

BRANDON UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

ACC. NO. RP79-1

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL. —

BRANDON UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
JAN 19 1974



Should be.
[Vol XIII: no 2]

FEBRUARY

1923

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

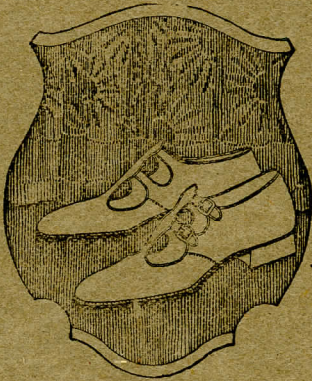
Nation & Shewan Ltd.

Departmental Store

BRANDON



MANITOBA



A Tour of Inspection through the Store will prove of great interest to those who aim to be correctly and stylishly dressed.

The Spring Models for 1923 in our apparel Salon—the Millinery Parlor, Corset and Lingerie corners are temptingly attractive.

Lovely Silk, Satin and Woolen Fabrics, Jaquet Blouses, Middies, Skirts, Camisoles and other dress accessories are displayed in wide variety at Prices one would wish to pay.

High grade Gingham, Ratines, Voiles, Prints and fine wash materials.

Fashionable shoes, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Baggage and Sundries will be seen and admired.

We cordially invite the men folk to pay us a visit in our exclusive clothing and furnishing department — where we carry new fashionable merchandise at reasonable prices.



LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

TO THE COLLEGE YOUTH

Youths of Brandon College,

DEAR FRIENDS:--

The big boom is now on, Spring is here and Summer is not far off. Everyone eagerly scans, Newspapers and Magazines for illustrated fashion creations in men's clothes, what will be worn this year? That is the question on everybodys mind. Everybody looks to the larger cities for authentic fashion news—and some travel far to buy—why go further than Gold's—we offer absolutely the same class of clothes that the scholar at "Yale, Harvard, McGill, Queens" and other of the larger universities on the continent are used to wearing.

Our three leading lines of Clothes, Society Brand, Hart Shaffner & Marx, designed in Chicago and Adler Rochester clothes, designed in Rochester N.Y., represent the college clothes of the world. Clothes they wear in the classroom, sport clothes and clothes they wear at formal affairs.

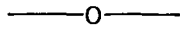
There are many students who are now attending your College who wear the clothes we sell, many who will back up any of our world leader claims, with your growing College we wish to grow too. Our prices ranging from \$20.00 to \$37.50 will be one inducement, our windows will be your guiding star, to the latest creations in men's clothing. Call in and see us, we are here to serve you. May bank on it—we'll try to please you.

Yours truly,

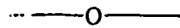
A. Gold & Co.

Style Headquarters, where Society Brand Clothes are sold.

Canadian National Railways

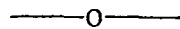


Prince Edward Hotel
Brandon



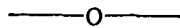
Most Homelike Hotel in Western Canada

Special Arrangements Made For Afternoon Teas
and Private Parties.



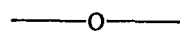
Rates \$4.50 a day. American Plan.

W. W. KIDD'S
SHAVING PARLORS



5 First-Class Barbers Always in Attendance

**"I Solicit Your Custom to Keep
Them Busy."**



809 ROSSER AVENUE

Bowling — Billiards — With — Modern — Equipment

"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY"

"Remember the proverb about the dull boy?—Old bird who said it first was no slocuch, they don't make any wiser.

THE RECREATION BOWLING ALLEYS AND BILLIARD PARLOR

KENNEDY SAVES YOU MONEY IN DRUGS AND MUSIC

Our small profit system makes ours the most attractive Store in which to buy Drugs and Music, Pianos and Phonographs.

Pianos and Phonographs Sold on Easy Terms.

—o—

P. A. KENNEDY'S

Drug and Music Stores

Phone 2880

724—730 Rosser Ave.

347 Tenth St.

Phone 2826

Imperial Dye Works Co.

DYERS - DRY CLEANERS - PRESSERS - REPAIRS

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments of Every Description
Suits Made to Your Own Measurement

BRANDON

MANITOBA

DR. W. J. SANDERS

DENTIST

Clement Block

Phone 3210

BARBER SHOP

Come and repose recumbent artistically in my pictorial boudoir, and my physiognomical hair-dressers will dexterously manipulate your cranium, abridge your capillary superfluity, and shampoo you with ambidextrous facility on phrenological principles satisfactorily.

—o—

A. E. Churchill

127 NINTH STREET

THE HOME BAKERY

~ ~

Phone 2618

~ ~

131 NINTH ST.

159 Ninth St.

Phone 2622

WATT & RANKIN

TAILORS

Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

Sole Agents for "Art Kraft," Made-to-Measure" Clothes
Nothing Better at the Price—Come in and Look Them Over

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

The West End Milliners & Dry Goods

For Smart and Up-to-the-minute
Styles in Millinery we still lead

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR WAISTS, CORSETS,
NECKWEAR. GLOVES, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR
AND FANCY GOODS

130 TENTH STREET

PHONE 2049

Office Phone 2406

Res. Phone 2458

GEORGE DINSDALE GENERAL CARTAGE

Phone us when entering or leaving College, and we will
look after your baggage. Motor Truck Service.

OFFICE: C.P.R. BAGGAGE ROOM

BRANDON

KILGOUR & FOSTER

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

110 Eleventh Street

Brandon, Man.



Phones:—2969—2127

BRANDON SIGN CO.

115 NINTH ST.

BRANDON

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.



CHIROPRACTIC

is the only method that gets to the cause of disease, regardless of what disease it may be. Give it a fair trial and you will get well. X-Ray in connection. For particulars consult—

H. E. MINTY, D.C.

231 ELEVENTH ST.

Phone 3033

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

MAPLE LEAF FLOUR

THE EMPIRE'S BEST

Manufactured by

Maple Leaf Milling Co.
LIMITED

Phone 2949

- - -

Brandon, Man.

E. W. JACOBS

TAILOR AND
FURRIER

158 Tenth Street

- - -

Phone 2850

ADVERTISERS YOU SHOULD PATRONIZE

Barber Shops

W. W. Kidds Shaving Parlor
Churchill's
Joe's
Gus Quigley

Boots and Shoes and Repairs

W. J. Creeiman
R. Sairs
Montreal Shoe Repairing
B. W. Trotter

Butchers

Donaldson

Bakeries

The Home Bakery
A. W. Stone & Son

Cafes and Ice Cream Parlors

Olympia
Carlton
Mitrou

Dentists

Dr. Powers
Dr. F. S. Speirs
W. J. Sanders

Dry Goods and Furnishings

J. A. McDonald
Semi-Ready
Nation & Shewan
West End Millinery
Doig Rankin & Robertson
S. A. Thompson
H. W. Ball
A. Gold
Goodens

Drugs

Kennedy's
W. A. Robertson
Clement's
Crawford's Drug Store.

