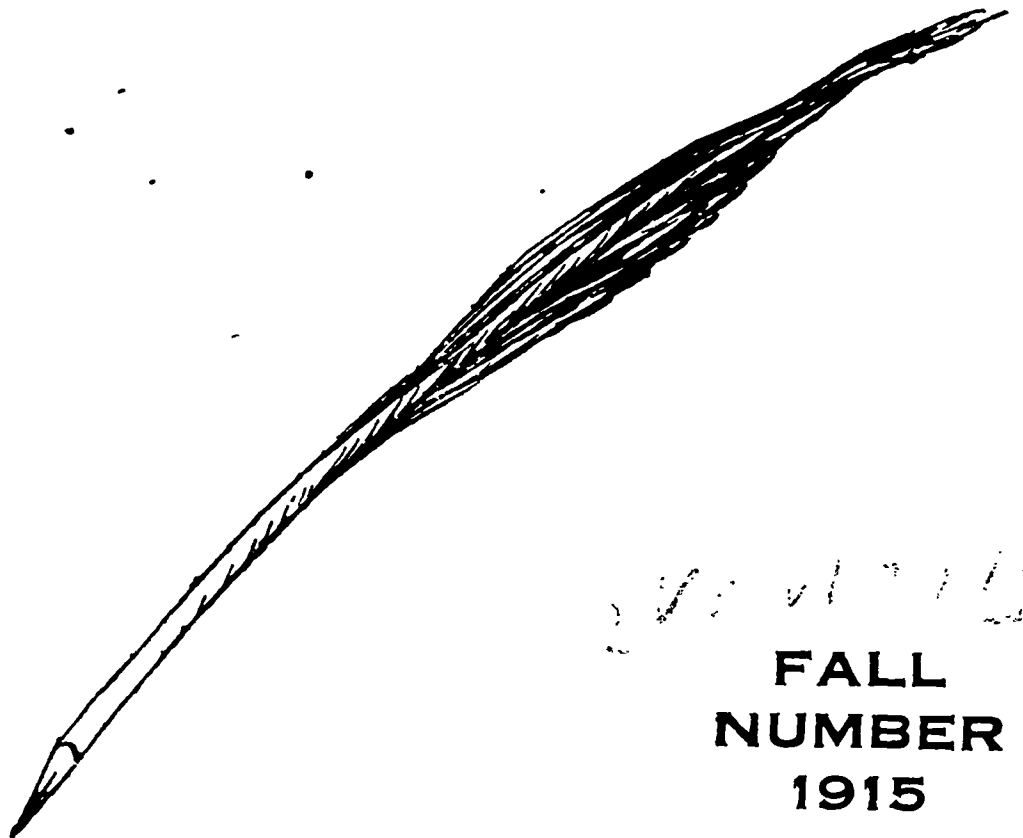
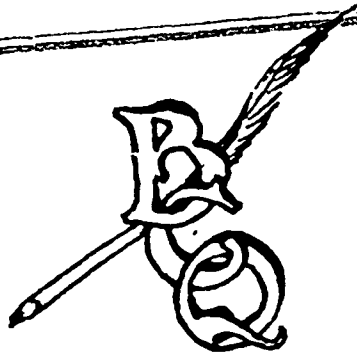
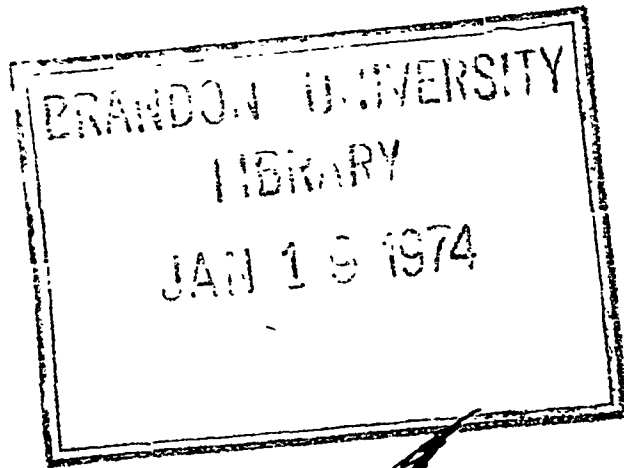


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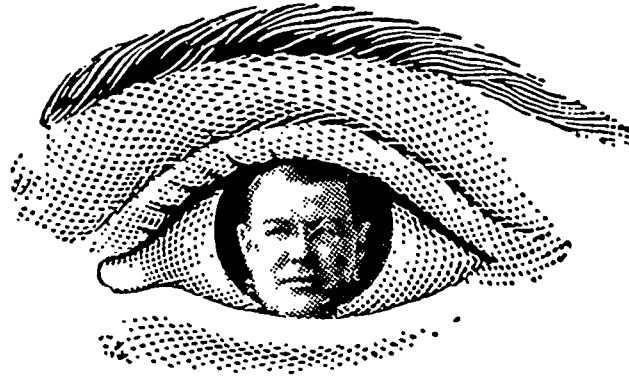
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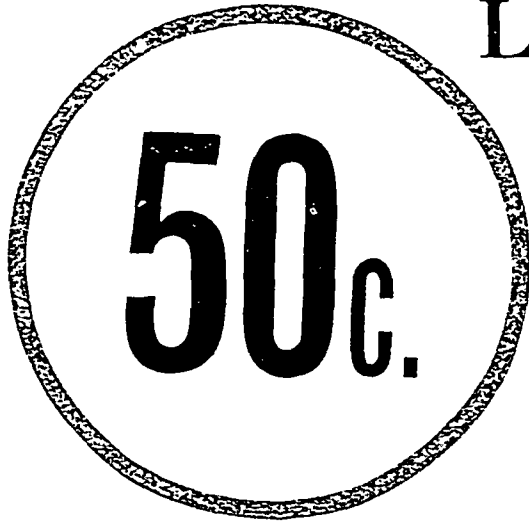
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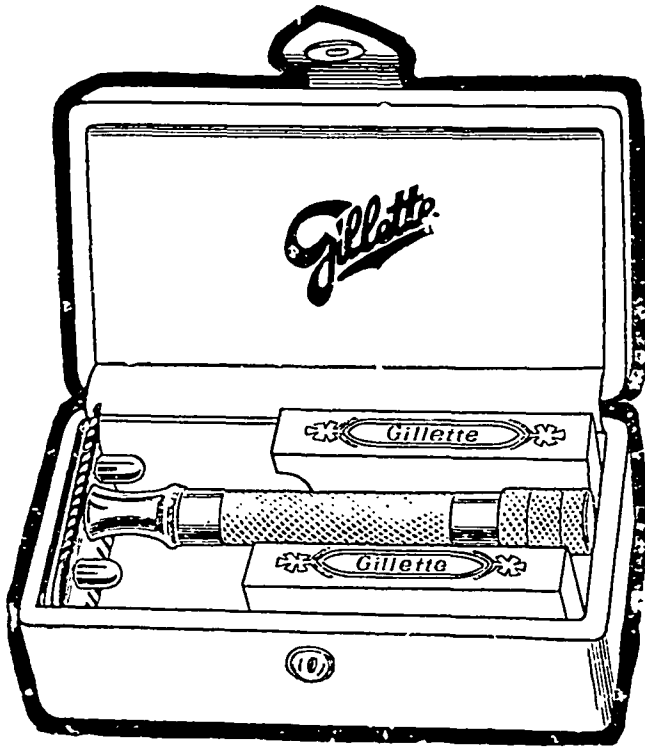
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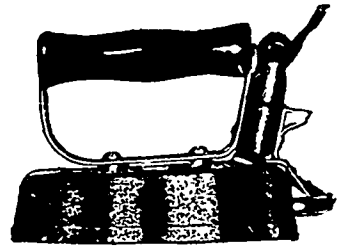
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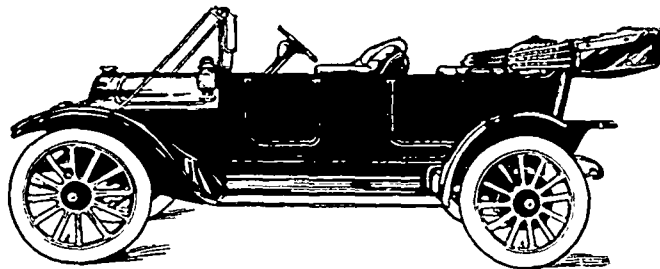
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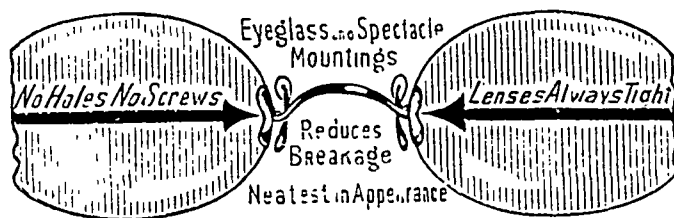
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PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US.

