesse—the scenes between them being most effective. The secondary roles—"Ruth (Ann's sister)" taken by Eileen MacAulay and Mrs. Cary (the girl's mother) taken by Eveleen Burns—were equally well portrayed. The stage looked very attractive, helped by the new spot-light and by the energetic efforts of John Morton, Bill Moran and their assistants. For a second number, the Glee Club orchestra, under the able direction of Jean Shaw, played two selections—the first being "Festival March" by Mendelssohn and the other, Intermezzo ("Portia") from the Merchant of Venice Suite by Rosse. Both were melodious, well executed and the march, quite virile. It was surprising to see such an increase over last year in the personnel of the orchestra—it shows that

(Continued on Page 4)

### Superabundance Of Peas And Beans More Annoying Than Funny

#### A Banner Night

Banners as decorations lent not a little to the success of Theatre Night. In the excitement which marked the conclusion of the evening's entertainment some nine or ten banners were lost. Students doubtlessly seized upon them as the only available souvenirs of a big night, not realizing that the banners belonged to fellow students and that loss would fall upon the borrower personally. One or two students noticing the names on the banners have already turned some in. Will the other students please forgo their souvenirs and leave them either with Avis Marshall or at the Gazette office?

#### Meds Plan Dance

Preparations are now under way for the biggest dance of 1927. This dance will be held at the Gym. on Jan. 10th. Bill Winfield is in charge of an able committee and he promises to have the best orchestra obtainable. This dance will even be better than those of previous years, and there will be no better way of starting the new year right than to attend. Tickets, will shortly be on sale, they are numbered and whoever gets the lucky ticket will get to the dance free. The drawing will take place at the dance and the winner will have his ticket price refunded. The committee have been working for some time past and they will not fail to give the best dance of 1927.

#### November Award

The monthly prize for verse goes to Margaret Ellis, for Higher Mathematics. Two second prizes for prose go to George MacIntosh for Guess Who and Ralph Morton for Time Table of College Life.

The judges wish it to be known that the award of a majority of prizes for humorous articles does not indicate a preference for this type of writing. In their opinion none of the prose contributions reaches the standard they consider required for a first prize.

The judges are James Nelson Gowanloch, Arthur Lister Murphy and C. L. Bennet.

The exam time tables have appeared at last—so all are busy now in preparation for the bi-annual trip to Studley.

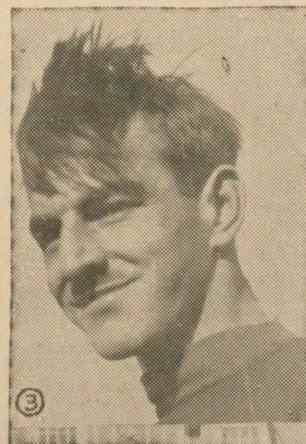
### How About It, Delta Gamma?

The accompanying photograph hardly does justice to the most remarkable man at Dalhousie.

The most remarkable man at Dalhousie. Not because of his prowess on the grid-iron. Not because of his prowess on the basketball floor! Not because of his prowess on the cinder track! Not because of his personal beauty!

What then? Ed Brown has been at Dalhousie four years and swears by heaven and by earth that at Dalhousie and in the City of Halifax and all the outlying districts, he knows to speak to, only one female, and she is a waitress at —!

We prophesy that this deplorable situation will occupy not a little time at the next assemblage of that august and mighty sorority, Delta Gamma. What action Delta Gamma will take, what penalties it will mete out, and what course it will pursue, is beyond prediction. We set the number of bids to the dance of the four hundred which our unknown hero will receive at—oh, about ten.



#### Record Crowd Enjoys Entertainment

(By F. W.)

Opinions about Theatre Night are rather divided. Everyone had a good time, and many thought it was the best Dal. night for some years. But there were criticisms on both sides of the footlights, and it is only fair to give them all.

The ideas of the public on the behavior of the students were divided. Indeed, The opinions were so diametrically opposed, that one is inclined to agree with friend Herbie that "The public is an ass!" Believe it or not, there were people there who said that the students had no "pep"—that when they were young, etc. Others thought the conduct "disgraceful." Even some of the students felt that a little of the "pep" was misdirected.

Undoubtedly the superabundance of peas and beans was more annoying than funny. The same might be said of some of the other misiles. Incidentally, while one dislikes to separate the sheet from the goats too pointedly, the boys in the boxes did not play a very enviable part.