Groceries

David Wilson

Hardware and Sporting Goods

Mitchell's Hardware.
Johnson

Home Furnishers

Macpherson & Bedford

Jewelers

Crawford
D. A. Reesor.
Harwood

Tailors

Watt & Rankin
Jacobs
Laughton

Miscellaneous

Allen Theatre
Brandon Signs
Boyd Electric
Cumming & Dobbie, coal and transfer
Clark J. Smith
Christie's Book Store.
Cooper, Donovan, Solicitors.
Dinsdale, transfer
David Marshall
Davidson's Studio
Haddon's Stationery.
International Harvester Co.
Imperial Dye Works.
J. A. Dunkin
Kilgour & Foster, barristers
Minty, H. E., chiropractor
Mapel Leaf Milling Co.
Massey-Harris Co., Ltd.
Imperial Oil Co.
North American Life
Patmore Nursery
Prince Edward Hotel
Rumford Laundry
Recreation Billiard Parlors.
Union Bank.
Yates, Neale & Co.
Yum Sam
Yaegers
College Play

Don't only patronize our advertisers, act square and deal with them exclusively.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

For the Best Shoe Repairing Try the

Montreal Shoe Repairing Factory

SKATES SHARPENING A SPECIALTY

Also Safety Razor Blades Sharpened

1011 PRINCESS AVE.

: - :

BRANDON, MAN.

THE HANDY STORE

For Choice Fruits, Chocolates,
Biscuits in large variety, and
Stock of High Class Groceries

DAVID WILSON

Phone 3384

1608 Princess Ave.

OUR WATCH REPAIR DEPARTMENT

Renders you service second to none. We give detailed attention to watch repairs such as not usually given in the average store.

We quote our charges before proceeding with the work.

P. J. HARWOOD LTD.

Jewelers

Official Watch Inspector C.N.R.

THE FACULTY

—o—

President

HOWARD P. WHIDDEN, B.A., D.D., LL.D.,
Theology and Ethics.

SAMUEL J. McKEE, B.A., LL.D.,
Professor Emeritus.

HARRIS L. MacNEILL, B.A., Ph.D., LL.D.,
Dean in Arts, New Testament and Classics.

OLIVE A. C. WILKINS, B.A.,
Lady Principal—English.

*JOHN R. C. EVANS, M.A.,
Geology and Chemistry.

WILLIAM L. WRIGHT, B.A.,
Director of Music, Piano and Theory.

CARL H. LAGER, M.A., B.D., S.T.M.,
Old Testament, Hebrew and Swedish.

T. RUSSELL WILKINS, B.A., Ph.D.,
Mathematics and Physics.

JOHN W. HILL, M.A.,
Biology.

THOMAS DADSON, M.A.,
History.

JENNIE M. TURNBULL, M.A.,
French and German.

L. J. HEMMES, M.A.,
Philosophy.

W. BURTON HURD, M.A.,
Political Economy and Sociology.

R. FLETCHER ARGUE, M.A.,
Principal of the Academic Department, English.

BASIL E. GILBERT, M.A.,
Academic Science.

LINDEN CROCKER
Academic Latin and Mathematics.

ANNIE EVANS WRIGHT
Academic English Subjects and Penmanship.

LILLIAN S. JOHNSTON, M.A.,
Academic History and German.

MATILDA B. McMANUS,
Teacher of Voice.

ESTHER MAGDELENE MOORE, L.T.C.M.,
Post-Graduate of Brandon College—Piano.

GRACE E. LEEMAN,
Expression and Physical Culture.

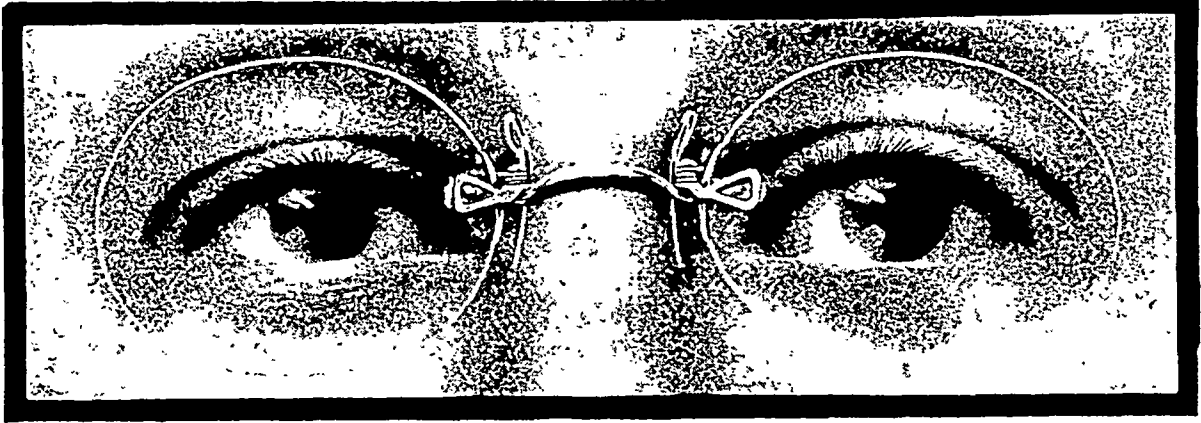
GERTRUDE HIGGINS,
Piano.

ANNE IRVING, B.A.,
Shorthand and Typewriting.

LILLIAN S. JOHNSTON, M.A., Registrar.



*On leave of absence.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."



When your eyes give you any trouble in your studying or close work, consult

OPTOMETRIST
W. A. ROBERTSON
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
735-739 ROSSER AVE. BRANDON



THE DIFFERENCE

Between

THOTTER'S

And Other Good Shoe Stores is

PRINCESS AVENUE

Due to our low rent and low operating costs on Princess Avenue—we are able to sell such as Hartt's and Frank Slater's (Student's) at less than the usual shoe store price.

—o—

B. W. TROTTER'S

Opposite City Hall on Princess Avenue

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.



TABLE OF CONTENTS



	Page
The Guest	12
Perversity	12
Life at Oxford	13
The Travels of a Modern Gulliver	17
The S.C.M. Conference	20
An Incident in the Life of Professor Alfred Dartmoor Dinmions	23
Editorials	29
New Science Building	34
College Gossip	35
Clark Hall	41
Athletics	46
Clark Hall Athletics	49
Latitude and Longitude	51
Alumni-Alumnaeque	56



Brandon College Quill

THE GUEST

Last night I watched the old year go,
Hoar-haired, and bent, and sadly slow
Across the threshold deep with snow,
Then went within and closed my door
And turned the key. "Ah, he doth grow
Most frail," methought, "he'll come no more."