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Brandon College Quill

THE BRANDON COLLEGE C.O.T.C.

The great war in Europe has been responsible for a marvellous reorganization of our thinking and acting in the various phases of life. This has been evident especially in military activities. One result has been the establishing of detachments of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps in connection with the various colleges and universities.

Such a corps permits students to continue their regular studies and at the same time to receive a systematic course in military training, thus giving them the opportunity of preparing themselves to serve their country in the capacity of a soldier without unduly interfering with their duties as a civilian. It qualifies them to receive commissions in the active militia with the rank of lieutenant at the end of the course arranged for the college year. It provides a source from which the active militia may draw well-trained and competent officers as occasion may demand. It furnishes a means whereby as large a number of college students as possible may be developed into efficient soldiers, whether they later enlist for "Overseas" service or become members of a local regiment of the Active Militia or await the call for "Home Defence" duties, if such a call should be necessary.

The authorities of Brandon College have realized the responsibility that devolves upon all individuals, organizations and institutions within the British Empire at the present time, and have taken advantage of the chance to render a specific service to the cause of freedom. A detachment known as the Brandon College C.O.T.C. has been organized and is drilling regularly. A committee of military education has been appointed and the necessary officers have been chosen. The majority of the male members of the faculty and of the student body have enrolled in the corps. Some ex-students and others have also joined.

The course is being conducted under the direction and jurisdiction of the District Officer Commanding, Col. Ruttan. It includes the practical training and the theoretical instruction necessary for those wishing to qualify first as lieutenants and later as captains. Four periods each week are used for

drill and lecturing purposes. A splendid spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation is evident, with the result that very satisfactory progress has been made thus far. Everything seems to indicate that the undertaking will be decidedly successful and that Brandon College will make a worthy contribution in this as in all her other activities.

The Committee of Military Education has certain administrative responsibilities placed upon it. The personnel of this committee is as follows: Messrs. G. F. Doig and Robert Darrach, from the Board of Governors; Professors New, MacNeill, Gordon, Vining and Ross, from the Faculty; with President Whidden and Professor Miller as members ex-officio. The President of the Committee is Mr. Doig and the Secretary is Professor Ross.

The corps is being trained, as according to requirements, under its own officers. These are:

Officer Commanding—Professor Miller.

First Lieutenant—Professor Evans.

Second Lieutenant—Dr. MacGibbon.

E. A. M.

*Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of Misery,
Or the mariner worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on.*

THE HONOR ROLL

The things of the spirit are the things that abide. College pride is one of these. Amid the wreck of so much that is material in our civilization, we cherish more warmly than ever the great spiritual ideals that we have learned to associate with Alma Mater. At no point is that pride more deeply felt than in doing what honor we can—and at most it is all too little—to those who at this time are our truest representatives, those who have gone out to fight for the preservation of all that goes to make up our spiritual heritage, to give their lives if necessary, that freedom may not perish from the earth.

PROF. PHILIPPE LOUYS.

Prof. Louys was our first representative at the front, as he was also one of the first representatives of France. He fought in the first engagement of the war and was taken prisoner. Since then he has been imprisoned at Wurtemberg. He states that he is happy and well cared for, and his friends report that he is the optimist of that group of French prisoners, radiating that same cheerfulness and modest courage which are so well remembered in Brandon College.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON.

Captain Hamilton was a Brandon College student some seven years ago. He responded to the call at London, Ont., which has been his home for some time. "Somewhere in France" he gave his life for his country, being the first officer of the Second Contingent to be killed in action. Brandon College takes this opportunity of sharing its pride in his heroism and expressing its sympathy for those who are bereaved.

Our full roll consists of the following, the names being given in order of enlistment:

Philippe Louys.	James Allan.
William Leary.	Arthur Hosie.
William Bolton.	Nelson McBride.
Donald McNeill (Lieut.).	Wm. Scott.
Arthur Hallam.	Robert Cruise.
Charles Bailey.	Arden Smith.
Milton Donaldson.	Alan Avery.
Captain Hamilton (killed in action).	Orval Calverley.
Gordon Cummings.	W. M. Graham (Lieut.).
Andrew Cumberland.	J. A. Drennan.
Ritchie Macpherson.	J. A. Maley.
Charles Rose.	Jos. A. Scott.
	Wallace Sharpe (Lieut.).
	C. W. N.

POITOR ILYITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY

We are learning so much about Russia and things Russian in these days, that it is with a great deal of pleasure that we have culled for your consideration a short story of Russia's most famous composer of music—Tschaikowsky.

Poitor Ilyitch Tschaikowsky (chi-kóf-ski) was born at Votinsk in the Ural District, on April 25, 1840. He was educated for Law and became a clerk in the First Division of the Ministry of Justice. As a child he loved music, beginning to play on the piano at the age of eight, and even while a student of Law, his enthusiasm for music grew, so that finally he left the courts of Justice to give his life to the serious study of music.

His first teachers were Anton Rubenstein and Zarembo, under whose guidance he gained much, and it was no doubt through Rubenstein that he became filled with the desire to give Russian national music a place in dramatic composition.

He was an ardent patriot and loved Russia above everything, but, as is commonly the case, he was often misunderstood by his contemporaries. Like Turgenev and Tolstoy, he was belittled by lesser minds, too small to understand his greatness of soul. He went to his grave discredited by his own people: yet he had patiently and passionately built up a Russian musical structure—superb in every outline—while they quibbled about “nationalism.” One writer has said, “Turgenev, Tolstoy and Tschaikowsky were three travelled men; they drank deeply at all the fountains of modern poetry and philosophy, and each, without losing his native quality, expressed himself after the fashion of his individual nature and experience; and how infinitely wider in range, depth and versatility are the utterances of these three masterful minds when compared with the narrow provincial efforts of their belittlers. These three are great not alone because of their nation—they are men who would make tremble the ground of any other land.”

Tschaikowsky's life is a record of a simple, severe working-man of art. He was one who felt many influences before he hewed for himself a clear-cut individual path, but his whole life was wrapped up in the hewing. He fulfilled in his music much that Rubenstein left unsaid. Rubenstein was a Teutonic mind Russianized, but Tschaikowsky, with all his western culture, kept his skirts clear of Germany. He had her science at his finger tips, but he preferred remaining Russian.

Some have said that Tschaikowsky said great things in a great manner. One has said that the manner often exceeds the

matter; that his masterly manipulation of mediocre thematic material often leads us astray; yet, at his best, when idea and execution are firmly welded he is a great man; one who felt deeply and suffered and drank deeply at the acid spring of sorrow.

Not so logical as Brahms nor so profound a thinker, he is more dramatic, more intense and displays more surface emotion. Reticent in life, he overflows in his art. He is a poet as well as a musician. He takes small nugget-like themes and motives and subjects them to the most daring treatment. He polishes, expands, varies, and develops his ideas in a most marvellous manner, and if the form is often wavering the decoration is always gorgeous. He is first and last a dramatic poet.

Tschaikowsky had more to say than any other Russian composer and he said it better. He is no mere music-maker, writing uninspired routine stuff. He worked earnestly, tremendously. Hence his music is full of great dramatic power, though he is not so spontaneous as is Rubenstein. His style is not exempt from fault and is seldom lofty, but he has plenty of charming melody and his polished measures show the effect of a keener and more rigorous criticism than Rubenstein's.