These criticisms were well-deserved, but the students also had cause for complaint. The attitude of the Glossop-Harris Company was very disappointing. They did not seem to get the spirit of the students. Miss Glossop-Harris was perfectly justified in ringing down the curtain in protest, but if she had been less antagonistic throughout the evening, and had realized that there was nothing malicious in the conduct of the students,

(Continued on Page 4)

#### Med Dance Convenor Criticizes Editorial

The Editor,  
Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Sir:—I should like to make a few remarks in reply to the article "Two Dollars" which appeared in the issue of Nov. 25th.

The dances at Dalhousie are put on for the pleasure of the student body. In addition they provide a very liberal share of the students education, which he would be unable to acquire elsewhere. At no time do so many students collect together as at a University Dance. The dances provide that "Something" that cannot be obtained from books, even Sheakespeare!

We have in all, about eight dances a year. Each Faculty tries to outdo the other in providing a successful dance. It would certainly be less work for all concerned to put on a dance with less elaborate decorations, less elaborate refreshments, and a smaller orchestra. But would it be a success? I think not. I do not think the students would tolerate such dances. Two dollars has been the charge for a number of years. When I was a Freshman I paid three. The charge is carefully estimated so that the proceeds will cover the expenses of the dance. We do not seek a profit. We estimate our expenses, but we cannot estimate our attendance. If, for any reason, there is a small crowd, we lose money, and this loss must be borne by a small number of students.

The article states that "some com-"  
(Continued on Page 3)

#### Sociology Club

The Sociology Club held a meeting for the election of officers at 4.30 p.m. Monday, Nov. 22nd. The following were elected:

Pres.—Fletcher Smith.  
Secy.—Augusta Messenger.  
Program Committee: Ralph Morton and Walter Ross.

Until further notice, meetings will be held in the Murray Homestead on Wednesdays at 4.30 p.m.  
Watch the notice board!

# The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869).

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## The Best People

WE understand from good authority that there are some people around this University who consider themselves the upper crust. Just how they get that way would be an interesting problem to figure out. Perhaps it is brains, perhaps it is family and perhaps it is money. But we know this province pretty well.

An explanation has, however, been offered, which is worth passing on. As Horace has pointed out in his ode to Maecenas, some are stuck up about one thing and some another, some glory in getting messed up in the chariot race, some in being elected to offices and some in getting canned and taking away, "a portion of the solid day." But there are others who are distinguished for nothing at all. They are neither office holders nor athletes, debaters nor writers—they are just plain morons. What then are they to do about it. There is just one thing left,—they can be aristocrats.

—H. A. D.

## A University Pro Tem

THE university has been a popular topic at Dalhousie this year. When we start thinking we direct our thoughts first to our present occupation—and Dalhousie has been thinking. Though some one or other has made a point of criticizing the university in practically every particular, it is safe to infer from the fact that no one has deserted the university, that it does in the opinion of even the most radical more good than harm. We gather from the many criticisms and suggestions that the university idea is good and that a faultless university is possible.

The ideal would be, in a few words, a gathering of students, free to do what they will, with books available and able men at hand who could, if a student wished it, direct the student's work and thought. Though it may be an idle and half-baked conception, it is the students' ideal. Who is to criticize the student? Would it not be excellent? if the student could find his Utopia?

A National Conference, which the Student Christian Movement of Canada is convening in Montreal at the end of this month, will answer all the requirements of the University of Utopia. We watch this adventure all the more closely because it lasts for only a week, during which the Conference will devote itself to the problem of applying the Jesus Christ philosophy to education, the church, the state, to art, science and religion. There are a number of students from Dalhousie, we understand, who are making an effort to go. Every delegate will prepare himself by study and discussion—you must matriculate even at Utopia. Every student, no matter what his religious beliefs or no-beliefs, will watch this venture eagerly and participate in it as fully as possible even though it be merely to give some extra thought to the problems which will confront the National University. Here is a way for students to begin the new year!

## The Library

NEXT week the University Library will be open in the evenings from 7.30 to 10. Dr. G. S. Campbell, Chairman of the Board of Governors, to whom the thanks of the students are due, wishes it to be understood that this is an experiment, and that whether or not the Library will be open in the future depends on whether students use the Library next week. It is your opportunity, students; come early and get a reserved seat. We take this opportunity to set at rest some doubts which the editorial on the Library aroused; for whatever in it appeared or was impolite we apologize. The students appreciate what the Board of Governors have done for them and realize that there are none more concerned than the governors for the welfare of Dalhousie. Students and staff might well emulate their interest and energy.

