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TO COLLEGE STUDENTS

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PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US.

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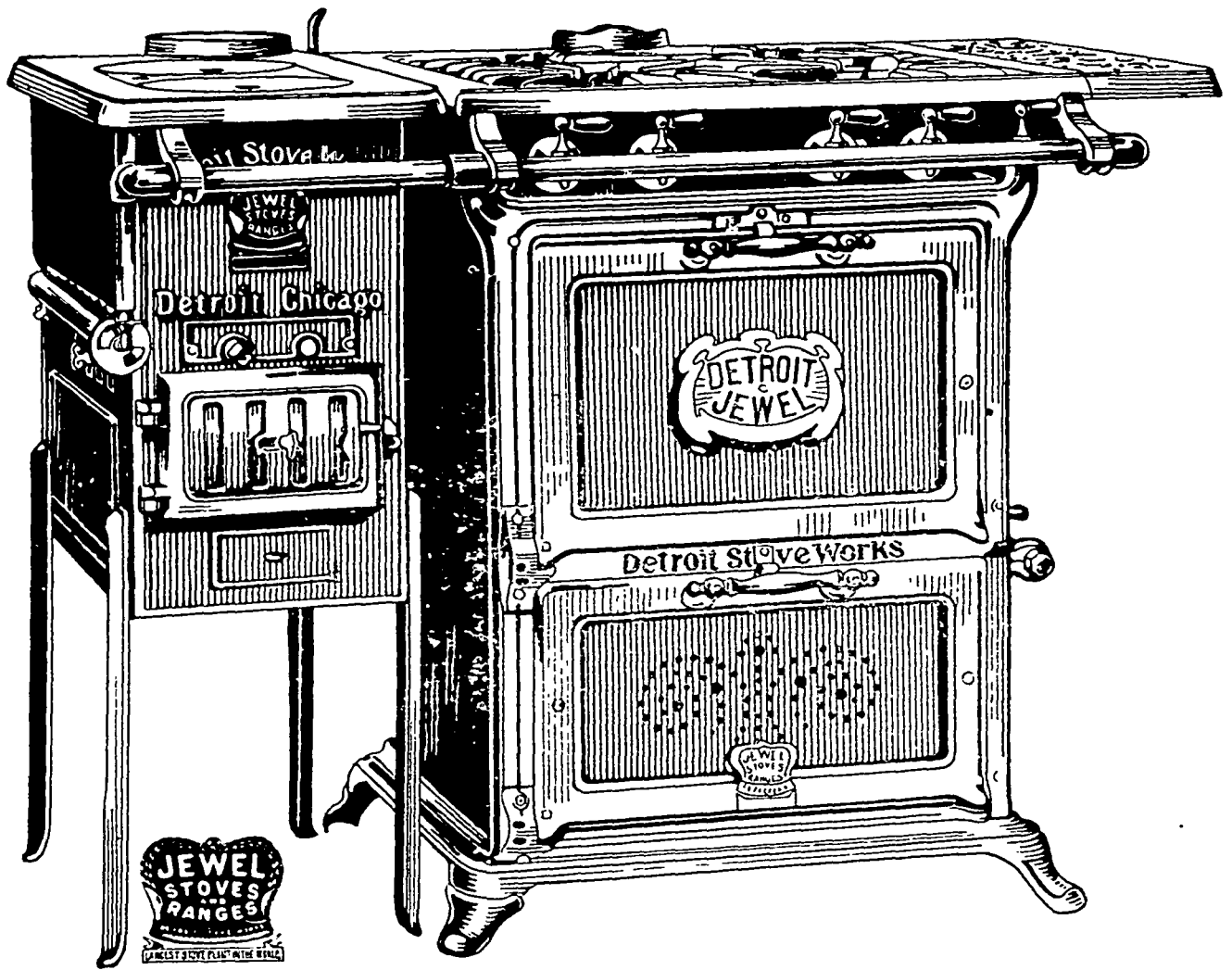
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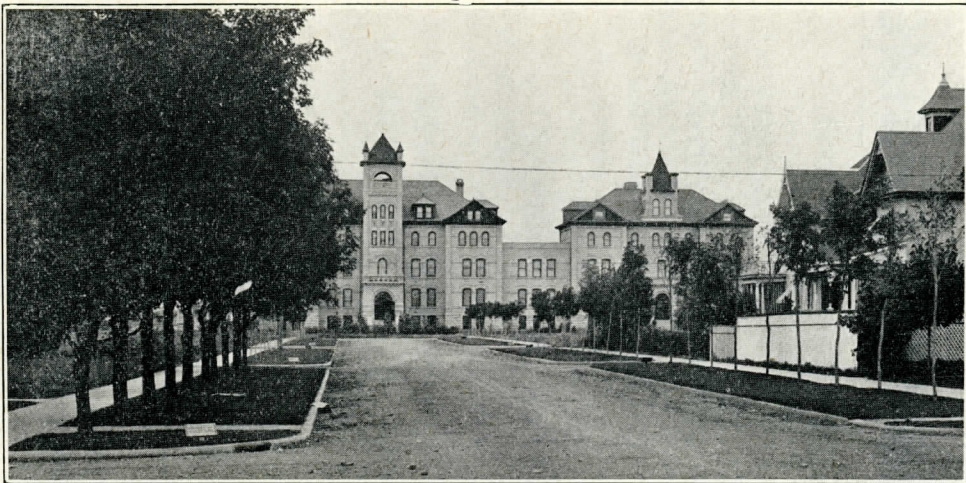
PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US.



*“WINDS ARE SWELLING
ROUND OUR DWELLING,
ALL DAY TELLING
US THEIR WOE;
AND AT VESPER
FROSTS GROW CRISPER,
AS THEY WHISPER
OF THE SNOW.”*

—READ.





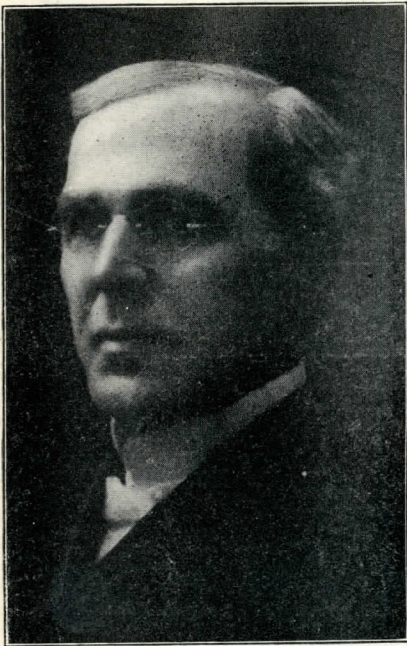
BRANDON COLLEGE AND CLARK HALL

FOREWORD

HOWARD P. WHIDDEN

God does not make idlers, idiots, or paupers. Every normal man has ability and the opportunity to use it. The unused and the misused assets of men reveal the idler, or the idiot, and make the pauper of the generations as they come and go. In some way the world's dead capital must be converted into wealth. "Not the weakness of not having, but of having and not using," gives cause for concern in our day. It is "the waste" and not "the want" in life that makes its conspicuous failures. In the efficient administration of a big business what is not allowed to go to the scrap-pile is what makes the business profitable. So every part of the material of human life must be cared for and keenly utilized. Its priceless powers must all be conserved and wisely developed. The certain dividends of a well placed life will more than double the original capital. Let God's plan to produce workers, wise men and truly rich, be unhindered.

THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY



John A. Gordon, M.A., D.D.



Chester W. New, B.A., B.D.

It is a fact of common observation that the student body of an educational institution changes rapidly. In a far less rapid but no less marked way does the personnel of the teaching body change. Sometimes it happens that for a number of years no changes whatever take place, but as a rule there is a number of changes on the teaching staff every year. Of course, generally, there is quite a large and solid corps of teachers who, finding themselves placed advantageously in that niche which is best suited to them, remain maybe many years in the same institution. The observation is true in regard to Brandon College as it is to other schools.

This year, however, the changes have been greater than usual, and may be explained in part as due to the reorganization, which usually occurs following the installation of a new president. It is the pleasant duty of the writer to introduce these new members of the faculty to the readers of the "Quill" and particularly to those readers who are now graduates of the

institution and are interested in knowing something about those who have come to maintain and carry on the traditions of their Alma Mater.

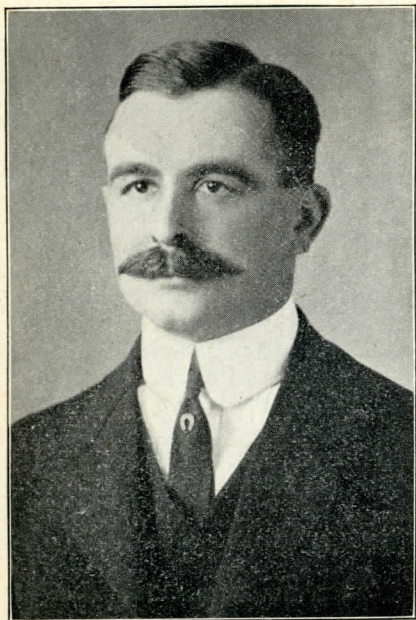
The first thing to be noted is the addition of a new member to the staff in the person of Rev. Dr. Gordon. Formerly the work in Practical Theology was divided between several members of the theological faculty. It has been felt that the great importance of this field of work demanded that it should be placed in the charge of a man especially trained and fitted for the task. The board has been doubly fortunate in their man—fortunate in finding a teacher of ripe culture and wide experience, and fortunate, after finding him, in securing him for the West. Dr. Gordon comes to us from Montreal after a highly successful pastorate of fourteen years in one church, a tribute in itself to his powers and his adaptability to the rapidly changing conditions of life and thinking that face the church. The theological students of Brandon College are exceptionally fortunate in having Dr. Gordon as their guide and mentor in the department of Practical Theology.

Dr. Gordon is only one of a number of new members of the staff. Mr. Chester W. New, who made so many friends here in the winter quarter last year, returns to us to occupy the chair of history, and brings with him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *cum laude*, from Chicago, to say nothing of a charming young wife from Ontario.