He was eminently nervous and intense; he felt and suffered deeply; so his music is fibred with sorrow and sometimes morbid and full of hectic passion. It bites, but never reaches the ethical serenity of Beethoven. One feels that his music is an unusually true expression of the thoughts and emotions of its composer.

His genius finds its best expression in orchestral music, in which class of composition he has written six symphonies, six orchestral suites, six or seven overtures, and a number of pieces for special occasions. His first three symphonies are the most thoroughly national, being based on Russian motifs: the last three are among his greatest works and do much to place him among the great musicians. He wrote ten operas and several concertos and solos for violin and piano. His most notable piano works are the Concerto in B flat minor and the Sonata in G Major. Tschaikowsky entered into many branches of composition and achieved some notable work along several lines. In spite of the profound and sometimes tempestuous melancholy of his works there is a dignity about them, a control and self-respect which place them thoroughly within the realm of true music.

There is a good deal of romantic mystery about his life, particularly about his marriage, which was a most unhappy one: and about his death, supposed to have been from cholera, in St. Petersburg just twenty-five years ago last month.

Tschaikowsky lived, suffered, composed great music and died; but he will not soon be forgotten. His influence will continue to go on through the ages, echoing and re-echoing through the corridors of Art.

—W. L. and A. E. W.

The Kingdom

*I KNOW A GARDEN
WHERE THE SUN
PEEPING COMES, WHEN
DAY'S BEGUN.*

*HEAVEN FLUSHES
RED; BELOW,
BLUSHING ROSES
LIGHTLY BLOW.*

*GRASSES DANCING
KISS THE BREEZE.
HARK! SWEET SINGING
FILLS THE TREES.*

*AND THESE BEAUTIES
NEVER FADE:
FOR ALL AGES
WERE THEY MADE.*

*IN THE PATHWAYS
GOD DOTH ROAM:
HERE, AND ALWAYS,
IN HIS HOME.*

V. C.

THE CHALLENGER

A. H. PULLEN '18.

“ . . . *from which nothing need hope to escape.*”—Kant.

I am two-fold.

At the primary illumination of this cosmos I lingered in the Divine Thought.

I misjudge and am misjudged.

The dread of Poet, Artist and Statesman, I am also their hope. I let loose Ambition and Despair.

The tool of the wise man. I am also the weapon of the fool. He who works with me must have skill and learning: he who with me fights has neither nor needs them. In the talons of hate I assail the ramparts of the Great Spirit: I languish in the arms of new-born love.

I revel in ink, scattering it abroad with glee, tossing it heavenward, if so be I might bespatter the moral order of the universe.

I feed thousands and starve as many as I feed. You will find me in the best books, the best drawing-rooms, the best pulpits.

I am the stumbling-block of Progress, yet without me Progress would cease.

The fairest face that ever smiled upon mankind passed 'neath my scrutiny. My eyes of steel pierced the bloom of the flesh, discovering a grinning skull beneath.

Is the painting so perfect? Show it to me! Perfect? Nay, there is too much pigment and not enough draughtmanship. Such a nose! So frail a chair could never hold so bulky a saint!

I must needs go dressed. The fashion of my raiment is often grotesque: designed for effect and neither for fit nor service.

I must needs eat also. My food is chiefly the labor of the unfortunate and the insignificant.

Regnant and plenipotentiary though I be, I needs must worship. I have builded my altar before that marred and ancient and pusillanimous deity, Criterion. How I reverence this idol! Yea, to the dust and cobwebs upon its shrunken limbs. My censer swings and the choking, all-pervading incense rises. See! it blots the idol from thine eyes! I alone may see my god.

Three children are mine. Hark! Hearest thou that loud, clamorous laughter at the gate of Genius? 'Tis Scorn, my first-

born! His minions, Sneering and Contempt, are with him: his arrows are taunts.

That stunted, muttering demon, striving with piercing eyes to discover the summit of Fame, is Envy, my second-born.

Hush! See there! With upturned visage, mute, rapt, adoring, on her knees before the shrine of the twin goddesses, Truth and Beauty: 'tis my daughter Admiration. Hush! Come away softly!

Nearly all power is given me among men. I wound hearts and heal them: but rarely do I wound to heal.

I fear but one; for to him alone I am transparent. He treads his own way because he must, and goes alone. He climbs 'mid radiance, and with every unparried thrust I deal, with every ignored flattery I proffer, the radiance grows brighter. Through the slime and rock of circumstance, he shovels and hews out his path. He neither sighs nor prays for his soul, but, entrusting it to the purifying fire of the Divine which bears it before him, he carves his destiny in serenity to the ultimate goal and source of all originality.

On the point of thy pen, on the tip of thy tongue, I strain as a hell-dog in leash, as an angel of light constrained by love.

Beware of me, yet fear me not.

I am Criticism.

*Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall as fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.*

THE WANDERER IN SWITZERLAND

THE WANDERER

We are over the frontier. Where are the mountains? A gently undulating plain stretches peacefully away as far as the eye can reach. The great expanse of green is broken by clumps of pretty trees, and by villages nestling snugly between the tiny hills; and is marred by great hoardings that advertise some notorious milk-chocolate.

The mountains cannot long hold themselves back. They are as eager to be seen, as we are to see. There they come! A long, low line of rugged snow-caps marching shoulder to shoulder from the horizon. Purity and strength; what a soldiery!

We can see their features more distinctly now. They come close to us, and with kindly familiarity scrutinize their guests. Dignity and benevolence and an infinite terror are in their faces. We dare not meet their souls; we must shrink back and go our way.

So here is Lucerne! The pretty houses gather in clean, winding rows around the head of the lake. The water is an intense blue, and reflects the vivid green of the forestry that climbs host upon host up the mountains, towards the rock and the snow, with fewer and fewer survivors and stragglers as the crags get bolder and steeper.

Everybody is on holiday. The stores are overflowing with holiday-wares and souvenirs, gay dresses, expensive jewelry. alpenstocks, trilby hats, hand-carved furniture and wooden ornaments—little bears, medium bears and big bears, chalets. cow-bells, pressed edelweiss—the noble little snow-flower whose white, woolly head one sees on all sides, and a multitude of knick-knacks destined to flow from the garden of the world, and sprinkle every land. English is spoken everywhere, and all the shop-girls and waitresses are models of dainty politeness.

As we wander into the country, we get closer to the heart of this dear, little land. The stone roads wind between field and orchard, inn and farm-house. The cow-bells clank, and the crickets creak, and the sweet birds sing, and the sun warms and lights the varied greenery of the common-place countryside. We think of William Tell, and thank God for past suffering and heroism.

But the mountains! We must climb. We pay the fare and enter the step-ladder train. The cogs grip and strain and heave, and up, up we go. Ugh! What a long, long drop it

would be to the foot of the hill! We are five hundred feet high. There are six thousand feet to go. We look up the track. It is terrifying. The heavy train is crawling up the steep side of a wall of rock, clinging to the thin, steel rails for dear life. Can they hold? Suppose they do not? See the lake, far, far down, and the little toy steamer, that carries hundreds of passengers, and the miniature roads lying like white ribbons on a green map, and the village that, church and all, one could close in the palm of one's hand!

There is a sharp jerk. Our hearts beat wildly. Everybody is descending from the train. How cool and bracing it is! We step lightly and briskly, our feet scarcely touching the ground. With the pleasure of security, we look down onto the white clouds that caress the mountain-side, and there below us, to the right, is a rainbow. On the horizon the serried ranks of grim, grey peaks wall in the world. And as the wind tears a rent in the clouds beneath, we catch a glimpse of the rich beauty of the earth, and think of our busy friends. Then the clouds come together, and we are left alone.

Are we awake, and is this Brandon? Are we back in our halls? No, we cannot think it yet. Perhaps in time the reality will gradually dawn upon us, and we shall feel at home. But the memory of our wanderings in Switzerland we shall always carry, like a cameo whose colors are brilliant for ever.

Unity does not imply uniformity. Nor does difference of opinion denote discord. From divergent beliefs the truth arises. The strongest unity embraces the most varied elements. Uniformity is stagnation. Infinite variety is the essence of nature; and nature is a unit.

Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR.

VOL. IV. /

FALL

NO. I

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PEP During elections a new student was heard to remark: "It doesn't matter who gets in, anyway." But it certainly does. The students are never called upon in their social activities to exercise more deliberate judgment, to undertake more strenuous campaigning, than in the Literary Society elections. If these elections are of no consequence, then none of our student activities matter. If the choice of the best chief is a matter of boredom and indifference, then the Literary and Debating societies are not worthy of upkeep. If character and ability do not justify careful selection, then leadership is a farce.

No, my worthy incognito! The elections may not matter to you. But they matter a great deal to us. We see in them all the elements that make up keen and enthusiastic life. We foresee in them the strong decisions that will determine our failure or success in the world beyond our college gates. We suspect that you are lacking in that quality of which we in the West and in Brandon College are so proud. We call it *pep*.

**TRANSCENDEN-
TAL POLITICS** Above the dust of battle, a great principle has arisen after long obscurity, and, like a wondrous planet, has attracted the eyes of the world. It is the principle that distinguishes state and empire from nationality, proclaiming that every nation must be free to develop along natural lines, in its own territory, and under its own laws, if we aim to secure international federation.

Before this pure ideal, which appeals to us as having all the freshness and strength of nature, cosmopolitanism and imperialism and chauvinism, seem antiquated and artificial.

The great graveyard in Europe will be a solemn and heroic monument, if it commemorate a struggle that caused the principle of Internationalism to dominate.

COLORS In olden times, a small band, whose identity is shrouded in the mysteries of remote College history, determined that Brandon College should be distinguished by appropriate colors. They hit upon the happy blend of royal blue and gold, and this charming harmony has symbolized our Alma Mater down to the present day.

Now that a body of tradition has gathered around our halls, and our college has grown into the possession of a soul, these rich colors have a peculiar significance and an intrinsic worth.

Every student should wear the blue and gold. Wear it in your hat, or your lapel, as a tie or a sweater. Be proud of it. Defend it on the campus. Uphold it in the class room. Above all, wear it.

ERUPTION The apparent results of a great battle are but as the scoria of an active volcano. The great trouble is, that, like an observer of an eruption, we may be interested in the display rather than the cause, and seek souvenirs instead of knowledge. Volcanic eruptions of society are due to the presence in the human soul of forces, almost as ancient as, but far more significant than, that which bursts this earthly crust. They have destroyed thrones and empires, in order to make possible the creation of a personal kingdom with its correlative ideals and responsibilities. These forces in the human soul are the often unconscious passion for right. This passion may be unobserved, but when the pressure of wrong becomes too great, it bursts forth with incredible fury. We find it described in many terms, and it often appears under apparently contradictory conditions; but after

its fury is expended, we see that humanity has moved forward toward a higher plane. So, as we watch the eruption of human passion in Europe, let us not misinterpret it. We may stand appalled at its range, but let us remember that its vast extent is but evidence of a wider recognition and acceptance of the fundamental principle of right.

LITERARY CONTEST

A prize of five dollars is offered to students of the Academic Department for the best essay or short story not exceeding 1,500 words, providing the contribution is worthy. The winning story or essay will appear in the Christmas *Quill*. All entries must be handed in to the office, addressed to the Editor, not later than December 1st.

*I spy amid the blaze
Of fancy's blossom, fays,
In ringing, dancing maze,
Encircling yesterdays,
Elfs of Poesy.*

COLLEGE GOSSIP

ARTHUR H. PULLEN '18

*"So here hath been dawning
Another blue day."*

Once again the strong arms of our Alma Mater have drawn her sons and daughters to these halls. From all sorts of fields, environments and homes we have gladly come.

And amongst us as usual are a crowd of wide-eyed Freshmen; "Freshermen" than usual, perhaps, but otherwise the same crude and shapeless material.

That the Sophomore demands deference cannot be doubted: let us hope the same for the Freshman. May there not have come a gem into our midst, covered with the honest grime of ignorance, yet destined one day to shine serene and distant in the firmament of our generation? He whom you have admonished over the bannister; he whom you have unrelentingly plunged into the wet, may he not be a Turner, a Francis of Assisi, a Booth, an Emerson, or a Livingstone, in the making? Of course, if he be a Jess Willard or a Lord Northcliffe a kick more or less can do no harm, but beware! And furthermore remark, O ye Freshies, that this works both ways.

So, my merry Sophs, arouse in your fresh neighbor good sportsmanship and honest thinking by living out the strong principles of our college, and by hating every sinister influence, every bigotry.

The wisest things are never penned! But be consoled! neither are the most foolish. It is thus in the following paragraphs. Think not too hardly. Think not too hard. "Be to our virtues very kind, be to our faults a little blind."

NOTICE!

To whom it may concern: Bed dumping at any time is a childish amusement. That must be why it appeals to you. However, bed dumping during the ten minute evening prayer meeting is underhand. If you cannot withstand the temptation, go to prayer meeting yourself. Praying often does a lot of good.

WELCOME!

There is hardly any need for the "Quill" to introduce to its student readers Prof. Lager, our new instructor in Old Tes-

tament Literature. Prof. Lager has been privileged to visit the old Bible lands, where he has been engaged in extensive excavation work. Those who attend his classes tell us that he makes



C. H. Lager, M.A.

his subjects live. There are few who, though unobtrusive, easily and quickly introduce themselves to those with whom they come in contact: such a one is Prof. Lager. His constant readiness for a chat (it is always an interesting chat), his urbane magnanimity, sly wit, and solid worth, have created amongst those of us who are getting to know him better, the hope that he will long stay amongst us. Three cheers for Prof. Lager: Hip! hip!—

WEDDING BELLS.

Scotty Linton has really been and gone and done it! She came out to him from the East, so you see it is not only wise *men* that come from the East. It was on June 2nd, at the First Baptist church, Winnipeg, that the Rev. A. N. Marshall united John Linton '16 and Winnifred Purdom, of Hamilton, Ont.

The "Quill" has been fortunate enough to secure an interview with Mr. Albert Hughes, the best man.

"After the ceremony," said Mr. Hughes, "we speeded in auto cars to the Empire Hotel, there to partake of a sumptuous nuptial breakfast. There were loads of presents. We had the worst job to persuade Scotty to have his photo taken, and although we succeeded finally, it was only on condition that he did not appear in the same picture as his bride. Very considerate of him, you know! Then the happy Mr. and Mrs. Linton departed for the beach."

We suggested that a few details as to the bride's costume would interest our feminine readers.

"Well," said the distinguished gentleman, "the bride wore a tailor travelling suit. Color? Oh, it was slate or grey or

something like that. Her shoes were—let me see—black, I guess; they might have been brown, I don't just remember. Hat? Well, it was a big one with a white, sweeping feather.

"Scotty wore a Prince Albert, a rain-coat, a Christie stiff and a shoe-shine."

A long life and a blessed, Scotty! May strong, joyous love ever strengthen the bond.

THE ACADEMY.

The Academics are by no means dead. They have organized and are ready to make this year the best their department has ever known. At a recent meeting Prof. Miller was unanimously elected honorary president. Hubert Staines will fill the presidential chair, and, assisted by Miss Elliot as vice-president, will pilot the organization through the year '15-'16. E. Dutton is secretary and carries the bag.

Although "Hash" took second place in the honors of this year's Field Day, Morley Armstrong and Miss V. Mitchell nobly upheld the reputation of the Academic, Theological and Business departments combined.

Judging by the wonder on the faces of many Academic Freshmen, it would seem they are not yet properly acquainted with our yell. Learn it Freshies!

Razzle dazzle, hobble gobble, Kee, Ki, Ka,
Any guy with half an eye knows who we are.
In sports of all sorts winners are we:
Academic, Academic, one, two, three!

Hurley: "You called me liar!"

Dutton: "You're a liar: I didn't!"

THE Y.M.C.A.

With the return of a new college year the Y.M.C.A. has shown itself to be fully alive to its responsibilities. The association demonstrated its interest in the gastronomic welfare of the men by providing a bun-feed on Oct. 1st.