## The Man Failed to Button His Vest

It was at a little railway station in the interior of Newfoundland. I was dreadfully hard up. The stuffy little waiting room was full of lumbermen who had just drawn their pay and were going home. Jokes, stunts, bets, tricks were in order. I had lost a dollar bet with a blustering young giant, for failing to pull him over on the lazystick. "Come across with that dollar," said he, holding out his big paw. I had no dollar; not even five cents; so the lumber-jack got sore and poured a stream of invectives upon me. "Hold a minute," I shouted, stemming the tide, "here's a brand new mackinaw coat I've got on, and just your size. If you're half as smart with your fingers as with your arms you can win it. Undo your waistcoat, and if you can button it up again in thirty seconds you get my mackinaw. But if you lose, you pay me five dollars, spot cash." My adversary scratched his black

head of hair, the while he eyed my mackinaw. "Thirty seconds, did you say? That's half a minute, isn't it?" He took out his time-piece and watched the minute hand go half a round. Then, looking up at me with a scowl. "No tricks?" said he. "It's plain English," I answered, "if you can button up your vest in thirty seconds you win. But you have only one try." "Well, here goes," said the champion, unbuttoning his vest. A close-packed circle of brawny men watched him button it up again in less than thirty seconds. But I won my five dollars, and kept my good mackinaw, for in spite of much shouting and confusion, I finally forced everyone present to admit that my opponent had in no wise buttoned up his waistcoat. He had buttoned it down, as I well knew he would. —P. L. H. M.

## Rebuttal by Arthur Murphy For The Negative

ON November 4th, 1926, a manuscript came from the University of Alberta. With coquettish modesty it was captioned, THE DEBATE. We appreciate this. Otherwise we should have thought it a treatise on Nova Scotian hygiene or Western hospitality.

I regret being unable to give information regarding the fish. They are in the sea, here. There is but one statement of Mr. Sweeney's to which I can respond. It is this:

"University students . . . are High School graduates, away from home for the first time and spending their father's money."

We are considering not the freshman but the average student. Under his father's roof or that of a night club, he is a man. Again, about 33% of university students work their way through college. At Yale this has been definitely determined.

The rest of Mr. Sweeney's debate, devoid of even the weakest argument, is a mere humorous subterfuge.

But I must be more chivalrous—a lady has taken the field.

At my request Miss Horricks has turned biblical student; has read her testament so closely as to discover the number of stones in David's sack. The important fact she evades.

He needed only one.

Miss Horricks makes a valiant attempt to defend the resolution; in so doing she proves its weakness. Through necessity she has dealt altogether in loose, unfounded statements, linked by illogical connections. I shall quote:

"Human nature is essentially weak and in need of discipline."

"Man is inherently a lazy animal."

"The desire for far-off rewards seldom prevails against the immediate satisfaction." (The italics are mine.)

"All history goes to show that even men cannot be relied upon to act in accordance with reason or their best interests."

Such statements are not worthy of the university debater. I challenge the opposition to give them any tangible support.

The first statement is false. Man cannot surpass the bounds of human nature and we are not considering saints. Discipline does not tend to strengthen but to render more dependent.

The second statement is false. We must consider the average, not the minute percentage of inherently lazy.

Miss Horricks grants the university to be the training-ground of life. Even the lazy are not trained nor developed by compulsion, as she maintains. Compulsion is subjection. The university is not, as Miss Horricks quotes, a replica of Main Street. The factory whistle may blow, but the laborer is not compelled to respond as is the student to the lecture bell. The sole requirement exacted of the laborer is that he do his work if he is to be paid. Where and how are secondary.

The third statement is loosely constructed about the word seldom. Miss Horricks has again taken a type of man as representative of the race. The reward of a life work is further away than a university degree. It comes only after years of toil, sometimes after life has gone.

The fourth statement is false. It verges on absurdity. Granting again that it is true for a certain number—As a training ground it is the university's task to correct this not to nurture it by denying the student the opportunity of learning for himself.

On such faulty premises as these has Miss Horricks based her conclusions. The result is inevitable. Her deductions are worthless.

Miss Winfield and I have stated nothing but facts. Those not based on concrete material are supported by psychological research and defy denial. There is a difference between phantasy and psychology.

Miss Horricks credits me with assuring you that the student at Dalhousie is a man. I offered not assurance, but proof. By simple logic I also showed that the average student of all universities is a man. I am not, like the opposition, dealing with individuals.

Again Miss Horricks asserts: "Laws are made for the weaker members of society."

"The mind must be reached through as many senses as possible. . . . a first principle of educational theory."