To-night, before the ruddy glow
Of my hearth-fire, I catch the low,
Faint fall of foot-steps in the snow;
And Memory hath unbarred the door,
And from the winter darkness, lo!
The old year comes, my guest of yore.

C. E. C. '24.
'24.

PERVISITY

"We have piped unto you and ye have not danced."
Though ye pipe and ne'er so neatly
Wanton numbers, blowing sweetly
Witching wild beyond all measure;
Though ye trip it ne'er so featly
O'er the lawn where blue-eyed Pleasure
With lilting laugh and gay dishevel
Turns the fleeting hours to revel,
Here I'll sit and woo old Sorrow
And her pensive pipe I'll borrow,
She shall teach me how to play
Mournful notes for sadder lay.
I'll nor sing nor dance to-day,
I'll be merry, come to-morrow.

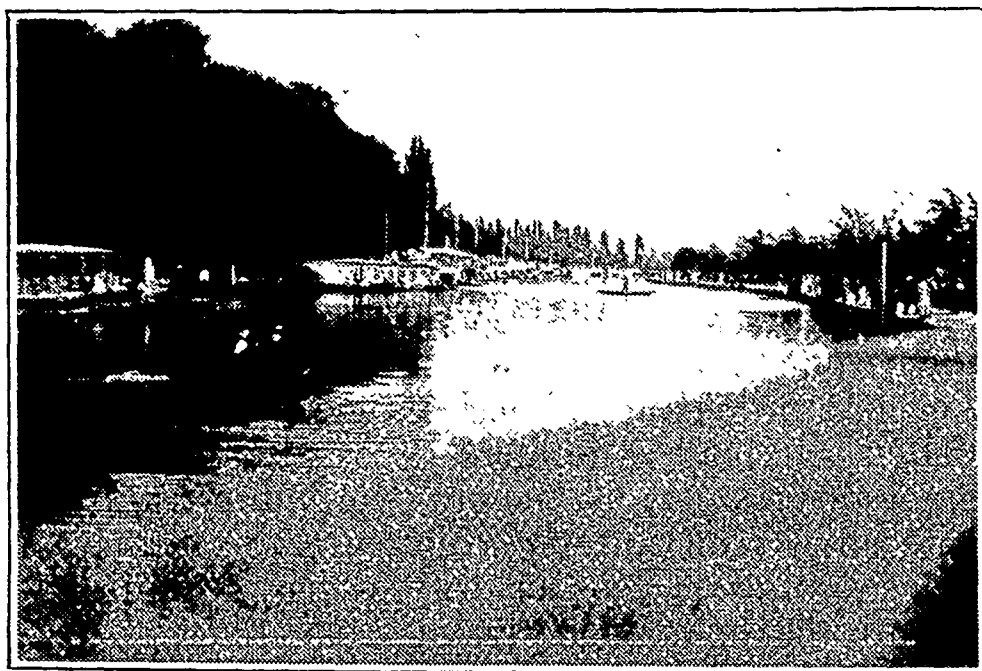
•

LIFE AT OXFORD

Oxford is different. Most of our important university centres are large. The population of Oxford is but a little over fifty thousand. Few of our university centres have more than four or five affiliated institutions. In Oxford there are thirty. The city is a city of colleges. The University is an association of colleges, each a separate and independent society with its own endowment, each with a history and a tradition of its own, each numbering among its graduates its quota of distinguished scholars, statesmen, scientists and churchmen. The University proper, is merely the administrative organization, the chief functions of which are to outline courses of study, set examinations, confer degrees and administer student discipline outside the college precincts. University lectures are college lectures given in the colleges by fellows or dons of the various institutions. They are open to all students. There is no compulsory attendance. There is no roll-call, no register, no class standing. One may go or stay away as he pleases. No don is required to lecture. He may or may not offer a course in any particular term. When one has passed his final examination, he is presented by the college to the Chancellor of the University as a qualified applicant for a degree. This is conferred at a Convocation of the University and Convocations are held several times a year. Bells ring while Convocation sits. Oxford is a riot of chimes. Imagine if you can, a dozen church belfrys peeling forth their call to worship all day long, and you have an idea of Oxford on a Convocation day.

To become an under-graduate at the University of Oxford is not merely a matter of passing qualifying examinations, of paying the necessary entrance fees and going through the matriculation ceremony. Some college must be willing to accept you, and thenceforth you are known in Oxford as a Balliol man, a Queen's man, a New College man. Whether a particular College will take you in, depends on how full the enrolment of the College is at the time of your application and how likely you are to bring scholastic and athletic honors to the college halls and become a worthy member of the institution. Once accepted, one goes up to Oxford at the beginning of a term—there are three terms during the year, each of eight weeks. A station porter hoists one's luggage on top of a "two wheeler" and the freshman is driven in state through the winding streets to his college by a very wise cabbie perched high up behind, some eight feet from the ground.

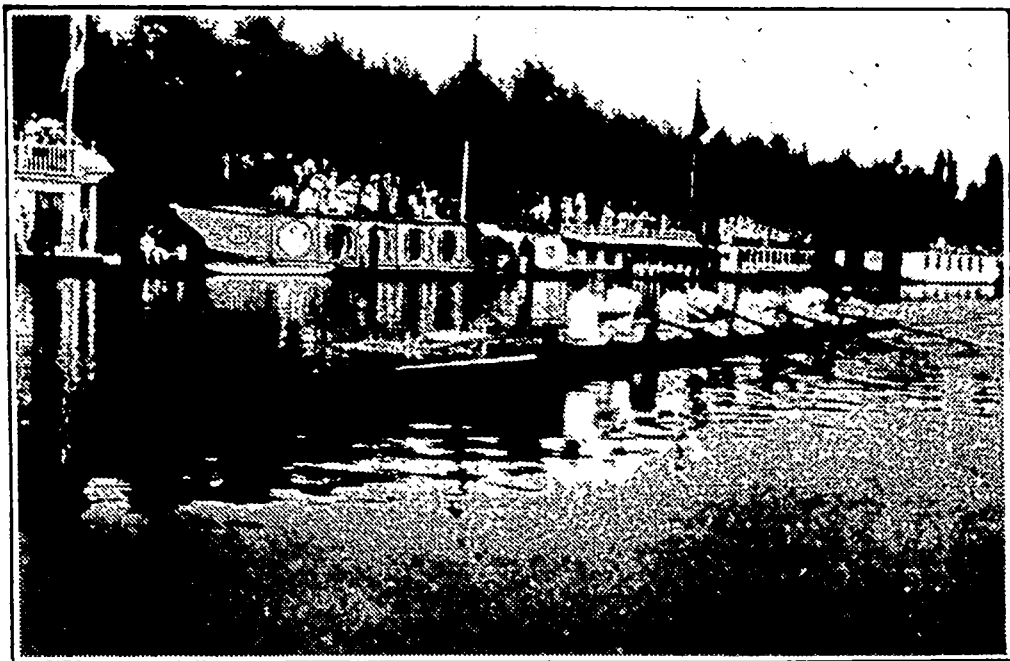
One travels a long way between the date of matriculation into the university, and convocation. Perhaps a picture of a