We were glad to have Ernie Clarke with us once more on a brief visit, and the simple, earnest message he brought was appreciated.

Coming back to us inspired by the doings at Lumsden Beach, our delegates, R. W. McBain, Bruce Steele, Evan Whidden and C. H. Innis, passed on to us some of their impressions of the Y.M.C.A. camp.

With Fred Julian at our head in this work we may rest assured that the instructive and varied program now in pre-

paration for the coming year, will be successfully carried out.

Freshmen! The more you learn of our College Y.M.C.A. and of the organization in general, the more will you understand the fact that not only in our own institution, but in every similar institution throughout the world the truest sportsmen, the most altruistic students, and the greatest men, are active supporters of the "Y."

WANTED.

1. A wife for Dutton.
2. A referee to act at the approaching boxing contest between Messrs. Julian and Reid.
3. Man with good signature to decorate the walls of our halls.
4. Sixteen men with extra-sized boots to wear out the corridor floors from 11.30 to 12 every night.
5. For Marjorie Sherrin, a "green" Englishman.
6. A moving-picture plot founded on a recent nocturnal tragedy. Suggested titles: "The Cry in the Night," or "Help! Doctor, Help!"
7. Energetic man to hunt up and assassinate the bee which produces the vast quantities of honey served in the "dining-room."

Frank: "Fred, the alarm clock has just gone off!"

Fred: "Thank goodness! I hope the thing'll never come back!"

CLASS '16.

All the fourth year students, having returned, threshers included, they are well started into their last great lap. "Finals" already loom on the horizon, but beyond the dark cloud a growing brightness streaks the sky.

Maynard Rathwell was unanimously elected president, and the secretary is H. Leask. We trust the labor of these offices will not interfere with Maynard's social evenings or Howard's trips to Virden.

The militarist spirit was afloat and resulted in blue and gold being chosen as the class colors. The class yell, unlike the proverbial, is better heard than seen. Listen and you will hear it in the near future, led by Scotty, who was the chief incubator in its production.

CANADIAN OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Among the many organizations included in our college activities the Brandon College Canadian Officers' Training

Corps is the latest but by no means the least. Under the supervision of Military District No. 10, and the command of our worthy officer, Prof. Miller, ably assisted by his Lieutenants, Evans and MacGibbon, we are making good in the military sphere. The grading of the men in the three squads, A, B, and the "Awks" adds a great deal of real value and interest to the enterprise.

We are looking forward to the time, we trust not far distant, when the men of Brandon College will take even a greater part in the military as well as the educational and commercial defense and development of the Empire; of which we are so proud to form a part.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The popular fortnightly "Lits" of Brandon College started off this fall with their usual vim and with a full house. The meeting of Oct. 8, which was well attended by the college people and their friends, was particularly interesting. The orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. MacNeill, was heard to good advantage, while the selections rendered by Misses Cline, Burgess, Hughes, Patterson and Mr. McIsaacs, and the Critic by V. Coen, delighted the audience.

As we go to press, the elections are on. Virtues are being vigorously extolled, faults magnified to alarming proportions. The air resounds with battle-cries.

The new executive will soon be in command. The old executive, under the leadership of Mr. Rutherford, takes this opportunity of thanking the members of the Faculty, who have aided the society in many ways, especially Dr. MacNeill, for his efforts in getting the orchestra together on so many occasions. The executive would express its appreciation of the work of our own students and of down-town friends, who have helped to make the literary meetings, under this regime, the best possible.

"Bev." Leech: "Avachouuygum?"

Hughes: "Beverley! I had rather that one fading bud of sympathy were laid in the palm of my living hand than that my coffin were shadowed by a pyramid of the costliest exotics that ever burdened with sickly fragrance the chamber of death!"

Bev. collapses.

EVANGELISTIC BAND.

The College Band, of which O. U. Chapman is leader, the other members being "Kelly" Stone, F. A. McNulty and Axel Carlson, has finished a tour of Manitoba. Sound success has attended the the efforts of our boys, the song-services and open-

air meetings having been popular and well attended. One hundred and seventy-five persons have come forward to new life as a result of the campaign, which has aimed at sane and lasting conversions.

REQUIESCAT.

Last year initiations were abolished, many of our students having come to the conclusion to which all men must sooner or later arrive, that might is not necessarily right. However, a void was felt by some where the initiations usually came in. This year an initiatory bun-feed took the place of the antiquated and barbarous custom, and was voted by all a success, from Dr. Vining's admonition and exhortation to the "eats."

The Freshmen joined in this appreciation heartily, and a return bun-feed was tendered to the Sophs. Over the tomb of belated barbarism, perished miserably in its own ridicule and molasses, let us write what the little boy wrote over his dead pussy's grave: "Rest quiet cat!"

Gabriel: "What's that big iron thing?"

Masterson: "Locomotive boiler."

Gabriel (after a moment's silence): "Why do they boil locomotives?"

Masterson: "To make 'em tender."

THE SOCIAL.

Field Day, elsewhere reported in this issue, was brought to a very enjoyable close by a social held under the auspices of the Literary Society. There was the usual difficulty in getting the new students acquainted, but this, in itself an object of the function, was largely effected.

The short but good program was perhaps the most enjoyable event of the evening. The impromptu speeches by Beau-bier, the individual champion, Miskiman and Armstrong, and the military display by Captain Miller, Lieutenant Evans and Private McKee at the presentation of the trophies and ribbons, helped to make the minutes fly. Refreshments were excellent and well served.

The dictionary says a promenade is "a walk for amusement or exercise." That is where theory leads a man! Come to one of our socials, "Webby," old sport, and then revise your musty dictionary.

THE ARTS.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Arts classes on October 15th was the occasion of the following election of officers:

Hon. President—Dr. MacNeill.

President—Victor Coen.

Vice-President—Bertha Morris.

Secretary—Bruce Steele.

Treasurer—Madge Struthers.

Convenor of Program Committee—Arthur Pullen.

New students were welcomed by the president, and, of course, speeches were required of the members of the newly installed executive.

Excellent refreshments were served, followed by more speeches, this time from members of the Faculty. Miss Boak, our new vocal instructor, was expected to say a few words, but was obliged to leave before this was possible. However, an appropriate speech was made on her behalf by Dr. MacGibbon. We were also favored by again hearing from Prof. Lager.

The meeting, both for interest and spirit, promised well for future similar functions of the Arts classes.

Topmost now, and topmost ever! Classes Artium.

—

St. Peter to Applicant (a Brandon College ex-student, one in a hundred): "What was your business on earth?"

Applicant: "Preacher."

St. Peter: "Big church?"

Applicant: "No, small; poorest in the country."

St. Peter: "Pick out your harp."

—

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first debate of the term took place on the evening of October 15, when a resolution regarding the advisability of Conscription for Canada was upheld by Messrs. A. Hughes '17 and H. Staines, Ac., against Messrs. W. Donogh, B.A., and J. Linton '16. Whilst the judges were arriving at a decision a vocal selection was rendered by Mrs. Matthews, which was followed by the judges' verdict from Rev. Matthews, that the affirmative had won the contest.

The annual inter-class schedule has been arranged, and a challenge from Wesley College, Winnipeg, Debating Society is in the hands of our executive.

CLARK HALL

HELEN McDONALD '16

*"The age is gone o'er,
When man may in all things be all."*

The prospect for a record year in Clark Hall during the terms of 1915-16 is very favorable. In spite of the war the attendance is unusually large, so, naturally, we are all feeling very optimistic. Although everyone has been welcomed before this, we feel that we would also like to give a cheery word of welcome to the faculty and students, both "old" and new. We have noticed with pleasure your prompt entry into every phase of college life. Let us all try to keep it up and make this an unparalleled year in the history of Clark Hall.



Margaret Butman

Every girl is glad to see Miss Whiteside back in her place, and also to see her looking so well. The holiday evidently did her good, but we hope she won't need another such for a long time.

