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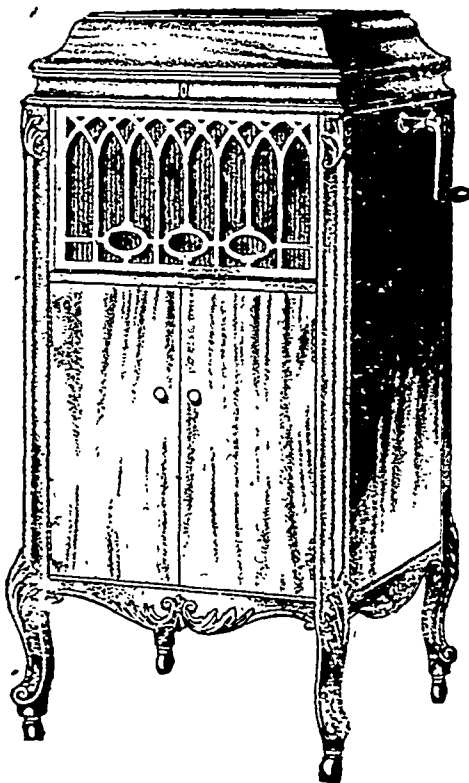


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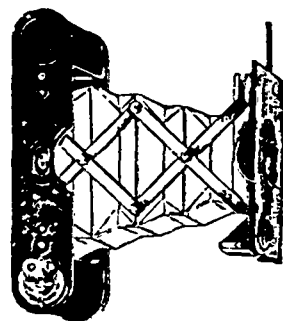
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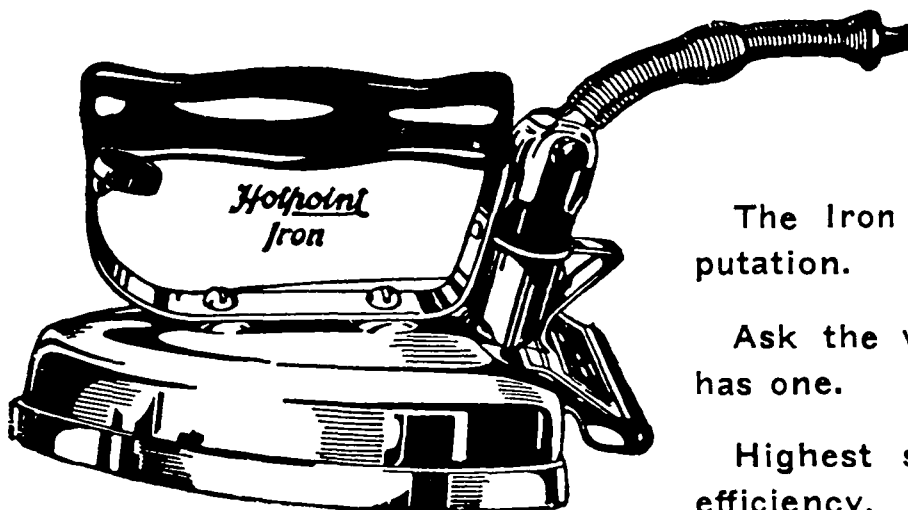
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Brandon College Quill

WHY BOHEMIA SHOULD BE FREE

GABRIEL DOJACEK, AC. III.

(The Winning Essay in the "Quill" Academy Contest.)

Since the dawn of history people have associated Bohemia with the land of the unknown, with the mystical world of romance, or with the forgotten and hidden past. Bounded as Bohemia is, on the north by Saxony and Prussian Silesia, on the east by Prussia and Moravia, on the south by Lower Austria, and on the west by Bavaria, we necessarily conclude that Bohemia is part and parcel of the Austrian Empire; that she is an enemy to the allied cause and, as an adherent to the Central powers, is condemned to partake of that bitter cup which of her own free will she would have so readily refused.

Were we to take a cursory review of Bohemian history we would be interested to find that, at all times, Bohemia has been misrepresented; that the Teutonic peril has harried the soul of the nation; that the uphill fight, every poet, every historian, and every Bohemian patriot has admonished the people to be on their guard against Prussianism.

It is an historical fact that the Bohemians preserved their independence till 1620, in which year they rebelled against the King for political and religious reasons, and were defeated at the battle of White Hill, near Prague. From the effects of this disastrous event the nation has never recovered; for even today, after a lapse of two hundred and ninety-eight years, the scars received at White Hill are not wholly healed. Ferdinand II's traditional Austrian fury and punishment of the rebels, which ended with the "Bloody Day at Prague," marked an epoch in Bohemian history from which Bohemian nationality was plunged from the pinnacle of prosperity to the depths of adversity. No Bohemian can forget the treatment in years following, when aliens, enriched by property taken away from the Bohemian nobility, surrounded by foreign officials, treated the natives with scorn and the insolence of victors.

It was during this calamitous period that the Germans made the greatest inroads upon Bohemian national territory. In the wake of subjugation of political rights followed the demoralization of all national spirit. When the Jesuit fathers were invited to take charge of the University of Prague and the provincial schools, Bohemian sentiment was buried for centuries. The wholesale destruction of books, inaugurated by Ferdinand's anti-reformation crusade, blotted out the brightest inheritance of Bohemian life; and from a nation of cultured and intellectual men and women they became illiterate and ignorant. Yet in spite of such treatment, there were some who maintained the Bohemian language and spirit, which were later to be resurrected. The Diet of Prague, sanctioning the equality of the German language, commenced the further inroad of Bohemian rights; which reached a climax when the general assembly was refused the right of deliberating on matters common to the crown. So by preconceived plans the chancellery was shorn of its powers, and Vienna became the centre of the empire from which the Hapsburg "provinces" were to be ruled.

The results of the Thirty Years' War were disastrous in the extreme. Thousands of villages were fired and pillaged. A population of three millions was reduced by fire, sword, and pestilence to eight hundred thousand.

The defeat at White Mountain had far-reaching consequences. The fact that the nobles were the standard bearers of Bohemian nationalism, and the sole representatives of the nation's culture and traditions, stamped Bohemia as the helpless dependent of the Austrian Empire.

The Bohemians, it will be remembered, are Slavs, and Slavic traditions die slowly; yet in 1774 a detailed plan of Germanization was decided upon. The German language was forced upon the wretched inhabitants. In the law courts the laws were promulgated in the German language. Pressed as Bohemia was on four sides, by the church, the state, the schools, and the dominant classes of the population, can we wonder that the tongue of Huss and Comenius lost ground altogether? Yet, under the thatched cottage roof, the lowly peasant sheltered the Bohemian language and saved it from oblivion. So that since the Bohemian revival of nationality after a disuse of two hundred years, after much burnishing, purifying and modernizing, there is again a Bohemian literature; and Germany is defeated.

Quite recently a member of one of the Austrian consular staff made a "pretty" speech before the New York Twilight

Clubs, in which he tried to convince his hearers that it was an old-time policy of the Austrian Government to treat justly and impartially all its subjects irrespective of race; for does not the Hofburg in Vienna, the residence of the Emperor, bear the proud legend: "Justice to nations is the foundation of Austria"? Yet it is significant that Bohemia was forced into the present war entirely against her wishes, and has been made to suffer and bear the brunt of the bitter conflict; has bled for principles which were not her own, for a government she loathed and detested; and sacrificed her manhood on the altar of absolute sin. Today Bohemian discontent is only too evident. Czech regiments have continuously mutinied and the Slavic elements have ever lamented the military coercion. Only by a castiron grip has Austria been able to maintain a semblance of contentment, and Bohemia fights because she has no alternative.

Bohemia has ever distrusted the Hapsburgs, perhaps Francis Joseph was the most popular. Charles, today, is loathed and despised and no true loyalty or unity is evidenced toward the Austrian government. Vienna, which loves to pose as the beacon light of the Empire, somewhat as Paris is the recognized centre of everything French, forgets that it lacks the historical, geographical and economic essentials of Paris. Vienna may in truth be the capital of the Archduchy of Lower Austria; but the heart of the Bohemians is Prague.

In the light of present circumstances one cannot fail to see Austria plagued with issues which follow in the wake of modernism, the captains of industry, the land-hungry farmers. Industrialism, in a word, has shaken Austria to the foundations; and, as a part of the so-called empire, Bohemia totters in the balance.

Bohemia may be considered the keystone of the Slavic arch. As the westernmost Slavic country, with its geographical position between the west and the east of Europe, and halfway between the Slavs of the Balkans and those of the north, it has had a distinct cultural mission. Huss had prepared the ground for that religious dissent which was voiced by Luther and his contemporaries. In arts and letters the University of Prague was par excellence and considered on a plane with Oxford and Paris, and had far outstripped the German institution in the same city.

The Bohemian character has been widely influenced by tradition and innate and racial suggestions. Self-consciousness has come in comparatively recent years, and a tendency is manifested to preserve certain Slavic characteristics and with-

stand the influence and authority of the Germans. Two landmarks stand out preeminently in connection with Bohemian character: the Protestant John Huss, and the educator Comenius. To these men the Bohemian nation is indebted for the seeds of religious freedom and respect for education, which are manifest today.

