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MARITIMES

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ASPIRANTS FOR TEAMS TO MEET MCGILL and ACADIA SPEAK

Students' Council Favour \$10 Fee

MUCH BUSINESS HANDLED AT COUNCIL MEETING TUESDAY

Placing itself on record as favouring a raise in the Student Fee from seven to ten dollars, the Council of the Students at its meeting Tuesday night in the Munro Room decided to obtain the opinion of the student body before proceeding further. The Council's decision to hold a Dalhousie Theatre Night was the second big decision of the evening.

A great deal of business came before the meeting. The Council approved Feb. 13 for the Junior-Senior dance, gave its consent to the proposed Commerce basketball trip, heard reports on the Vancouver trip, the skating arrangements, and the Dalhousie-Kings student relations situation. The Council also made grants to the basketball and hockey teams.

The meeting opened with Mr. Godsoe in the chair. The minutes were read and approved. The meeting began with a discussion of skating nights. Mr. Rankin informed the meeting that he had arranged for four skating nights at the Forum at the total cost of \$450, of which last Friday night was one. This expenditure was debated keenly but it was finally decided that it should be left to the Skating Committee, and that they should arrange for the other three nights at the above rate.

Leigh Miller on behalf of the Commerce Society made an application which was granted, asking that a Commerce basketball team be allowed to make a trip to Yarmouth. Four games the team will play in all. They have been given good guarantees. Mr. Miller in making the application pointed out that this trip would be a good advertisement for Commerce.

The Secretary-Treasurer reported that an offer of \$150 had been received for the open-air rink equipment and was instructed by the Council to accept.

Mr. Godsoe's suggestion that a letter of appreciation be written to Dr. Rankin for his services as football coach was adopted.

Mr. Winfield submitted a financial report for the Vancouver trip. The President complimented the team manager on his clear and comprehensive report and on the way he had managed the trip.

Mr. Godsoe stated that he had not yet anything to report from the committee appointed to deal with the relations between the student bodies of Kings and Dalhousie. He expected to make a definite report at the next meeting of the Council.

The Secretary read an application from Arts '29 to hold the Junior-Senior Dance on February 13. This was granted. A similar application from the Medical Society asking for the approval of the date set for its dance was also granted.

The biggest question of the evening was the Students' Council Fee. Every member of the Council favoured raising the fee to \$10. Strong reasons were advanced for this change. It was pointed out that the Council has not at present sufficient funds at its disposal and incidentally that the student fees at other universities are higher than at Dalhousie. Mr. Winfield expressed himself as strongly in favour of a \$10 fee, and pointed out how much easier it would be to arrange trips and other activities. "I sincerely think that seven dollars is not sufficient," said Mr. Godsoe. He felt that the matter should be brought before the students. Mr. Merritt moved that the Council go on record as in favour of the raise. Motion carried.

A verbal application from the Girls' S. C. M. for permission to hold a Dalhousie Theatre Night on Feb. 16 opened a discussion which resulted in a decision of the Council to hold a Theatre Night itself in accordance with a motion passed before Christmas. The proceeds are to be used to entertain the football boys at a banquet in appreciation of the credit they did the college on the trip west.

Partial grants of \$100 to basketball and \$200 to hockey were made after short discussions. A committee consisting of Messrs. Tupper, Smith and Rankin was appointed to look into the question of turning in of athletic gear.

After a session of nearly three hours the Council adjourned. The following members were present: Miss Gladwin, Messrs. Godsoe, Rankin, Curry, Garber, Merritt, McCunn, Scott, Smith, Tupper and Winfield.

—P. O. H.

Debater



B. R. Guss, a member of last year's inter-collegiate debating team who spoke at the trials last Monday evening

KINGS WINS OPENING GAME FERGUSON, McCUNN AND GODSOE SHINE FOR DAL

Playing their first game in the City Intercollegiate League and the second on the evening's program the Dal senior puck-chasers were defeated 3-2 by the Kingsmen a week ago Thursday night. The game was exciting at times but neither team produced any really good hockey. A decided inclination on the part of the Blue and White sextette to roughen things up served to interject some excitement into the play but it wasn't hockey and petty displays of temper never did a team any good. On the whole Kings had an edge on the Tigers and deserved to win although Dal held the lead on two occasions and showed fair signs of being determined to hold it.

The game opened fast and both teams played with a vim. Neither squad loafed and the initial session as well as the whole game was bitterly fought. There was no score in the opener.

Near the end of the second stanza Tom Foley let drive with a long shot from the right wing and the puck glanced off a King's stick into the net. It was first blood for the Gold and Black and the Dal supporters (such as they were) hailed the score. The Blue and White tried hard to tally but Ferguson, in the Dal net, took no chances and turned everything aside.

The third and final period produced the most scoring and the best hockey of the game. About half way through Jeff Andrews scored from close in and evened up the count. Nothing daunted the Tigers staged a rush which netted them another. Their second goal came from a mixup in front of the goal. Unfortunately their lead was short lived as Kings pressed and tied the score again when Zwicker's shot ripped behind Ferguson. All these goals were scored in quick succession. Heartened by their recent success the Kingsmen attacked furiously and a few minutes before the game ended Cole rushed prettily to score the winning goal.

Greatly weakened by the loss of several of their stars via the "conditioning" route the Tigers fought against odds and gave a creditable exhibition for their College. Stepping in the shoes of Jack Lewis, whose place Os Lefurgy was to fill but cannot, "Scotty Ferguson" played a stellar game between the uprights for the Gold and Black. A little more experience and Ferguson will be well equipped for the net custodian's position. On the defence Ray McCunn and Henry Godsoe played hard throughout. The forward line composed of Foley, Sangster and Bryant, played a steady although not brilliant game. Power, Doyle, and Sullivan, were the subs.

The first game between St. Mary's College and Tech was a walkaway for the Maroon and White team from Windsor St. Displaying all the class that they showed last year the Saints look good to cop the league.

She would like a copy of your Year Book.

Liberals Have Strong Cabinet

MINISTERS OF MOCK PARLIAMENT ANNOUNCED

The walls of the Law School have once again re-echoed to the cheers of the Liberals, Conservatives and Nationalists. Last week after very heavy balloting the Liberals were voted into power. Party feeling is very strong; both the Conservatives and Liberals have issued manifestos outlining very comprehensive platforms. The planks in these platforms naturally deal with problems that are vital to student life: old age pensions, free beer, hard liquor and wine, prohibition, of summer fishing in Newfoundland, petting problems and the like.

The personnel of the Liberal Administration is viewed by shrewd political observers as one of the strongest Cabinets Canada has ever had, exhibiting both debating strength and administrative ability.

The Cabinet is as follows:
Prime Minister and Secretary of State—Rt. Hon. Andrew Olding Hebb,
Minister of Labour: Hon. A. H. MacKinnon.

Minister of Justice and Attorney-General: Hon. J. E. Mitchell.
Minister of Finance: Hon. J. T. MacQuarrie.
Minister of National Defence: Hon. J. F. Shaw.

Minister of Trade and Commerce: Hon. W. D. Outhit.
Minister of Marine and Fisheries: Hon. C. W. Sperry.

Minister of Railways and Canals: Hon. Wm. N. Wickwire.
Minister of the Interior: Hon. J. Gerald Godsoe.