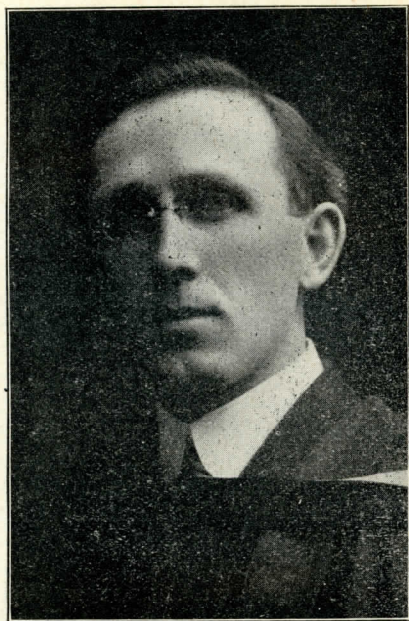
In the department of French Mr. Philippe Louys, of Belfort, France, succeeds Miss Alice Massé of happy memory. Mr. Louys is a graduate of Besançon University, has taught two years in the Presbyterian school at Pointe au Trembles, completed his military service in France, and has just recently made a trip round the world. Mr. Louys has all the *bon hommie* that we associate with the Gallic race, and we are sure that, despite training under very different conditions than exist here, he will fit in and maintain the good traditions of the French department.

Since Mr. C. E. Walker severed his connection with Brandon College several years ago, the business department has suffered some vicissitudes, but all are convinced now that the right man has been chosen for the right place. Mr. Ross has a strong teaching record behind him in Chatham Business College and in the Rider Moore & Stewart School of Business of Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Ross has already "caught on" at Brandon, not only in the classroom but also on the football field and in the gymnasium.

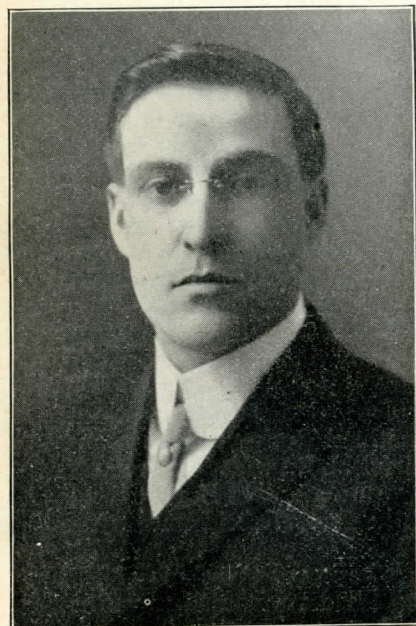
Late last spring Rev. Dr. Mode resigned the chair of Old Testament. This position has been filled temporarily by Rev. J. B. McKendry, a graduate of McMaster, with high honors in



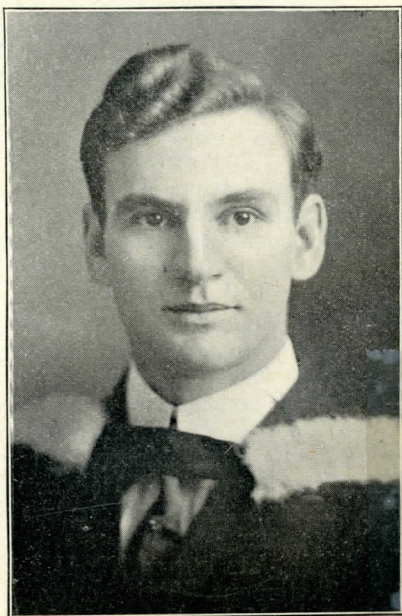
Philippe Louys, B.Ph.



Jas. B. McKendry, B.A., B.Th.



Mr. Geo. R. Ross.



John R. C. Evans, B.A.

Hebrew, and a successful pastor in the East. Like Mr. Ross, Mr. McKendry has already made his place.

Of Mr. Evans, who graduated from Brandon last spring, little need be said. He is known and loved alike by old students and new. His chosen field is Science, and he spent the last summer taking post-graduate work in Chicago in chemistry and geology to especially fit him for his position. "Jack" is having a busy year of it, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that his work is already recognized by his students and confreres as thorough, painstaking and accurate.

The Department of Music and Expression has undergone radical change. Miss McAmmond, who left so unexpectedly during the summer to accept an opening further west, has been succeeded by Miss Ednah Hall, a vocalist whose place among the music lovers of Minneapolis has been a prominent one. Miss Hall's place in Brandon was won in the first week after she arrived. Her class is already very large and her work is winning many friends. Incidentally, being from Minneapolis, she has just enough of the American aggressiveness to make things "go," and her department already shows the good effects of her work.

Then there is Miss Glimmé, another girl from over the border, who comes to take the position in piano left vacant by Miss Forrester. Miss Glimmé has not been heard much in public as yet, but a few of us have been fortunate enough to have heard her in private. She is a charming pianist, one cannot help saying brilliant. Brandon has had very few artists of the ability of Miss Glimmé. Her work has been done for the most part in Germany and England. Her favorite teacher, and the one under whom she took most of her training, was the well-known Goodson, who is at present touring America in concert work. Besides the artistic side of her nature she has a disposition that means more, perhaps, in Clark Hall than does the ability to finger white keys with pleasing results. She has already found a place in the hearts of the girls. That in itself goes far towards making a successful teacher. Being conscientious as well, we cannot think of anything but success when we try to think of the future that lies before her.

Miss Vrooman, the new teacher in expression and physical culture, is a "down east" girl—but without the disappointing qualities in her make-up that we frequently look for in an easterner. One would think she had lived in the west for the most of her days. From all accounts the work in physical culture now forms a part of the real pleasure of living in Clark Hall. There are an increasing number of our young men, chiefly theological students, showing an interest in the subject of Expression. But perhaps a word to the wise is sufficient.



Miss Ednah Hall.



Miss Evelyn Vrooman, A.T.C.M.



Miss Lulla Glimme.

"THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"

A Review

ESTELLE THOMSON DURKIN, B.A.

The scene of the story is laid in one of the largest cities of the United States in the Middle West. Until within a recent date the city had prided itself on its culture, its Sabbaths, and its general conservatism. On Sunday the place seemed full of churches, chief amongst them being St. John's, an Episcopal church built and supported by the elite. With modern prosperity and its attending factory smoke, its hundreds of factory hands, its departmental stores with their native evils, its slums and underworld—with all these came the inevitable problem of modern life, the social problem.

It is this problem that Winston Churchill places before the reader in his new book, along with his attempt to solve it.

The story opens with a table-conversation at the home of the Warings, a family of culture, who have not kept pace with the modern craze for wealth and have stayed in their old home in preference to moving to the new district of fashionable millionaires. It is Sunday, always a gala day when the three married daughters with their husbands and families come to dinner at the old home. Naturally their chief topic of conversation is the new rector of St. John's, Mr. Hodder, the hero of the story. They all agree that he is a fine man, but there is a general feeling that he could be much more than he seems. A discussion on the modern fashionable church follows, its methods, its lack. The young people express their disregard for church and religion in general.

In the course of the table-talk we are introduced to Eldon Parr, a wonder in the world of finance, the church's chief supporter, the living symbol of the modern church of wealth and fashion. Incidentally Horace Bentley comes into the conversation. He usually dines with the Warings on Sunday, but is absent on this particular day. He had at one time been a wealthy man and was the chief founder of St. John's. Eldon Parr had relieved him of his fortune and he had retired to a humble house near the slums in Dalton street, where he is a public benefactor.

St. John's had always been orthodox in the extreme, and the one desire of the vestry was to secure a man as orthodox and narrow as the beloved Dr. Gilman who had recently died. Hodder seemed to be the very man. On the opening of the story he had but very recently come to St. John's from a small Eastern village.

During the first two years of his ministry at St. John's, Hodder pleases the most extreme adherents of the "old school." Apparently he is a perfect success, but inwardly he is prey to a constant feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest which he cannot explain. He feels that the *people* are not coming into the church and he wonders why. In face of this he plunges into the idea of extending the work of charity in the church, in the form of settlement houses and other public institutions. In the meantime he has become extraordinarily intimate with Eldon Parr.

Eldon Parr has two children. The son has left him for a life of dissipation. The daughter has become a "modern idea" woman who has refused her father's wealth and makes a living as a landscape gardener.

One Sunday when Hodder has just about completed the second year of his ministry he meets Alison Parr in her own home. From that time begins the real awakening of his "social conscience." It comes upon him with mighty force, and he is suddenly hurled from the sure heights of orderly belief and orthodoxy into utter chaos. He is about to leave the city for a vacation, hoping to solve his problem alone, when circumstance leads him into the slums of Dalton street.

There he meets Horace Bentley who becomes a strong factor in the reconstruction of Hodder's religious faith. Instead of going away, Hodder spends his vacation in the slums and learns for the first time what the church is to these people—nothing but a stumbling-block. Day after day he meets with misery and ruin on all sides, traceable to the inordinate greed of his own "church pillars," chiefly among whom was Eldon Parr.

In the meantime he devours volume upon volume of the higher criticisms which he had hitherto spurned, and gradually he emerges from the chaos of doubt and unbelief and works out his own theory of salvation. From time to time he meets Alison Parr, who is ever an inspiration to him.

The first Sunday after his vacation the church is crowded. The news of his conversion had been whispered amongst his people and all are agog with interest. For the first time the wealthy St. John's harbors men and women from Dalton street.

The climax in the story is reached a few days later at the vestry meeting. Here Hodder represents the new idea in the church, the hope of society, pitted against Parr, who stands for all the bigotry and the narrowness of mediaevalism combined with the astuteness and great greed of the modern financier. Five out of seven, all slaves to Eldon Parr, vote against Hodder. He is asked to resign, but refuses. A resolution is

passed depriving him of his salary, but he is all the more determined to stay on and build up his own church.- Eldon Parr withdraws his support.

Shortly after this Hodder and Alison Parr become engaged. Parr makes one more attempt to drive Hodder from St. John's by offering him a comfortable fortune on which he may retire. Hodder again refuses and he and Alison are forbidden to enter the house again. Alison leaves with Hodder for Horace Bentley's, where they spend the evening in a discussion of the divorce problem, which ends the story.

Hodder is no doubt a strong character, but we might wish that the fires in his nature would contain a little more volcanic force. He is too constantly calm. Perhaps he would appeal to us more if he lost his temper occasionally and hurled anathemas at the wealthy Pharisees who seek the destruction of his ideals.