The Isis at Oxford Showing Christ Church
Meadow (left) and Tow Path (right)

typical day of the Oxford undergraduate would be the best means of making the life of the institution most graphic. Reveille is at seven o'clock. Roll-call between seven twenty-five and seven thirty. Chapel is at eight in most colleges. The undergraduate is required to attend on the average, four chapels or roll-calls during the week, and in addition, one chapel on Sunday. Each week he fails to do so, he receives a note from the dean informing him that he is "gated" the succeeding week for a number of nights equal to his deficiency. To be "gated" means that one is forbidden to be outside the college walls after seven o'clock in the evening. To "break a gate" is a heinous offence. To be short on chapels at the end of term is disastrous to one's personal exchequer and prejudices one's chance of being welcomed back to College the following term.

Breakfast is served in one's room. An undergraduate living in College, has normally two rooms, if he has more of this world's goods than is good for him, he may have three. The dormitories are arranged around a quadrangle: each entrance is numbered, and there are from four to six suites of rooms on each stair. One "scout" is allotted to a stair, and the individual undergraduate has thus one fourth or one sixth interest in the attention of the one "scout" or servant who is allotted to the particular stair on which his rooms are situated. On occasion, the odd student succeeds in claiming more than his due share of attention by merely stimulating in the manly breast of the scout, a sense of gratitude. Gratitude! Its rarity



Eights' Week Oxford Showing Merton Crew Rowing Through and College Barges in Background.

once unbalanced a king. Its costliness has unbalanced many a bank account of an Oxford undergraduate.

At any rate, it is this same scout, trained from youth to anticipate the wants of "young gentlemen," who proves to be one of the freshmen's best friends and advisors. It is he who brings one's breakfast to one's room. Breakfast may be eaten in solitary state or one's friends may congregate, on invitation, to join in the repast. In this case a rather more elaborate meal is ordered from the chef. Breakfast parties are very common. In fact, most popular young men are either out for "brecker" or entertain in their rooms several times a week. After the morning meal, the university devotes itself to lectures, tutorials and study till one o'clock. Lunch is again served in one's room by the same scout who has carefully straightened up the rooms during one's absence in the forenoon. And after a little quiet meditation or perhaps some boisterous conversation with friends in the quad as one's mood seems to require, one dresses in appropriate togs and adjourns to the river or the football field, the tennis court or the golf links as the case may be. Everyone in Oxford plays in the afternoon. It makes no difference what one plays or how well one plays it; one must play. Play is for the sport of the game. Oxford is the university home of true sportmanship. There is no lack of rivalry, of keen inter-college and inter-university competition; but good play is applauded when made by either team and there is a general desire for the best team to win. If our universities in America had more of the English chivalry on



Eights' Week Oxford Tea in the Open Air at Queen's College Club House on Athletic Field by the River.

the sports field, more love of the game for its own sake, and less of that passion for winning at all costs which leads to the narrowing down of sport to the semi-professional university team playing for the applause of a modern Roman stadium crowded with "rooters," our universities would turn out better men than they do and our nation would be the gainer. In Oxford, everyone is so busy playing, that he has very little time to watch others.

There is one exception "Eights' Week." Eights' week is a general holiday. Six consecutive afternoons are given up to the rowing races on the river. The row is from Iffley, a mile and a quarter down stream, up to Christ Church Meadow. Some thirty odd rowing eights are on the river, one from each college and a second crew from several. The races are in three sections, an hour apart. Each boat has its place as determined by its standing the previous year. The boats at the bottom of the list race first. They form up, one behind the other, separated by about one hundred feet. The objective of each boat is to overtake and bump the boat ahead. If one boat is successful in bumping the one ahead, the two drop out, and interchange places on the next day. The boat at the top of the lowest section races last in the next higher section one hour later. Thus with six racing days no boat can go up more than six places in a year, unless on some occasion it rows past the boat immediately ahead and bumps the one ahead of that again. This is unusual. If a college boat makes five or more bumps in the week there is a college bump supper which

is a very hilarious affair—but that would be telling tales out of school. The final positions held by the boats at the end of the week fix their places on the river for the year, and in that order they take their place at the beginning of eights' week the following season. Oxford is "en fete" during eights' week which is usually scheduled for the latter part of May. Thousands of visitors come from all over England and many of the gowns which are shortly to startle the world of fashion at the Ascot races, are seen first on the College barges and on the tow path along the "Isis," as the Thames is called at Oxford.

But, soon it is time for tea. A couple of hours playing games in the out-doors is a splendid appetizer. Everyone has tea at Oxford—and tea is such a comfortable meal that it seems only right to leave the Oxford undergraduate a little while to enjoy it.

W.B. Hurd.

(To be continued)

THE TRAVELS OF A MODERN GULLIVER

The Physical Sciences present to us today two fields of thought which resemble essentially the countries of big and little things to which Gulliver travelled so many years ago—the lands of Brobdignag and Lilliput. For if we turn to the study of Astrophysics, we find that those who have been to Brobdignag bring us back detailed reports of the position, movements and constitution of the stars and nebulae which ought to renew in us of the twentieth century some feeling of awe which will remove these "lamps of Heaven" from "the dull catalogue of common things." Or if we turn to the study of atomic physics and listen to the stories of those who have wandered in the world of the infinitely small,—how wonderful a place is Lilliput!

The voyages to Brobdignag have all been made quite recently for Astrophysics is a young science. The explorations are made chiefly with three instruments; the telescope, the spectroscope and the interferometer—or perhaps one should say with a combination of these instruments. Inspiring as have been the developments in all the fields of Astronomy, the results of the combination of the spectroscope and interferometer with the telescope have opened up such new and unexpected views that the imagination is well-nigh staggered by the wonderful conceptions which have accumulated in the half

century or so since these instruments were put to work. We cannot stop here to hear the story in detail but fancy ranges back and sees the voyagers return. Little they guessed how great a land was Brobdignag and what tales would reach us in the days to come.