Postmaster-General: Hon. J. Henry MacDonald.
Solicitor-General: Hon. T. C. Doyle.
Minister of Agriculture: Hon. F. M. Covert.

Minister of Health: Hon. Alex MacDonald.
Minister of National Revenue: Hon. J. S. Dresner.

It is rumored that the Government at an early date will introduce bills creating two new departments: Aviation and Foreign Affairs, the names of J. J. Fay and Ben R. Guss are associated with these two new portfolios.

Hon. H. E. Read has again accepted the position of Speaker. His Excellency Colonel Thompson will deliver the

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club held their second meeting of the year at the K. of C. Hall on Sunday the 22nd.

Rev. Father Burns, the new chaplain, was introduced to the members. He is an ex-member of the Newman Club and was appointed to succeed Rev. Fr. MacCarthy who has been transferred to Bermuda.

The speaker of the day L'abbe Casgrain gave a most entertaining talk on "Communism and Immigration in Canada". Father Casgrain who is an interesting talker and a talented linguist was at one time interpreter to the League of Nations. He has for many years, studied conditions both in Europe and Western Canada and could therefore illustrate from his own experiences how the immigrants had lived in Europe and their chances of improving their state in the New World.

Following this address a hearty vote of thanks was moved by Fred Jennings and seconded by Muriel Donahoe. It passed unanimously.

A business meeting was then held. Plans for a dance were left in the hands of the Executive. The new pins were distributed.

The next meeting will be on the third Sunday of next month.

speech from the throne. Ben R. Guss member from Saint John will move the resolution that an address be drawn up in reply to the speech from the Throne. J. J. Fay, member for Bridgetown, will second the resolution. A general debate will then follow giving all members an opportunity to express themselves on the general policy of the Government.

It may be said that all three parties have drawn to their ranks men of great ability. It is interesting to note that the Liberal Cabinet has in its personnel a lady member—Hon. J. S. Dresner.

The Conservatives have men like Alban Farmer, Rod MacLeod and M. B. MacKinnon; the Nationalists pride themselves in their men: J. J. Lyons Atwood, A. J. Walsh and B. M. Kelloway.

Many fiery speeches are anticipated and every move of the government will be watched by the keen-minded men of the Opposition and Nationalist parties. However the Rt. Hon. A. O. Hebb is prepared to meet all onslaughts.

FLASH—Session opened Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, 1928 at 8 o'clock. Full details will be published in next edition of this paper.

SMALL NUMBER OF CONTESTANTS APPEAR

On Monday evening, Jan. 23rd an eager group of speakers delivered their perorations before Dean Read, Dr. G. E. Wilson and Prof. S. L. MacDonald in an attempt to secure places on one of the two strong teams that will be chosen within the next week.

The Athenaeum Society of Acadia submitted the following resolution for the Intercollegiate Debate with that college:
"Resolved that the Bolshevist administration of economic affairs since 1917 has been to the economic advantage of the Russian people".

Dalhousie has chosen to argue the negative of this resolution. The debate with Acadia will take place early in March. It is to be held in Halifax and the Committee is endeavoring to put up a good team to defend Alma Mater in this forensic feud with one of Dal's greatest rivals for debating honors.

The subject for debate with McGill was submitted by Dal and read as follows: "Resolved that the proposals submitted by the Minister of Justice to the recent inter-provincial conference for the amendment of the British North America Act so as to give to Canada the power to amend her own constitution should be adopted."

McGill has chosen to uphold the negative; that is, that Canada should not have the right to amend her own Constitution according to the proposals of Mr. Justice Lapointe.

The McGill subject is a matter of great interest to students of political tendencies and will no doubt receive widespread attention, as reflecting studied opinions on both views. The date for the debate with McGill has not yet been settled.

It is to be regretted that a greater number did not try for the teams but this can be explained by the fact that the subjects were of interest only to a certain group of students, i. e., those interested in politics.

Among those who spoke were:
Don Grant, who spoke clearly and displayed no sign of nervousness in this his first appearance before the committee.

Roy Laurence, who has improved considerably over last year, both in his diction and delivery.

Andrew Hebb, who, although suffering from a cold displayed a broad knowledge of his subject and made many pointed remarks.

Rod MacLeod, veteran debater who spoke in his usual decisive manner.

M. B. MacKinnon, who speaks with great ease and logic to tell stories.

P. L. H. Muschamp, who spoke voluminously on the Russian economic situation.

Ben R. Guss, member of last year's inter-collegiate team—I also spoke.

Keen interest is being displayed on all sides and a large audience was present to hear the speakers.

Before the meeting closed Mr. MacLeod submitted the application of J. Gerald Godsoe to be considered a candidate, on his past record as a debater. In his closing remarks Mr. MacLeod expressed the hope that Sodales would continue as an important college activity.

Coming events cast their shadow before. While Fat McKenzie was ill (imagine) for a few days last week, he received a parcel of eatables, the contents of which was marked "Silver Casket Handles."

Don't forget the Glee Club show tonight is postponed.

GLEE CLUB NOTES

Rehearsals for the Glee Club Orchestra are coming along splendidly, but we need MORE VIOLINS. If the orchestra is to perform at Glee Club or over the radio we must have more violins.

Now then violinists here's a chance to win your Glee Club "D", don't wait for a personal invitation but come out to the Munro Room, Saturday at 2:30.

Arrangements are completed for the Delta Gamma show and preparation will start immediately; this is going to be good! Watch for it.

Election of officers to fill the posts of secretary and technician will be held this evening. In order to save time the audience will be provided with ballots bearing the names of the candidates.

All students who would like to participate in Glee Club activities in any way are earnestly requested to get in touch with either Graham Allen or Keltie Holman. Please don't feel that you must be asked, VOLUNTEER!

Dalhousie Authors

By A. M. M.

Perhaps it is not generally known that there is in the Library, a "Dalhousie Bookshelf," which is devoted to the publications, on all subjects, of Dalhousie graduates. The expression is figurative rather than literal, for no single shelf in the stack could contain the collected works of our own authors. Gordon MacGregor's "Memoirs" number fifty. De Mille had some thirty titles to his credit, before he died at the age of forty-six. This book-shelf is one of our most valuable assets, for, after all, in the last analysis, a college exists as an institution of learning, for the diffusion and, as Bacon would say, the augmentation of learning.

Amongst the latest accessions to this shelf is a work of *longue haleine* by Rudolph A. Clemen, "By-Products in the Packing Industry" (University of Chicago Press). Mr. Clemen is well remembered about Dalhousie. After graduation and some experience of the academic life, he devoted himself to a study of the great American industry, "packing," which has its centre in Chicago. He treated its origin and development, from the establishment of the great cattle-ranges of the south and west to the building of the enormous slaughter-houses in Chicago, with all the accompaniments set forth so drastically in "The Jungle".

This second book of Mr. Clemen's follows necessarily from the first. Apart from the meat of the animals the hides, bones, viscera, etc., etc., are turned into useful products. The joke about utilizing everything about the pig, except the squeal is hardly a joke. A glance at the very informative plates showing the steer, the sheep the pig in states of progressive disintegration with what they are turned into stacked alongside are stories without words and make the letter-press almost superfluous.