Eldon Parr is a well drawn representative of the class of aggressive financiers. His daughter is typical of the modern woman with her awakened conscience struggling to throw off her love of luxury and selfishness. The Plimptons, the Fergusons and the Constables make up a fitting group of the comfortable wealthy. On the whole the characters are well drawn.

The book makes its appeal only to those who are interested in unravelling the social tangle. From the standpoint of the novel it is too didactic and reminds one of Balzac's novels where the story is entirely a secondary consideration. Balzac weaves a little thread of story in a whole web of philosophy. Winston Churchill works on the same principle with his page upon page of religious criticism. From time to time one thinks he is going to have a pleasant bit of conversation, only to be plunged again into the mazes of a new theology.

There is a lack of climax and of appeal to the emotions. A novel must be essentially human, throbbing with human interest. No doubt the author's grand climax was the meeting of Hodder and Parr in the vestry, but there is a lack of tenseness and the dramatic appeal that one expects when the entire social force of today in the person of one man is pitted against the new church.

Hodder's education is remarkably rapid. For twelve years of his ministry he has been the very embodiment of orthodoxy of the strongest type. Nothing was too mediaeval, nothing too miraculous for his faith. In a few weeks' time he becomes the very reverse, and in that time works out for himself what he considers a perfect system of theology. There is absolutely no question brought forth in connection with religious faith, great or small, that he is not able to discuss in detail to his entire satisfaction.

Hodder and Alison Parr have their first evening after their engagement all to themselves at the home of Horace Bentley. Alison has just been turned forever from her father's door. Their conversation turns on the divorce problem, surely a most unnatural topic to wind up a novel when the speakers are just about to enter the bonds of matrimony. Even for that Hodder has his own perfect solution. Perhaps to the reader it does not seem so perfect. The impression is given that divorce is right without the problem being even half handled, and it seems that the author would have done better to leave it untouched. There is in his treatment a savor of that leniency which is one of the worst factors in the social problem of his country. Rather than holding forth on the right of divorce, the author should have in all consistency gone back to the cause of it.

What becomes of Eldon Parr who has really roused interest and pity? Is he left alone in his bitterness of soul to the end of his days, or does the latent good ever blast the iron of hardness that has sunk deep into his soul?

Does Hodder even begin to make his new church a success? How does he finance it? Does his new idea spread the light into the darkness and misery of the slums and revivify the existence of the wretched?

But perhaps Winston Churchill will write another book and satisfy our desires on these scores.



“The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.”
—John Ruskin.

"NOW YOU'VE SAID IT; OR, MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN USUAL"

(With Apologies to "The Nation.")

PRESENT: President Murray of the University of Saskatchewan, President McLean of Manitoba, President Milliken of Regina College, President Whidden of Brandon College, Dr. Stewart and Dr. Baird of the United Colleges, and Archbishop Langevin. [In the unavoidable absence of Dr. Tory of the University of Alberta on *safari* in the Peace River District, Dr. Broadus motored over for the meeting.]

TIME: The present.

President Murray: "The meeting will please come to order. We are now only half way through the first term, but so many new things have developed at Saskatoon since the term opened I could not forbear calling the session together at once."

President Whidden: "Has any person given you another \$100,000?"

President Murray: "Better than that: the Doukhobors have decided to put their manual training school on the campus and have received a site half way between the Buttery and the Dean's residence."

Dr. Milliken (sympathetically): "Has the financial situation eased up for you Whidden?"

Dr. Whidden: "Oh, yes. I've promises of \$500,000 provided someone gives \$100,000 to start with."

President Murray: "The question before us, gentlemen, is this: Has the fall canvass for students been successful? Now I am prepared to submit it has not. I know at least six students who have gone east out of Saskatchewan and Alberta."

Dr. Broadus: "What a bally loss!"

Archbishop Langevin: "Gentlemen, why should they stay when the great progressive province of Manitoba is next door to them? With a university, a university, my dear sirs, that has traditions behind it and—and in front of it."

Dr. Baird: "Yes, and a religious atmosphere second to none. As my dear old friend Dr. Patrick used to say, there was more religion in a Wesley-Toba meet than in the general assembly."

Dr. Stewart: "Alas that they can be no more!"

Dr. Whidden: "I feel we must not be drawn from the main issue. The question as I see it comes down to this: Should a prospective Arts student have his way paid to college or should he not?"

Dr. Milliken: "Why, certainly he should have it paid. It is a question of social justice. What this country needs is more social justice."

Prof. Broadus: "And I come from a university faculty. That is the fiercest line of bunk that I have ever come across. What I want to know is, are we going to have students or are we not? It's a lead pipe cinch we can't expect them to come for nothing. It is one of the questions of larger policy whether we really want them. After all, all they do for a school is to give it an academic atmosphere and we've got too much of that already."

President McLean: "Why, you talk as if you were at our university council. Perhaps I don't see your point, but if I do see your point, it is no point at all."

Professor Broadus (ignoring the interruption): "We've tried handing out scholarships, but it's expensive and the results are meagre. Why, we've had a man take big scholarships which were just arranged for him, for two successive years, and then he would go off and finish at McGill, and away down on the list."

President Murray: "Yes, it's only small fish you catch that way and the bait has to be larger every year. It is far better to lend them money, and then they can't get away if they want to. We've found that our most successful method."

Dr. Whidden (aghast): "Lend them money!"

Dr. Milliken: "Lend them money! Why, getting students in the West makes me think of a definition of metaphysics: 'A blind man in a dark room chasing a black cat—only the cat isn't there.'"

[President Westbrook of British Columbia arrives late, his train having been delayed by a windstorm at Calgary.]

President Westbrook: "I consider myself almost an intruder. I am a college president without faculty, or students, or buildings."

Dr. McLean: "Oh, that is all right, Doctor. I myself am president of a university that has no site."

Dr. Whidden: "And I am president of a college that has no money."

Dr. Murray: "And I am president of a university that has no students."

Prof. Broadus: "And I come from a university faculty where we have no teachers."

Dr. Milliken: "None of us have social justice."

Dr. Murray: "Let me make a note of that phrase, 'social justice.' I must have a chair endowed for social justice."

Prof. Broadus: "Well, we don't need any social justice up around Edmonton. We all have automobiles and suburban

homes. We are going to establish something really up to date. We intend to put in a chair of Successful Real Estate Speculation. We have a whole host of men at hand who could fill it."

Archbishop Langevin: "Social justice? Where have I seen that expression before?"

President Whidden: "Probably in the Telegram — it's filled with these radical ideas."

Prof. Baird: "Now you've said it!"

—The Joker.

TO THE NEW STUDENT

H. F. WIDEN '16

Welcome! Could we but know that the magic music of this word would thrill you with a home-like feeling as it did us, when we first ventured from home to try the fortunes of the new world, college life, then our eager hopefulness would be joyously realized. We do sincerely want you to feel in these your new associations

"A link to bind when circumstances part,

A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart."

College is the bivouac grounds between our early ambitions and our later realizations. Our elder brothers and sisters have marched to the front: we welcome the new recruits who are to take their place in the ranks. They were kind comrades to us; let us be such to you. Here are our common tasks to do; also mutual compensations for every worthy achievement. There will perhaps be days of wearying discouragements: so much to do that is almost hopelessly difficult to accomplish. Even to these do we bid you welcome, comrade; "knuckle to it, you can do it." Ere the day is done the vesper star will radiate the way of victory. This is worth while. So, then, to Brandon College with its full life of struggle and victory, friendship tried and true, with its books and lessons, its recesses of athletic prowess and pleasures, its proffered success, we heartily hail you welcome!

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

F. FISHER '15.

There has been, of recent years, much agitation both for and against woman suffrage. It has afforded an excellent subject for debate. It is one of our chief subjects of conversation. It is a question which has been the cause in some quarters of much suffering, ill feeling, and pecuniary loss.

In this article, I have decided, after reflection upon the subject, to take my stand against woman suffrage. In so doing, I do not claim that woman is inferior to man in any way, for it is not a question of the inferiority of one or the superiority of the other. It is merely a question of the appropriateness or otherwise of a particular function, nothing else. Woman's chief ability lies in an altogether different direction from man's. "Woman's place is in the home," is the claim of the anti-suffragist, and to my way of thinking it is the chief argument against woman suffrage. The Bible portrait of a virtuous woman, as found in Proverbs, is as follows: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also, saying, Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

This pictures things as they should be, a woman cheerful and happy in the fulfillment of her household duties. For generations, the home has been recognized as the field of woman's endeavor. Why should we change now? Better work has been done by woman in this sphere than could possibly be accomplished in any other way. The home is one of our chief institutions. Woman suffrage would deal a death-blow to it, and thereby to the nation and to the race.

The militant tactics of English suffragettes is an argument against, rather than for, woman suffrage. These women, by adopting foolish and destructive tactics, have demonstrated their complete incapability of holding office. Such measures show a lack of statesmanship, so necessary to those in power. These militant women destroy fine old buildings and create riots in order to show that they should have the ballot. Surely this is poor argument. To grant woman suffrage after such a succession of outrages would be to create a dangerous precedent.

Women claim that they are discriminated against by our present laws. As an example of this fact they cite the divorce laws which they claim are more favorable to men. I recognize the fact that our laws are far from perfection. If, how-

ever, there is any discrimination, I am sure it is not made purposely. In this connection let us remember that all great reforms require time. Even now our laws are being improved. Recent prosecutions in the United States under the Mann Act of 1910 show that men are not regardless of woman's true welfare. Such laws are being more rigorously enforced than ever before. War is being continuously waged on vice and on graft; but these are great problems, and reform cannot be accomplished in a short space of time.

We do not attribute to women the roughness and coarseness of men. We prefer to think of them as higher, finer beings. It would lower them in our esteem if they should enter the graft, struggles, and scandals, which are inseparable from politics. We have no respect for the militant suffragette. Hence if women wish to retain our respect they should keep out of politics, leaving the wrinkled brows, acquired in solving the problems of government, to men.

Women have probably just as much power now as they could possibly gain by the ballot. Women are well represented by their husbands; but besides this, our politicians are always eager to win the approval of the fair sex by acceding to their desires whenever possible.