“Could Newton dream

When, through his prism, he broke the pure white shaft
 Into that rainbow band, how men should gather
 And disentangle ray by delicate ray
 The color of the stars,—not only those
 That burn in heaven, but these that long since perished.
 Those vanished suns that eyes can still behold,
 The strange lost stars whose light still reaches earth
 Although they died ten thousand years ago.
 Here, night by night, the innumerable heavens
 Speak to an eye more sensitive than man's,
 Write on the camera's delicate retina
 A thousand messages, lines of dark and bright
 That speak of elements unknown on earth.” *

What a place is Brobdignag! They tell us of one star cluster a thousand million, million, million miles away and another whose diameter is two and half quadrillion miles—of Betelgeuse, in Orion, which Michelson has recently shown to be twenty-seven million times the size of our sun and of those great star factories, the nebulae, where before our eyes new worlds develop.

“A thousand years

Are but as yesterday, even unto these.
 How shall men doubt His empery over time
 Whose dwelling is a deep so absolute
 That we can only find Him in our souls.” *

And what shall we say of Lilliput—the land of the infinitely small?—the world of molecules, atoms and electrons. Piecing together the stories of Boyle and Bernoulli, of Maxwell and Helmholtz, we have a picture of the land of molecules. Students in Elementary Physics to-day know how Joule timed those swiftly moving hydrogen molecules which dance about at twice the speed of our fastest rifle bullets. Sir J. J. Thomson, Faraday, Avogadro and many others have had a hand in taking the census—and what a dense population it is

*Alfred Noyes *Watchers of the Sky*.

—thirty million, million, million or so molecules of a gas to a thimbleful and how remarkable that it is the same for every gas!

All these are old stories but there are new and even more wonderful in the land of the atom. The early voyagers had great difficulty in exploring this field. All agreed that all atoms are made up of minute particles of electricity called electrons but it could not be decided whether there were other components or not. But most voyagers now agree with Sir Ernest Rutherford that there is a remarkable resemblance between Lilliput and Brobdignag and that the atoms are very like the solar system with a central sun, (proton) and outer planets (electrons). Rutherford reports that the electrons circle round the proton just as the planets do the sun but this seems a disputed point—most physicists agreeing with Rutherford while the chemists are not so sure that the electrons rotate.

Lilliput is a land of great volcanic activity. The heaviest atoms are said to be radioactive. This is a very startling thing to the visitor. It has come to be at all well understood quite recently and now we know that these radioactive atoms are exploding and breaking up into simple elements. What a picture this inorganic evolution presents to us! Helium and electrons seem to form the lava. These seem to be the primordial elements. In part, at least, the dreams of the alchemists of old have come true and we say with Ben Jonson:—

“twere absurd

To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect in the instant; something went before,
There must be remote matter.”

Time would fail me to tell of the work of such explorers as the Braggs, Moseley and all the host who have explored the inner structure of the atom—or of Aston who has just returned with wonderful stories of isotopes—how the charge on the electron has been determined or of the modern Aladdin's lamp brought back from Lilliput which has made radiotelephony possible. Lilliput is a land of great harvests.

“Electricity, galvanism—what discoveries in a few years.” *

—T. R. W. A. S.

*Napoleon V.

THE S. C. M. CONFERENCE

To give, in a few pages, an adequate account of the S.C. M. Conference is utterly impossible. In the first place, the addresses alone would fill a sizeable volume and then that more important thing, the spirit of the Conference, real and active as it was, still too intangible to be easily described.

There was, however, one thing about the Conference that makes the task more easy—a unanimity of purpose and of attitude. Problems were faced fearlessly, and an attempt made to get at the truth, whatever the cost, to see conditions that they might be bettered. Existing evils were criticized, yet always in a spirit not of assumed superiority and of contempt for the efforts of the past, but rather a spirit that recognized, in all humility, the grave dangers threatening our civilization and the magnitude of the tasks which our generation must accept if the world is to be saved from chaos.

Before the Conference opened there was a consciousness of the magnitude of the issues. Discussions in our party on the way to Toronto showed that not a few already had the problems at heart, already had given them earnest consideration and study. Discussion of the Oriental question in British Columbia, particularly, led by "Jimmy" Yonemara, a Canadian-born Japanese studying law at the University of British Columbia, gave a foretaste of what was to come in the way of widened horizons, of broader interests and sympathies. Then, on the opening night, as Convocation Hall slowly filled with delegates from every University in Canada and guests from all over the world, a thrill of mutual interest, of friendliness, and of expectancy seemed to run through the crowd. The officers and speakers took their places. The Conference had begun.

The opening addresses by Sir Robert Falconer, Dr. Gray and Lord Byng, were prophetic of the ideal of the Conference as it was revealed again and again during the days that followed. Sir Robert Falconer called it tolerance, Dr. Gray, love, Lord Byng, altruism.

The next morning, Dr. Gray gave the first of his series of addresses on the place of religion in modern civilization—addresses that were to prove so fine a beginning to each day, and that were, I believe, more than any one other factor, responsible for the unity of interest, of aim and of spirit of the Conference. He showed the vital relationship that religion can and must have to all our problems, the power of religion as a guiding principle in all our relationships, and the absolute necessity of religion—of Christ's religion—for personal, national and international success. But little need be said of

Dr. Gray, for a well-filled chapel at his meetings here in Brandon gave ample proof that Brandon College people came under the spell of his personality and messages as we at the Conference did.

Following Dr. Gray's address each morning, intermission services were held in Hart House and Knox College chapel. The fact that practically everyone attended these services was significant of the depth of spiritual and devotional interest stirred by the Conference.

At the end of a day spent on the industrial and rural situation in Canada, some might say we were no nearer a practical solution of the problems and difficulties. Yet the problems were outlined by authorities, Professor McIvor of the University of Toronto, and the Hon. E. C. Drury, in such a way as to awaken new interest and determination to find a solution. In advocating the application of Christian principles to our industrial organization Professor McIvor said that the root of the evils of the existing industrial situation is the subjection of the personality of the workers of the interests of property. "We consider institutions rather than the individuals they should serve," said Professor McIvor. "The solution to the problem lies in securing a proper regard for personality."

Premier Drury saw the lure of agriculture in the fact that it gave freer scope for the development of personality. Yet there was a continual exodus from the land. This indicated no lack of love for the land but was due to economic causes. Farming was losing its attractiveness because of the effects of Canada's protective tariff. Premier Drury characterized this as a "first-class national blunder." Rural life must be made more worth living, he said. Agriculture must go ahead. A speedy solution to the rural problem is our most direct route to national prosperity.

Dr. Oliver's address on the new-Canadian aroused a storm of enthusiasm and applause. Knowing his subject as probably no other man does, Dr. Oliver handled it in such a way as to give to the Easterners who heard him a wonderfully vivid picture of the problem that is distinctively ours, and to the Westerners, new realization of the dangers, opportunities and responsibilities of old and new-Canadians to each other and to Canada.