In the present European crisis several nations are hoping for betterment of their political fortunes. Among these, not the least hopeful is Bohemia, now annexed to the Austrian Empire. It is only too evident that Bohemia has not received just treatment at the hands of the Austrians. Her national spirit has been offended or ignored; her people have been oppressed; her schools are inadequately maintained, and the scant support which they now receive has been wrung from the government only by tremendous efforts and in times of political stress. Even now the people are compelled to maintain schools in some parts by voluntary contributions. The Austrian government has done nothing for Bohemia either politically, intellectually or industrially, excepting under compulsion. Therefore, Bohemia has no reason to be grateful and has only evidenced a semblance of loyalty because she feared a greater German absorption.

The grounds on which Bohemia has a right to demand freedom and shape its own destiny as a nation are rational and consistent with national existence.

Bohemia has a historic right to freedom. She has always maintained the right to elect her own rulers. The house of Hapsburg was called to the throne by voluntary election. The first Hapsburg to rule was Rudolph 1306-1307, who was forced on the country by the German Emperor. The right to rule was contested and the Bohemians selected other kings from other ruling houses. Not till Albrecht, was another king from the Hapsburg line voluntarily elected. So, intermittently, various kings were elected until in 1619 the Bohemians elected Frederick of the Palatinate, and precipitated the Thirty Years' War. During the long dark night which followed the deep tragedy of the Thirty Years' War, the Hapsburgs ruled over Bohemia: but the nation never conceded them the right to incorporate their country in any other, and in 1868 formally declared: "The Kingdom of Bohemia is attached to the Empire by a purely personal tie," that is, through the person of the king who was also Emperor of Austria. For these reasons Bohemia claims still to be a distinct political being.

The Bohemian political capacity has, time and again, been demonstrated by their loyalty to high political ideals, and their capacity for self-government. They never recognized

Divine right: they elected their kings, and were bound by a constitution like that of the United States. Today, they hope for a Republic or a Monarchy as liberal as that of England.

A nation claiming the right to govern itself is expected to show signs of intellectual capacity. This capacity the Bohemians have demonstrated beyond doubt. The progress within the last century has been marvellous. The city of Prague is today one of the greatest publishing centres of Europe, and the growth of Bohemian literature is astonishing. Today Bohemia leads the empire with the smallest percentage of illiterates, and is one of the leaders of Europe in this respect.

In conclusion, what stronger ground for self-government could be desired than the moral and ethical right? Why should another nation rule Bohemia? The Bohemians are intellectual, religious, have high ideals, possess splendid traditions, are industrially progressive, and are competent to direct their own affairs. Besides, the country is fertile, rich; and, therefore, should be employed to sustain a happy, progressive nation, and not a military power which has no right to it.

Finally, let us conclude with a prophecy which will send a thrill through all Bohemian patriots and which will sustain them in their struggle for freedom: that when the chaos of war has ceased, when the allied arms have conquered in the cause of Democracy, Bohemia will be a nation! Bohemia will be free!

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we to-witta-woo!

RAMBLING THOUGHTS OF A COMMON PRIVATE

A curl of smoke—almost valueless intrinsically, yet how rich in suggestion. Some such thought came to me one morning as I stood in the ranks at a seven-thirty o'clock roll-call.

Directly facing me was a farm building, dilapidated, drab, uninviting; but out of the chimney a curl of smoke ascended and was soon lost in the air above. Never before had I given a thought to the message of a curl of smoke, but that morning I heard it.

What a difference a smoking chimney makes to a landscape. We stand on the summit of a hill gazing down upon a group of buildings in the valley beneath us. All is still; there is no sign of life whatever, the buildings are tumbledown and the rubbish has accumulated in the yards about them. We gaze on a deserted village, we think, and the scene appears very cheerless to us. Suddenly, out of one of the chimneys, very faintly at first, but growing steadily stronger, we see smoke ascending. Immediately a change comes over us. If we are lost, hope revives within us; if we are in an enemy's country, alertness takes possession of us: if we are wanderers, thoughts of home fill our minds.

Some such change came over me as I stood awaiting orders on that morning parade. The smoke spoke of life. Someone had lit the fire from which the smoke ascended; someone lived in the room in which the fire was; to someone that room was home. So my thoughts followed one another. Home! What a world of meaning there is in that word! I thought of the drab cheerlessness of the exterior of the building before me; I thought, too, of the shabbiness, of the untidiness, of the squalor, perhaps, of its interior, and also of its occupants, and the idea of homeliness seemed somewhat remote. Yet the few sticks of furniture, the individuals who use them, and the associations of the place, make it home for the inhabitants. Perhaps these sticks and associations are all they have left of a former and better home. In a land where refugees are not uncommon, the occupants of this house might very likely be of those who, not so very long ago, stayed their flight long enough to look back on their deserted home, only to turn again and hasten forward fearfully, dreading lest the ruthless, ravaging Hun should overtake them. On they struggle, saving little of

their goods, glad enough to save themselves, choking the roads almost in their wild endeavor to gain freedom. Then, when their strength is almost exhausted, and their feet hot and tired, one look back reveals to their starting eyes, the sky, lit up with a red glow; and once again they turn, greater terror giving new strength; they struggle on to strange but friendly surroundings. Now, four walls and a roof, no matter how dilapidated they may be, are welcome to them, and are sanctified by the name of home.

No such surroundings, however, are recalled to most of us by that name. The curling smoke arouses within us a feeling of homesickness. Immediately our thoughts are carried across the field of France, across the wide expanse of raging ocean, still onward through the dense forests of the East, along the rocky shores of the Great Lakes, across the rolling prairies of the Golden West until we enter, unawares, some Western town or city, pass along familiar streets and go into a house more or less luxuriously furnished; or else on past the cities to the country and into a shack or small ranch house, where every picture, every piece of furniture, every nail even, is familiar. We see those we love. We follow them, as they go about their tasks, and wonder of what they are talking and thinking. As we listen we hear our own name mentioned. They are talking of us, and, better still, they miss us. Then we realize that even there, where we imagined home to be, home is not quite complete, for we are absent, and those still under the roof-tree will not be satisfied until their constant hope for our safe return shall be realized. Would that we were there, but—

'Shun! My reverie is rudely and abruptly broken. Once more I am brought to the realities of military life. Right turn! Dismiss! And I hurry back to my billet to polish my equipment and myself, so that I may pass muster on the O.C.'s parade. Other thoughts crowd in upon me and claim first place. but yet, somewhere at the back of my mind, still linger the words of Patti's great song:

“Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.”

—PTE. TOM H. HARRIS, France.

“If all the skies were sunshine,
 Our faces would be fain
 To feel once more upon them
 The cooling splash of rain.”

ON HUMOR AND THE HUMOROUS

All of us rise in our better moments to heights of honesty sufficient to confess, "I have not wisdom." More often do we acknowledge, "I have not ability." But never since life began was there found one to conclude with surpassing honesty, "I have no sense of humor." One can picture the searching Diogenes almost cheerful of aspect as the conviction grows on him, that surely at last he has discovered an honest man. Then the final test, "Have you, friend, a keen appreciation of humor?" "Indeed I have," and he of the tub sadly retreated to his domicile and his cynicism. One may be poor but honest, but never dull of wit but honest; for to confess one's dullness is burden beyond the virtue of man. The present writer would, out of pure native hypocrisy concede that humor he has none; but deep in his heart he is privately convinced that he has rather an acute and profound appreciation of the ludicrous. *Et tu quoque!*

The sense of humor, of the comic, is the most elusive of emotions. Why is a situation ludicrous, an attitude comical, a joke "funny"? What do we see when we see "the point"? Bothersome questions enough if we have not considered them. The appreciation of humor involves the perception of two widely divergent, disproportioned, mayhap totally opposed ideas or mental conceptions, connected by some word, thought or action, which brings them into violent contrast. The pleasure derived from the mental activity of readjusting our mental conceptions constitutes the pleasure of humor. The degree of pleasure depends upon the suddenness of readjustment. Thus the sight of a portly figure walking on the street excites no mirth, nor yet does the sight of that same portly figure seated; but if, by reason of the iciness of the street, the sitting posture be assumed abruptly, then do we say it is comical or ludicrous because in our own minds there takes place a swift mental readjustment, which produces a pleasant sensation.

In verbal humor we must have some word, expression, or even a tone of voice, which connects the incongruous ideas. This we have most simply in the pun—the *jeu de mots*. By making the "self same word afford a double sense," thus providing, as it were, a bridge between two ill-proportioned ideas, we lead our minds from one idea to another which, because of its incongruity, necessitates readjustment. A very simple and low form of humor. Simple because the connection is usually very obvious, and dull must he be of wit who could pass by; low because the slight and comparatively leisurely readjust-

ment gives little pleasurable activity to any but the heavy wit.

“For instance, ale may make you ail,
Your aunt an ant may kill,
You in a vale may buy a veil,
And Bill may pay the bill.”