In conclusion, I wish to sum up briefly the arguments put forward. In the first place, woman can do and is doing a greater work in the home than could be accomplished elsewhere. Secondly, militarism is an argument against woman suffrage. Thirdly, the laws regarding women are being improved. Fourthly, in order to retain her respect woman should keep out of politics. Lastly, woman has as much power now as she could gain by the ballot. On these few arguments I base my claim that suffrage should not be extended to woman.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The other side of this much debated question will be presented in the next number of the "Quill."]



"Be not simply good; be good for something."

—Thoreau.

ECHOES FROM GENEVA

The Young Men's Christian Associations have in recent years come to play an important part in the thoughts of men. The reason for this is obvious, and is explained in the programme of those institutions. They stand for the whole man. Spirit, mind and body is their emblem and in the proper development of these there are no institutions can equal the Young Men's Christian Associations. Is it any wonder, then, that they have risen so suddenly into prominence? A man can have no conception of the great work they are doing, even on this North American continent, till he has seen them join forces in one great campaign. This scene was witnessed and experienced by seven hundred students last June at Lake Geneva. It may not be out of place to record a few of the impressions which were deeply planted in our minds during that great conference.

It was apparent that the leaders of that student gathering recognized the value of caring for the body. They had provided excellent tennis courts, baseball diamonds, football grounds and swimming piers. Every afternoon was given over to recreation and manly sport. Books were thrown aside, cares were forgotten, problems were left unsolved while bone and muscle were developed. We were brought to recognize that a sound body is one of man's greatest blessings and he cannot afford to impair his health in his quest for knowledge and in his strife for pecuniary gains. This physical frame is the temporary dwelling place of both mind and soul and it must be worthy of their habitation.

There was, however, another phase emphasized: the cultivation of the mind. No matter how healthy the body may be, it must be governed by a strong mind. The one must supplement the other. In this connection many of the discourses which we listened to tended to elevate the mind from trivial affairs and fix it upon some definite purpose, some high ideal. Surely we shall never forget those speakers as they stood holding before us the great problems of life that we might see and be benefited. We not only came to a better understanding of those problems, but we saw before us the living example of masterful minds. Men stood there who by their ingenuity and by their intellect were spiritually revolutionizing the world. They were constantly and persistently pursuing one definite course. Nothing could swerve them from their purpose or cause them to stoop to a dishonorable act, for they were guided by an untainted conscience which was made strong by religious faith. Minds stood before us, not men; intellect, not form.

It would be unfair to that great conference if we did not call attention to the genuine simplicity which prevailed in every phase of the procedure. All the stern, rigid laws of formality were discarded and with them went coats, hats, collars and ties. It was a case of man meeting man as he was, not as he appeared to be. We mingled together with all the freedom of rural westerners. When meal time came we didn't sit down to lunch and to teas, but we ate our breakfast and our dinner and our supper. We did not have to consult a menu which we could not interpret, but wholesome food was set before us. There was no class distinction and no natural bias. The greatest men in our midst possessed a lowly will which being lowly became lofty. The conference was simplicity personified. Men were brothers!

The last of our impressions to be dealt with here is that of the value of human life. The Master has a work to perform for every one whom He has created and in the great onward march it is essential that this task be performed well and faithfully. To that end every one must fall in line with God's great plan. Omitting to do so spells failure and defeat. Shakespeare wrote many stirring tragedies, but none of them are comparable to the failure of human life itself. This is the world's tragedy. Not poverty, not sorrow, not sickness, not death, but the failure of man to carry out his part of the programme is the one great tragedy. We were reminded with ever increasing emphasis of the value of human life and the importance of carrying out that which has been committed to us. It was bound about our necks; it was written upon the tablets of our hearts.

The days we spent at Lake Geneva passed all too swiftly, and before we realized it we were preparing for our homeward journey. It was with no little regret that we left that lake shore. The ground had become sacred to us. We were away from turmoil, away from care, away from the world. We were living with nature and we felt the thrill of him who said: "This our life exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." As the years slip away we know we shall not forget Geneva. The spirit of that conference will ever linger in the inner recesses of our mind and will form the background of many pleasant memories.

W. G. R.

Geneva: how the memories cling about that name! Viewed in the perspective of time one is able to pick out the outstanding facts of the great conference. The minor things, such as the excitement of the camp life, the athletic contests,

or the beautiful scenery, fade into insignificance and the things of true value stand out in bold relief.

The first great outstanding feature of the conference was the feeling which seemed to pervade the entire gathering. There on that hallowed ground made sacred by many such gatherings, beneath the spreading branches of oaks and maples, beside the shimmering waves of the lake, all feelings of selfishness and pride seemed to vanish. Students met each other as brothers and as men. The hearty handshake, the cordial greeting, the quick word of sympathy and of cheer, all combined to make each one feel that he had a place in the convention, that he was a brother in truth to every other student. Men of different nationalities and of different races met each other on the common ground of fellowship. Racial pride and creedal prejudice fell before the common bond of loving service to one supreme Commander.

And the leaders of the conference! J. R. Mott, Bishop McDowell, Dr. Henderson, O. S. Davis, Shailer Matthews! How the personality of these men seemed to draw us to them! With what earnestness they took up their task! Their influence upon those men and through them upon the colleges and universities of Canada and the United States can never be estimated. Ever ready, both in public meetings and in private interviews, to help the student who seemed weak, to spur on the student who seemed indolent, or to lead, while seeming to be led, to a higher and broader outlook upon life, each student with whom they came in contact.

The Bible study classes were the largest this year which have ever been known at Geneva. For the first three days the conference was divided into two large groups which met in separate places. One group studied "The Will of God in a Man's Life Work," and the other occupied themselves with a course entitled "The Manhood of the Master." On the fourth day the groups broke up into some thirty-five smaller groups led by specially selected leaders. These groups, meeting on the lake-shore, in front of tents, in the halls or in any available place, pursued the same study in a somewhat more microscopic way. In this way intense interest was maintained and much help was gained in this most important phase of the Association's work.

Another feature of the conference was the life-work meeting held each evening on the lake-shore. There on the grass the entire assemblage would congregate. Hymns would be sung and then an appeal would be made for men to give up their lives for certain definite lines of Christian service. The appeal was always to the rational rather than to the emotional, and many men were helped to a decision in regard to their

life's work. The strongest men available presented the appeal for the different branches of work. It was during one of these meetings that an incident occurred which made a tremendous impression on the entire camp. Driven from the lake-shore by an approaching storm students and leaders sought the shelter of the large pavilion. Scarcely had this been gained when the storm broke. There amid the crash of thunder, the brilliant flashing of lightning and the noise of wind-driven rain, that great company, nearly seven hundred strong, pealed forth the great convention hymns, "Throw Out the Life-line" and "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing." As the roar of the elements subsided, O. S. Davis delivered his appeal for men for the ministry. Following the great display of natural power it was an opportunity to emphasize strength and he laid stress on the power of the modern minister till the heart of every listener was stirred. His picture of the opportunity at hand for the strong man in the ministry, and of the manliness of the minister's calling set many minds thinking along lines so often neglected and too often spurned.

J. R. M.

THE UNKNOWN

DOUGLAS DURKIN.

*I stood alone beneath the vaulted skies
When morning dawned,
And yearned to fathom with my upturned eyes
The vast Beyond.*

*By day I gazed into the face of man
Who fought alone;
And lo, the same vast depths were there to span—
The same Unknown.*

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With this number the "Quill" enters **JUST A WORD** upon its fourth year of publication. The time has been passing all too quickly. Vacation days are over; the earth has taken on the sober tints of autumn; and our college halls present once more a scene of life and activity.

And what is the outlook for the present college year? On the whole, the prospects are indeed bright. Of course, we miss many old friends who have left our ranks to take up the practical duties of life. But we have as compensation an ambitious

and enthusiastic throng of new-comers. Thus the attendance promises to be larger this year than ever before.

Now, fellow-students, let us make this year the best ever of our college course. We can do it. What we need most is not ability, but the will to do. The word, then, is this: Get out into the forward line. Shoulder some of the responsibility. Make your presence and influence felt. Make your personality count. Do not stand around waiting for opportunity to come your way, but go out and find it. Forget yourself by seeking the good of others. In short, try to feel that Brandon College is your college; that in the college activity lies your opportunity; and finally—lest you forget—that the "Quill" is your magazine.

Organization is the watchword of modern life. Its importance is being emphasized in commerce, in politics, and in religion. **A SUGGESTION** And the same tendency is present today in college halls. Truly, our college organizations are many, and each year they increase in number and variety.

This is especially true with respect to the different departments of our school. Each class has its own particular organization, its own constitution, its own colors. And whenever different classes meet in contests involving either athletic or intellectual ability or skill, class loyalty is much in evidence. And this is only as it should be.

But is there not a certain danger of losing sight of our wider relationships? Do we not sometimes forget the common bond which should unite us all as students of one institution? How many of us wear the college colors? Let us remember that class colors, though all right in their place, mean nothing outside of the class concerned; while on the other hand, every student of our college should show unswerving loyalty to the blue and gold.

And this leads to another thought: Why not have a standard Brandon College button or emblem? This would prove an advantage to both college and students. It would enhance in the minds of the business men and townspeople the importance of the college trade. It would add to the prestige of the student body by the fact that every student would wear the common emblem. It would afford all students an easy means of recognition and acquaintance during vacation or after leaving college. Finally, it would be a practical way of showing our love and loyalty to our Alma Mater. Might it not be well for the Student Council to consider the advisability of putting the suggestion into practice?

INITIATION A somewhat stronger light than usual has been thrown upon the question of college initiation as a result of the difficulties which have arisen during the past month between the faculty and students of a leading western institution. The stand taken by the authorities in the United College, Winnipeg is, after all, very significant. It is significant, coming as it does in the first year of the existence of this institution, now the strongest college in Western Canada. Apparently the faculty wish to have a clean page for the first year with the hope of keeping it so for the years to come. They wish to establish a new custom. But new customs arise where old traditions fall, and custom itself is but tradition when it is viewed from a later time. So that the fight is really between an old college tradition and, if you will, a new one. The traditions that surround college life constitute an element so vitally a part of the life that it is only with the greatest difficulty that we can bring ourselves to think of them existing apart. The question, of course, is not so much that of allowing traditions to pass but correcting them where they seem to stand in the way of real progress. It is, we confess, difficult to see just how a student's real progress can be hindered by the exercises attending initiation so far as we have seen such. Within decent limits the exercises might be not only harmless but of real benefit. The student's mental attitude may be changed for the better—more in five minutes than in a month of lectures. And "decent limits" might very easily be imposed. Why not attack Hallowe'en celebrations on the same basis? Why not football and hockey? Why not track athletics if physical injury is a factor in the problem?