Dr. John R. Mott spoke of the place of the World Student Christian Federation in promoting good international relations, of the world's tragic need for right relations of physical, political and moral needs that have loomed so large since the war; of

the plastic state of the world and hence the need for immediate action before it is forever too late. "Wonderful results," he said, "need wonderful causes. Lay the strong hands of Christ as never before on schools and universities. They teach the teachers, preach to the preachers, govern the governors." And again "The greatest need of the world is to infuse international affairs with the principles of Jesus, the international application of the Golden Rule."

The Conference had an unusual opportunity of catching something of the international spirit. In addition to students from every Canadian University there were representatives from the United States, South America, Africa, China, Japan, India, Russia, Poland, Czecko-Slovakia, Austria, Germany, Denmark, Holland and the British Isles. From the beginning these made a very real contribution to the Conference. Few of us who heard her will forget the part taken in discussions by the Czecko-Slovakian girl, with her beautifully eloquent, though broken, English and her delightful humor, or the round of applause that greeted the first German to appear before a Toronto audience since the war—significant applause, surely. The visiting delegates came into special prominence on Monday, when the present situation in other lands was discussed. Professor Aggery, a full-blooded African educated in an English University, made one of the most impressive and appealing addresses of the Conference. His humour delighted his audience, but his impassioned plea that rare prejudices should not be allowed to prevent his people being given a chance to benefit by, and contribute to, world civilization occasioned considerable heart searching.

In striking contrasts were the two Chinese delegates who followed him—reserved where he had been passionate, logical rather than emotional, humorous in a way equally delightful though utterly different. Their appeal was for mutual understanding, for co-operation, that, through the interaction of the abilities of each, a new world-civilization, greater than that of either East or West, might be attained.

The Honorable N. W. Rowell's address on Canada's international responsibility came as a fitting conclusion. Canada has become in the last few years a nation in her even right and as such she must learn to think in terms of humanity. The League of Nations is a great stride along the path to better international relations—"the most wonderful progress of history," Mr. Rowell called it. Yet we still have a long, long way to go before co-operation is fully substituted for antagonism and trust for suspicion. "Our guiding principle," he said, "is the

Christian attitude. Apart from it I see no hope for the future of the world."

Two immediate and practical results of the Conference might be mentioned. A recommendation was made to the Canadian Government for the establishment of a series of scholarships providing for the training, in Canadian Universities, or students from the Universities of nearly every other nation, as a step toward the realization of our aim of internationalism. Then, following Miss Quayle's address on European Student Relief, a collection was taken from the seven hundred students present. This amounted to twenty-five hundred dollars.

Ridiculous for students to try to deal in five days with so many problems, each one of which might be studied almost endlessly? We realized the utter impossibility of reaching conclusions regarding them. We were not looking for conclusions, but rather for a starting point, a background, an attitude from which to continue to study, a realization of responsibility, inspiration. And these were found there in full measure.

"I have a great faith," said Dr. Gray, "that you who are students now are going to do great things for your country in days to come. At all events, one man, as he grows old, will watch in faith and hope." Shall we ignore our responsibility, or fulfil that hope?

O. F. '23.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF PROFESSOR ALFRED DARTMOOR DIMMIONS

The show cards had been displayed in the store-windows and barber-shop for a week. In their big and glaring paint, they told of the coming of a great and wonderful man, Professor Alfred Dartmoor Dimmions, America's famous magician and psychologist, the man with a thousand eyes—stupendous attraction. Admission to this great attraction, adults twenty-five cents, children ten cents. Thus the prelude to our story.

Wheatfield was all aglow on the evening of the performance. Naturally, three years had passed since the last show was staged there. Everyone was excited, and with eager expectancy awaited the time for the opening of the theatre door. Even our hero Tamie McIntosh, could not sit quiet during the evening meal. Mrs. McIntosh saw him do something which

he had never done before. He actually left a crust of bread on his plate. Yes, Tamie was in a state of nervous delight. He left the table, and walked directly to the drawer, in which he had put the theatre tickets for safety. They were there. Closing the drawer with a smile of satisfaction, he began to get ready for the evening performance.

The small theatre was filled to capacity. Its poor ventilation, and dim, oil lamps did not, however, dampen the spirits of the crowd, however everybody took a deep breath of the fresh air that rushed in when the entrance door was opened. All were in good humor. During the wait, various gentlemen in the audience became centres of attraction, while taking off their overcoats or coats. This relieved the monotony of the wait.

A tremendous bang was heard. The pianist had commenced the overture on the old square piano. For fifteen minutes he gave the citizens music which sounded like the crashing of cymbals—with a muscular display of bobbing up and down in time to his playing. When he had finished, no one asked for more. He had completely mystified the people with his pounding.

The curtain was drawn aside. There in the centre of the stage, the mighty Professor struck a dramatic pose, with his right foot forward, and his head and chest thrown back. Instantly there was an uproar—a mighty burst of applause—then complete silence. The magician and psychologist was going to speak. With a wave of his hand, he pointed to the black curtain, at the back of the stage. Then in a whisper, said, "Black Art." The Professor had pronounced the magic words which held the audience spellbound. There was one, however, in the audience, on whom the words had no effect—Tamie. He knew that only an empty soda box stood behind the curtain. Having won the attention of the audience with this remark, the Professor gave a short explanation of the three parts of his program—"Magic Art," "Hypnotism" and "The Disappearance Act." Everything went well in the Magic Art act, except when he borrowed Mike Casey's hat, and pulled out of it things too numerous to mention. This got on Mrs. Casey's nerves. She grew scarlet. Jumping up, she exclaimed:

"Oh to be sure, Mister Magician, you're a daceiver. Sure Mike Casey had nothing but the hair of 'is 'ead in that 'at. For 'tis I who put the 'at on 'is 'ead. Didn't I Mike?"

Mike nodded his head.

The magician who hated to be interrupted, answered:

"Now my good woman, you have seen with your own eyes that these articles were taken from his hat. What other proof

do you want, my dear madam? But, to prove that your eyes do not deceive you, would you be good enough to pass me your bonnet."

"Indeed I will. Not a devil of a thing will yer find in it anyway."

The bonnet was accordingly passed. The Professor smiled. Then, before that audience, he took out of her bonnet a bottle of Mrs. Winslop's cough mixture.

"Ah! Mrs. Casey must be carrying her medicine chest with her."

The audience laughed. Mrs. Casey, however, looked neither to the right nor to the left. She perspired quite freely. She saw nothing to laugh about. Having collected her thoughts, she jumped to her feet once more, and exclaimed:

"You say that was in me bonnet?"

"Certainly madam," the professor dogmatically replied.

"Then would ye pass it to me with the bonnet, for it certainly belongs to me, if ye so insist on it mister Professor?"