"Students would lose much more time groping around without the guidance of the professor . . . than by coming to lectures."

"A big factor in rating the student is the professor's personal estimate, based on daily contact."

The first statement is false. Hence the conclusion drawn from it is false. The watchword of today is democracy—the consideration of the average. And here I must ask you not to confuse the ambitious student with the clever, as Miss Horricks has done, nor lack of brains with lack of common sense. They are distinct. The stupid student has his share of ambition and common sense. He need not follow his brilliant confrère in avoiding the lecture room.

The second statement is true, but it is not an argument. A student can read a lecture many times in the hour he spends listening to it.

The third statement is a deceptive inference. Voluntary attendance does not mean non-attendance.

The fourth statement is false. The "personal contact" of the lecture room is a negligible quantity. Apart from this the "number system" of examining is in effect in over 70% of universities.

Of such statements as these is the case for the affirmative made.

Space does not permit me to quote further. But Miss Horricks' assertion that the student is broadened by being obliged to follow a strict curriculum is incorrect. The student is broadened by the freedom to pursue knowledge as widely and diversely as he pleases.

That compulsory attendance has a cultural influence is absurd. Whatever culture that may be acquired at college is gained, not in the classroom, but through those divers things known as student activities.

I have given you, without expurgation, the substance of Miss Horricks' debate. Of her ten main points, six are false, the other four illogical. In addition, granting them all sound, I have successfully rebutted them.

In resumé—

Mr. Sweeney's debate consisted wholly of futile rebuttal. Much of Miss Horricks' was in similar strain. Their positive arguments have been few and logically unsound.

They have presented no facts. They have attempted to mislead you by speaking of voluntary attendance as "spasmodic" and "perfunctory". At no time have they considered the average student. They have considered only the few types which they hoped to make suit their purpose.

We have presented solely facts, based on facts, supported by facts. We have made no hazardous statements, no unfounded claims. Therefore, our arguments cannot logically be rebutted.

One last word—

The student is a man.

## Dixerie Dot

(In the future, correspondents to this column must, if they expect an answer, confine themselves to 250 words.)

Dear Dixerie Dot:

Everybody is down on me. I used to be quite popular. People used to like to be with me and I used to get a hearty welcome everywhere. Last year I was quite prominent at college. But I was followed by one misfortune and then another, and all through no fault of my own. I always tried to be modest in my job, and I didn't really want it back. Some of my friends insisted on putting me up for the Council, the issue became involved and I was the martyr to a lost cause. I don't think much of the Council anyway. I find that there are even some last year freshmen on it. As I was saving I used to be popular, since I've been at Dal I've taken out at least thirty different girls from the Hall. There is more romance about girls that come from a different town than your own. I have, or had, a false reputation for necking. Necking I hardly need tell you, describes very inaccurately what would have shocked our grandmothers.

I am very careful about my dress and am not, unless mirrors lie, displeasing to look upon. Am I giving you too many facts, dear Miss Dot? I do not wish to boast but I have more than the average amount of brains. Will you please explain why I do not do very well in my classes? The other boys in my class seem to get better marks, even though

I work hard though I pretend I don't—I may as well tell everything. I believe the professors mark me unfairly, don't you think so? Especially as they are down on me in class too, asking me more questions than anyone else and always when I'm not prepared. I don't know why they dislike me.

I don't want to say anything more, except to tell you that I am not like other people. Will you please tell me what is the matter in a private reply? I am mature for a second year student and play the saxophone.

Very truly,  
Abused boy.

P. S.—Do you think Glee Club or the Gazette or the football team is much good this year?

A personal letter is impossible, since you have neglected to enclose your real name. I have made some enquiries among the students, who do not know of anyone with your symptoms. I draw from this two conclusions. The first is that as no one will recognize you, there can be no objection to publishing our correspondence. The second is that you must imagine that students and professors are down on you. You remind me of Mrs. Gummidge and Mr. James Forsyte. I hardly know what to advise, since you have given so little information. I fear you are too modest! You have some strange kind of a complex; I should advise you to see a psychologist or a doctor. But I shall give you the best

## THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

Prof. (In Chem. I)—Besides its powers of refraction the diamond is desirous for other reasons. Just what did he mean? \* \* \*

G. Grassil Archibald ('98-'99), is doing good work as editor of "The Farmers' Guide," Gardenvale, P. Q. Old Dalhousians will remember his prowess on the football field. \* \* \*

Mrs. E. Langford Sullivan, better known to the class of 1896 as Winnie Burns and Thisbe in "Mid-summer Night's Dream" paid a brief visit to old friends in Halifax in November. A great part of her life has been spent in India and China. It is probably that she will return to Halifax next summer. \* \* \*

M. M. MacOdrum ('23), is attending the University of Aberdeen and expects to take his degree in the spring. \* \* \*

With the professional volley-ball season opening, we wish to give the students a tip. Don't go unless you are interested in one of the following:

- (1) learning the proper way to play volley-ball.
- (2) Seeing a game played for the game's sake.
- (3) Seeing unprofessional professors.