The illustrations are many and useful. Results are tabulated and represented by graphs. And there is a full index in a word, it represents long and exhaustive research and forms a mine of surprising information on a most important subject. Ten thousand copies have been distributed by the

Armour firm amongst their employees. Mr. Clemen has presented a copy to the Library.

But Dalhousians are idealistic as well as practical. The Little College is producing poets. "John Hanlon" has been contributing to New York magazines for years and his two "chapbooks" published recently by the Runsan Press have been eagerly bought up by the discerning public. We can also claim Guy Mason. Though he did not complete his course at Dalhousie because he was engaged in even more important work, "Somewhere in France" for several years. He too has a chapbook of verse in the same series, with the arresting title "The Cry of Insurgent Youth." The poems are "few, but roses".

Let not the old and conservative shrink from the challenge of the title-poem. It is a passionate cry for the destruction of all that hinders the growth of man's soul. Appropriately it is written in free verse. It begins, *Fling far the flame!*

*We come with burning unslept eyes that will not sleep,
Until the blinding light of a jull day
Closes them forever, and they go down to rest,*

*Filled with the vision glorious
That must come in the fruiting time of our desire.*

*Fling far the flame!
A half forgotten deity will fan it with his breath,*

*Until it blazes to the zenith of all desire,
And merges into the unquenchable light
that burns on the hearth of the universe.*

*Then, O God of infinite mercy, infinite love,
Breaker of idols and master of dreams,
Give us Thy rest.*

Such verse has the true afflatus. It has the unmistakable ring of sincerity in every line. It is instinct with noble passion for the high and heroic. If only ten thousand young men in Canada were marching to the music of that song.

Glee Club Show Postponed SEE PAGE 3

The Dalhousie Gazette

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Why?

The pass list for the Christmas set of examinations is now a matter of history, gloomy for some, satisfactory for others, but it is still being discussed. Many students are asking the question, "Why are our marks not published with the list?" There are two sides to every question and this matter is no exception to the rule.

If we study the question we can see two probable reasons for withholding the information that every student wishes to acquire. First, it might be repugnant to those students, who failed to pass, to have their failure, open to the gaze of the public. Second, it might encourage laxity among those who had made excellent marks and give them a false sense of security.

To the first we would say, that there is no need of divulging the shortcomings of a student unless, he or she so wished it. The number system which supposedly covers up the identity of the student in the examination room, could perform the same function on the notice board.

The second argument in favor of concealment can also be eliminated. A student with the necessary ability and application to place himself in an advantageous position in the mid-year examinations is not going to allow the knowledge of comparative safety to deter him from further application. Rather will it spur him on to greater endeavour.

On the other hand, if you consider the majority of students,—those who, scrape through with a thin margin,—it would be better for them to have an exact idea of their standing. With the pass list as it is, one mark above the pass mark puts a student in the ranks of the elect. He is ignorant of his exact standing, whether he has five, twenty-five or nothing to spare. He's in the position of false security.

Between the student with a pass and the student with one below a pass there is practically no distinction but according to the pass lists as published there is a great expanse. The former has passed, the latter has failed. The latter is probably the better off of the two for he knows that he must exert more energy, the former probably thinks he is doing well enough, feels he has a margin to work on and does not realize his mistake until it is too late.

There may be more solid reason for withholding the desired information but from the student's standpoint it would seem that an exact knowledge of his standing would be more compatible with his future well-being.

System

In the march of progress throughout the ages the all-important factor has been found to be system. From the dawn of history to the present day the evolution of society has been the result of the utilisation of a systematised procedure in modes and manners. Consider the savage, who gorging when he had plenty, starved when a time of famine came on. He lived in the present, a child of nature, never preparing for future necessity, but drinking from the bowl of life without making preparation for its replenishing. "Carpe diem,"—"Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die," was his motto, and, in many cases, he "lived up to it".

His life was an exemplification of instability. He moved from place to place with abandon, following his food. In summer he fed on the fruits of the soil; in winter he eked out a precarious existence on wild meat and frozen fish—his dress a hodge-podge of crude gifts of nature, his living conditions unsanitary and uncomfortable. He existed—he lived but he didn't live fully. The only system he knew was the system of mixed superstition and custom that had been handed down from father to son through many generations—a system that bound and fettered his actions, his thoughts and even his speech.

On the other hand if we consider a normal individual in this era which we flatter ourselves by calling civilized we shall find many boons that system and systematised action has carried along in its wake.

When man first learned to store food in time of plenty as a safeguard against the time of want, he was taking a progressive step along the road of system. When he acquired the art of bringing food to him by herding animals and cultivating land—the pastoral and agricultural stage—he had travelled still farther along the road to system and advancement. And if we continue to follow the progress of civilization to the point at which we are at present we would see the powerful factor that system has been in governing the mode of our present existence.

In the old days—and by old is not meant those halcyon days that old timers enthuse about, when seemingly superhuman deeds were done, a mere matter of fifty or one hundred years, but back on the rim of time—when a man wanted an egg for his breakfast, or whatever they called the meal in those days he had to go through an elaborate procedure to satisfy his craving. He hunted the forest until he found a nest, climbed the tree and picked his meal which he probably consumed on his perch, if the bird fruit were not added. If they were unfit for consumption he would by a method of trial and failure finally satisfy himself, but by this time it would have become time for his supper or whatever he designated that meal and so he followed the vicious circle, eating to live, living to eat that he might live.

Nowadays if we wish an egg for breakfast, it is only a matter of a few minutes before the desired article is set before us. We eat it in comfort or, if it is added, we have the satisfaction of ringing for service, repeating our order and relieving our pent up feelings at the outrage. The savage could only shin down the tree and seek farther afield.

This advancement of civilization, of which the above is but an humble example, is due primarily to the inculcation of system into

Joyce Kilmer

THE NEW SCHOOL

That one of the names on the 'radiant list' should be Sergeant Joyce Kilmer is not only a matter for sorrow to the lovers of poetry, among those that were left behind, but also for deep regret to the world at large. When Joyce Kilmer was killed while fighting for his country and his faith on the battlefields of France, the world was robbed of a poet, it is true, but it was also robbed of a man. That Kilmer was a poet had been recognized for some years before his death, but the fact that he was a man has yet to be discovered by others than his devotees. It is quite possible to read Kilmer's poems, essays and various articles without becoming acquainted with the character of their author to any great extent. One may learn from his works that, for instance, he was a lover of nature, an ardent Roman Catholic and a devoted father, but, after all, these are not distinctive characteristics. Many people could be said to be just those things without possessing any similarity whatever to Joyce Kilmer. No doubt a closer study than merely one reading, would give better results, but even at that it is doubtful whether as true a picture of him could be drawn as that which one finds on reading his letters. If they are sincere, and, personally, I have no doubts whatever, on the subject, they are the index to a fine character, a rare character, a character of which it might be said: "His life was gentle and the elements So mixed in him that nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man'."