The connecting word or phrase is “the point.” Without connection, incongruity is unperceived; without incongruity no readjustment takes place; hence if one misses the connecting word or idea, one “misses the point.” A nervous young curate prayed before Queen Victoria, “If there has been any spark of truth in my words, O Lord, water that spark.” The perception of an intimate connection which leads our minds from the idea of “water” to the totally opposed idea of “spark,” brings that mental readjustment which we call “funny.” The swifter the perception and readjustment, the more humorous it is. A bit of humor can never be explained. The “point” can never “dawn,” it must “flash” upon one. The more subtle the connection, the more rapid the reaction, the finer the humor. Said Joe Howe’s great opponent Johnston, “It strikes my mind——” “A —— good shot,” quoth Howe, while the house rocked with glee. The youthful but brilliant parvenu, Disraeli contested High Wycombe with the scion of an ancient but none too brilliant family of Grey. “We know the Greys, but what do you stand on?” broke in a heckler. “I stand on my head,” was the lightning riposte; and Mr. Gladstone shattered the tenth Commandment each time he thought of it, for I take it that the residuary clause, “or anything that is thy neighbour’s” includes thy neighbor’s repartee. The force of repartee depends par excellence upon its quickness.

But “seeing the joke” is but a modicum of a vast whole. The essence of humor is the perception of proportion or disproportion, fitness or incongruity. Wherever we find that perception, we find humor. Yet most of us lack anything but a younger son’s inheritance of perspective.

“O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us,”

sang Burns. “Give us a sense of humor” is the prose of it. Truly it is a “saving” sense, for with it we see even as we are seen, we can enjoy as well as be enjoyed. It would have saved the world much. No people with this saving sense could have projected the Tower of Babel; with it Napoleon would have remained first consul, Louis Napoleon would have been a very useful government servant, writing romances as a hobby, and nations would

see the incongruity of their "place in the sun." Olympus must have resounded with laughter of the gods when America's greatest corporation lawyer marched with solemn dignity through the streets of Petrograd under the red flag of Socialism, without any of that keen enjoyment derived by Bismarck, prince of Prussian junkers, as he walked, arms locked, through Potsdam with Ferdinand Lassalle, peerless Socialist agitator. A sense of humor would save many a Canadian congregation from standing unnaturally and almost disrespectfully erect while they sing "God Save the King," and lapsing during the Doxology, into various postures suggestive of those arboreal denizens, their reputed ancestors.

The man who lacked this sense of proportion, of the fitness of things, particularly of himself, the Greek maxim admonishes, "Observe the measure"; in modern street parlance, "Come down off it," "Come to earth." The Greek has the better turned phrase, but our modern slang adds a strong metaphor with much lucidity.

Not merely to have "Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides"——

but to "observe the measure," to have keen and merciless eyes for the ill proportioned, the exaggerated, the incongruous, this is to have a sense of humor, and few of us there be that have it.

—W. A. M.

"There is no trait you cannot overcome.

Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
And calls for punishment that is not merited.

"Pry up thy fault with this great lever—will;

However deeply bedded in propensity;
However firmly set, I tell thee firmer yet
Is that great power that comes from truth's immensity."

IS MATHEMATICS WORTH WHILE ?

Probably the question of greatest interest to the student of a given subject is: "Why must I study this subject? What good will it ever do me?" This question is legitimate and in some cases difficult to answer. Not so, however, in Mathematics.

We may consider the study of Mathematics from two standpoints: first, cultural; second, utilitarian. Admittedly, many students will never have an opportunity to use applied mathematics in its relation to industrial development. For these we may state that mathematics represents a distinct mode of thought evolved by every nation in its progress to civilization, in which the degree of mastery may serve as an index to the nation's strength. Mathematics, properly taught, strengthens the imagination, creates powers of concentrated attention, and develops the reasoning faculties as no other study does. Logic as a study describes how we reason; but mathematics develops power by doing the reasoning. Logic as a study bears the same relation to the development of the reasoning faculties as a treatise on tennis playing bears to the creation of a skilled player. In either case power is developed through doing, and not through reading. Mathematics deals with certainty and develops the habit of rigid scrutiny, comparison and decision. Its aim is the discovery of truth, not speculation, but absolute truth. There are no conflicting schools of thought in mathematics, but harmony. The mathematician more than any other scholar can find his errors or be convinced of them by others, but for him tradition has no merit, truth absolute and unassailable is his first, last, and only desideratum. Art, as an appreciation of truth and beauty, is only truly realized in mathematics with its precision and symmetry of detail, its far-reaching relationships and abstract mental imagery.

Concerning mathematics Mill states: "To see these things requires more than a mere mathematician; but the ablest mind which has never gone through a course of mathematics has small chance of ever perceiving them."

We present also the testimonies of certain eminent educators upon the value of mathematics:

"Little can be understood of even the simplest phenomena of nature without some knowledge of mathematics, and the attempt to penetrate deeper into the mysteries of nature compels simultaneous development of the mathematical processes. Many of the topics of mathematics, from the simplest to the

most abstract, have been formulated and treated in direct consequence of the exigencies of the study of nature." (Professor J. W. A. Young, Chicago University.)

"Mathematics stands forth as that which unites, mediates between man and nature, inner and outer world, thought and perception, as no other subject does." (Frobel.)

"Mathematics in its pure form, as well as mathematics applied, furnishes the peculiar study that gives to us, whether children or men, the command of nature in this its qualitative aspect; mathematics furnishes the instrument, the tool of thought, which we wield in this realm." (Harris, W. T., Psychologic Foundations of Education.)

"Beyond the microtome, the microscope, the statistics of observation, of experiment, of what instrument of world-conquest must the new science avail herself? The answer is patent: of mathematics, that giant pincers of scientific logic which showed Newton the moon simply as a bigger apple trying to fall down on his head, flashed out in the mind of Adams the unseen planet Neptune, told Rayleigh that the chemists had always been breathing vast quantities of argon without knowing it, pointed to Mendelieev the places of unknown chemical elements. And through Helmholtz and his pupil Hertz it has given us the Lenard rays, the Roentgen rays, radium itself, and wireless telegraphy based on Hertzian waves." (Halsted).

It is in its utilitarian value that mathematics stands unique. Outside of the mother tongue no study of school or college has so wide practical application. The handmaid of all the sciences, it walks hand in hand with progress, or leads the way, but never lags behind. Our complicated industrial and social life stands as its monument. Were it and its fruits blotted out we should be transferred to a life more primitive than that of the middle ages, possibly with higher ideals, but certainly with fewer and more cramped facilities. Other natural sciences would be in their infancy or unborn, for they flourish only in the radiant light of mathematics. Ours would be a world devoid of all modern conveniences of lighting, communication, locomotion or trade. However versed we may be in other lines, we cannot neglect mathematics and be well informed, for then the phenomena of nature would remain to us a sealed mystery. Suppose, for example, we are interested in gunnery, we take up the Encyclopaedia Britannica as the nearest reference. (See 11th edition.) We do not read far but ask what are those foreign looking symbols in the second line?

Yes, those are mathematical, viz., integral signs, symbolic of scientific progress.

This is the age of industrial development, an era of competition in ideas. Other things being equal, that country will progress most which has the best engineers, for they are those who give life to and clothe in definite form the ideas of the mathematician and of the laboratory. Mathematics is an absolute essential for the study of engineering. But we need not go to engineering to find an application. The profession of actuary is very lucrative and one very exacting in its mathematical requirements. Physicians in their researches, naval designers and even experimental psychologists have expressed their need of more than a fair knowledge of the subject.

To those who look forward to the teaching profession, mathematics makes a special appeal. It is the most widely and universally taught of all subjects. Consequently, there is in this subject the greatest demand for teachers, and because of its importance, the greatest demand for good teachers. In order to have the proper perspective and properly teach a subject, one's knowledge should go far beyond the scope of the topics taught. Hence the need of the serious study of mathematics by those planning to teach. It is the subject in which continually there will be an increasing demand for teachers, for it is the subject being most emphasized by those in touch with modern tendencies and requirements.

It is true that the study of mathematics does not always present smooth sailing, but we remember the old adage, "There is no royal road to knowledge." From the cultural view this is one of the strong arguments in favor of the study. We never grow in strength unless we come face to face with, and master, that which is difficult. And so we are compelled to admit mathematics to its merited place as a college study, to extend to it our favor, and to grant that in importance it is second to none, but the peer of any. —F. S. NOWLAN, M.A.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence.

—Ruskin.

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RESPICE FINEM

Prominent writers on physiological subjects agree that eighty per cent. of all college graduates die from ten to thirty years before the age which they should reach. These alarming figures have aroused some colleges and universities of America to the extent that physical training for students has been made compulsory. There is growing recognition given to the importance of physical training not only from the hygienic side, but as a legitimate and necessary factor of the college scheme.

Compulsory physical education will be instituted in the West before long, we hope, and students will help in this movement if we but become alive to the need. How many of us are at the top-notch of physical efficiency? Are we developing all of our possibilities: are we clear brained, bright eyed, bubbling

over with the jubilant spirits and enthusiasm that are the accompaniments of good health, *caeteris paribus*? Are we building vitality that will carry us into our life vocations with a reserve of energy, snap, personal magnetism? No, with few exceptions, we are not.

We see men and women everywhere who are not more than twenty-five or fifty per cent. efficient physically. The war is bringing such defectives to the surface. Ministers, professors, professional men of all kinds, as they take inventories of their physical capital, tell us how deeply they regret abuses and negligence of the body during earlier years. "The body is the urn in which the spirit burns," and many forget to keep the vessel bright and clean until the fire of the spirit begins to burn low.