Acadia courtesied to Dalhousie when a party motored here for Theatre Night. Rickety-ax rang out again and again and contributed not a little to the evening's success. Among the visitors were Helen Simms and Ted Taylor. \* \* \*

The other day, Dr. D. K. Grant, Dry Chief of Nova Scotia, was scouring the Dal campus, vainly trying to get a line on his wayward son Jigger. While he was rushing about, some fair co-eds passed by, with whose fairy forms and beaming faces he was greatly impressed. A member of the Gazette staff was standing by, and Dr. Grant jumped at the opportunity. He asked said correspondent to give his love to the beautiful Dal co-eds, which message is hereby passed on. \* \* \*

"The good old days" is a familiar phrase. The genial Dean of Law, uses it to describe the time when husband and wife were one and that one was the husband. \* \* \*

Scotchman at V. G. Hospital with wounded head.

Doctor—How did it happen?  
Scot—"My wife threw a rolling pin at me."

Doctor—"Well! that's the first time I've ever heard of a woman hitting what she aimed at."

Scot—"Oh! she didn't aim at me Dr. She threw it at our neighbor's cat, and I was standing behind her!" \* \* \*

Another Scotchman.  
Entering the dentist for a tooth extraction.

"What is it going to cost me?"  
Dentist—"Seventy-five cents."  
Scot—"That's too much—'how much to loosen it.'" \* \* \*

Dr. Hattie, after having been confined to his house with a severe cold, is now about his duties again.

A very excellent issue of the King's College Record has just arrived.

A McGill lecturer defines the idea professor as one who assists the birth of ideas in the student, and then helps to cultivate them.

The Players' Guild of University College will present James Elroy Flecker's *Don Juan*, which is a modern variation on the famous theme used by Byron and Mozart.

Robert Norwood tells the Varsity that Canadians do not appreciate their poets. Speaking of the praises which Dr. A. D. Watson, also a native poet, has showered upon him, Dr. Norwood said that one should not try to write a biography of his friend.

advice I can. You probably suffer from a delusion in thinking that people are unfriendly toward you; there are probably many who want to like you. Are you not afraid that a sour outlook will affect good looks? You have a wrong view of life—a poor philosophy. It should be a matter of joy with you, that others do better, for if you are clever, as I have little doubt you are, this augurs well for Dalhousie. Then you must remember that here at college you are up against picked men.

I advise you to be honest with your friends, if you have any left, and to give credit where credit is due. Make it your business to congratulate people when they do things well. Rejoice in the success of others and remember that they can do far more for you than you can do for yourself. I hope that I have been of some help. Take advantage of the approaching new year to make some good resolutions.

Sincerely yours,  
Dixerie Dot

### Read, Mark, Learn and Inwardly Digest

(With a couple of tail-spins to Lord Alf)

Cram, Cram, Cram,  
(The exams are near, O men!)  
And I would that the profs would tell us  
The dole that awaits our pen.

O woe to the student in Latin,  
Who hopes to get through with *that*  
prof!

And woe to the loafer in English,  
If he be an unfortunate soph!

And when the poor student goes up  
To write his exams in the gym:  
Then, O for a look at that tiny red book  
That now has much interest for him!

Cram, Cram, Cram,  
Till the small wee hours, O men!  
And if you would wish to get through,  
Bring everything under your ken.

-7. N.

### A Modern Tramp

A SHORT time ago a friend of mine found it absolutely necessary to cross several thousand miles of country. As he had very little money he was compelled to use "shank's mare", which I think you will see, from his account of one day's travel was not such a terrible affliction after all.

"It had been a glorious day in the late spring and as the night promised to be equally fine, I kept on walking in spite of the darkness. Towards ten o'clock I began to get tired and so started to look about for some place to sleep. At the cross-roads something black showed up against the stars, which I took to be a big sign board and as there was no other shelter in sight, I decided to coil up beside it, because even though it wouldn't keep the rain off, still it would be some protection against the wind. There seemed to be a rather peculiar smell hovering around but I was too tired to investigate, so simply flung myself down and was asleep almost immediately. When I woke up in the morning that odour was explained instantly—I had made my bed right up against a pig-stye.