Joyce Kilmer was born in 1887. His father was Kilburn Kilmer, and both his father and mother had Irish blood in their veins, much to the delight of their son, who often speaks proudly of the fact. The Kilmers were Anglican and the boy was, of course, brought up in that faith. He was educated at Columbia University and proved to be a keen student. He was married immediately after his graduation in 1908 and taught school for a year in Morristown. From there he went to New York and worked on the *Standard Dictionary* for three years—after which he accepted a position on the staff of *The Churchman*. In 1913 Kilmer and his wife joined the Catholic Church, and from that time he was a very devout Catholic. He was later literary critic for *The Bookman*, *New York Times*, *Literary Digest* and several other well-known literary magazines. Just before the United States entered the war the Kilmers lost their little daughter Rose, and, immediately after her death Kilmer enlisted as a private in the 69th New York regiment. He was sent to France almost immediately and served as a Sergeant in the Intelligence Section of the 165th Infantry until he was killed in July 1918.

During the period of his life overseas his letters to his wife are particularly interesting and revealing. It was impossible for him to write poetry when he was first in the army, but before his death he wrote several poems besides essays and articles. The best known of these poems is, I think, *Rouge Banquet*, which he sent home to his wife, shortly after he had been under fire in the village of that name. Up to a comparatively short time ago—in fact twenty-four hours, I had read nothing of Kilmer's except a little poem called *Trees*, so when I started to read a volume of his essays, letters

and miscellaneous pieces, I did not know just what I was attacking. Now, I am an ardent admirer of Kilmer. I may say that at first I was disappointed. His essays left me cold. While they were interesting, bright and humorous in an obvious way, they seemed to express rather set ideas. The sweeping statements which he makes in his enthusiasm, cannot always be credited. It was when I began to read the letters that I realized the nobility of Kilmer's nature. He is modest and retiring with regard to his own writing and he is quite unassuming. Unlike many writers whose names instantly spring to the mind at mention of it, he signs both his christian and surname to his letters, or if it is written to an intimate friend he uses his christian name only. Affectionate, and very fond of his wife and children, the more one reads of him the better one likes him.

Kilmer's poetry is musical—perhaps that is the first thing that impresses itself on the reader. He is fond of short poems, and indeed, it is chiefly for short poems that he is known, although the easy, fluent style of his essays attracts many. His poetry is simple, direct and concentrated as all good poetry should be (page Prof. C. L. Bennet). There is little doubt that the man who would have become one of America's great poets was cut off in the flower of his youth and vigour.

—Mec.

daily life. The comfort with which we take our breakfast is due to the systematic functioning of innumerable activities of which, we have only the faintest notion.

Business or systematised dealings, railways or systematised transport, division of labor or systematised manufacture have all entered into the assurance of our comfort. System is everything and without it we are nothing.

Having eagerly scanned the pass lists of the Christmas examinations—another example of system—and many of us having found our names wanting from beneath some of the subjects, we may consider our lot from the point of view of the savage.

Did we wander along through the first era of this year with our head in the air, unsystematically seeking our knowledge as the savage sought his meal? If we did, then we are now perched with him in a precarious position with one or more "addled eggs" in our possession, but nothing more to sustain us in this, the second era of the year.

If we shin down and continue our search in the old unsystematic way our path will probably be strewn with "addled eggs" and we ourselves shall drop exhausted by the wayside when the "elements" break loose in the spring.

Let us call to our aid system and the aids of system and triumph over the elements when they burst forth in all their power—and majesty. Systematised study is the only method which will assure success. Studying one hour a night for seven nights in the week and frittering away the rest of the evening—we all do it (the frittering) means only seven hours a week study. Studying from 7.30 to 11.30 for three nights a week means a total of twelve hours a week with four nights free. It is worth trying.

The Dalhousie Skating Night

The Council of Students is to be congratulated on its stand with regard to skating this year. The open-air rink, which for the past two years was not much more than a bill of expense, has been very wisely discarded and the rental of the Forum has been substituted. The large crowd that enjoyed the skating at the Forum last Friday night when the rink was reserved for Dalhousians is proof positive of the popularity of the new idea.

Playing the interfaculty hockey matches before the ice is thrown open to general skating relieves the difficulty of interfaculty sport in that line. The council plans to obtain the rink a number of times during the winter for "Dalhousie Nights" and much further pleasure is anticipated. Although we have not now the benefit of a rink we have the assurance that any plans made for a certain night will not be destroyed by an unkind weatherman.

It's A Long Time Between Drinks

By W. G. Allen

It is high time that Dalhousie instituted a faculty of International Diplomacy. We train Lawyers, Doctors, Engineers and Financiers, why not Diplomats?

Moreover, certain courses in this faculty would be of inestimable value to students taking other courses, for it may very often be beneficial to professional men to have a knowledge of foreign social customs.

In order to do my little bit towards starting this faculty I have drawn up one of the courses—that of Home and foreign Drinking, for, in many lands a knowledge of drinking is a knowledge of social etiquette, and anyone who thinks otherwise is nothing but a great big hoobus goobus.

I. HOME AND FOREIGN DRINKING

A. Foreign

English

1. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 9-10 a. m. General Classes of British drinks of today (including Scotch and Irish). General effects and amount to be taken. Text books: *Advertisements of current English magazines*. (To be assigned by instructor).

2. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 10-11 a. m. Laboratory, same days, 3-5 p. m. Pre-requisite—English.

A study of the whiskeys of the United Kingdom. Their uses and effects with particular attention to the time and place to serve. Laboratory classes will be held for practical work, compulsory attendance not necessary.

Text Books: Catalogue from *Johnny Walker, Black and White, Gold Label and White Horse*.

Joe College: *Whiskeys I have met*.

7. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 9-10 a. m. Pre-requisite: English I.

A careful study of English Ales and Beer with practical work done in class including testing, froth-blowing and male quartets.

No text books.

13. Tuesday and Thursday, 10-11 a. m.

A particular study of manners and modes of English drinking. Students will be taught when, where, and what to serve or drink, also how to liven parties, dispose of unconscious guests and other useful information.

Note.—This class can only be offered to students who have shown particular aptitude in their previous work. Mock house parties will be held every Thursday afternoon and evening.

FRENCH

1. Mondays and Fridays, 11-12 a. m. Pre-requisite—Two classes in French language. A general survey of the more important French drinks and their uses.

Text Books: Francois Bothe: *Les Vins de la Provence*, Jules Ivrogne: *La Culture des Vignes*.

2. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 9.10, a. m.

Pre-requisite—French I. This course aims to furnish students with a thorough knowledge of the correct wines to be served with the various courses of a dinner. Practical work will be carried out once a week.

This class cannot be offered as an elective in any other course.

Text Books: Gauche: *L'Etiquette du boire et du manger*.

4. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2.30—4.30 p. m.

A short course, given half-yearly giving instruction in cafe department, how to order wines etc. This will be a seminar course.

Text Books: Wine lists, menus etc., may be procured at the University office.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE

1. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 11-12 a. m.

Pre-requisite—French I.

An extensive course covering the use of Spanish and Portuguese wines. No text books are required.

CANADIAN AND AMERICAN

1. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 9-10 a. m.

Laboratory, same days, 3-5 p. m.

Pre-requisite—English I, French I.

Chrimstry 9 and 10. Morbid Anatomy (Med) and Crimes (Law).

General appreciation of Canadian and American drinks and drinking, with particular regard to precautionary measures.

Text Books: Jerry Thomas: *Bartender's Guide*, Judge Jr.: *Here's How!*

N. B.—Students must take at least seven hours a week of gymnasium work

2. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 10-11 a. m.