No boy should be satisfied until he has become completely developed. No girl should rest content until her body has been made firm and strong, and pleasing to look upon. It may not be necessary to be able to perform spectacular feats of strength, but each should endeavor to possess more than moderate strength and endurance. The results that even the weakest can accomplish by right living are astonishing. If you don't know, get busy and learn what Bernarr Macfadden, Horace Fletcher, Theodore Roosevelt and many others have done.

Make health-building your hobby, set an attainable ideal before you, and work for it. You need something to make your work interesting, something to strive for, something that will add zest to your efforts. Enthusiasm begets progress, and with progress will come new strength to resist temptations and excesses.

No matter what the sphere, the pulsating energies of powerful manhood are tremendously important. They are essential to self mastery, since flabby muscles and a weak body can enslave the finest mind and make the will weak and wavering.

Edison says that American people are doped with food; take heed, but do not be content with the observance of dietetic principles alone. Only regular attention to ALL the laws of health will bring the greatest success, and therefore you can't afford to be spasmodic in any detail. Don't get into a panic at the thought of examinations and start to burn the candle at both ends. They are only preliminary trials; the real tests will come during the next forty or fifty years when service will make its heaviest demands upon us. "Firsts" and scholarly reputation paid for with physical reserves, will only defeat life's deeper purpose. Remember,

"It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones
Who win in the lifelong race."

In a short time we shall have scattered to our homes. We shall have great tasks to do in these days, and success will depend in great measure upon our pure blood, hard muscles, strong stable nerves, and high grade endurance. Let us not forget our college spirit, and that we are members of one large family with a common ideal: we desire purity and knowledge, rather than prudery; we would be deep-breathing men and women, throbbing with vitality and life's joyous forces, unhampered by any foppish conventionalities and habits. Whether in war or peace we have to live, why not get all there is in life?

BELLES- LETTRES

It is mainly by means of spoken and written language that mind in this life communicates with mind. The English language is the most practical and otherwise the best language in the world. In spite of this, there seems to be a lack of endeavor to acquire more than a nodding acquaintance with it, on the part of many who have reached the halls of higher education. Grammatical and orthographical mistakes, together with a lack of expression in conversation and oral reading, are most in evidence. In general, there is lack of ability to set down or express orally personal knowledge and impressions, systematically and attractively.

Good grammar and choice diction constitute perhaps the most obvious index of a liberal education, and thus from the standpoint of general utility English appears to be the most important study of our curriculum. Having mastered the rudiments of English grammar, and acquired a generous knowledge of the principles of composition during high-school years, an undergraduate in Arts should certainly have all such knowledge at ready command, and should strive for the finer qualities and subtleties of good writing.

A few volumes from the pens of the best English prose writers of the last fifty years should be chosen, read and re-read, until their beauties of thought, word and style, have become part of the reader's permanent mental equipment. Let no one be a mere terminal point, but let each be the distributing centre for literary pleasures received, able to reflect for others the deep and worthy emotions of personal experience. Summer holidays can be made fruitful periods of such self-improvement.

OVERSEAS

RUBY McDONALD '18

Feeling sure that all readers of the "Quill" will welcome any news of the boys in khaki, we have endeavored to collect some items of interest. We are all proud of the splendid work our Brandon College men are doing. We are especially glad about the marks of honor bestowed upon so many, and we wish to extend to them our sincerest congratulations.

*Rae Smale and Hobart McPherson spent their last leave in England before their return home. Both have done their bit nobly and are returning with their marks of heroism.

Prof. Louys attempted to escape from Germany; but, we are sorry to say, he was unsuccessful.

Lieut. Milt. Donaldson was married recently to a Red Cross nurse who had also returned from active service.

Lorne Hardaker is driving a truck in France. He is well and has escaped harm so far.

Norman Grantham is still on the Somme, in the Forestry Battalion.

We are sorry to hear that John Milton has been seriously gassed. According to our latest word, he was in Kitchener's Hospital, Brighton.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to the friends of W. Hainer, who died of pneumonia in England. His body was brought home for burial.

Carey McKee has been placed on the waiting list for the 15th Reserve, and expects soon to leave again for France. Since convalescence, Carey has been teaching literature in the military school at Bramshott. During the recent raids on London, Carey was out walking when he saw a policeman galloping down the street warning the people into safety tubes because German planes had been sighted. At the same time red lights were being flashed over the city. Everyone rushed to the tubes, but the air became so stifling that Carey decided to trust himself to the street once more. He reached his hotel in safety, though there was serious destruction of life and property.

Vic Warner has been gazetted as receiving the M.C. for bravery at Passchendaele Ridge. Congratulations, Vic!

Morley Armstrong received a slight wound above the eye and has been sent to a clearing station. He expects to get leave in England soon.

Fred Chambers is in the Flying Corps in Toronto, where he is getting along splendidly, having done considerable flying.

He expects to leave for Texas soon.

Jim Smith, owing to ill-health, has been sent to the hospital. He has been struck off the staff.

Henry Irwin is driving a big motor at Seaford. Owing to trouble with his eyes he is unable to go across.

Wm. McLaurin has returned, being discharged owing to ill-health. He is farming near Calgary, Alta.

Alstair F. Menzies was mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's military report and recommended for the M.C.; but because no officer witnessed the action it could not be awarded. He has since gone in a draft to Italy.

Bev. Leech has been attending a Canadian Corps school in France, taking a course in scouting and sniping. He has been appointed intelligence officer of the 28th Battalion.

When the last word was received from Johnny Hart he had just returned from a two weeks' leave in Scotland, where he spent both Christmas and New Year's. He had a wonderful time, having discovered two very charming cousins who just loved to swank around with a Canadian soldier. He also expresses his sentiments in saying: "It was the supreme joy of my life to vote for Dr. Whidden." Many of the other boys also express the same sentiment.

Dave Beaubier has been up the line for a few months. At present he is attending a military school in France.

John Kerr has been successfully operated on for appendicitis in London.

Laughing Jim, or Mr. Rowell, is still in England. He rejoices in three stripes given to him at a training school for stenographers, where he was made instructor, for a period of three months, whilst undergoing a course himself. He has just recovered from a severe illness due to gassing.

Last September Frank Noble had ten days' leave in England. During the nine days that he spent in London there were seven air raids. Otherwise, he had a splendid time. But on his return to the front he had a very serious attack of "back-from-leave" fever. Since then he has been gassed, but is recovering.

Ralph Harwood reports himself as being fortunate enough to meet Harvey Innes, H. Knox, J. Smith, and W. Donogh, all of whom were well when he saw them.

A bomb from a German airplane dropped about forty yards from the house in which Alan Avery lives, breaking all the windows of the house.

Roper Monteith, Elliott Dutton and Archie Smith are all in the Young Soldiers' Battalion at Bramshott.

Tom Blight is lieutenant with the 27th in France, as is also *R. G. Robinson.

George Bamford, who was with the 46th, is ill in a hospital in London.

We can not but admire the splendid spirit shown by Mr. Julian in reverting to a sergeant with the 15th Reserve in Bramshott, in order that he may get into active service sooner.

Dave Winton—faint chiming of bells heard in the distance.

Milton Crozier has been gassed and has been sent to Bramshott to recover.

D. D. Lindsay is in the 15th Reserve at Bramshott.

Homer Finlay was ill, but has recovered.

Leonard Roper is with the 1st C.M.R.

D. W. McEwen has been wounded. He is in Colchester Military Hospital.

Dave Winton has recently been discharged from Liverpool Hospital where he was recovering from a severe attack of trench fever.

Evan Davies is still in Greece with the English forces. He has seen no fighting yet.

C. H. Innis was last heard of in France and doing well.

We tender our heartiest congratulations to "Bill" Leary, who has been awarded the D.S.O.

Hugh Osborne has been wounded and is in the hospital in England.

Campbell Hooper has received his discharge, being disabled for further service by severe shell shock. He has returned to Canada.

Jap Wolverton has been promoted to the rank of corporal. He is doing splendid work in his line. He has had leave to England.

Mr. Donogh was wounded last November in the left shoulder. He is in the convalescent hospital at Haintze and is getting along fine. He expects to be ready to go to the convalescent home soon.

Dave McNaught is still in Toronto. He reports having seen Dr. MacGibbon.

Elijah Pound has been invalided home. He is visiting at Oak Lake for a while. He expects to go to Winnipeg for treatment.

Hubert Staines is corporal and has become a bear to argue. He gets wound up and it takes the whole bunch to stop him. "He uses such jawbreakers of words that few of us are able to

understand them. Some of the boys even doubt if he understands them himself."

Robt. Chapman has been wounded and is missing. His family have not heard of his whereabouts since last summer. They fear he is a prisoner in Germany.

Apparently the address of Mr. Adey, as given in the "Quill" is incorrect, as letters thus directed have been returned. We will be glad if someone can give us the correct address.

We congratulate Don McNeil on being awarded the Military Cross; but we hope he will not have such a close shave again. A bullet passed by, carrying with it his moustache and a slight portion of his lip.

Norman McDonald has been promoted to lance-corporal. Mac, the recipient of a book at Christmas, reports that before a week was up, there was a full page list of names of those promised the privilege of reading it.

Mr. Bystedt writes that on his way through Canada they gave gave concerts where they stopped.

Cliff Cresswell has written off his final exams., and if successful will go on board ship very soon. He likes the work very much and sees a great opportunity in the Navy, where he expects to find his life's work.