A great many of the girls went home for Thanksgiving, but those who did not, enjoyed a walk to the Industrial School, where Mrs. Ferrier served delicious coffee, the funds going to the Red Cross Society. Mrs. Ferrier has promised to supply eatables to any parties during the winter. This will, no doubt, be hailed with joy by all refreshment committees for hikes, etc.

Class '16 welcomes a new member this year in the person of Miss Nettie Ross.

Agnes McMurchy and Nellie Holden were visitors at Clark Hall during the Teachers' Convention.

We were all pleased to see Evelyn Clark on the campus on Field Day.

A "First Aid" class is to be organized in the near future. Join these classes, girls, and save your doctors' bills.

Miss Eleanor Beaubier entertained informally at the tea-hour on Friday, October 1st.

Mrs. Wright still has a warm spot in her heart for Clark Hall, as was evidenced by the cake she sent for the promenade.

May Reid '14 was a very welcome guest at Clark Hall a few weeks ago.

GROUND HOCKEY.

The ground hockey teams of Arts and Academy are to be seen almost any afternoon on the athletic grounds playing with feminine earnestness. Although this is only our second season of ground hockey, the interest has increased to such an extent that in another year we will have expert teams. The Academy is to be congratulated upon their excellent play, for they give the Arts a splendid run, and, after all, the Arts have to thank Academy for some of their best players.

WELCOME.

We are all very pleased to welcome to Clark Hall Miss Margaret Butman, of Sealesport, Maine, and Miss Harriet Boak, of Halifax, N.S. These two members of the faculty have already endeared themselves to all the girls—Miss Butman because of her wit and general good humor, and Miss Boak on account of her active interest in all Clark Hall sports.

Spreads have been excellent both in quality and quantity this year. For the first of the year the mothers show a good bringing up, as they have all been exceedingly generous. Here's hoping!

The first Friday we spent in Clark Hall was a time of

much merriment and joy, when the old girls and the faculty welcomed the new girls. Four colleges, Better-go, Beat-it, Wesley and Kris-Kros 'Corners, were fully represented, Wesley winning the banner. After all the old songs and yells had been resurrected, refreshments were served, which, you may be sure, were heartily enjoyed by all.



Harriet M. Boak, L.M.

Red Cross work is flourishing among the girls of Clark Hall. Knitting has become quite a fad. Even in the literary meetings many of the girls, not to mention the faculty, knit and crochet.

Owing to the fact that many of the old officers of the Clark Hall Literary Society did not return this year, a special meeting was held to elect temporary officers. Those elected are:

Honorary President—Mrs. New.

President—Maynard Rathwell '16.

1st Vice-President—Bertha Morris '17.

2nd Vice-President—Kathleen Moffat, Ac.

Secretary—Jean Cameron '19.

Treasurer—Eyleen Armstrong, Ac.

Convenors of the Committees—Jean McLaren, Kathleen Moffat, Mildred Sherrin, Daisy Fenwick, Gwen. Whidden and Libbie Ross.

Editor of the "Breezes"—Reita Bambridge.

A HEART TALK.

Ethel McF.—My heart flutters like a Reid.

Reita—My heart is a Noble one.

Marjorie Sherrin—My heart is Pounding.

Gwen—My heart will Stan still.

Mildred—My heart will Warner of danger.

Jean C.—My heart is a real Hart.

Eyleen A.—My heart has turned Brown.

Margaret C.—My heart has turned to Steele.



WEDDING BELLS.

In the marriage of Miss Mabel Wallace and Mr. Philip Duncan, on October 20th, Clark Hall and Brandon College have added one more bond of union.

The wedding took place in the Palmerston church, of which Mr. Duncan was pastor for a number of years, and which was erected through his initiative. The friends from three congregations assembled to witness the ceremony and to express their sincere good wishes for the bride and groom.

The church was very prettily and uniquely decorated with the national colors and emblems, while a canopy erected directly in front of the pulpit, and banked with flowers, formed the centre of interest during the ceremony, and the reception immediately following.

The bride was accompanied by her sister, Miss Gladys Wallace, and the groom by his friend and college mate, Andrew Rutherford. Dr. Strang of Regina joined the two in marriage.

About forty guests gathered later at the bride's home and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace at dinner. The home was very daintily decorated with white ribbons and roses.

It would scarcely be "journalistic" and certainly would not be satisfactory to Clark Hall at least, if nothing were said about the costume of the bride. Her dress was of white embroidered Georgette crepe over white satin with a girdle of the same material. There was a beautiful simplicity and soft richness about the costume which particularly suited this Clark Hall bride. During the ceremony she wore a long veil of hand-embroidered French tulle, gathered in by a wreath of orange blossoms. She also carried a beautiful bouquet of cream chrysanthemums and lilies of the valley.

Clark Hall sent two representatives to the wedding, Miss Skillen and Miss Rathwell; but Brandon College managed four, Messrs. Rathwell, Rutherford, McBain and Douglas.

The College is looking for a brief visit from the bride and groom in the near future, on their way to their new home in Caron, Sask.

Mildred and Marjorie Sherrin, Ruby McDonald and Jean Avery journeyed to Souris on Saturday, October 23rd. They all report having had a very gay time. Marj. in particular seems to find great attraction in Souris and welcomes every opportunity to visit there.

Miss Skillen spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mrs. J. D. Ross, Victoria avenue.

Gwen. Whidden is having a hard time to find spare moments in which to study.

Maynard Rathwell does not know what to do after she finishes her Arts course. Perhaps we may help her by suggesting that a course in Domestic Science might prove useful.

Flora Fraser has quite made up her mind to become a suffragette. She firmly believes that women should have votes, although Eleanor Beaubier never tires pointing out the virtues of the negative side of the question.

Girls, the snow has come and snow-shoeing and skating parties will soon be the order of the day. Of course there must always be a chaperon, but if you let the chaperon bring her

*Ever let the Fancy roam;
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her.*

ATHLETICS

A. II. LEASK '16

*"You have waked us too soon,
We must slumber again."*

Athletics are on the verge of disappearing from the college institutions this fall. There are two reasons. The clouds of war have had a deadening influence on all lines of sport throughout the British Empire. Sportsmen have felt, and are feeling, that an excess of sport shows a lack of sympathy with the soldiers who are giving their life-blood for the cause which they believe to be a just one. We are willing to sacrifice, also, a little of our fun, but are we to lose it all? Fellows, we do not want you to forget your country's need; indeed, you are to be commended for using so much of your play time for drilling; but remember the college in the spare time you have left.

The indifference of the boys themselves may be a second reason for the lack of sport in the college. Fellows, we are not Chinese; we are not worshippers of our forefathers; we are supposed to live in the present and prepare for the future. There is too much of the celestial spirit hovering around the halls. You feel it when you hear someone say, "Didn't the College have a dandy hockey team, when Deans and Winton played?" or "Remember the year that Brandon College swept all before them in football?" There is a certain amount of respect due to the tradition of our college, but we ought to live up to these traditions. If this is a period of "marking time" then we should at least prepare for the future of our college athletics. We must keep up our college traditions. We must not let one of the important branches of our education disappear from our midst. Are the failures of Brandon College students in the future going to be traced back to the fateful years of nineteen fifteen and sixteen, when the men of Brandon College allowed to disappear from their college the last vestige of interest in athletics of any kind?

A little more "pip," boys! Let us at least have some hockey, football, rugby and basket-ball. On you and you alone the winter's sport depends.

FIELD DAY.

Field Day has passed and gone. Everything went off splendidly and even the weather man seemed to think we ought to have a decent day for our fun. True, "Old Sol" seemed to have tumbled out of bed head first, but about nine or ten o'clock

he cheered up and was soon in the best of humor. This was due, no doubt, in the first place, to the fact that his wife, "Luna" had been behaving pretty well the previous nights, and in the second place to the fact that "Old Sol" has a lot of sympathy for the human race in general.

At 1.30 o'clock the conflict began when the ladies of Arts and Academic classes joined battle for the championship in ground-hockey. The Arts classes won out, but only after a fierce struggle in which each seemed at any time likely to score. The result was two goals to one in favor of Arts.