A half-year class of resuscitation and first aid. Lectures will be given by fourth and fifth year Medical students.

3. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2.30—3.30.

Pre-requisite—Two classes in Chemistry, also Torts (Law).

An educational course dealing with brewing and distilling. This may only be offered to a few students of high standing. The course consists entirely of supervised practical work.

Research work may be carried on in various branches subject to the approval of the instructor.

This, then, is the proposed course and we feel sure that it will meet with whole-hearted, instantaneous and unanimous approval from the student body.

Laughter

I sing to those who laugh at dawn
Upon a high, high hill
And though they failed before the night
Bedad—they're laughing still!

They laugh through rain, they laugh
through snow
And in the blackest night,
Methinks a laugh as gay as that
Would make the darkest light!

I have met those who laugh at want,
Who laugh at cold and fear,
I have met those who wept instead;
I thought it cost them dear!

For always, as I journeyed
The world bowed down before
The laughter of the laughers
And opened wide the door!

—Muriel Love.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

Dr. W. M. Hattie, assistant dean of the faculty of Medicine, has been confined to his home for some time due to illness. His many friends extend sincere wishes for his recovery and an early return to his duties.

Ross Byrne, who graduated in Law in 1926 is practising in Liverpool.

The Med Dance is really a part of your college education. Don't miss it. Dal Gym, Monday Night.

DAL NIGHT AT THE FORUM

A record crowd of Dalhousie students enjoyed the skating at the Forum last Friday night when the first Dalhousie skating event was held. The ice was in good condition but the band could be improved. The Students' Council expects to engage the Forum a number of times during the season so the students may have the benefit of skating despite the lack of facilities at the university.

Last week was a heavy one on mail for the Medicals. Invitations were out for special sessions with the assistant dean.

NOW YOU WRITE ON

(An Answer)

Kiss you?
I'd try
If you
Sit by
And do
Not try

Manoeuvres sly

FOR

In a canoe
A single slip
Gives me and you
A wat'ry dip.
Were only you
Beneath the sky
With no canoe
But high and dry,
I'm telling you
You bet I try!

For Graduates only? NO! The Year Book has appeal for every student, professor and alumnus.

Dear Sir:

Will the one person who made the great decision that "What Price Gore" was bunk as was also "Critique's Critic" in future take a vote of the student body before signing himself: "The Majority of the Students."

Two of the "Minority."

The Freshmen Class turned out en masse for their class party at the Green Lantern, on Wednesday the 18th.

The affair was thoroughly enjoyed. Joe Mills and his orchestra were as good as usual and several novelty dances created much hilarity.

The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, Miss Lowe and Prof. Hunt.

Rest

I want to go
Where skies are low
And sounds are still
And lights are dim
A land of dusks
Where men are not
And life's forgot
I'm weary of this world.

Where drooping skies
Are breezed blue
With sunken stars
And hazy moon
And hazy moon
Where sulky winds
With sullen sleep
Below sodden sleep
To eyes that weep
I'm weary of this world

Where days are slow
And slowly flows
The sleeping pulse
A land of rest
And rest and rest
I'm weary of this world.

—R.

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Bull Shooting

I don't believe the bird that says
He's deep in love with work;
I think the truth is, that it gives
Each one of us an irk;
The man who says he loves his job,
Assassinates the truth,
Which is—he loves it like he loves
An ulcerated tooth!

The reason why we hustle forth
Each morning to our toil
Is that we know no other way
To make the kettle boil;
We may pretend to love our jobs,
But, in our hearts, we know
We daily face the deadly grind
Because we need the work!

We boast about our love of work,
And swear it is "our dish,"
While in our hearts we long to shirk—
Just loaf around or fish.
We cover up our hate of toil.
With virtuous deceit,
For well we know we only work
Because we need to eat!

If we could find the magic way
That leads to Easy Street,
We'd gladly kiss the job goodbye,
Sit down and rest our feet.
But since we can't, we force a grin,
And now and then we pull
That tune about our love of work—
In short, we shoot the bull!

Her Heart

Her heart is a comfort haven:
My storm-tossed hopes afloat,
Escape the glowering raven—
From wearying thoughts remote.

Her heart has a lotus-pervasion,
Emanating contentment and charm:
A fit word for every occasion,
Dissolving the bonds of alarm.

Sacred her heart like a shrine:
And every heart beat falling,
Cries: Worship the divine—
Like hymnal chimes a-calling.

—B. R. G.

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KID GLOVES

By Chloride of Mercury

Though it was way back in 1939 the boys at the club talk about it as if the papers were still giving it the front page. Specially on a summer evening when our young hopefuls find it kind of hot for a workout and we gather out on the veranda and drink far beer and chew cigars. After they've gassed it back and forth for a while they always turn to me, just like I was a new arrival, and say, "What do you think about it, Mike?" Then they lean back in their chairs and make themselves comfortable, cause they know they're going to get a story. You see, I was in Jack's corner that night and I know a lot more than the sport writers ever did. I guess I've told that story more'n a hundred times, but they love to hear it, especially the young fellows; cause there ain't any fighters now like we had in the old days. Least-wise, none like Jack Karney.

It was when Jack was in his prime, when he'd raised the game of the squared ring to a height it's never seen, before or since. He was so fast you couldn't follow his punches, but you'd get the after effects all right. He hit harder than any man I've ever seen in the ring. And so much speed he could put those blows just where he wanted them, at the right time. Oh, he was a marvel, all right. I remember—well, never mind, that's not the story, but he'd had the heavyweight title for over a year and there wasn't anybody who'd stood up against him for three rounds. Most of them didn't last the first one.

"Mike," he used to say to me, "five, fifty grand purses are just as good as one for two fifty," and he fought six times in that first year. He fought very pretty scarce by that time, except second raters, just looking for the publicity of a match with the champ, and Jack was fuming around, like a born scrapper, swearing at the bum lot of heavyweights there were.

Bud Weycott was Jack's manager, or I guess he was more secretary and publicity man since Jack arranged all his own fights. Anyway, one day Bud comes rushing into Jack's quarters, all excited. And when Bud was excited things hummed. He was a wiry little fellow with arms that waved all over the place while he talked so fast you'd only get every other word. Jack was doing some light work with a rope when Bud grabs it out of his hands.

"You'll need something heavier than that," he hollers, "I've got a real fighter for you now!"

"The man in the moon?" says Jack with disgust.

But Bud wasn't to be dampened. He'd gotten some real dope, it seemed. A guy called Sailor Watson, meaning that he had a cousin who had a friend who used to be in the Navy. We'd never heard of the bird but his manager, whose name was Mielke, was willing to put up twenty-five thousand that he'd stay the limit. We all guffawed at this but it looked pretty straight. Usually you couldn't scare up a side bet of ten cents against Jack. Money has a convincing voice and Bud was shooped off to hunt up Watson's record. He turned out to be down at the bottom of the second raters and we didn't know what to make of things until Bud discovers that he's been training in secret for the last five months.

"Huh!" says Jack. I suppose they've been developing some new process, especially designed to cramp my style. I've met that kind before. General idea that if you keep kicking a fellow in the left knee cap he'll finally fall for the count. Or something like that. Bring him on."