This little episode almost broke up the show. With a little dexterity, however, the professor soon had the audience quietened down. The performance passed through the second to the third act, without any interruption.

Once more the professor struck a dramatic pose, with his right foot forward, his head and chest thrown back. Again with that dramatic gurgling, with which the audience was now so familiar, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen. I am about to show you this evening, in this last act, a phenomenon, which has taken me three years to work out, and which I am now proud to present to you for your approval. For three years, away from all human habitation, away from all civilization, alone with a great magician in a far-away country,—I have studied the secrets of the powders which I am about to use this evening. By placing a little of this red powder on the tongue, all the molecules of the body disappear into a gaseous nothingness, yet keeping their identity. In this hand you see a white powder. Sprinkle a little of this powder on the gaseous identity of nothingness, and you get the identity of something—yourself again. Now ladies and gentlemen, I shall have to call on the audience again for assistance. Is there anyone who is willing to become a subject for this trick? I usually give five dollars. Now, who will be the first to offer?"

No one offered.

"Don't you see what easy money you will be making—five dollars, and with it, one night's performance free. Come,

and you will see what a great experience it is to see yourself as nothing."

Again, there was no response to the invitation. The professor grew irritable. He must have a subject. This act was the crowning feature of his entire program.

The pianist, who had been half asleep, on the other side of the curtain, whispered:

"Hey boss, make a direct appeal to the Scotchmen. Show them the kilts."

Immediately the professor disappeared, and returned a few seconds later with the kilts in his hand.

"You see," he said. "I hold in my hands something which will make some of you glad to see. Oh! there is a woman, who is thrilled by its sight. Now ladies and gentlemen, I am going to do something extraordinary to-night. I will give to any Scotchman in this audience eight dollars who will become my subject and who, as gaseous vertebrata will put on these kilts."

Tamie McIntosh looked at his wife, and she at him. The sight of the kilts had stirred his old heart. But somewhere else in him he heard a small voice say "Aye Tamie, the siller is thine for thine own choosing." Then in a whisper, he asked his wife:

"Jennie, shall I try it?"

She hesitated at first to give her consent, but finally nodded her head. He got up and moved towards the stage. The audience cheered. A few voices shouted, "Good boy, Tamie."

The Professor shook hands with him; and with a few well-chosen phrases of the oily and glib kind, complimented him on his bravery. He immediately commenced the "act of disappearance" on Tamie.

Mystery and profound silence reigned in the hall. Everybody eagerly watched Tamie disappear. First his head, then his body, and finally his feet vanished. The powder had done its work. Apparently that which made each one in the audience turn to his neighbor in awe and surprise was the fact that the clothes still hung on the gaseous vertebrata.

The magician smiled at the audience and rubbed his hands with glee.

"Are you there?" he asked.

"I am," said Tamie.

"Can you see the audience and me?" the professor continued.

"I can."

"To prove that you do; what do you see in my right hand?"

"The eight dollars that you promised me," Tamie responded eagerly.

"Very good," replied the Professor, whereupon he put the money into his own pocket.

"Now take off your coat, collar and tie, as a further proof that you are there," the professor commanded Tamie.

As this was being done, half audible whispers of: "Isn't it wonderful." "How strange." came from different parts of the theatre. Tamie was now asked to step behind the curtain and put on the kilts.

The remaining part of the program, as might have been anticipated, was to be devoted to the parading of Tamie before the audience, as a gaseous vertebrata in kilts. But alas! dear reader, a disastrous catastrophe occurred. Just as Tamie was re-appearing on the stage, the pianist, who had been asleep, awoke. In a dreamy state he caught sight of Tamie. The poor fellow became terrified. He jumped up from his chair, and in doing so, knocked over the oil-lamp on the soda box.

The uproar of the audience, greeting Tamie, softened the crash of the lamp. Immediately, the oil of the lamp, which had spread at the crash, caught fire.

The pianist was seen to walk on the stage, whisper something in the professor's ear, and the professor in turn, was seen to draw the curtains across the stage. Then, hurriedly, pulling Tamie by the kilts, he paced up the aisle. Having reached the other end, he calmly announced that the performance would be finished outside.

The professor still dragging Tamie behind him disappeared behind some neighboring building. In the distance could be heard the voices of excited people. They apparently knew now why the professor had so hurriedly rushed out of the theatre, as cries of "Water, Water," rent the air.

"Well I canna understand this," Tamie said, while watching the Professor recover his breath. "We certainly made a quick move."

"Aren't you glad you are here," broke in the Professor. "Did you realize that the hall was on fire?"

"On fire?" exclaimed Tamie, in a feverish astonishment. "Jennie, me clothes."

"Now calm yourself," admonished the Professor, soothingly. "Your life is better than clothes."

"Indaid it is— But since I have me life, who will pay for the clothes?" cunningly asked Tamie.

"But Mr. McIntosh, it seems to me, that the more important question for you to be concerned about is that of getting yourself back into a normal condition again. Now, I have

the powder in my pocket. That will do the trick. You have the kilts that I want. Fair exchange is no robbery."

Not heeding these remarks Tamie said, "The clothes that are burnt Mr. Professor."

"The powder that you need, Mr. McIntosh!, replied the Professor just as haughtily.

Tamie thought for a moment. What conclusion urged him to give his consent to the exchange is a mystery to all but Tamie. The exchange, however, was made.

They parted. Tamie made his way home unobserved by any of the citizens. In his gaseous hand, he carried the vial of powder. This alone, could have been seen by human eyes, for in truth, look in whatever direction you would, north, south, east or west, there was nothing but blank space, a gaseous vertebrata, hurrying homeward.

An hour later, the Professor and the pianist were comfortably seated in a railroad coach, on their way to another village where they intended to present their next performance.

Turning towards his pianist, the professor said," Bosman, don't forget to remind me to remit to that Scotchman the eight dollars I promised him."

"Alright Boss, after my pay day," he replied, sleepily.

—F.



SK

Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR

VOL. XII

FEBRUARY

NO. 2

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL is published by the Students of Brandon College, Brandon, Man. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance; single issues, 25 Cents. Send subscriptions to Reginald Frith. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Hubert Staines, '23
Assistant Editor Marjorie B. McKenzie, '24
Consulting Editor Olive A. C. Wilkins, B.A.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

College Gossip Lorne A. McIntyre '23
Clark Hall Maria C. Grant
Athletics Reg. W. Whidden '25
Assistant Helen C. Hitchings '25
Alumni-Alumnaeque Jennie M. Turnbull, M.A.
Literary Department Lois E. Strachan '23
Latitude and Longitude Lillian E. Edmison '24

REPORTERS

Mary M. L. MacDonald '25 Howard Umphrey '24
Kathleen McNaught '26 Arthur P. MacPherson '25

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager Alex. J. Kennedy '24
Advertising { Ernest Riemer '25
 { Donald A. Freeman '25
 { Duncan Campbell '26
 { Ernest Bale Matric '23

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

Subscription Reginald Frith '25
Assistant Kathleen E. Kenner '25

STUDENT CONFERENCE

The First National Conference of Canadian Students, held at Toronto during the Christmas vacation, is an event of unique importance in the annals of Canadian Student life. Should the results of this conference be sought in resolutions embodying definitely formulated plans of action, then it was singularly sterile of results.