This expression, we freely admit, does not cover the ground at all. We do not know all sides of the question and, for that matter, we do not wish to be querulous or controversial. We do feel it is a pity, however, that the feeling should be so keen and the division so acute when a settlement *might* be reached without so much flurry and excitement.

COLLEGE GOSSIP

P. DUNCAN '15.

*"Oh would some power the Giver give us
To see ourselves as others see us."*

—Translated from Burns.

To new students who may be scanning this page for the first time, we wish to give a threefold warning:

Don't be offended when you see your name in our pages, for it's your own fault.

Don't do or say anything of which you would be ashamed, for our reporters are many and sharp.

Don't talk to ladies in the halls or corridors.

And we extend a threefold exhortation:

Be courteous to the faculty, especially your own teachers.

Be polite to the seniors, for it is comely to respect age.

Be punctual, lest you miss your turn.

Observe these don'ts and preserve these be's in the hives of your own minds, and your college days will indeed be sweet.

TABLE NEWS.

A number of "freshmen" are having difficulty in "making out" breakfast. Many have been partaking too lightly of the porridge and depending too much on the second course. This is an early, grave, mistake. Even students have to eat to live. When the ham and eggs fail to appear it is extremely bad etiquette to put a whole slice of toast into your mouth at once, to make up for lost opportunity.

Since the assignment of places at tables many young students have been struck dumb with amazement. Some of the boys think they are in a fairy land, while a few of the girls are wondering if they have not met their fate. It would relieve the head of the various tables greatly if all would be sociable, and come down from fairyland, and trust the fates.

Robt. Harvey '13 is greatly missed in the small dining room this year.

"Out, out, brief candle,
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

The Arts professors are finding their work comparatively easy this year. The college was never so well provided with willing assistants to the staff. In 1st year Prof. Evans is frequently rescued from biological error by E. D. Pound, who has a skeleton of a deer in his private dissecting room. In 2nd year all teachers find a fund of apt illustrations in T. B. McMillan, and ample relaxation while H. F. Widen relates a startling incident or repeats a pathetic anecdote culled from the "Sunday at Home." In 3rd year O. U. Chapman and Dr. McKee lecture in Philosophy while Nordlund applies the brakes with vague questions. In 4th year there is no quibbling in philosophy since Radley borrowed a "Kant Made Easy," nor is there any extravagance with time in Economics since Miss Bucke refuses to lift pen or head, much less converse with her neighbor.

Prof. McGibbon, in Economics: "The report of the Commissioners on the Tobacco Trust may be read with profit by all."

Harris McKee, looking at Sleight: "But not with profit to all alike."

Prof. McGibbon: "Well—the groups on snuffs are not to be sneezed at!"

Carey McKee's soliloquy—and answer:

Early to bed and early to rise
Is a thing I can't comprehend;
For, how can a man go early to bed
When he must classes attend?

Answer:

Take the chair next the wall,
Or lean against your pal,
He'll see you don't fall,
For, you can sleep 'mid all!

THE ARTS CLASSES.

The first regular meeting of the Arts class was held Friday afternoon, October 10th. There was a large attendance, and new officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, J. E. Moffat '14; Vice-President, Miss J. Turnbull '15; Secretary-Treasurer, V. Coen '16; Convenor Programme Committee, C. McIntyre '17. After business, refreshments were served, after which philosophical and scientific speeches were respectively delivered by Dr. McKee and Dr. Vining. Prof. MacGibbon was elected honorary president.

ORGANIZATION OF GRADUATING CLASS.

On October 15th, the Graduating Class met for organization, J. E. Moffat in the chair. Miss K. Johnson was unanimously elected president of the class, Dr. Whidden having been declared honorary president with great enthusiasm. Miss Bucke was elected vice-president and P. Underwood secretary-treasurer. Some discussion took place regarding class pins, after which the meeting closed with the class yell.

H. C. Harris, soliloquizing at the close of a funeral service, putting his \$2 fee into his pocket: "These 'bones' shall rise again."

FRATERNITY OF PROSPECTIVE LAW STUDENTS.

The "Law Frat" of Brandon College held their first meeting of the year on October 13th, J. E. Moffat '14 in the chair. After a short address by the retiring president the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. The following were elected: Hon President, Mr. Kilgour; President, J. R. MacKay '14; Vice-President, H. M. Hughes '15; Secretary, G. F. Fisher '15; Treasurer, P. Underwood '14.

The new president expressed the hope that the "Frat" would continue with the same success as in the past. It was decided to hold the meetings every Monday in Arts III. class room

W. Rathwell '15 has been on a shooting expedition for the past two days. There is a report current in Clark Hall that he is very fond of the Gun(n).

Y.M.C.A.

The formal opening of the Brandon College Y.M.C.A. on the evening of October 9th, took the form of a supper, followed by an open meeting in the chapel. An address of welcome to the new students was given by Mr. Duncan, after which Dr. Whidden gave a helpful talk on the "Development of the 'All Round' Man." The Mission and Bible Study Classes are being conducted as usual this term, and a cordial invitation is given to every student to join some one of these.

The student who identifies himself with a college Y.M.C.A. becomes connected with a world-wide institution which has for its aim the full development of man.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Friday, October 3rd, despite delinquent members of the executive, the first regular meeting of the Literary Society was

held. A splendid programme was rendered, Miss Edna F. Hall and Miss Evelyn Vrooman, the new teachers in the vocal and elocution departments respectively, taking part, much to the satisfaction of the assembled students.

The Clark Hall and Brandon College Literary Societies enjoyed a very delightful joint social evening on Friday, October 17th. The promenades afforded ample opportunity for new students to become acquainted with each other. The entertainment, though brief, was of a high order and the lunch served in the gaily decorated "Gym" and Vocal Studio, seemed to give entire satisfaction to all.

At the last two "Lits" the music of the College orchestra has been greatly missed. Too much praise cannot be attributed to the contribution made to the programmes of previous winters, nor can enough be said of Dr. McNeill's untiring fidelity as its leader. Our only hope is that the orchestra may continue.

During the Thanksgiving holiday season several members of Classes '12 and '13 were in the city and such an opportunity for reunions was not to be overlooked. On Thanksgiving Eve, the home of Miss Marjorie Bucke '14 was the scene of an informal gathering of the visitors together with those lucky members of Class '14 who were able to be present; while in the evening of Thanksgiving Day Miss Kathleen Johnson '14 also entertained in the visitors' honor. As it is well known that "Peggy" and "Kath" are all that can be desired as hostesses, it is almost unnecessary to mention that two very enjoyable evenings were spent. Would that there were more evenings like these!

DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Friday evening, October 10th, a very interesting and keenly contested debate was held. Messrs. Chapman and McKee of the Senior Arts upheld the affirmative of the resolution, "Resolved that initiation should be maintained as a part of college life in Brandon College." Messrs. Coen and Adey of Junior Arts supported the negative. Lively arguments were brought forward by both sides, and the audience waited with eagerness the decision of the judges. This was announced by Prof. Durkin in favor of the negative. A few helpful criticisms were also offered by the chairman of the judges.

The banner was not, however, destined to remain long in the possession of the Junior Arts. The Academic Class promptly issued a challenge to Junior Arts, and on Friday, October 24th, the subject was debated, "Resolved that woman suffrage is detrimental to the best interests of women." The Academy stu-

dents never distinguished themselves so well before. They chose as their standard bearers Messrs. Pullen and Smith, and these men in championing the cause of women, waxed so eloquent that Dr. Gordon in giving the judges' decision had to say that they had defeated the chosen two from Junior Arts—H. Widen and O. Calverly. The banner is now held by the Academy, but for how long? Wake up, all!

ACADEMIC NOTES.

In spite of a number of last year's Academy students passing into Arts, there are more Academic students this year than there has been for many years. Not only are they numerically strong but with the three years organized into one they are a body of considerable influence. Their debating and athletic powers have been already shown. A meeting for organization was held and the following officers were elected:

President—Mr. Kippen.

Vice-President—Miss M. Cameron.

Secretary—Mr. Clare Connor.

Social Committee Convenor—Miss G. Whidden.

Athletic Representative—Mr. D. Winton.

Treasurer—Mr. Hornby.

Razzle, dazzle, hobble, gobble,

Kee ki kar.

Any guy with half an eye

Knows who we are.

In sports of all sorts

Winners are we

Academic, Academic I, II, III.

Prof. Evans in Biology Class: "Who can describe a caterpillar?"

Mr. McIntyre, eagerly: "An upholstered worm."

A poem has just come to hand—a little too late for publication, however, entitled, "When Rev. T. B. McMillan autoes to Brandon Hills on Sunday."—Hughes.

WHERE THEY SPENT THE SUMMER.

O. U. Chapman—Visiting in England collecting bad debts of his late step-uncle.

Fisher—In Chicago doing research work.

Vincent—Preaching to the elect at Wolseley.

Harris McKee—Keeping long-distance busy — "Arden. please. Winnipeg, then."

Carey McKee—Travelling through the West, chiefly the streets of Regina.

Rutherford—Near Wycollar, writing letters and teaching school in his spare time.

Coen—In Calgary, peering into ledgers and cash books.

Rathwell—At Hayfield, and in the United States — but only for ten days in the latter place.

Duncan—Took Theology at Westminster Hall and now takes every chance to debate with Dr. McNeill his "authorship of the Hebrews" theory. While in the West he met with many Brandon College students now living on the coast.

Sleight—Beat his way up and down the C.P.R. most of the summer; then retired to the land to run the Kilfoyle Bonanza farm at McGregor.

Radley—At Longburn, writing poetry for lonesome girls and preaching by the way.

Stone—Spent the summer on the farm at Hamiota, singing occasionally.

S. Miskiman—Carried one end of a metal chain in a surveyor's outfit at Broadview.

Nordlund—Shepherded the flock at Austin.

C. Whidden—Spent the summer in Brandon.

Carlson—Preached at Burnt Lake, Alta.

Kippen spent his holidays in a store at Strathclair. It is rumored that the business received a great impetus.