"A wash and shave in a little brook soon took away that unpleasant memory and I started off again. After walking for a mile or so, an early-rising gentleman of colour, driving a ramshackle old Ford of very ancient vintage, picked me up and carried me along for about ten miles, dropping me in a small village. I breakfasted there on beans and bread, which were the cheapest and most filling things on the menu, and then felt equal to another little stroll.

"My next benefactor was a travelling upholsterer, a most talkative old chap. We got on famously together, discussing everything from politics to house-furnishings. But all conversations must come to an end sometime and after he had offered me a job as his assistant, which I regretfully had to refuse, we parted company as we were going in different directions.

"The road seems to be full of kind-hearted people, especially if one limps a little when a car is coming up behind. It is very seldom that one will have to walk for more than a few miles if the highway is a fairly well used one. Soon after leaving my upholsterer friend a young chap, taking a load of fruit and garden-produce to market, offered me a seat in his truck. He seemed rather concerned about my travelling alone and read me quite a lecture on the perils of the road and the evils of tramping. I agreed with everything that he said, with the happy result that he gave me enough fruit to serve for my dinner,—never argue with a man when he is doing you a service.

"My next ride came along so quickly that it was just like changing street-cars in a city. This time it was a laundry-truck. The driver told me that if I would help him deliver his load that he would carry me twenty-five miles along my route to the next town. I promptly accepted the offer and in spite of the fact that carrying laundry bags up six flights of stairs is no pleasure, I was thankful because it was beginning to rain. We arrived in town just about dark and my luck still holding, was given permission to sleep in the truck over night. There was some canvas sacking in the car, which made a fairly decent covering, so I stretched out under it, feeling quite contented with everything, having travelled some 250 miles during the day.

"Believe me! if you want a real holiday, just take to the highway. All that you will need is a little money, a ready tongue and a smile and a tooth-brush—but the most important of all is the smile."

S.

After the recent victory of Toronto over McGill the McGill Daily wired The Varsity as follows: "Congratulations Blue team. You deserved to win. You were by far the better team all the way through."

The fourth year made their final trip before Xmas to the N. S. Hospital on Friday afternoon.

### Sunset

A wide, wide field lay far outstretched  
In ripples blue, of velvet.  
While in the west, a misty veil  
Of deepest purple trailed.  
A brilliant fire burned,  
All golden, red and silver  
Where some Herculean god  
Had built his forge.  
The fire faded dimly—  
And the misty veil  
Grew mistier still.  
The fire in the forge died out,  
And in the pale pale velvet  
A single silver light lay glimmering,  
Followed soon by a thousand others.  
And in the east, the pale moon-mother  
Brought her gentle presence to the  
throng,  
And shadows closer crept.

The sun had set,  
And night was here.

W. M.

### Med Dance Convenor

(Continued from page 1.)

mittees even make money for their Societies," but it makes no mention of the committees. Not very many do. Most of them lose money. If a profit is made, it is never sufficient to warrant any material reduction. Only the best dances show a profit, and I think that any committee who put on a dance good enough to make money, deserve it. It has been well earned!

We do not wish to overcharge anybody, but we cannot afford to lose money. Personally, I do not think that a reduction in the cost of a dance would have any material influence on the attendance. In other words, those students who wish to dance are able to do so at the present cost. We cannot lower the cost of the dance, without lowering the standard, and that is the last thing that should be done. We wish to give every student the worth of his money. That we do so has been proven time and again by the popularity of the Dalhousie dances. And I have yet to hear any student say he was overcharged.

The Medical Society will hold their annual dance in the gymnasium shortly after Christmas. The charge will be two dollars per couple, and I feel perfectly satisfied that every student will go away from that dance feeling that he has spent his money on something worth while. When we are able to put on a successful dance for less money, we shall be only too glad to do so. The time may even come when every doctor in Cape Breton or the Newfoundland outports may be able to have, along with his Osler, a "complete Shakespeare" bought out of money saved from the Dalhousie Dances.

"BILL" WINFIELD,  
Governor, Medical Dance  
Committee.

### DALLUSIENSIA

1. When did Dalhousie have a year book?
2. What professor holds a Dalhousie track record?
3. When did the Gazette cease to be a monthly magazine?