W. McBain is working in a convalescent camp in England, near London. He and Stan Miskiman went to the theatre and then to supper in the Strand, during Stan's last leave in England. Stan is now back in France, staying at a French house for a rest. He reports the family as being very nice and friendly, allowing even the hens to come into the house. All the well-to-do people have left the country, only the very poor remaining, who are loath to leave their homes.

Jim Smith is in a large convalescent camp after having spent a few weeks in a large hospital near Epsom. He is suffering from the effects of shell gas and has had his neck lanced three times. He was present at the battle of Passchendaele, which took such a heavy toll from our boys. He says it was the worst battle in their experience. The last trip robbed them of many of the boys who had been with them from the first.

Gordon Cumming is billeted in a French house. Dave and Beat. Beaubier are also in the near vicinity. They enjoy themselves hugely skating on a public pond in the middle of the town, using spring skates taken from the Ark, and hauling around "les petites mademoiselles."

H. Knox has passed safely through many dangerous positions. He is doing splendid work both on the field and among the men. He saw Percy Underwood shortly before he was

killed at Passchendaele. Percy was to have been relieved of work in the forward area because of ill health; but his relief came to him sooner, granted by a Higher Hand.

All honor to Tom Harris for his self-sacrificing action in voluntarily giving up a very comfortable military position in England and his sergeant's stripes, to return as a private to his battalion, which was leaving for France. He has been in France now for some time with his battalion at the front line. He says, "A fellow appreciates a note in the trenches; therefore take heed."

* Since the "Quill" was sent to press Rae Smale has arrived in Brandon and R. G. Robinson in Halifax.

The boys at the front are all enthusiastic in their appreciation of the parcels sent by the Auxiliary. They are all agreed, too, that they want peace—but a satisfactory and lasting one. They have only one voice to express their conviction, that right will finally triumph, even though the present is dark.

Letters are especially looked forward to, and appreciated by the boys; and we urge you all to write promptly to as many as you can, giving them all the College news.

From all the pious wrangling sects I set my spirit free:
I own no creed but God and Love and Immortality.
Their dogmas and their disciplines are dust and smoke and
cloud;
They cannot see my sunlit way; and still they cry aloud,
From church, conventicle, and street, that warning old to me:
"The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

—Bernard Freeman Trotter.

EXECUTIVE, COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY



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COLLEGE GOSSIP

H. PEPIN, THEOL.

DEBATING SOCIETY NOTES.

Since the last issue of the "Quill," the Debating Society has kept up the interest of its members and somewhat improved the standard of debating. Not only were the debates entertaining, but the training of both contestants and audience in the art of logical expression, was most beneficial.

COLLEGE vs. NORMAL.

The College won a well merited victory over the Normal School in November last on the subject, "Resolved that Oriental immigration is detrimental to the best interests of Canada." The College was ably represented by Mr. C. W. Clark (Business) and Miss Helen Cline (Arts I.), who supported the affirmative. The students and the faculty turned out "en masse," and, yelling their throats hoarse, did much to inspire the debaters in their struggle for supremacy.

ACADEMY vs. JUNIOR ARTS.

The second inter-class debate was contested by the Academic Department and Junior Arts over the resolution that "A four year course leading to a degree in Home Economics is of more value to the average young woman than a four year course leading to a bachelor's degree of Arts." Mr. C. Cole, Acad. III., and Mrs. Winnifred Carey, Business, supported the affirmative. Max Sodomsky, Arts II., and Miss J. Olson, Arts I., were their able opponents. The victory was such that the "Senate" will have to consider the advisability of putting the Home Economics course on the College curriculum.

ACADEMY vs. THEOLOGY.

The final struggle for class honors took place on the evening of Feb. 24th, between Academy and Theology, the former winning the banner for the second consecutive year. Messrs. C. W. Clark and W. E. Smalley defended the resolution, "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished," while Messrs. H. Pepin and D. Riggs attempted to show good reason why well-enough should be left alone. They failed in their attempt, however, and the Academic Department is to be congratulated on its success.

ON FIRST LOOKING UPON CHAPMAN'S VIOLIN.

Much have I travelled, heard musicians old,
 And many goodly instruments have seen.
 Even to the far West have I been
 Where many curious violins are sold.
 Oft of one instrument had I been told,
 Which deep-browed Chapman played as though insane;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
 Till I heard Chappie scrape it loud and bold.
 Then felt I like some watcher of the night,
 When a weird sound comes into his ken;
 Some feline warrior's voice is at its height,
 A hideous noise beyond the mind of men
 To fashion. I wonder with a wild surprise
 How one cigar box yields so fierce a din.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Friday evening, March 1st. the Literary Society held its annual oratorical contest in the chapel, Dr. New, the Honorary President of the society, occupying the chair. Instead of having one representative from each department, as in previous years, the contest was thrown upon to all students who wished to enter. There were four contestants, Mr. V. Nordlund and Miss F. Wolverton of Senior Arts and S. Sodomsky and Miss A. Sanford of Junior Arts. The subjects chosen were as follows: Mr. Nordlund, "Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War"; Miss Wolverton, "French Patriotism"; Mr. Sodomsky, "Universal Democracy," and Miss Sanford, "Lloyd George." The judges were Dr. McNeill, Mr. R. McQueen, and Mr. H. McIntosh of the Collegiate. While these were coming to a decision, the grand opera, "All for Love," by the Delta Gamma-Sigma's, was repeated by special request. Then followed the report of the judges. The contest had been close, all speakers giving promise as future orators. But someone must be best, and the final decision of the judges was that Miss A. Sanford was the winner. The presentation of the gold medal, made by Dr. Whidden, was fittingly replied to by Miss Sanford.

Y. M. C. A.

A feature of this term's work has been the group method of Bible study, which has been found quite successful. Alternate evenings of the regular Thursday meetings have been devoted to conference talks in which social and individual problems have been discussed. The Mission Study Class, conduct-

ed Sunday mornings, has derived benefit from studying the works of noted social reformers.

Sunday, Feb. 24th, was observed as the universal day of prayer for students. On this occasion the Rev. R. S. Laidlaw of Winnipeg delivered an inspiring address to a large assembly of local students, taking for his subject "Our Empire's Power." Vesper services were conducted in the college chapel during the following week, in which the Rev. F. W. Patterson, through his very helpful talks, encouraged many students to take a forward step in the Christian life.

THE "CHIEF COP."

Now as long as I'm a cop
 here I'll endeavor to in-
 spire fear
 In the breasts of nervy 'stu-
 dents who have plagued
 me oft before,
 By invectives and expletives,
 trials, showers, ought
 that pleases,
 Ought that seemeth needful,
 proper order to restore.
 Till the nomads home re-
 turning, at their lessons
 sit a-learning;
 And the quietness of study
 hours is broken never
 More,
 Perfect peace for evermore.



V. E. NORDLUND

Pres. Brandon College Y.M.C.A.,
 Pres. Student Body,
 "Chief Cop," etc.

YANKEE SUPPER.

A momentous event in the history of Brandon College took place on the evening of Saturday, March 2nd, when in the dining room the Americans of the college, twenty-four strong, gathered around the festal board, elongated for the purpose, and presided over by Miss Butman and Mr. Lager. It was found that there were representatives from some thirteen or

fourteen states present, but that gophers and flickertails were most in evidence. The western side of the dining room was tastefully decorated with flags, and a picture of President Wilson occupied a prominent position. The table, too, was gracefully arranged, there being at each plate tiny Stars and Stripes and place-cards adorned with variations of "Old Glory." Out of consideration to food conservation, our menu was table d'hote plus pie and ice cream. Our sentiments were expressed in the "Star Spangled Banner," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and toasts ranging from "The King" and "President Wilson" to "Italy" and the "Success of the Allies." It is not our aim to originate in Brandon College a party which will dispute the claims of King George upon our allegiance; rather it is our thought that, while retaining a warm place in our hearts for the old home to the South, we will, through maintaining the spirit of general good-fellowship, increase our loyalty to Canada, the land of our adoption. This very enjoyable banquet, if such it may be called, was concluded by the singing of "God Save the King."

Dr. MacGibbon's new book "Railway Rates and the Canadian Railway Commission," for which the celebrated professor of Political Economy won the \$1,000 prize, has arrived safely in our college library.

The author has informed the librarian that during the hot days of last summer, when he was typewriting the last sheets of the manuscript, the subject became so dry that the paper repeatedly caught fire.

The librarian, realizing his grave responsibility and the great dangers to which both books and students are constantly exposed in the library, has for days been consulting several fire insurance companies, trying to get Dr. MacGibbon's book insured, but so far they have all positively refused.

Consequently, the librarian has decided to send the book over to Clark Hall to be used for Sunday reading. The ladies are particularly advised to study the exceedingly interesting chapters on "Excessive Rates" and "Unjust Discrimination."

SERGT. WHIDDEN HONORED.

A long table in the dining room, on a recent Tuesday evening occasioned much surprise to the students of Brandon College and Clark Hall. Class '19 had met in order to do honor to Sergt. Whidden, home on leave from Winnipeg. The menu was interesting, the conversation more so, being well leavened with crisp tit-bits from various quarters. It was a real pleasure

for all '19's to reclaim a genial classmate, for even so brief a period.