Johnson—Delivered the word at Rich Valley, Alta.

McMillan cultivated the paternal acres at Margaret during weekdays, and supplied needy pulpits on Sundays.

Doucette—Was stationed at Kindersley, Sask.

T. H. Harris—Was looking after the community of saints at Central Butte, Sask.

Mitchell—Was living the strenuous life at Hamiota.

Cal. Tingley—Was preaching on Riley Smalley's old field at Virden and Reston.

Innes—Handed out new theology on Evans' old stamping ground at Asquith, Sask.

H. C. Harris—Was preaching at his old Medora stronghold.

Nordine—Was teaching and preaching at McOwan, Sask.

Allan McKee—Spent the holidays travelling in Sask.

Harvey—Had charge of the Baptist work at Hartney.

Moffat—Spent most of the summer at Elgin, Man.

Knox—Preached at Broadview and received donations on the side. They want him back, so he must have hit a good pace.

Pound—Had a busy time learning to handle a two-wheeled automobile. He was preaching at Salvador, Sask.

Hughes—Spent the summer escorting the Canadian teachers around the Old Country and the Continent. Has a decidedly good French pronunciation now.

Clare Connor—Manipulated the family auto. across the sandy stretches of the Big Saskatchewan; while Tubby spent much hard cash touring the Outlook Branch with the Brownlee 'ball outfit.

Dave Winton—Built barns, houses, schools, etc., etc., Visited Parkbeg several times and talked up Brandon College hockey.

Percy Underwood—Stayed home overhauling the electric brougham and making remarks about electric cars in general. Jollied the Y.W.C.A. girls in his spare time.

McNeil—Was tilling the soil on his ancestral estate at Broadview.

Widen—Spent the summer looking after the interests of the bi-lingual church at Midale, Sask.

Fairbairn—Spent his holidays at his home at Carnduff, Sask.

Adey—Had charge of a field near Swift Current, Sask.

Pullen—Held down the Macaulay appointment during the summer months.

MacKay, after a short visit in Uncle Sam's territory, spent the remainder of the summer preaching at Bradwardine.



“To *get* good is animal; to *do* good is human; to *be* good is Divine. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work is to show us what he is. The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves. Their task, be it ever so glorious, is historical and transient; the majesty of their spirit is essential and eternal.”

—James Martineau.

CLARK HALL

GERTRUDE MAY REID '14.

"Here's nothing to be got nowadays, unless thou canst fish for't."

Autumn, in sympathy with the serious purposes of Clark Hall, has changed her gaudy dress for one of sombre brown. She has banished the gaily colored flowers, leaving a few crinkled leaves that feebly cling to tottering stalks. Her wand has been stretched forth over the green grass, and the north wind, with no respect for brown, picks up stray papers from the street and dares to drive them across the sacred surface of the lawn. Altogether the surroundings present a dreary aspect; a "sense of something lost."

And Nature is, as always, showing her wisdom in thus dealing with us. Who could resist her charm and turn to the seriousness of study? No one. So she wisely hides her attractiveness, believing thoroughly in the old saying that "all play makes weaklings." We, perforce, must find our attraction within doors.

Here, all is cheery and bustling. New and old girls have become fast friends and have enthusiastically entered into the life of the college in all its phases. Many of the old girls, of course, have not returned, and their absence is keenly felt by all. But we rejoice in the fact that they do not forget us and that each day's post brings us cheery evidence of their regard.

Miss Whiteside spent a very pleasant summer in Honolulu.

Miss Anderson and Miss Evans visited the Eastern States during the holidays.

Miss Barbour, with the exception of five weeks' visiting in Toronto and Montreal, spent her vacation at her home in Winnipeg.

We regret that Miss Trotter, Miss Massé, Miss McAmmond and Miss Forrester have severed their connection with our college. Our good wishes accompany them in the new work they have undertaken.

In this issue of the "Quill" it is the pleasant duty of the girls to extend a welcome to the new lady members of the faculty. Miss Hall, Miss Vrooman and Miss Glimme have already found a warm place in our affections.

Miss Pearl Chapman and Miss Maud McTaggart were recent visitors to Clark Hall.

We are sorry to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Ballweber. To Marie we extend our deepest sympathy.

Extract from a letter received during the summer from M. A. B.:

"Someone (I know it wasn't Kant) said things are not always what they seem. Arise, my hopes! Teaching a summer school may yet have a silver lining to its cloud.

"I was met at the train by a toothless gentleman, who informed me he was my secretary-treasurer. He performed the ceremony of introducing the new teacher to the chairman of the school board, who is a bachelor and is real nice.

" 'Come,' said the toothless one, 'we must start for home at once.'

"I rather enjoyed the four-mile drive out in the country. Mr. Green had never met Spinoza nor Karl Marx, so the conversation flowed easily along lines of domestic pursuits.

"But my boarding-house! There are swarms of children and the baby has the whooping-cough. He sits in his high-chair at the table and whoops and whoops, while I sit next to him, hoping he will choke, yet trembling for fear he might. Usually he has a dirty face and Mary is sent out to the kitchen for a dish cloth.

"I could write volumes on this subject, but it would not help me any. 'Family Heralds' would still be used instead of tablecloths, and Eaton's catalogue would be picked off the floor and used as a bread board. Sometimes when I see bread being mixed in the dishpan and dishes washed in the boiler, I do not feel like having any dinner. But one must live, you know, so Peggy shuts her eyes, thinks of Plato's ideal state, and begins to eat.

"One day when I was in town I was introduced to a real, handsome, English B.A. I had quite settled on him for my summer husband when he dashed all my hopes away by introducing me to his wife. Imagine!

"All day long the little gods of human destiny have been strewing my path with confusion. The heat has been almost unbearable, and sometimes I could hardly breathe for the mosquitoes. The children seemed more stupid than ever before. But it is all in a day's work."

Sunday morning in Clark Hall:

"Many are called to the strife and the stress;
But only a few get up and dress."

Miss Kathleen Johnson entertained at an informal gathering on Thanksgiving evening, *raison d' être* our visiting girl graduates. A very merry evening was spent, thanks to the charming hostess.

We are glad to extend a welcome to Mrs. New, and hope soon to become better acquainted with her.

CLARK HALL Y.W.C.A.

The Y.W.C.A. has organized for the year under the following officers:

Hon. President—Mrs. MacNeill.

President—Jessie Elliott.

Vice-President—Maynard Rathwell.

Secretary—Lily Bevan.

Treasurer—Libby Ross.

Pianist—Alice Mooney.

Convenors of Committees—May McLachlan, Laura Millar, Elsie Adolph, Jeanette Grant.

We cannot say that Clark Hall athletics have been very flourishing this Fall. Perhaps most of our time has been taken up in becoming acquainted with so many new teachers and new girls. However, the croquet sets have been made good use of and the tennis courts have not been altogether deserted. We are looking forward with pleasure to skating and snowshoeing later in the season. Three new toboggans have been ordered and a good time is surely in store for us all.

Miss Ethel Forke is taking a course in Domestic Science at the Agricultural College, Winnipeg. We are sorry to lose her, but we know that, in the spring, Ethel will return home a first-class cook and housekeeper.

Miss Florence Gillies has been visiting in New York. We expect to have her with us after Christmas.

Upon resuming studies all other phases of college life have come into effect and with them our literary society. On account of many of the girls not returning, a number of offices had to be filled *pro tem*. Two regular meetings have been held, the main feature of the first being a series of impromptu speeches by the *freshettes*. At our second meeting Miss Jennie Turnbull gave an interesting address on the present Mexican situation. Following up the idea of keeping in touch with current events, Miss Bertha Morris gave a character sketch of Robert Bridges, the new poet laureate.

Miss Fairy O'Neil entertained at a jolly tea Saturday afternoon, Oct. 18th, in honor of Miss Maud McTaggart.

That the "old girls" do not forget us, is evident by the fact that Thanksgiving brought many of them to our Alma Mater. The joyous reunion of that week-end has but proved to us again that "the world is not so large after all." The guests were: Misses V. Leech '12, G. Little '12, M. McCamis '13, E. Simpson '13, C. Gunn '13, M. Strang '13, W. Speers '13. We hope that the future will soon afford another opportunity for welcoming back our girl graduates.

Miss Maynard Rathwell spent the summer teaching at Manor, Sask., where she merely existed for mail night.

Miss Kathleen Johnson remained at her home in Brandon all summer, although seriously tempted to travel with an acrobatic troupe.

Summer school testimonials:

"Today I have ten children at school, one in Grade III. and nine in Grade I. If I have to stay here much longer I shall soon have 'bats in my belfry'; that is, if they are not there already."—Connie Gunn.

"Far from the world's ignoble strife I guide tender feet along the flowery paths of knowledge."—Muriel McCamis.

"I am flourishing like a green bay tree."—Evelyn J. Simpson.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. I make no ripple in its mighty tide."—Jessie Elliott.



*"Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live."*

—Shakespeare.

ATHLETICS

"Knuckle to it, you can do it."

A. J. RADLEY '14.

Field Day was held on the 17th of October this year. Doubtless the committee on arrangements thought that three days without training, plus the satisfaction of knowing that Field Day was over, would prove an excellent appetizer for the Thanksgiving dinner. They were right, the way the boys tore into that turkey and cranberry sauce dinner, on the 20th, was an eye-opener to the gentle denizens of Clark Hall. The Nelson contingent, consisting of Wolverton, Walton, Masberg and Fitzgerald, took in a second dinner the same day at the home of Willa Speers '13. There, we hear, the boys acquitted themselves even better than on Field Day, which is saying much.

We are looking for much from these Nelsonians; they sure made us reverence the new lads by their stunts on the 17th. We hear they can play basket-ball as well as hockey, and that's what we want—good all-round sports.

But we started out to tell of Field Day, and the editor demands that we stick to our point. So here goes.

It was a fine day, better than any we remember. A tent was erected on the grounds to shelter the dressers, seats were put up for the ladies, a brass band was hired to play sweet music, etc. But owing to the faculty bowling match being the first event on the programme, the band having been hired to play at the gymkhana in an adjoining field the same evening, and Dr. Vining looking so formidable in his bowling costume and Dr. McKee's "do or die" expression while trying to beat out Prof. Ross, the band decided to stay away. We're glad they did; we don't like such tunes as "Everybody's Doing It, Doing It, Doing It" on Field Day.