So the fight was booked for the 3rd of September, making it just two months away. Jack took his training pretty easy being never very far from the mark. In fact he had to fatten up a bit first, so that he'd have something to take down. Bud dug up a little fellow, a bantam, with no punch at all but darned near as much speed as Jack and he was great for brushing up Jack's morning after a few miles of road work and then polish off with a couple of big, human punching bags, before lunch. In the afternoon he'd just play golf or do some gym work if the weather wasn't right.

Despite the light training I don't

don't think I'd ever seen the champ in better shape. All the same, he was worrying. Kind of foolish, considering Watson's record, but it was the money that was doing it. Watson money was everywhere. Maybe it all came from the same source but there was sure an awful pile. Some that Watson'd win, but most that he'd stay the limit. And it was drawing all kinds of odds, too. It was a long time since Jack's backers had had a chance to put money on him and they were taking it up as high as ten to one. Most of Jack's private pile was out with the bookers. He wanted to clean up, knowing that he was nearly through raking in the coin until some new bird sprang up in the fighting world. I had more'n a hundred bucks up, myself.

Bud went over to a couple of the Sailor's workouts. He even spent a few evenings entertaining some of his camp hangers-on. But all he learned was what he saw for himself, that Watson was slow as a steam roller with nothing like its force.

So the night of the fight rolled up with excitement at a great pitch and the newspapers covered with question marks and sage cracks. You see, it had always been a great problem as to what would happen if Jack met someone who could weather those first few cyclone rounds of his. Most of the writers claimed that at the pace he hit, Jack couldn't last more than five rounds at the outside. They said he'd just run down like one of those toy boxers with the spring inside and then everybody with a couple of fists could knock him to pieces. So with all this money saying that Watson would stay, things were humming and a big gate was sure. The sporting guys hadn't been able to see much of Watson and weren't much impressed with what they did. But all agreed that he was tough.

We came to town the morning of the fight, about half a dozen of us, including Jack's dog, a great big beautiful English bull dog with a mouth like the gash of a scythe. He was white with brown markings around his head that gave him the appearance of being lopsided with one eye that was always black. You'll excuse my describing the pup when I tell you that he had a whole lot to do with the fight, Bud and I coming next in importance, and of course, Jack. Every fight Jack had been in, that dog was there, chained up in the dressing room, and one of the first to greet him, after he'd won. Ignatious was his name. We called him Iggy or Iggy for short.

The stadium was packed to the edges and we heard Watson get a big ovation as he made his way down the aisle. No Credit to the Sailor at all. It was those who just naturally turn against a fellow when he's been top dog for long. Jack grunted. I could see he was still worried, apart from the natural nervousness a chap has at such a time, but he felt better on entering the ring with the stands rocking with cheers. He was the white headed boy, all right.

The referee said grace in the usual manner, in the centre of the ring while Jack just looked at the stars, as an experienced fighter should. Then he slipped off his robe and boy he looked nice. He stood an even six feet. He had small hips and he tapered from the floor up to his square shoulders like those pictures of a Greek god. He was rather slight for a heavy-weight, but his muscles, instead of being knots, were slim steel cables that rippled under his tanned, glistening skin every time he moved. Watson was a big hairy beast, about Jack's height, but stinky as Gibraltar with muscles like a truck horse. And he had the funniest coloring I ever saw. He was positively yellow. I was wondering at it when bang! There was the bell.

Swish, Jack was across the ring in a flash and met the sailor coming out, with both fists. He wasn't worrying now, as much by instinct as anything and he was beautiful to watch. He forced the Sailor back into his corner and, crouching away down, just whirled lefts and rights to the body until Watson threw both arms around his neck and tried to clinch. Jack buried a left uppercut under his armpit and broke it and as the Sailor tried to slide out of the corner he

swung an awful right hook to the back of the neck that knocked him into the middle of the ring. He was right after him and whanging away again. I settled back in my chair, grinning. There was nothing to this. I'd seen 'em pretty dumb but that Sailor boy was the biggest dud I'd ever laid eyes on. He'd hardly tried to hit Jack, let alone succeeded. I saw Jack back off a bit and I decided he was going to finish things right there. He swung right low so that his back was in line with his outstretched left and then shot in for his famous one-two knockout. The only time I've really seen him do it is in the slow movies. It's too fast to follow, but what he does is to step in fast and bury that lift in the pit of the stomach. Then come up with all the force of his body, under the other man's guard with a right to the button. He did it and the Sailor's head snapped back like his neck was broken. But that was all. He didn't fall, didn't even wince. And he didn't come at Jack like a wildman. He just plodded along as if nothing had happened while Jack stood there for a moment and looked at him in bewilderment. Then Jack piled in again, until the bell.

"Hell, he's tough," grunts Jack as I swing the towel. "I guess my preparation was too short and gentle but I'll get him this time."

In he goes again and batters the Sailor all over the ring for more than two minutes. Then he tries the old knock-out affair again, adding a little variation he saves for specially tough customers. Following the right to the button he slips up beside his man and swings another right to the back of the neck, just as his head swings back, then catches him as he goes forward with a left to the button. Down goes Watson. Before he counts, like he didn't feel the blow and it was just the force of it that knocked him over.

By the third round Jack was beginning to worry again. Watson hadn't laid a mit on him but he'd taken Jack's best without a quiver. "What d'ye think y'are?" I hear Jack growling at him between blows, "a punching bag?" But Watson takes a left smack that flattens his nose without drawing a drop of red and says never a word.

Jack tries another of his pet ones. After being particularly fast and elusive for a few moments, and doing everything to a man from stepping on his toes to planting cauliflower on his ears, he prances across the ring and stops, hands by his sides, head on his chest, right off his guard. Insult to injury effect. I've never seen a man who could resist a wild roar and make a dive at Jack. Like lightning Jack will shift and meet him coming in, the other fellow's speed giving double force to the blow. Watson comes over all right, waddles over, like a hazy pig, arms drawn by his sides. Jack is so disgusted he slaps him with his open glove and suggests they sit down and make mud pies.

So the third round slips into the fourth; the fifth and sixth go by. Jack bowls Watson over a few times but he always comes up like a rowly powly.

"You can't keep a good man down," hollers someone in the crowd.

"N you can't sink a cork," comes back from the other side of the bowl.

There are a few cries for Watson to come out and fight but he is fighting in a kind of way and the referee can't do anything about it. And what's worse, Jack is beginning to feel it pretty bad. Getting tired, he's puffing and his hands are aching like a couple of bad teeth. I look over the ringside seats and I, Bud's eye but his seat is vacant to catch Tonder what's up. Eight rounds more! It was Watson's manager who pushed the fifteen round idea and Jack didn't care. He wasn't thinking past two or three. Of course it gives Jack a better chance for a knockout but it also gives him more time to tire after which Mr. Watson may hit him, and Jack's not used to taking punishment. Jack can just stock along and take the decision but what's the good of that when you've laid every cent on a knockout.

Jack comes in from the seventh, kind of feeble. I try to persuade him to ease up for a few rounds.

"Half the fight's come yet, Jack," I says.

"Hell! I've got every cent up he won't last."

"Not everything, Jack," I Mays, trying to ease him. "There's the gate....."

"What do you know about my business? Tonight's purse is up with everything else."

Lordy, I didn't know that. The book must have done it himself, on the side. "Even so," I beg, "It's better to win the purse on decision than get knocked out and loose everything."