Resident Master, to student who spends too much time away from work: "You seem to go out a good deal lately, don't you?"

Student (carelessly): "Oh, I don't know; I don't go out any oftener than I come in."

STUNT NIGHT.

On Friday, February 8th, an enjoyable evening was spent in the chapel during the presentation of some clever stunts. The first one was given by the weird, mysterious troupe, the Tricky Six. They had apparently raided a neighboring straw stack and, from the spoils of their raid, had made their costumes.

The rustle of their fantastic dress, the gentle cadence of their Hawaiian melodies, sung to the accompaniment of stringed instruments, well nigh convinced the audience that real honest-to-goodness natives of those dreamy Pacific isles were present.

The stunt by Arts I. was a faculty meeting. No doubt all members of the faculty present felt highly flattered by the impersonations. We offer them our condolence.

The third stunt was a very realistic portrayal of the early morning's influence upon a farmer and his hired men.

A song by Frances Wolverton and a reading by Elizabeth Greig were much appreciated.

"SMILE, SMILE, SMILE!"

There was a young freshman named Bam-
bridge,

Who spent all his days on the rampage;

He'd just grin and say, when exams. came his
way,

"O! I haven't seen that for a dog's age."



ACADEMY TOBOGGAN PARTY.

“Razzle, dazzle, hobble, gobble, ke, ki, kar,
Any guy with half an eye knows who we are.”

The Academic yell rang through the frosty air, and the dignified Arts students rushed to the windows to see what it all meant. It was that merry crowd Academy, setting out for a toboggan party.

To get to the desired destination, the Indian School, they walked for about two miles, over snow banks when necessary, or caught rides. Then a delightful walk through “Lovers’ Lane” brought them to a splendid hill, punctuated with many ridges and bumps. At five o’clock, by the kind invitation of Mrs. Ferrier, they were refreshed with steaming cocoa, and fortified for the home stretch. At the college some kind fairies had been preparing a supper which was spread in the large dining room. The good things disappeared in a marvellous manner, leaving a gustatory satisfaction that gave the right closing touch to a jolly afternoon.

Pepin, after handing in a poem to the Editor of the “Quill”: “You see, sir, artists are born not made.”

Editor: “I know; I wasn’t blaming you.”

[N.B.—Watch for publication of above poem in Brandon College Critic.—Ed.]

THE MASQUERADE.

On Friday evening, February 15th, a masquerade-promenade was given by the Literary Society. Costumes representing all parties and races, from the Bolesheviki down to the North American Indian and the down-trodden negro, were in evidence. The first item of interest was the guessing of “who was who,” but most succeeded in finding out who was not who. In this connection it may be said that the costume which enclosed Mr. Pepin’s personality was quite easily discovered because of the marked contrast which his demeanor bore to it. Wonder was expressed at the fact that Mr. Mackintosh in his French uniform did not beat a double in retreat from the over-towering Russian Cossack who always seemed to stick close to him.

A promenade to the chapel followed, where the masqueraders unmasked and the prom. cards were filled. Then couples meandered cautiously around in the gym. in an endeavor to find out what the near future held in store.

Then followed a promenade to the girls’ rooms, which had

apparently been fussed for the occasion. The evening was brought to a close by a patriotic pageant, "The Drawing of the Sword," presented by several rising artists in the realm of elocution.



It is reported that ye monks of a certain neighboring monastery, having some belief in modern hydrotherapy and strong faith in ye olde Ordeal Aqua Frigida, have effected a compromise in administering correction unto ye brothers in whom unholy insubordination, springing from fleshly taints, has been made manifest towards ye longsuffering prior, Nordlundius.

THE ACADEMY SKATING PARTY.

In spite of South Wind's efforts to spoil the skating, the Academy party of Saturday the 23rd proved a decided success. After many successful and some unsuccessful attempts to secure bands at Clark Hall, the skaters left, with their chaperons, Miss Gerrand and Mr. Evans, for the Caledonian Rink. The old man in the sky wore his cheeriest smile, and a number of the youngsters, taking advantage of his bright beams and good nature, were late in getting to the rink. On arriving, however, it was found that there South Wind had indeed been at play throughout the day and had prepared, in his own original way, a number of humps and bumps upon the rink ice. The crowd seeming to have no appreciation for his handiwork, set themselves savagely and vigorously to destroy it by means of their sliders.

After eleven short, yet enjoyable bands, the skaters, eluding their chaperons, made their way back by twos and fours to Clark Hall, where a much needed and appreciated lunch was served. A musical program was then rendered by a few obliging friends, including such rare numbers as, "Huckleberry Finn," etc.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

A meeting of the Academic French students was held for the purpose of reorganizing the French Circle. The following officers were duly nominated and elected:

President—Monsieur E. Williamson.

Vice-President—Mademoiselle Helen Coram.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mademoiselle Beatrice Hall.

Convenors of Programs—Mademoiselle Reta Willmott and Monsieur E. King.

Our opening meeting was held Monday, January 21, 1918, the program being conducted in French. The singing of the French National Anthem brought the meeting to a close.

THE YELL.

Rougenoir, Rougenoir!

Qui commes nous?

Qu'est ce que c'est, qu'est ce que c'est?

Que parlez-vous?

Est-ce francais?

Oui' c'est vrai!

F-R-A-N-C-A-I-S

Cercle.

WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL THE FELLOWS, INCLUDING LONGFELLOW.

In the halls of Brandon College,
In the region of the top-flat,
There is held a frequent pow-wow,
Most tempestuous noisy pow-wow,
When the tribes all come together,
And the windows sharply rattle
With the noises there resounding.
King is there, the mighty strong man,
He could take two men together,
Take and handle them together,
Grip them firmly in his right hand,
Hurl them fiercely from his wigwam;

Then and there he needs must prove it
 And ensues an adult roughhouse.
 Eddie Sundt, the big musician,
 He can play two tunes together—
 Play the guitar with his left hand
 While his right hand bows the fiddle.
 He can make most hideous music,
 Loud, strange, weird, unearthly music,
 Like the cry of the hyena,
 Till we fear the place is haunted,
 Haunted by the ghosts of screech owls.
 Sounds of all the big confusion,
 Sounds of King and his loud boasting.
 Dandy asking curious questions;
 Frith his knowledge all expounding,
 Quite vociferously expounding;
 Sounds of Bowering throwing water,
 Mildest of the top-flat dwellers;
 Sounds of Cumming's endless talking,
 Rouse the ire of Big Chief Nordlund,
 Mighty order-keeping Nordlund,
 Till his room no longer holds him.
 At a bound he gains the top-flat,
 Comes upon the tribes together,
 Finds them in a mob together;
 Unrestrainedly describes them,
 Quite insultingly describes them,
 As the most annoying ruffians
 That have stepped into the College.
 Then unto their rooms they scatter,
 Rather hastily they scatter,
 Once again to come together
 When the Big Chief is departed.

THINGS WE CAN'T IMAGINE.

Eddie Sundt hungry.
 Elizabeth Greig at a movie.
 Cook whistling after 11 p.m.
 Norman Mitchell singing.
 Mr. Evans hurrying through dinner.
 Eleanor Beaubier in a hurry.
 Frances Wolverton out for a walk before breakfast.
 Mr. Nowlan setting tests.

CLARK HALL

E. GREIG '20

Skies may be dark with storm
 While fierce the north wind blows,
 Yet earth at heart is warm,
 And the snowdrift hides the rose.

In spite of the approaching storm of examinations, it seems safe to say that every girl enjoyed the Christmas holidays. The two weeks passed quickly and Clark Hall once more resounded with cheer and happiness. Strange to say, all survived the anxiety of the examinations and started work again with a determination that when Spring examinations came they would hold no terror for them.

Several students joined the ranks for the New Year; to welcome them a reception was held on Friday evening, January 4th. The address of welcome was given by Mr. Smalley and responded to by Miss M. Kehoe. The evening was spent in all kinds of wonderful pursuits—from playing checkers to operating the Ouija board. The reception closed with the National Anthem and College yells.

Young lieutenant on his first night around: "What's that that bugler fellow is blowing now?"

Sentry: "That's the 'Last Post,' sir!"

Lieutenant: "Oh, I didn't know there was one as late as this. I wonder if you would run over and see if there are any letters for me?"

Y. W. C. A.

The Y.W.C.A. began the new year by having for their first meeting the topic, "The Psychology of New Year Resolutions," given by Miss R. Taylor.

A very interesting meeting was held on January 23rd, when Mrs. MacNeill gave a very helpful talk on "Why do we pray?"

The girls have been taking up subjects of importance to College students. An interesting address, "College Through Freshmen's Spectacles," was given by Miss H. Cline and Miss V. Webb, both of Class '21. Miss B. Turnbull took the subject, "The Lonesome Girl" for one meeting, while Miss R. McDonald, "Are You Extravagant?" for another.

The mission class has been divided into groups, this being thought the best way to derive real benefit from the study. The book studied is, "Comrades in Service."

The leaders of the different classes are Misses F. Wolverton, H. Cline, V. Carey, J. Olsen, R. Bambridge, Z. Hough and E. McVeety.



THE LINE

Lightly tripping through the street,
Looking slyly when they meet
The boys from Brandon College,
Go the Clark Hall line.

(CWC)

THE EUTERPEAN SOCIETY.