For a wonder the events started on time, 2.30. Townes, a local Y.M.C.A. runner, ate up the half-mile with Fitzgerald close behind, Cal. McKee 3rd, and Drennan 4th.

McNair won the pole vault after discouraging attempts by Hughes, with Cummings 2nd and Campbell 3rd.

The shot put looked to us like a sure thing for McMillan and sure enough in spite of right valiant attempts by Kippen who was 2nd and Wolverton who was 3rd, Tom hopped home with a great big 1st

McMillan also came up smiling in the 100 yards dash, with the versatile Kippen half a yard to the bad, and J. R. MacKay, of all men, third. We knew that Jamie could kick, debate, argue and preach, but this new sidelight perplexes us.

What do you know? There wasn't a down-town man entered in the mile run. Somebody generally gets an hour's leave of absence from the ribbon counter, comes down and quietly annexes the medal, but to our surprise nobody turned up and Fitzgerald ambled away with the prize after slipping it over the aforementioned very versatile Kippen who was 2nd, and the amazingly fast and popular Adey who was third.

In the running broad jump Wolverton slipped it over all comers. McMillan ran him a close second and McIntyre annexed the trophy for third place.

In the boys' event Irwin won the gold medal, E. Whidden the silver, and Brick Hurley the bronze. Hope they get 'em.

Alas! Mr. Townes had gotten his second wind after his half-mile conquest, so he came along and annexed the 440 yards open event, Fitzgerald tailing after, with our popular "sleeper," who was no sleeper, Cal. McKee, third.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, as the cheap-show Barkers say, we come to the most interesting exhibit of all our curios. This is, ladies and gentlemen, none other than the ladies' nail-driving contest. Here's where the nails disappear with a hey presto! and one swift blow. Claw hammer in hand, face all rosy, teeth clenched, the Hashettes do deadly slaughter, but are beaten to it by the juniors, whose prize-winning team, consisting of Miss Maynard Rathwell, Miss Alice Griffin, Miss Bertha Morris and Miss Jessie Elliott, has been engaged to drive nails at the Panama Exposition of 1915. Poor seniors were given 2nd place, and Kathleen sobs, "I knew we couldn't."

We also had a running high jump on the 17th. Andy Rutherford lifted his two feet a little over 5 ft., surprising his running mate of golden memory, T. B. McMillan, who couldn't go the little over five, and Joe Robinson who couldn't but get a little under five.

Mr. Townes came along about this time and took the 220 yards open event from McMillan 2nd and Fitzgerald 3rd. Might just as well give that Towne's man ten dollars to stay at his ribbon counter.

Andy had to walk a mile to his school last summer. He used to get up and break his fast in 10 minutes, walk the mile in 9, and get to school on time. It took him 10 minutes to walk it Field Day—the ladies were looking on. But Robinson and Mitchell couldn't do it under 10, so Andy won.

The three-legged race was won by Campbell and Mitchell of "Hash," with Rutherford and MacKay 2nd, Connor—Clare, not Tubby—and Miskiman 3rd. N.B.—This wasn't funny. The weather froze out the humor.

Fatigue races are new to us, they savor of punishment in the army. Rutherford and MacKay beat all comers, Kippen

and Mitchell struggling in the rear with Johnson and Carlson within telephone distance after them.

Tug of war was taken home by the Seniors, who took the other contestants into camp as follows: Juniors 2nd, Hash, immortal delicacy, 3rd.

Nothing was left but the cheering. A glad time was had. Everybody was late for supper. Will somebody preside at the organ?

TENNIS.

A tennis contest was played off prior to and during Field Day. Many hoped, many entered, but only one team won, viz., Prof. McGibbon and J. R. MacKay.

FOOTBALL.

Somehow or another the attraction of football has gone from our midst. We have a team that, with a little practice, could put the crimp into Norwood Wanderers, the champions of the Dominion, and nobody offers us a game. Too bad the summer isn't longer. If it were, we could mix it up with some of the local teams and find out just who is boss around here. As it is, there's mighty little satisfaction in having a whale of a team when there's no competition.

BASKET-BALL.

Here's the basket-ball schedule for the pre-Xmas games. Keep it handy. Keep the dates open and come to every game. We need your voice and good will; you need the excitement.

SENIORS.

Nov. 4.—Pirates vs College.

Nov. 11.—College vs. Collegiate.

Nov. 18.—Collegiate vs. Pirates.

Nov. 25.—College vs. Pirates.

Dec. 2.—Collegiate vs. College.

Dec. 9.—Pirates vs. Collegiate.

Harley Hughes, our clever captain, is back, and working his team into shape. We had thought that with the loss of Davis and Joey Scott our team would be leaky. Harley thinks not, has great confidence in some of the new men—Fitzgerald, Wolverton and others. Of course, Prof. Durkin, Chapman and McMillan will be in the fray, and we are out with a winning team. Get that, everybody. Brandon College wins the Cornell Trophy or we are hoodooed. Remember the Collegiate beat us to it by one point last year. They have lost McGuinness, their able centre, and have taken our favorite, Joey Scott, into their team. We hate to play against you, Joe, and we hate like the dickens to beat you, but we've just got to do it, that's what.

HOCKEY.

The good old King who makes our fingers blue and our noses red has blown his wintry blast. There will be ice in a few days, and then every other outdoor sport can go to the "demnition bow-wows," as Mr. Mantilini says. Our prospects for an all-star team are brighter than ever before. The main members of last year's champions are with us again. David Winton, J. R. Evans, Tommy Coldwell, "Wink" Rathwell, Joey Scott are all within hail and are longing for ice. Saff Deans, our old star centre, is expected any day, and with a good six or eight possibles from different parts of the Dominion we will have a team that should be able to put it over anything that may come our way.

The town knows that the winning of the city league by our college team will mean the eternal possession of the trophy. Therefore there's going to be something doing. The Maroons, Brandon's best baseball club, have organized a strong hockey team and will make us go to beat 'em. The other clubs—Wanderers, Y.M.C.A's and C.P.R. will all be stronger than last year. So if we are to win we must think, talk and act in every way possible to help the boys to victory.

We would recommend that rooters with yells, howls, cheers and songs be organized immediately to do the good work for the coming year.



ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

T. H. HARRIS, B.A., '13.

*“From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true.”*

Four of last year's graduates in Theology, Messrs. Green, Edwards, Sinclair and Gordon, and one from the former year, Rev. W. C. Smalley, have evidently been benefiting from their Theological course. In their reading in that course, they found the words, “It is not good that man shall be alone.” After they had thrown the searchlight of critical study upon these words, looking at them from all angles, satisfying themselves as to whether they belonged to the J, the E, or the P documents, they came to the conclusion that they must be genuine, and promptly acted upon them.

Their actions have caused us to bring to the attention of our readers the following notices:

Green—Wade. On May 14th, at the home of the bride in Brandon, Miss Ada Wade to H. E. Green, Theo. '13.

Edwards—Stretch. On July 10th, at Corning, California, Miss May Stretch to R. G. Edwards, Theo. '13.

Sinclair—Mill. On July 8th, at Elmwood, Winnipeg, Miss Clara Anna Mills to J. P. Sinclair, Theo. '13.

Gordon—Lines. On Aug. 14th, at High River, Alberta, Miss Rose Annie Lines to A. Gordon, B.A., Theo. '13.

Smalley—Cowell. On Sept. 4th, at Blackburn, England, Miss Margaret Alice Cowell to W. C. Smalley, Theo. '12.

Besides these, we have to record the marriages of several ladies whose presence once graced Clark Hall:

Macpherson—Bulloch. On Sept. 9th, at Reston, Manitoba, Miss Margaret Adeline Bulloch '12, to Mr. J. J. Macpherson.

Grant—Underwood. On July 9th, at First Baptist Church, Winnipeg, Miss Lillian Underwood to Rev. W. E. Grant, B.A.

Harkness—Duncan. At the home of the bride in Vancouver, Miss Lily Vera Duncan to Rev. N. A. Harkness.

Little—Davidson. On Sept. 10th, at Elgin, Manitoba, Miss Pearl Davidson to Rev. J. W. Little of Shoal Lake.

Forrester—McFadden. On Oct. 1st, at Emerson, Man., Miss Edna I. McFadden to Mr. W. R. Forrester.

Marriage is not the only new experience which some of the above named graduates have encountered this summer. Four of the five graduates in Theology and one of the graduates in Arts were ordained to the work of the Christian ministry. Those who were ordained were Rev. H. E. Green of Lethbridge, Alta.; Rev. R. Smalley of Elgin, Man.; Rev. J. P. Sinclair of Elm-

wood, Man., Rev. R. Harvey of Hartney, and Rev. A. Gordon of India.

We are very pleased to learn from the reports of these ordinations that each of the candidates brought credit upon himself and the college by the clear way in which he made known his theological beliefs.

It will be interesting to those who knew them, to learn that the Rev. A. Gordon and his wife paid a visit to the college on their way east to Ontario, England and Scotland and thence to India.

Before they left Brandon a farewell service was held in the Baptist church. At this meeting, which was well attended, representatives of the different departments of the church work and of the college addressed words of appreciation to them, and wished them God-speed.

Dr. Whidden in his address stated that their departure for the foreign field stood as a realization of the ideals of Brandon College.

During the service various presentations were made to Mrs. Gordon.

After the more formal meeting in the church, those assembled withdrew to the Sunday school room, where an informal reception took place, and refreshments were served.

Rev. and Mrs. Gordon sailed from Quebec for England on October 25th.

Sports Day this year made a happy conjunction with Thanksgiving Day. This conjunction made it possible for many of last year's graduates in Arts to pay a return visit to their Alma Mater, and to enjoy once again some of the joys and enthusiasm of that institution.

Miss C. Gunn '13 came in from her school at Creelman; Miss M. McCamis '13 from Norwood, where she is a teacher in the school of which Mr. G. H. Ruttan is principal; and Miss E. Simpson '13 from Broadview, where she also is teaching. We were glad to welcome back Miss M. Strang, who graduated last year from Saskatchewan University, and Miss V. Leech '12. These two ladies are at present the shining lights at the Regina Normal. Miss W. Speers '13, who is teaching in the Central School, Brandon, also visited us.

On Saturday evening we had a special reunion table in the dining room, at which there were six graduates of last year and one of the year before. After supper a very pleasant evening was spent together.