That was a bad thing to say.

"Who's getting knocked out?" he bellows. "That bird's a tough freak but I'll get him yet," and he jumps up at the bell.

And then it happens. I've been scared of it the last two rounds. Jack swings hard and loses his balance for the fraction of a second and Watson gets him with a real haymaker, the first blow he's landed. Jack drops flat. The crowd goes mad, even to the wport writers. Telegraph keys are beating a regular tattoo and the radio announcer is screeching to make himself heard. There's Jack right out, the referee counting over him and holding off Watson who's blood marked but without a drop of blood showing. I moan. Poor old Jack. But at six he's come to and at seven he's stretching across the floor trying to reach the ropes. By eight he's got them and I'm damned if he doesn't pull himself to his feet as the ref calls nine. Watson comes at him,

(Continued next week)

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GLEE CLUB POSTPONED

We regret to announce that owing to the illness of Miss K. Hagen who was to have played the leading part, the Glee Club show for tonight has been postponed.

Arrangements are under way for an emergency show, consisting of moving pictures and vaudeville to take place early in the week.

—Glee Club Management.

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SPORT

Theologs, Meds and Law Triumph in Interfaculty

The Interfaculty Basketball League got away to a good start last Saturday afternoon when four games were played at the Studley Gym. All the games were hard fought and the league gives promise of producing some fast basketball before the season closes. In the opening encounter Law defeated Engineers 21-13. Following that the Meds outscored the Dents 21-8; Theology trimmed Arts 22-14; and Commerce won from the Freshmen 20-15. Hockin for Theology and Mitchell for Law were the two leading scorers for the afternoon. Line-ups and results:

1st game—Engineers 2; Hood 1; Hamilton 8; Keating 2; Fisher; Beaton; Ritchie. Total 13.

Law—Doyle 2; Gavsie; McNaught; Outhit 5; Redmond 4; Mitchell 10. Total 21.

2nd game—Meds: Cheeseman 4; Jennings; Miller; Douglas 8; Jones 2; Ross 1; Morash 2; Hewit 4.

Dents: Sullivan 4; Harris 2; Winfield; Clough; McIntosh; Godsoe 2;

3rd Game—Theology: Frame 8; Hockin 12; McLean 2; Tupper; Fraser; Archibald.

Arts: N. Parker; Doyle 2; McRae 2; Chisholm 2; K. Mattheson; Zwicker; McLellan 4; Dockril 4.

4th Game—Commerce: R. Laurence; R. Slayter; G. Mahon; R. Mattheson 6; R. McColl; L. Miller 6; Olive 4; Guest; Harris;

Freshmen: R. Miller 6; A. Nickerson; O. Hewitt 4; C. Clark 1; J. Hewitt; Harris; MacDonald 4.

GAMES TOMORROW

Arts vs Commerce at 2:30; Theology vs Freshmen at 3:10; Dents vs Law at 3:50; and Meds vs Engineers at 4:30.

Don't forget the Med Dance in the Dal Gym next Monday night.

Question every Dalhousie man should ask: "Will you come with me to the Med Dance?"

GIRLS SENIORS LOSE — INTERMEDIATES TIE

Dalhousie's Senior and Intermediate Girls' Basketball teams played a game each at the West End Baptist Hall on Monday, Jan. 23.

In the Senior game Dalhousie Seniors clashed with the crack Ex-Dalhousie girls. The game was fast throughout and Ex-Dal had a decided edge. The final score 48-16 would indicate a complete walk-over for the X-College girls, but on the contrary all through the game they played their hardest and the Dal team put up a strong fight. In the first half the Dal seniors showed up well. The combination was ood and the ball was handled without much fumbling. In the second period the wonderful condition of the X-Dal team won out against our girls. Carol Hawkins and Marion Campbell were fed continuously and popped in basket after basket, without much opposition from Dalhousie. The Dal team would speed up sometimes and flashed brilliant form, shown in the rushes of J. Dumaresq and J. Fraser. It is interesting to note that Carol Hawkins fouled for the first time in two years. She had one technical called on her. There were very few fouls and the game was clean all the time.

The second game between Dalhousie Intermediates and Simpson's Go-getters was rough and many personal fouls were called. In the first half Dal played a steady, consistent game and it took the Simpson defense a long time to find out Isabel Wood's method of scoring. The Go-getters held the Dal girls down well and a great second period was anticipated by the spectators. When the first period ended the score stood 11-6 in favor of Dalhousie.

The second half started with a rush and Simpson's staged a mighty comeback. The Dalhousie girls were completely baffled for a few minutes, and the Go-getters piled up a score. Dal had lost its bearings and when the girls came back to playing basketball they tried desperately to keep the lead. Both teams settled down to a hard battle for a victory and the result was a tie. The score was 16-16 when the final whistle blew. In this period the Simpson's Go-Getters proved themselves

THE SILVER SLAVE COMING TO ORPHEUS

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Irene Rich dances through "The Silver Slave" with an evident enjoyment, a verve and gaiety, which carries the idea to its highest point. As a girl she had been married to a man of wealth and much her senior. In due time he went the way of all flesh, leaving a small daughter and a fortune which was at his widow's disposal until such time as she should decide to remarry. The child grows to womanhood and starts in pursuit of a millionaire man-about-town casting aside the sweetheart of her childhood. Her captivating mother, at her wits' end to prevent her daughter making her own mistake, decides to win Janet's beau from her, and does so. The girl is furious, and when an earlier lover of her mother comes she sets her cap for him. Mother double-crosses this too. The merry hodge-podge is of course finally adjusted as it should be. Sophisticated, human, swift in action, brilliant in conception, "The Silver Slave" merits your patronage.

SPORT COMMENT

To-Morrow night the Dal Senior Basketball five will play its first game in the Halifax City League. They will meet their old rivals the "Y" in the latter's gym. Although not as strong as last year's championship team the Tigers are expected to give the strong Y five a hard game. Manager George MacIntosh will select his team during the week. The following will probably find places on it: Ab Smith, Charley Jones; George McLeod, Ross, Sperry and Langstroth. A large crowd of students should be on hand to give their team a hand. Support from the bleachers counts a lot and if the Dal ball tossers are given the right sort of encouragement they should come through with a win.

Much comment, pro and con, is being expressed on the "conditioning" of many of Dal's athletes. At present three star hockey players and several Basketball players have been ordered to cease taking part in any sport. Although ultimately the blame must fall on the student himself, from the point of view of the result this experiment seems to have several flaws. First it robs the University of the services of several players who would be a much needed addition to the teams from which they have been barred. Secondly, the plucking wasn't due to the players activities in the realm of sport but to other attractions which the University authorities are powerless to stop. As a result of this the players are barred from athletics, not because athletics interfere with their studies but because it is the only way the faculty can curtail their outside activities. Whether this has had any good effect is hard to say. Frankly we don't think so. A hockey player who isn't allowed to play games will go to the games anyway. Even if he doesn't it is doubtful whether he would spend his extra leisure hours studying. Then what about the student who gets ploughed in as many, but who doesn't take part in any form of athletics, is he barred from attending the dances, the movies or from debating, playing bridge, going to the games? Far from it, his plight is similar to the unfortunate athlete insofar as he has to drop a few subjects or carry them on on probation but with him it ends there, not so with the athlete, in addition to the ordinary method of disciplining Christmas failures he is given special attention and must drop one or other of the really worth while pastimes that were his. There may be much to be said on the other side of the question. As mentioned above it is the student's own fault but why make a distinction and put the irons on the athlete while the dance hall sheik and the lounge lizards get off. Heaven knows the present crop of athletic stars blooming at Dalhousie is meager enough! While other Maritime Colleges have hockey teams carrying their colours to distinction both at home and abroad the Gold and Black is humbled by the puck chasers of a Collegiate school.

no mean opponents. Miss Washington played well for Simpson's, while the pick of the Dal team was Pauline Miller.