The Euterpean continues to flourish. Since the last issue of the "Quill," there have been some very enjoyable and instructive programs. A particularly unique program was given one evening when some of the members presented a playlet in which Bach, Handel and Scarlatti were represented as in the spirit world, discussing and playing some of the music of the day. These characters were well represented by Helen Cline, Marguerite Bullock and Belle Shier. Miss Butman at the piano, and Mr. Bystedt with the violin, rendered appropriate selections for the play.

The crowning event of the winter term, one that will live long in the memory of the Euterpean, was the concert given under its auspices, by Leopold Godowsky, the famous Polish pianist.

It was a satisfaction to know, too, that the business end of the recital was successfully managed, and, after paying all expenses, there was something over ninety dollars for the Clark Hall Patriotic Fund.

A pleasant evening was spent by the members of the Euterpean on Monday, February 25th, when the losing side in the ticket selling contest for the Godowsky recital entertained the winners and guests. An interesting program was followed by light refreshments.

Helen was telling the story of Mary Magdalene to her Sunday school class, and when she had finished she said, "Now, children, what did Mary have?" A small boy yelled out, "Mary had a little lamb."

TEA FOR GIRLS OF CLASS '21

On Friday afternoon, January 25th, 1918, the girls of Class '21 rushed from the class-room and betook themselves to the College President's home. Fifteen girls with Mrs. Whidden and Mrs. Nowlan sat around the fireplace and worked diligently at their knitting. A dainty tea was served, after which the girls returned to Clark Hall, just in time to hear the resonant tones of our musical Chinese gong, summoning them to the dining-room. The girls are indebted to their hostess for a pleasant afternoon.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END!

Absolute knowledge I have none,
 But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
 Heard a policeman on his beat
 Say to a laborer on the street
 That he had a letter just last week,
 Written in the finest Greek,
 From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
 Who said the negroes in Cuba knew
 Of a colored man in a Texas town,
 Who got it straight from a circus clown
 That a man in Klondike heard the news
 From a gang of South American Jews,
 About somebody in Borneo
 Who heard a man who claimed to know
 Of a swell society female fake
 Whose mother-in-law will undertake
 To prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece
 Had stated in a printed piece
 That she has a son who has a friend
 That knows when the war is going to end.

DELTA GAMMA SIGMA NOTES.

Immediately following the agony of the mid-year exams, the Delta Gamma Sigmas felt it to be their duty and privilege to hold a Marx Centennial. The celebration took the form of a Communist Conference, and was held in the gym., which was decorated with the Socialist color, red. The guests of the evening were the male members of Class '18 and also a few members of the faculty who didn't appear and a few others who did. The evening was spent in games and contests, the losers being rewarded as well as the winners in an equal distribution of prizes, which is the only fair way according to the communist's idea. A very novel lunch was served and among the dainties most enjoyed were—proletariat's standby, value, surplus value, red tape, peasant's bait, split in the Socialist party, labor and sweated labor. The Delta Gamma Sigma feel confident that if Karl Marx could only know of the pleasure he afforded them for this one evening, his conscience would be greatly lightened from the guilt which he must feel for causing them so much work and worry over his theories.

Friday, February 22nd. What happened? A Delta Gamma Sigma meeting? Yes. Same kind as usual? No! Well what, then? One of the most delightful occasions which we have had this year was the dinner party given to the rest of us by Eleanor Beaubier at her home. To say we enjoyed it would be putting it mildly, but we certainly did and in the superlative degree too.

SOME FAVORITES.

Eleanor B's favorite color: White.

Leonard Nelson's favorite study: The "Art of Mag—ic."

Jack Jackson's favorite insect: Bee.

Norm. Mitchell's favorite car: San Ford.

Eleanor M's favorite pastime: Collecting Bills.

Isobel's favorite author: Scott(y).

Gwen's favorite explorer: Cook.

Chappie's favorite contraction: We're.

TEA AT MRS. NEW'S.

Shortly after the Arts exams, Mrs. New gave an informal tea at her hoem for the girls of Arts '18. As may be expected, the afternoon sped enjoyably in knitting and chats, interspersed with music. Tea crowned Mrs. New's hospitality.

“Mary had a little lamb,”
You’ve heard that fact before;
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more?

PATRIOTIC WORK

The Patriotic Bazaar, held December 8th, was the first really concentrated effort made this year to raise money for patriotic purposes, and those in charge had good reason to feel pleased with the results. The sum of \$260 was cleared and the amount divided among the following funds: Halifax Relief fund, \$100; Red Cross, \$75; Military Y.L.C.A., \$25; Belgian Relief, \$25; Serbian Relief, \$25; Soldiers’ entertainment, recommended by Ada Ward, \$10.

Immediately after the business affairs of the bazaar were settled, the Clark Hall Literary Society appointed a permanent committee to plan, organize and direct patriotic work. This committee, under the capable leadership of Miss Gwen Whidden, undertook as its first objective the sending of parcels to the 175 boys whose names are on our Honour Roll. To gain this end, a system has been adopted of voluntary monthly contributions from all the student body and faculty, and already by the January and February collection the sum of over \$160 has been raised. Wool has been bought in quantities and, thanks to the “star knitting contest,” every girl is knitting. Twenty-five parcels have been already dispatched, each to carry a little message of remembrance overseas.

Besides working for our own soldiers, the committee has been able to supply a number of comforts for the returned soldiers in the Ninette Sanitarium, to send about twenty-five pairs of socks to the city Red Cross committee, and has assisted the city Food Conservation Committee in the distribution of pledge cards.

The proceeds of the “Godowsky Recital,” amounting to about \$90, have been transferred by the Euterpean Society to the Patriotic Committee, and will be divided, as suggested by the Euterpeans, among the different Red Cross and relief organizations.

We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil, which gradually determines character.

—George Eliot.

ATHLETICS

GLEN CLARK '21

THE RINK.

“Revive us again” seems to be the motto very much in need by the “rink-hustlers.” Those who are not conscientious objectors are physically unfit or otherwise engaged (so they say). But, once upon a time, in the remote past—so tradition tells us—these hustlers had an inspiration. This was in the early part of the frosty period of the fall of 1917 A.D. The wing-trimmed angels beyond the “copper door” started it, ita. What? The inspiration! Prompted by their keen sense of duty (or adventure) they volunteered to work on the rink. Some boys followed suit. The industrious C. H-ites instilled a great deal of enthusiasm and fervor into the gentlemen workers; rallied them and caused them to use every atom of their gigantic strength—whether for the sheer joy of good company or for the welfare of the rink, only posterity can say. This was the transcendant achievement of the season. The inspiration was so great that more than 5-4 of 1-2 of the rink was cleared on that well remembered afternoon. But, as physical imperfections terminate great and noble endeavors, all too soon the exhaustion of the ranks of both parties set in, and continued ad nihilum. Since then the boys have scarcely exposed themselves in a working attitude on the ice, and the girls not at all. Why? Perhaps inspiration has been snowed under!

HOCKEY.

The lost has been found!

Hockey Club hostilities were opened early in January, when the heroes from the College met those from the Collegiate at the Caledonian rink, but our team was forced to admit defeat.

Negotiations were then opened with the Beaver-Club of Portage, with the result that our team took the train for Portage one fine afternoon. The Portage ice being small, the Portage team had the advantage, since our team was accustomed to an adult ice-sheet. Moreover, the Portage team, having practised, had team work down to a science. As a result the College boys were beaten to the tune of 5-3. Portage played a return game the next week. College was ready for them, however, and reversed matters in this game, Portage being forced to doff its crown of victory to the score of 6-3.

BASKET-BALL.

Two games of basket-ball have been played with the Collegiate, and in each case the College has won by a close score. During the first game the scoring was alternate; but when in the last few minutes, the score was a tie, "Pat" Morgan scored a foul and we won by a point, the score being 22-23. Ferrier was the star of the evening. Individual scores were: Ferrier 10, George 10, Morgan 1, Gibson 2, and Turnbull 0.

In the second game Turnbull and Gibson were dropped, Rose and Race taking their places. At the end of the first half the outlook for the College was not very brilliant, the score being 20-5 in favor of the Collegiate. In the second half the College bucked up and, on account of Morgan's sterling play, took the long end of a 35-31 score. The line-up for this game was: Ferrier, Morgan, George, Rose, and Race, who are themselves all ex-Collegiate students.

 C. O. T. C.

The Brandon College C.O.T.C. has been "carrying on" in a brilliant manner since its first introduction to the "Quill." Though often depleted, the ranks were considerably strengthened by the addition of a large squad from the Collegiate. Many of these are ex-99th men, and thus the high standard of the corps was maintained. It also facilitated our platoon and company drill, since puzzling moves and few men give the O.C. a hard time. These aforesaid puzzling moves were quickly learned by the corps, and proficiency is now the aim of all.

One day the long-expected rifles and bayonets came. They were first hailed with joy, but when the exulting members once got them into their possession, this joy quickly disappeared. Why? Because most of the members preferred handling air guns to cannons. In fact, several members make it a point to have an extra meal just before rifle drill, or to have "setting up" exercises. Notwithstanding all these troubles, the rifle drill is nearing completion and the rifles are now old friends. The only things lacking now are trenches, and as lectures have started, we shall soon know how to make and use them.