Answers to last week's questions  
are—

1. The old Dalhousie building from 1843 to 1846 was leased to the postal authorities.
2. and 3. Lt.-Col. J. Keiller MacKay won the first D. S. O. the winter of 15-16 for distinguished service in Flanders. Cam MacDonald, by the way, who brought the Boer flags from South Africa, won the first M. C.

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### Then I'll Be Happy

MEN or learning sometimes scoff at popular songs. They tell us that we should instead study Greek, Latin and Philosophy. While vulgar Americans think of nothing but money and jazz, he who would live the broad and full life must dip into the subjects prescribed in a Liberal Arts Course.

Because it is generally accepted by "respectable folk" most of us have unquestioningly leaned to this opinion. But after all what is the object of our study? Is it to prepare ourselves to make a living? Clearly it is for no such sordid purpose as this. It is to give us that social standing going with the possession of a degree, which, to those who have never been at college, really means something. No, it can't be that. That would be a pursuit far too insincere for real men. Perhaps, however, it is a really serious business. Perhaps it is a quest for the deepest and most vital things in life. Perhaps it is an endeavour to adjust one's self to the most vital things in the whole world—man's right relation to God and his fellows. Perhaps it is to so read the universe that, like Copernicus, we may "think the thoughts of God after him." Perhaps it is to so understand nature, that, like Wordsworth, we may see the flowers at our feet thrilling with the same life as that which courses through our veins in the spring time. Perhaps it is like Vergil, to see "universal nature moved by universal mind." Perhaps, in the language of the popular song it is to learn to "do what you do, sigh when you sigh, love when you love and cry when you cry."

Here we have gathered up in a few homely words the profoundest philosophy of all the ages. Perhaps the labourer as he sings them on his way home when the days work is done, does not understand all the philosophic implications, but his own heart tells him that it is

### A Splendid Shot

"What do you think of the new shooting tenant?"  
"Well, whatever he is, he's a man of his word. He said he would send all he shot to the village hospital. I saw two keepers and a guest pass half an hour ago in the ambulance."  
—Courtesy of J. C.

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Perhaps the village school girl as she hums it in a dreamy way does realize that she is following in the train of Vergil and Spinoza, but she knows that it speaks to her deepest and best and that is quite enough for her. Perhaps a whole continent, when it burst forth as with but a single voice, was only blindly bungling, but, Oh! what a sublime truth it bungled on.

No, it may not be considered a great song by an English department. It is probably far too simple to be discussed in a Philosophy lecture room. But the most learned and most polished man among us will do well, if, before he sinks once more into the great sea of being from which he sprung, he has learned "to smile when you smile, love when you love, and then be happy." To do this it is not necessary to have a long list of degrees behind one's name. It is not even necessary to have a soft collar job and mix in high society, but this is sure: those who can do it. "On honey dew have fed and drunk the milk of Paradise."

Always borrow from a pessimist, he never expects to get it back anyway.



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### CASINO

THIS WEEK-END

### "Mantrap"

WITH

Clara Bow  
Percy Marmont  
Ernest Torrence

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### "So's Your Old Man"

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### Theatre Night Is Over

(Continued from page 1.)

Theatre Night would have been an even greater success.

The Company have been extremely popular with the students, both personally and professionally. This has been amply proved by the college patronage, by the willingness of the students to take part in the productions and by the fact that Theatre Night was held during the Company's engagement.

Miss Glossop-Harris did not seem to understand that those of the general public who go to the theatre on Dalhousie Night, go to enjoy the students equally with the play. It would have been better to eliminate the Mendelssohn music in favor of college songs. It is utterly useless to try for a serious atmosphere on a college night. There was also much surprise over the fact that Miss Glossop-Harris would not permit any students on the stage between the acts for stunt purposes. Rather lengthy preparations had been made for collegiate entertainment, and "outsiders" as well as students were greatly disappointed.

It is hard to understand why Miss Harris, with an almost exclusively Dalhousie audience, was not more anxious to cooperate with the collegians and cater to their tastes for that one night.

Of course it must have been due to a lack of understanding of a local custom. The students all regret very much any annoyance that the players suffered through them, and feel very badly over the fact that the Company did not get any fun out of Dal. night.

The evening, as far as a good time was concerned, was a huge success. The S. C. A. are to be congratulated, both on the idea and the way in which it was carried out. It is to be hoped that the after-the-theatre dance has established a precedent. It was a splendid finish for one of the best nights of the year.

### Dal Science

(Continued from page 1)

with the opportunities which we value so lightly. Not the least interested were the Dal students themselves and some of them showed that their liberal Arts course had not carried them very far into the field of natural science.