Field Day proper began with the 100 yards dash, which was won by D. Beaubier after a close race with Armstrong, Smith coming in third. In the boys' event, Hurley, who won two years ago, was forced to take second place, Mitchell being first, with Masterton third.

Another close race was the 220 yards (open) when Armstrong outwinded D. Beaubier, and Smith again came in third. The handsome Moffat won the shot-put by heaving the shot 25 feet 7 inches. "Happy" Mitchell was a good second, with his old room-mate, Smith, third.

The faculty event excited enthusiasm. There were a multitude of starts and re-starts, but finally the sprinters were off. In a very close finish Prof. Evans nosed J. H. McKee out of first place, he in turn winning second place only by a neck from Prof. Ross. A very close race indeed! Prof. Lager also ran.

Beaubier covered the 440 yards so swiftly as to add another five points to his aggregate, Armstrong being second, with Smith third. Ballweber, a new man, won the pole vault by going over the bar at 8 feet 1 inch, Shewan being second, and Glintz third. Ballweber is a comer; watch him grow!

In the running broad jump Beaubier won first, Smith second, and Brown third, places. Stan Miskiman led the contestants of the half mile (open) a merry chase from the very start. Shewan was second and Armstrong third.

Much amusement was caused by the Faculty ladies' nail-driving contest. Miss Whiteside carried off the honors, with Miss Cline and Miss Leech a close second and third.

The standing high jump resulted in a tie for first place by Leech and Armstrong. Smith was third. Again the ladies had the stage, when, in the lady students' nail-driving contest, Miss L. Mitchell won first place, Miss Bolton was second, and Miss M. Rathwell third. Last year's result in the one mile walk was this year reversed, "Happy" winning from "Andy" by only a few inches. Pullen was third. Miss L. Mitchell again triumphed when she won the ladies' quarter-mile walk in the re-

markable time of 2 minutes 21 1-5 seconds, Miss Gibson being second and Miss Bolton third.

In the tug of war, Hash pulled off the honors, Jr. Arts being second, with Sr. Arts dragging behind. E. Whidden kicked up so much dust in the one mile run that E. Dutton choked and could only get second. Brown, blinded by Dutton's headlight, fell back to third. The standing broad jump brought to light many good jumpers, but among them the best was Smith. Nichol and Leech tied for second place. The relay race was a triumph for the team from Jr. Arts, Hash getting second place.

People we would like to congratulate are:

Mr. D. Beaubier for winning the individual championship gold medal, together with the freshman silver medal.

Mr. J. Smith and Mr. Armstrong, for making him work for his money.

Miss L. Mitchell, who by her individual efforts captured almost half of Hash's total number of points.

Messrs. Miskiman and Armstrong, for keeping the honors for open events, in the college.

Dr. Whidden for sticking to his man in the one mile walk.

R. Smale for gameness after he hurt his hand in the pole vault.

Prof. Evans for his information that one half of seven *was* two and a half. Times have changed.

Prof. Lager for his stupendous efforts and his good sportsmanship.

TENNIS.

Tennis has gone with a swing this year. The crowning triumph was the tournament, which was remarkable for clean-cut games. There were no defaults and all games were played as scheduled. The winners in the different sections were: Division A, Steele; Division B, Dr. MacNeill; and Division C, E. Whidden. In the play off between the sections, Whidden beat Steele in the semi-final and was himself defeated in the final by Dr. MacNeill.

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

VERA LEECH, M.A.

"Another race hath been, and other palms are won."

Scarcely does it seem possible that another College year is really under way, but yet one is brought to realize it, vividly, hourly, in passing through corridors and class rooms. New faces everywhere! To you, Brandon's heartiest welcome. But remember there used to be others. Doubtless you have already heard time-worn traditions of the "old bunch," and the "good old days," and for some reason those who "belonged" do not forget each other, or the Alma Mater, and, strange to say, those of us still here do not wish to lose sight of those who blazed the trail. Hence this page.

Were the editor of this section possessed of some magic telescope before which all corners of the earth might pass in quick procession, it might be possible to report, unaided, upon the doings of our ex-students. However, lacking this fairy gift, it becomes necessary to ask the aid of each reader in making this part of the "Quill" newsy and interesting.

Naturally enough, our thoughts turn first to those former Brandon boys who are today serving in the army of the king. Special mention of our Honor Roll has been made elsewhere in this issue, suffice it here to say that those of us who cannot go are proud to be so worthily represented.

It seems that Brandon must continue to supply the West with teachers. This year, Miss C. Gunn '13 is located in Grenfell; Miss M. McCamis '13 at Melfort for a second year, as are also Miss E. Simpson '13 at Battleford, and Miss W. Speers '13 at Nelson, B.C.; Miss M. Bucke '14 and Miss G. Little '12 are both in the Carlyle High School; Miss K. Johnston '14 is working out her faculty of education ideas in Medicine Hat; Margaret Strang and Jessie Purdon, two of the Brandon girls of a few years ago, are teaching in Moosomin and Stonewall respectively; Mr. J. R. McKay '14 is the principal of the Outlook school.

Miss Amy Craig, of Regina, spent a Sunday in Clark Hall recently, as did also Miss Vera Cavanagh, who is at present teaching in Broadview. Both will be remembered as Clark Hall girls of '09-'10.

Since the opening this fall, visits have been paid the College by several "old-timers." Miss May Reid '14 and Miss Agnes McMurchy were in the city attending Teachers' Convention,

and found their way to Clark Hall for a few hours. Miss Reid is teaching in Carberry this year, Miss McMurchy near Arden.

"Jack" Strang, one of the successful early presidents of the Lit. and now a recognized legal power in Moosomin; E. H. Clarke '12, National Student Y.M.C.A. Secretary, and A. V. Quinn of last year's Matric. Class, have all "dropped in" lately.

Occasionally we hear of Clark Hall girls who have entered training as nurses. Miss Gimby of '10-'11 is receiving her training at Edmonton; Miss Mildred Sharpe, of last year's number, at Morden.

Still the Alumni continue to swell the ranks of the legal profession. Of Class '15 Harley Hughes, "Doc." Fisher and "Wink" Rathwell have already made names for themselves in Brandon law offices, and continue to keep watchful eyes upon all college activities. Carey McKee '14 this summer "accepted a call" to an Edmonton law office.

A Normal School in the West would now be hardly complete without its quota of Brandonites. They usually make a fairly good showing, too. This term Russell Ferrier '12 is earning laurels as the energetic president of the Regina Normal Lit., while Jennie Turnbull '15, Miss Kate Cameron, Miss Alice Griffin and C. J. Drake are all "doing their bit" to help. The following appeared in a recent issue of the Regina Leader: "One of the choicest pieces that has found its way into the Normal Echoes is a sketchlet by Miss Turnbull on Our First Nature Study Hike." Of course we knew she could do it.

Miss Vera Zink '08-'11, having graduated in Arts from Toronto 'Varsity in '14 and in Household Science in '15, is this year attending Faculty of Education, Toronto, but still remains unswervingly loyal to Brandon.

The fad of "going to Chicago" seems to be increasing in popularity. This year, in addition to J. Moffatt '14, who is beginning his second year of post graduate work, Brandon is represented by A. J. Radley '14, with Mrs. Radley, and Robt. Harvey '13. Success to them!

O. U. Chapman '15 and Axel Carlson '15, with C. Stone and F. McNulty, are reported as meeting with encouraging results in their evangelistic campaigns.

Since the last issue of the "Quill," June, September and October, have passed. These being the months favored by brides, we have several wedding announcements.

The faculty members led off in this regard when on June 9th, the marriage took place of Miss Annie K. Evans to Prof. W. L. Wright. The ceremony was performed in Clark Hall reception room by Rev. Mr. Matthews, assisted by Dr. Whidden, the bride and groom being attended by Miss E. M. Moore and Prof. J. R. C. Evans. After an enjoyable visit in New Brunswick during the summer, Mr. and Mrs. Wright have returned and are cosily settled just near enough to the college to be bothered constantly by ever so many of us.

The second college wedding occurred June 15 in the college chapel, Gladys Morris '15 being the bride and Gordon Herbert, a one-time B.C. man, the very happy groom. According to the secretary of the Alumni Association "These two young people are acting on the advice of Cicero in De Senectute, and are following the peaceful pursuits of farming." What *did* Cicero say?