Much disappointment was felt by the members holding certificate "A," because the course for certificate "B" could not be put on. The difficulty lies in finding enough qualified men to make the course a success. There will be some twenty-five men try for their lieutenant's certificate this year. We wish them all the luck and success possible.

ALUMNI-ALUMENAEQUE

VERA LEECH, M.A.

"Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim!"

The former students of the College who are drawing all eyes towards themselves at present, are, to be sure, those whom we proudly list on our Honor Roll and to whom we devote gladly a special section of our College paper. It is only right that the Overseas pages should have all prominence, and yet, since a remnant of the faithful is still on this side of the ocean, it seems that the Alumni department may not cease, absolutely, to function.

Of last year's College group, three have almost completed their Normal training in Regina—Helen Wedin, Clara Molberg and Stella Bolton, while May McLachlan '17 and Flora Fraser '16 are attending the Calgary Normal School.

The following items were not received in time for the Christmas number of the "Quill":

Rowell—Kelk. Married in England, April 26th, 1917, J. B. Rowell, C.A.M.C., of Matric. '16, to Lucy P. Kelk.

Harvey—Logan. At Lauder, Man., August '19, 1917, Lois Logan of Class '14 Manitoba University, to Rev. Robt. Harvey '13. Mr. Harvey is at present preaching at Macauley, Man.

Born—On August 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Kahlo, Mortlach, Sask., a daughter, Margaret Adelia.

Mrs. Robt. Cunningham (Miss Mildred McKee), who went to England with her husband and brother, Lieuts. Cunningham and McKee of the 196th Battalion, has been devoting her time to canteen work under the Military Y.M.C.A. in Bramshott, and, in her spare moments, looking after any former college men she can discover in the camp.

W. Robinson '15 held the position of assistant principal of the Victoria School, Regina, until Christmas, when he was appointed Manual Training Supervisor for the Regina city schools. Mr. Robinson was especially fitted for his new position, having spent last summer taking special courses in wood carving and the advanced work in Manual Arts.

While Miss M. Bucke '14 is recovering from an unfortunate accident which occurred about Christmas-time, her duties

at the Collegiate are being carried on by Miss Helen McDonald of Class '16.

Speaking of accidents, Miss Grace Little '12 narrowly escaped a very serious one recently, tobagganning in Winnipeg. As a result, she found it necessary to spend some time in the Winnipeg General Hospital and several weeks at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Hunt (Miss M. McCamis) have moved to Melville, Sask., where Mr. Hunt is principal of the public schools.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McQueen, Brandon, January 10th, 1918, a daughter, Rosemary Hope.

D. R. Poole, a very old-time college man, visited the college lately on his way to Winnipeg, where he is to take over the duties of Boys' Work Secretary for the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.

Other ex-students who have paid short visits to the city recently are—Miss Jennie Turnbull '15, of the Killarney High School staff, who spent a week here; Rev. H. Widen '16 and A. Wedin '07-'08, of Midale, Sask. Rev. J. Reid, of Shoal Lake, also paid a brief visit to the college, and A. Wallace Matric. '09 called on some old college friends recently when going through from his home in Kenton to join the Royal Flying Corps in Toronto.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call today his own,
 He who, secure within, can say,
 Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have lived today.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

REITA WOOD BAMBRIDGE '18

We have pleasure in acknowledging quite a number of exchanges since the last number of the "Quill" was published. King's College Review, Vox Lycei, the Hamilton High School paper, Vox Wesleyanna, The Manitoban, The McMaster Monthly, The Sheaf, The Acadia Athenæum, The O. A. C. Review, and several copies of The Gateway, a weekly paper published by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta. The publishing of a weekly by a western college we consider a brave undertaking, and we congratulate Alberta on having such a good paper. The weekly news letter from the soldiers seems very fine. Judging by the financial summary of their Soldiers' Comforts Club, they do a great work. Their balance at the end of 1917 was over thirteen hundred dollars.

The Managra from the Manitoba Agricultural College must be complimented for its many very fine photographic cuts. The O.A.C. has had a snapshot competition, and the winning pictures are exceptionally good.

If an S and an I and an O and a U
 With an X at the end spells Su,
 And an E and a Y and E spells I,
 Pray what is a speller to do?
 Then if also an S and an I and a G
 And a H E D spells side,
 There's nothing left for a speller to do
 But go and commit siouxeyesighed.

—Managra.

McMaster tells us that Major W. S. Wallace, M.A., lecturer on History and Greek at McMaster, has been appointed president of the organization known as the Khaki College, a branch of the vocational training department of the Y.M.C.A. Brandon College has also had a representative there in Lieut. Carey McKee, M.A.

The Saskatchewan Sheaf has a couple of sketches that are very good, particularly the one showing examinations as the sword of Damocles hanging over the heads of two distracted students cramming material. Beneath we find:

Time, 3 a.m.

Bill (puzzling over notes): "Say, Jack, what the deuce did he mean when he said this?" (Reading).

Jack: (bored to death with his own troubles): "Dunno, but it'll be on the paper."

From the Sheaf theological deparment we gather this:

"One of our last year's graduates—himself single—says: "I never was on a field that was so devoid of love. They don't love one another, because there has never been a marriage since I went there; and the L—d doesn't love them, for I've never had a funeral."

Daughter: "Pa, what's your birthstone?"

Father (of seven) wearily: "The grindstone, I guess."

Uncle: "The French have gained four hundred metres from the enemy."

Auntie: "How nice! That should help to put a stop to these dreadful gas attacks."

Miss B.: "Why does the Indian wear feathers on his head?"

Miss G.: "Oh, to keep his wigwam."

—Vox Lycei.

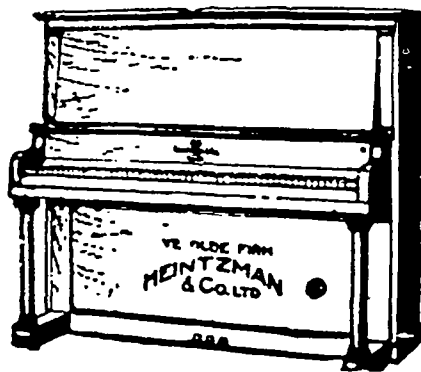
The Manitoban has something new in three pages of poetry translated by one of their graduates from the Russian poet S. J. Nadson.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render;
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
 Jesus' resurrection.

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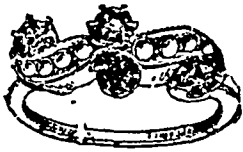
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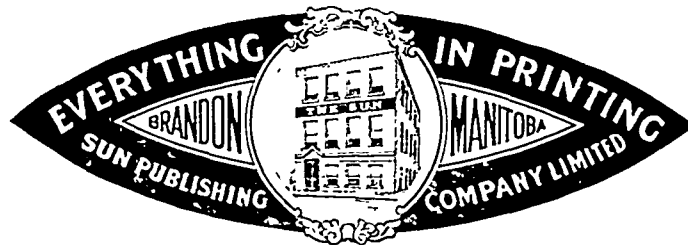
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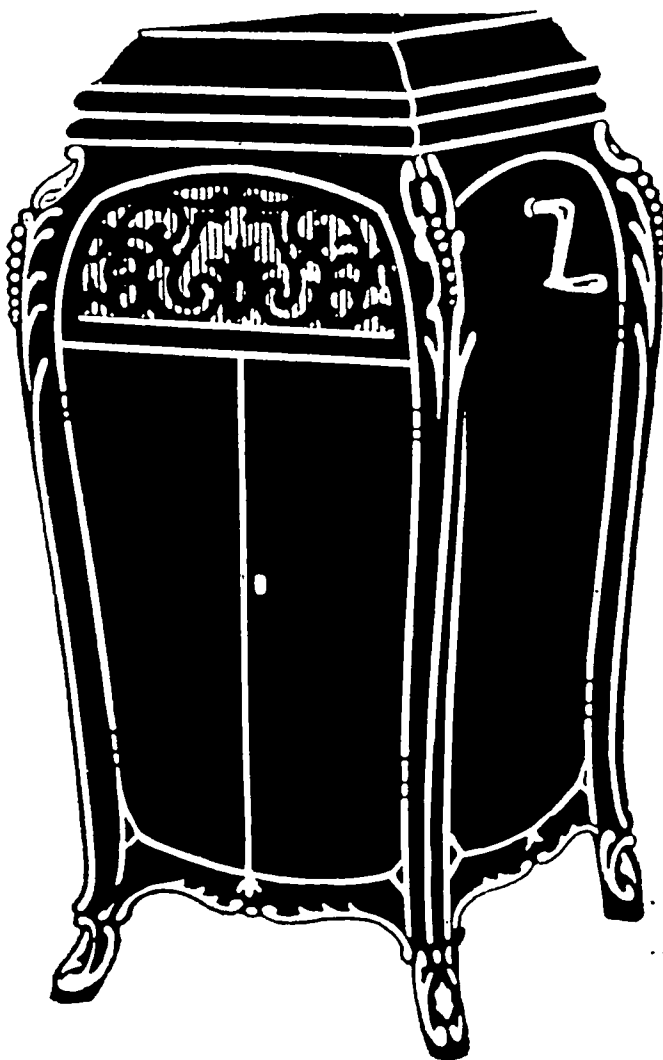
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