Various impressions were received by a person standing back and watching the visitors inspecting the exhibits. Those at the head of the display were those very closely connected with Dal, the demonstrators were Dal students, and most of the things shown were things which are taught and learned at Dal. Notwithstanding this, there were many of the Dalhousie professors who did not honor the exhibit with their presence.

The Science Exhibition was a success, and its success was due to the cooperation between students and professors in the departments where a professor will sometimes recognize a student as human and call him by his first name and where the student feels that he is being taught by a professor who is interested in seeing him learn something and is not afraid to drop a little dignity in attaining that purpose.

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### Glee Club

(Continued from page 1.)

Dal. certainly has her share of musical talent this year. The third number was a snappy one of four selections (a Baby Face, b Someone's Losin' Susan, c Hey Diddle Diddle, d Drifting and Dreaming) played by "The Gypsy Banjo Trio" (Ken Smith, Katharine Hagan, Osborne Lafurgy), assisted by John Budd at the piano. Though perhaps in a lighter vein than the orchestral numbers, yet these selections by the trio (or rather, by the "Banjo and Piano Quartette"), were none the less well and artistically done.

After this, the Male Chorus took possession of the stage and sang four songs under Prof. Dean's skilful direction. The first was "Winter Song" by Bullard, followed by "Duna" by McGill. The words of "Duna" are Marjorie Pickthall's and the music is noteworthy for its wonderful swinging rhythm. Then came "Vintage Song" from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera "Lorelei" and the ever-popular "Smilin' Thru" by Penn, finished a truly exceptional program. Roy Wiles accompanied the choir in his usual effective manner. After the program, dancing was indulged in to the strains of John Budd's jazz orchestra.

The sincere thanks of the Glee Club and of the whole student body are due to Prof. Dean and to Miss Jean Shaw as directors of the Male Chorus and Orchestra respectively. Prof. Dean especially, has generously been devoting a whole evening from a very busy week to coaching the boys and this advantage is not to be taken lightly when one considers Prof. Dean's wide experience.

**The Orchestra**—1st. violin: Jean Fraser, Clare Murphy, John Thurrott, George Langstroth, Sydney Bateson, Gilbert Holland, Adam Bell, Bill Clarke.

2nd. Violin: Gertrude Phinney, June Morris, Virginia Irwin, Hazel Williamson, Muriel Evans, Forrest Musgrave, Dorothy Irwin, Harold Price.

Viola: Dr. Young, Beryl Burgoyne.

Cello: Marjorie Egan.

Trumpet: Donald Murray.

Clarinet: Fred McLennan.

Flute: Carl Smith.

Piano: Minnie Black.

Conductor: Jean Shaw.

### The Male Chorus

1st. Tenors: C. B. Moore, J. L. L. Chisholm, H. Price.

2nd. Tenors: R. D. McKay, R. A. MacMillan, J. M. Morton, V. Snarr, P. L. H. Muschamp, J. W. Merritt, J. M. Eaton.

1st. Bass: J. W. Byers, Prof. H. E. Read, H. Wyman, A. G. Campbell, J. C. Douglas, K. Muir, R. A. Baxter, D. Forsyth, P. E. Sullivan, J. Shaw, G. Frame.

2nd. Bass: G. Bowles, R. MacDonald, C. Allen, R. S. Anderson, T. Webber, E. R. Woodside, J. H. Crouse, R. C. Wright, J. Wickwire.

Director: Prof. Harry Dean.

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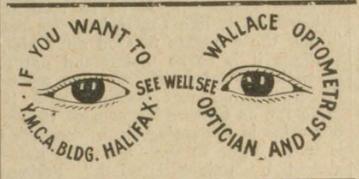
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### Casino Notes

"Mantrap," from the novel by Sinclair Lewis, featuring Clara Bow, Percy Marmont and Ernest Torrence is the Casino's offering for the last three days of this week. "Mantrap" is a drama of two men and a woman. All come from different environments and stations in life but are thrown together in a strange relationship in the depths of the Canadian woods. The picture abounds in thrills—a spectacular forest fire providing a big punch. "Mantrap" is pronounced Sinclair Lewis' best piece of fiction, which means that we may expect a fine movie.

W. C. Fields, former "Follies" star, and now a film farceur, will be seen at the Casino the first three days of next week in "So's Your Old Man". This big comedy special is based upon the rollicking tale that first appeared in the Red Book Magazine under the title of "Mr. Brisbee's Princess", and which won the O. Henry Prize for the best short story of 1925. Alice Joyce is the woman in the case.



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