Lineups—for Dal.

Senior—C. J. Dumaresq, J. Fraser, G. H. Robertson, E. Shaw, M. Proctor, F. A. McCurdy, A. Atherton.

Intermediate—M. MacDonald, E. Cameron, E. DesBrisay, P. Miller, L. Barnstead, I. Wood, B. Freeman.

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MAJESTIC NOTES

One of the finest love stories ever filmed, as well as a remarkably vivid and colorful portrayal of the rich life of the Middle West, is to be found in the screen version of the late Gene Stratton-Porter's famous novel "Laddie" which comes to the Majestic Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Leo Meehan, who produced and directed the picture for F. B. O., is the noted author's son-in-law, and under his sympathetic touch the book lives again and its characters move in a surprisingly lifelike and exact fidelity to the original.

John Bowers does some of the greatest work of his career in the title role, and Bess Flowers makes a lovely and appealing Pamela. Such screen favorites as David Torrence, Eugenia Gilbert, Arthur Clayton, Fanny Midgley, Neil Neely, John Fox jr., and little Gene Stratton, the novelist's granddaughter, are in the cast, and do their part to make the picture one of the outstanding successes of the year.

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Athletes from a sister university were entertained on Friday Jan. 7th, when the members of Dalhousie University rugby team were banqueted by the representatives of Saskatchewan. Coming from Calgary they were met at the station by local officials, given a dinner at the King George Hotel, shown around the city and entertained at a tea in Saskatchewan Hall.

—The Shell.

The University of Alberta now has its broadcasting station C. K. U. A. This was built by the Extension Department under Mr. A. E. Wells and Mr. Brown. The station and towers are situated upon the highest point of land in the city.

—The Gateway.

The noted Alberta scientist, professor Collip, co-discoverer of Insulin and one of the foremost Canadian biochemists was appointed head of the Department of Biochemistry at McGill.

—The Gateway.

What is believed to be the largest foreign enrolment of any strictly American college in the United States has been reported by the University of Chicago, who has 397 foreign students, representing 42 countries. Canadians lead with an enrolment of 156. China and Japan take second and third places with 101 and 25 respectively.—The Industrial Collegian.

President C. D. Gray of Bates College has appointed a student committee of twelve to examine the curriculum and suggest modifications and changes. The students will carry on the work begun by a senior committee last year. Three other groups are working on the same problem, one composed of teachers, another of alumni, and a third, serving as advisory, of outsiders.

Students in the College for Women at Western Reserve University have selected representatives to serve as their agents in presenting to the faculty complaints against the curriculum. They are members of the student council, who will work in conjunction with a faculty committee, to whom they will make recommendations after passing on student complaints.

—New Student.

The names of the McGill debaters who will take part in the debate against the Maritime Team here on February 2nd were unofficially announced last night. Donald Edmison and Budden will compose the home team. All of these men are well-known in the debating circles of the university and have had wide experience in the Union and elsewhere.

The Maritime Team is touring the country debating at the various Canadian universities under the auspices of the N.F.C.U.S. While in Montreal it will also hold a debate with the University of Montreal. The visiting team is captained by Mr. Elbert Paul who will lead in all the debates.

There are two subjects to choose from; the decision in regard to the choice is left to the home team. The Maritimers however, will uphold the negative of either resolution while the McGill men must defend the motion. The official reading of the first subject is "Resolved that sport is carried to excess in Canadian university life," and of the second, "Resolved that the Canadian Universities should combine to form a national scheme of education."

—McGill Daily, Jan. 10.

Students' meetings in Roumania have resulted in damage of \$1,000,000 being done. So there are such things as enthusiastic student meetings.

—McGill Daily.

There was a fluttering of hearts and downcast looks at the United Theological College recently when a notice appeared on the official board that the students in future would not have as free hand in their matrimonial affairs as had formerly been the case, and that a student for the ministry employed to supply in one of their charges should not marry without the consent of the College Faculty. McGill Daily.

Won over by the policy of athletics for all instead of "the starrng of eight or ten," students at the Women's College of Alabama have voted to banish intercollegiate athletics in favor of games for all the institution. The Wo-Co-Ala News says the college "is justly proud of her position."

—The Gateway.

U. of A. COUNCIL HAS TROUBLE

(An Editorial)

Seriously, however, we must face the fact that our system of student government has come to almost a full stop. Since the budget meeting of the Union last October, the Council has failed utterly and miserably in its efforts to corral a quorum of students to discuss and legislate on Union business. Interest in student organizations is at an irreducible minimum—no one cares what happens to anything. It is the honest belief of many student officials that even the resignation of the entire Students' Council, and the complete cessation of activity in all student organizations, both athletic and literary, would not cause more than a ripple in the serene calm of student life at the U. of A. It would be interesting to find out. (The Gateway, U. of Alberta).

THE MEDICAL BALL

Novelty is the keynote in the plans for the Dalhousie Student Medical Society dance which is scheduled to take place next Monday evening. The committee have spent much time in preparation and everything points to an excellent affair. Tickets are being sold by representatives of the society. Each ticket is numbered and the person holding the lucky one will get his money refunded.

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EVEN IN THE WEST!

A representative of THE HALIFAX HERALD recently returned from a 8,000 mile tour of Canada. In the far West, thousands of miles from Halifax, he found people, former residents of this province, reading

THE HALIFAX HERALD and greatly interested in the news of progress in Nova Scotia. Are YOU interested in the prosperity of this fine old province by the sea? If so you'll enjoy reading.

THE HALIFAX HERALD AND THE EVENING MAIL

THRILLS PROMISED IN COMING SPOOKY MOVIE MELODRAMA

More thrills than "The Bat". More mystifying than "The Mystery Club!"

That is the universal prediction of critics who have seen "The Cat and the Canary" the super mystery drama, with an all star cast, which comes to the Casino Theatre the first four days of next week.

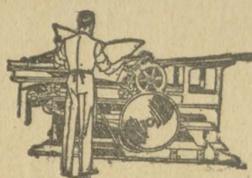
Weird shadows and sounds, a maniac at large on a country estate, a murder and a melange of conflicting suspicions, are a few of the elements that made "The Cat and the Canary" one of the most talked about pictures of the year.

It was directed by Paul Leni, the most famous of foreign directors who have come to this country. A featured cast of players surrounds Laura La Plante in the picture including among many others, Arthur Edmund Carew, Creighton Hale, Forrest Stanley, Gertrude Astor, Flora Finch, Tully Marshall, George Siegmann and Martha Mattox. Alfred Cohn made the screen adaptation from the stage play of the same name by John Willard.

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