An October wedding in which many "Quill" readers will be interested was that of Miss Lila McAmmond, formerly in charge of the Vocal Department, to Mr. A. P. Burns, of Medicine Hat. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's mother, Ottawa.

Still one more wedding! Again in the words of our official authority re Alumni: "Bob McQueen is ready to receive congratulations. It happened early in October. Telephone Kilgour, Foster & McQueen, and ask for the junior member. He will receive your congratulations and quite modestly inform you that Mrs. McQueen is well and will be glad to see you any time you call around."

To change the subject, news has just come to hand that S. H. Potter '12 has recently been declared partner in the law firm of Maulson & Potter, Swift Current. Also Mr. Ernest Frith is gaining deserved recognition in Winnipeg legal circles, his name appearing in the letter heads of Moran, Anderson & Guy.

A few of Alma Mater's youngest grandchildren may be found in the homes of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wilkin, Calgary; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McPherson (nee Margaret Bullock '12), Regina; Rev. and Mrs. Riley Smalley, Elgin, Man.; Rev. and Mrs. Elgin Brough, Calgary; Rev. and Mrs. F. W. McKinnon, Winnipeg, and Rev. and Mrs. "Archie" Gordon "somewhere in" India.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

FLORA FRASER '16

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

We feel it quite an honor to be appointed as the first lady-editor of this section of the "Quill." Hitherto you have been having the masculine view of things in general presented to you in this column; now you are going to have a lady speak her mind. We hope the column will prove as interesting under the new order as it did under the old.

We notice in looking over the various college magazines that practically every college has its training corps, where the boys have the privilege of preparing to take their place in the great struggle. We are glad to say that Brandon College is not behind others in this respect; we, too, have our training corps, which may be seen doing strenuous drill almost every day on the campus.

In the latest number of the "Manitoban" there appears a very good article on the value of higher education. Any student who is in doubt as to whether college training is worth while should read it. No doubt all of us feel at times as if we are cramming our heads full of material that will be of no use to us in our practical everyday life later on, but we must remember that it is not altogether what we learn that counts, but that it is the training we get in mastering it that makes it worth our while. This particular article states the views of various business men on this subject, and it is interesting to note just what is expected of us with our superior advantages when we leave college to enter the larger world of social and industrial activity.

"A college education teaches a man to go right to the point, to disentangle the skein of thought, to detect what is irrelevant. It gives him a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth for developing them; an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It prepares him to fill any post with credit; to master any subject with facility. . . . It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them."

If letters have been received from irate parents, we wonder if any could equal this:

"I do not desire that Helen shall engage in grammar, as I prefer her to engage in useful studies. I can learn her how to speak and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars, and I can't say they done me much good. I prefer her to engage in cooking and sewing and vocal music on the piano."—M. A. C. Gazette.

Prof. in Class: "The young growths I see on some of the upper lips remind me of the rule in baseball—three out, all out."

The Mount Allison "Argosy" is one of the most interesting magazines we have had the pleasure of looking over. Its articles, especially those dealing with student activity, are bright and breezy and give us a fine insight into the college life of that university.

Travelling Inspector (cross-questioning the terrified class): And now, boys, who wrote "Hamlet"?

Timid Boy: P-p-lease, sir, it wasn't me.

Travelling Inspector (the same evening, to his host, the squire of the village): Most amusing thing happened today. I was questioning the class, and asked a boy who wrote "Hamlet," and he answered tearfully, "P-p-lease, sir, it wasn't me."

Squire (after loud and prolonged laughter): "Ha! ha! That's good: and I suppose the little beggar had done it all the time!"

In the April number of the "Sheaf" we notice in the picture of the soccer champions an old Brandon College student. We refer to Mr. R. Wood who, it will be remembered, took his first year Arts here.

The May number of the "Acadia Athenæum" has devoted six pages to the discussion of the Student Council as it exists in that institution. Several students have expressed their views, and invariably they accuse the faculty of using the organization solely for its own benefit. A perusal of the entire article convinces us that student government in Acadia is far from being satisfactory.

The movement, however, is only in its infancy, and notwithstanding the fact that it is now a source of trouble between student-body and faculty, we believe that adjustments can be

made whereby peace will be restored, and that student and faculty will find common ground in the Student Council. It may be that the students of Acadia, having newly tasted the fruit of freedom, are at present inclined to misuse their power somewhat. At any rate, the accusations are made in such a scathing manner that we are led to believe that the fault is not entirely with the faculty.

We feel sure that the Student Council can settle a great many questions, but we would like to remind the Acadia students that ultimate power rests with the faculty. It is simply a question of who is better able to judge and render a just verdict. Without slighting the Acadia students in the least, we place our confidence in their faculty, as we have done in similar circumstances in our own. If the students of any college are of the opinion that their sense of justice is broader and greater than that of the faculty they should cease to call themselves students, and should no longer identify themselves with the institution. We believe that a Student Council can be of benefit even in Acadia, not only to the faculty but to the students as well. But the students must realize where their power ends: They must see that where they drop the reins of government the faculty not only picks them up, but is entitled to do so.

We students of Brandon College are glad to say that we have a Student Council which efficiently serves as a meeting ground between students and faculty in all the questions of common interest.

We would like to express our appreciation of the general appearance of the graduating number of "McMaster Monthly." The cover is very artistic. The individual biographies are short, striking and to the point. We note also the clever touch of a master cartoonist.

On the first page is a picture of Chancellor McCrimmon who, during the several visits he has made to Brandon, has endeared himself to all Brandon College students. His message to the graduating class is of special interest to us who have had the pleasure of hearing him address our own graduates on similar occasions.

The following college magazines are acknowledged with thanks: McMaster Monthly, Vox Wesleyana, St. John's College Magazine, Manitoba College Journal, Vox Lycei, The Mitre, The Argosy, The Acadia Athenæum, The Sheaf, King's College Record, M.A.C. Gazette, The Tallow Dip, and the Dalhousie Gazette.

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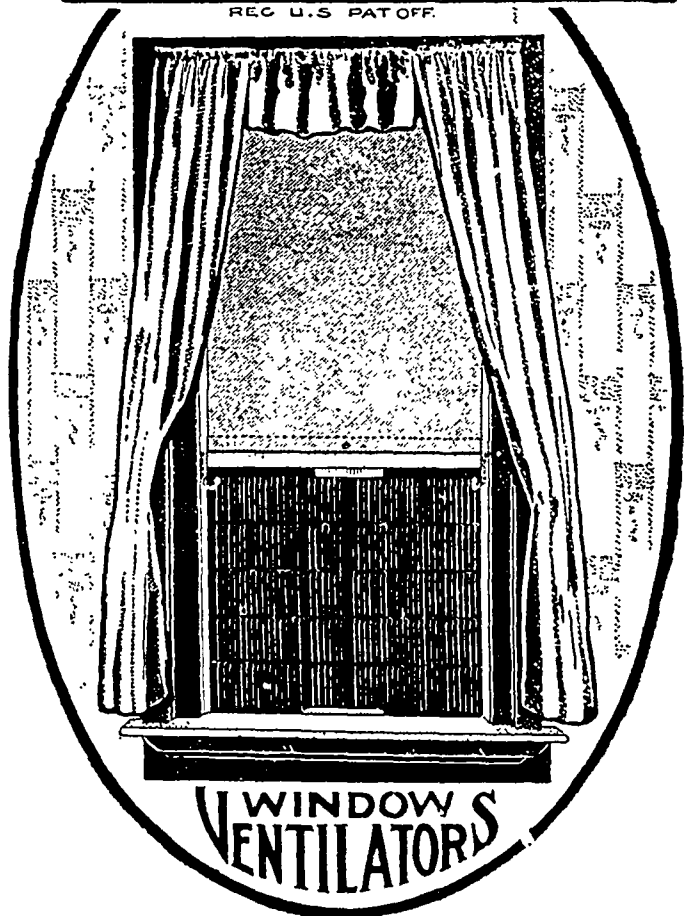
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