We are glad to announce that E. Clark '12 has been offered, and has accepted, the secretaryship of the Y.M.C.A. work

in Canadian colleges. Ernie has his headquarters in Winnipeg, where he has found a substitute for Clark Hall in the way of inspiration.

We were expecting to see something of R. Ferrier '12 this year, but Russell has taken himself to Edmonton where he is teaching Academic work in the Alberta College.

Miss G. Little '12 is putting the knowledge which she gained last year at the School of Education, Toronto, into practice in the High School at Carlyle, Sask.

Rev. R. McCaul, B.A., has recently resigned from the pastorate of Olivet Church, Winnipeg. He has gone to Rochester, N.Y., where he will take up Theological work. Our best wishes go with him, and we hope that some day in the not too distant future we shall see him back again in Western Canada.

We noticed the following announcement in the "Western Outlook" of October 1, and report it as it will no doubt be of interest to some of our readers:

"Baker—To Rev. and Mrs. Baker, at Yorkton, Sask., on August. 29, a daughter, Ruth Catherine."

Our heartiest congratulations go to Rev. and Mrs. Baker.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

VICTOR COEN '16.

*"Do not conceive that I shall here recount
All my own beauty; yet I promise you
That you, by what I tell shall understand
All that befits and that is well to know."*

—Rossetti.

I.

Of college magazines, unwritten yet,
When halls around resound with every call
Of over-fed and fuddled-minded youths,
That echoes city, field and homely hearth;
And gentle maidens surfeited with ease,
Come once again reluctantly to purge
Their minds with labor, at the scholar's bench;
And fever'd souls, at learning's fount refreshed—
Of all that blooms beneath this roof and rule,
Sing Heav'nly Muse, perched lightly on mine ear!

II.

Now, Heav'nly Muse, do please be reas'nable!
You're no light lump for this poor poet's ear:
For times of want, though they reduce man's flesh,
But make your weight more grievous to be borne.
But, hold! What light breaks now across the shade
Of so great mis'ry? Editor, all hail!
This lofty sheaf of magazines we'll rear,
To prop our Muse's weight, and save mine ear.

The University of Saskatchewan is taking inter-college athletics seriously. Last winter a hockey team was sent to Alberta. That the visit aroused lively interest is indicated by the royal entertainment meted out to the visitors. Later in the season Alberta responded with a return game.

Saskatchewan is now contemplating similar matches with many other institutions, including Brandon College.

There must always be some financial difficulty in connection with visiting teams. Is the ingenuity of our Athletic Committee equal to that obstacle? These matches always arouse a peculiar interest. The wild enthusiasm of the athletes reminds many a mope of his own flabbiness, and, incidentally, of the other fellow's bright eye and ready smile. We hope that some means will be found by which Brandon College may take its place in the larger athletic field.

“Abelard was also the most brilliant of the theological teachers of the twelfth century. He was not a reckless innovator, and he had no intention to rebel against the accepted creed of the church. But he was a reckless and adventurous thinker, and it seemed to him that reverence for authority had been carried to a superstitious degree. His purpose was to stimulate enquiry. No problem was so difficult that he despaired of solving it; no mystery, in his opinion, was too sacred to be probed.

“He believed that all science and knowledge ought to be brought forward in defence of faith. All the arts are God’s gifts, and must be used to advance His glory. The critical reason should be used upon the church and her doctrine; but while vindicating and using reason and knowledge to the utmost, we must not think that faith reveals the beauty of the Lord only to the wise. The truth is revealed to the childlike, and God is seen by the pure in heart. A holy life is more important than intellectual talents.”—Manitoba College Journal.

We should like to quote more, descriptive of this ideal theologian. But we wonder how he understood “New” Theology so well; for he lived eight hundred years ago!

Some magazines are as stolid in appearance as a college pudding. It is possible that the ingredients of these ink and paper plumless forty-pounders are palatable enough; but a disheartened digestive-system refuses any experiment.

“The Tallow Dip” stands out in charming contrast: its bright clear print, intense black headings, and crisp paragraphing, tempt one to read each page, and lead one’s eye from cover to cover without a pause.

Our Alma Grandmater is as young and sprightly as ever. Her Graduation Number is as bright as it is ambitious. A complete faculty portrait-gallery, a breezy log of the voyage of the good ship ’13, numberless nutshell biographies, the Commencement exercises in essence—these go to make up a McMaster Monthly cram-full of happy memory.

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

(With Apologies to “The Sheaf.”)

“Mr. Hughes of Brandon College is now at Oxford. The Prince of Wales is also there.”—“The Daily Bubble.”

The following conversation is reported:

Harley: Say, Prince! ever across the Pond?

Prince: No, but Uncle Con. was.

Harley: Here's a copy of the Brandon College Quill.

Prince (perusing): Wish I'd gone there instead of Oxford. Cousin Pat. tells me the Clark Hall girls are some class; she wanted to stay, only Con. didn't enthuse over co-education; said the Brandon College boys were too fascinating. How would you like to be governor-general of U.S.A. when you quit here?

Harley: Think we shall have it annexed by then?

Prince: Bet your boots!

Harley: It's hardly good enough. I'm Third Year Arts, and this trip has given me weight. Savey?

Prince: Sure! Well, how about night watchman at Brandon College?

[Exeunt pugnantes.]

—

“The Gateway” is enriched by a thoughtful and lucid article entitled “The Spirit and the Letter.” Referring to the subscription to the Confession of Faith by many “Presbyterian” heretics, the writer says: “We are informed that the majority assent to ‘the substance’ or ‘the spirit’ of the creed, . . . but we wish to protest gently against the idea that a thing can be accepted in the spirit and rejected in the letter.”

We agree. Doctrine set forth in cold legality admits of little compromise. Sincerity in subscription is essential to freedom and forcefulness. Those who accept a creed by a distortion of obvious meaning, or by complete evasion of the issue in their own consciousness, those form a chain-gang, voluntarily accepting as destiny a procrustean bed. But whether the Divine Hand had any part in the formation of the rigid barrier of orthodoxy, or no, is another matter.

—

The ladies of Rothesay have a very pretentious sporting department in “The Tallow Dip” to tell of their skating, snowshoeing, tennis, inter-collegiate baseball, and inter-class basketball. Does not that formidable catalogue arouse Miss Clark Hall? Or is our fair Diana satisfied with croquet on the trim front lawn?

—

“Each year before an election the officers of the various organizations hold their annual search for the constitutions of their respective departments.”—“Vox Wesleyana.”

That sounds familiar, doesn't it? Why not hark back to ancient times, far in advance of our day of elusive ordinances? No one would think of waiving Hammurabi's constitution.

—

“The Sheaf” contains an enthusiastic account of the deliberations of the mock parliament that forms part of the Debating

Club of Saskatchewan University, and concludes with these words: "Altogether we are proud of the debating society and feel that it is fulfilling the purpose for which it was organized."

We have many strong debaters rusting in obscurity. Polish up, fellows!

An exceptionally well-written paper, one of a series of articles on "Choosing a Profession," appears above the initials of W. G. L. in the "Manitoba College Journal." The writer, after dwelling on the growing humanity and manliness of modern ministers, on their disappointment at little tangible evidence of influence, gives three reasons for his choice of that work: firstly, one deals with underlying principles; secondly, one has character under the microscope; and thirdly, one's life is one's first sermon: the elaboration of these points is positive and constructive.

How many students at Brandon College know so well what they intend to do in life, and why? Think it out, fellows; and girls, too! Take a couple of weeks of spare time to worry your problem through; then set it down lucidly in black and white, and send it in to the editor. We will try to persuade him to start a series; and even if he cannot arrange to do so, you, at least, will have a definite aim that must give added forcefulness and personality.

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: "The Gateway," "Vox Wesleyana," "Manitoba College Journal," "The Mitre," "The Argosy," "St. John's College Magazine," "The McMaster Monthly," "The Sheaf," "The Arcadia Athenaeum," "The Okanagan Lyceum," "The Tallow Dip," and "The Dalhousie Gazette."

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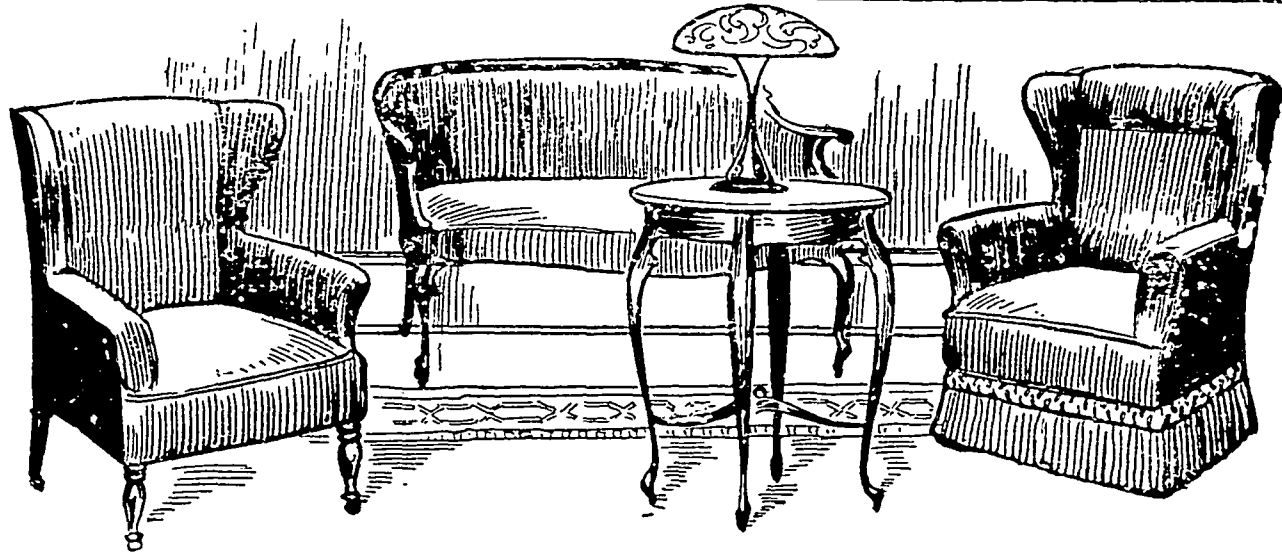
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