If, however, one endeavours to estimate the possible significance of its spirit and attitude, it may justly be regarded as the hopeful augury of important and far-reaching consequences. The conference was characterized by a broad-minded tolerance, a consciousness of the great complexity of the problems which it faced, a determination that those problems should be attacked, and a confident hope in the possibilities of progress.

The religious atmosphere of the conference, which pervaded all its sessions, was of an especially encouraging nature.

The most hopeful and inspiring feature of contemporary thought in regard to religion is the transference of emphasis which is at present taking place. Emphasis is being transferred from other-worldliness to better-worldliness. Thinking men and women are increasingly recognizing that our future destiny, after we have "shuffled off this mortal coil," is enveloped in the mists of a great uncertainty. They are learning that there exist in this life vast potentialities for heaven which are not being realized; that there is in this world a tragic amount of hell which should not, and need not, be tolerated. Earnest people are also realizing that a vast amount of valuable energy has been dissipated in futile squabbles about doctrinal differences which have their origins in ideas conceived in a pre-scientific age. There is in addition a growing feeling that the comfortable caricature of Christianity which we have inherited; and which has been prone to place its main emphasis on getting one's-self saved for eternity, is proving itself woefully inadequate; that it has been too conveniently reconciled with social practices and institutions antagonistic to human wellbeing; that it stands condemned before the present world crisis which is the consequence of the disintegration of a non-moral social system which such a religion has been powerless to modify.

The student conference had grasped the significance of these modern thought tendencies. That was why it ruled out discussions of a theological nature; why many of the old terms, which strike on the ear with a vacant sound, were not heard; why it placed such emphasis on the social implications of the teachings of Jesus; and why it was characterized by a tolerance which transcended creeds. The discussions revealed a marked unanimity in regard to vitally essential things, and also drew attention to the danger of failing in our objects because of an overemphasis of the non-essential things which constitute our chief grounds of division.

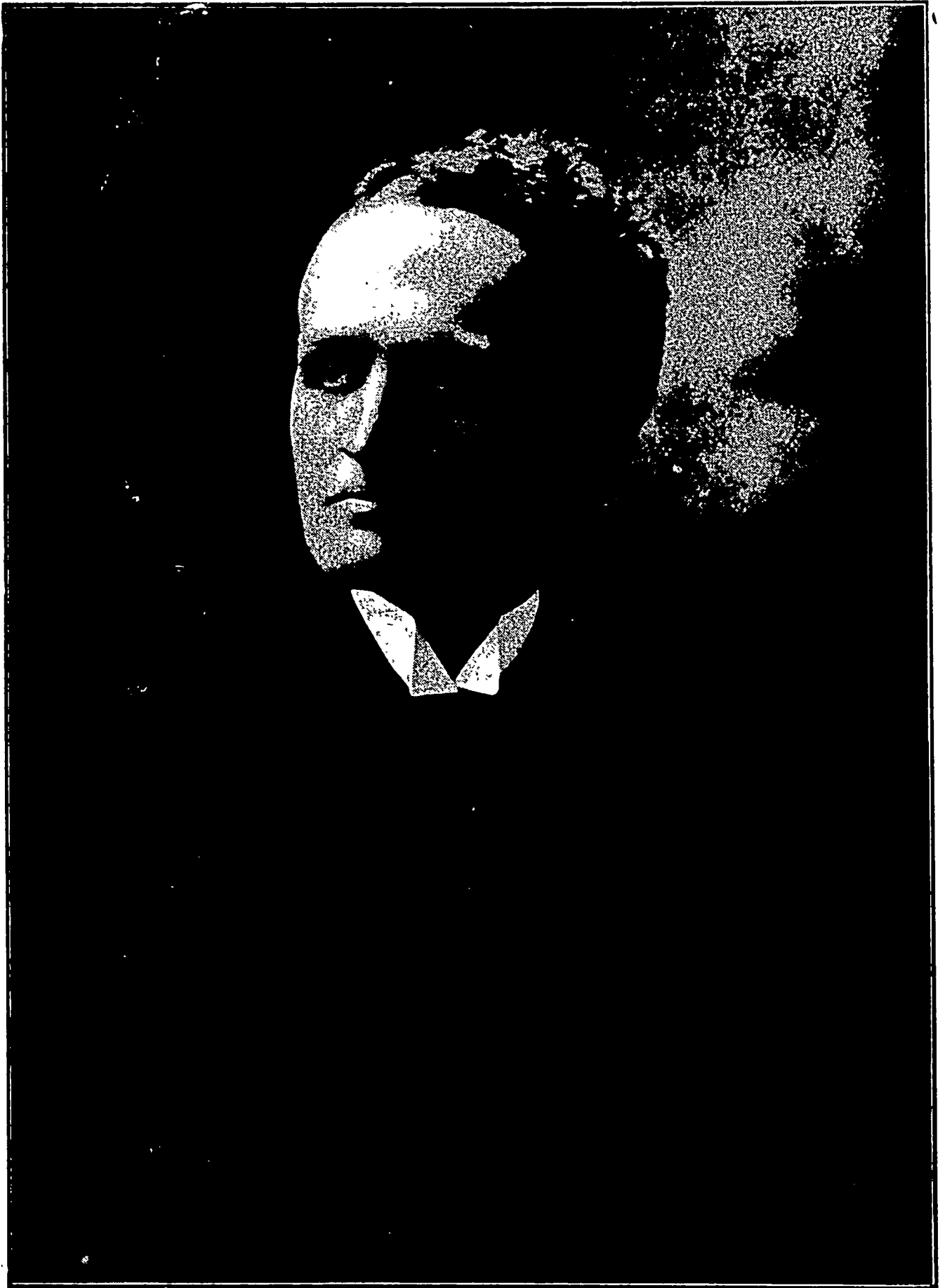
What the conference understood Christianity to mean became increasingly clear as industrial and international problems were discussed. From the first it was recognized that the Christianizing of our industrial relations must necessarily be a colossal undertaking. Business has its own special code of conduct. The system grips the individual, and, unless his ideals are of the compromisable kind, too frequently he must get out. The prizes usually go to the "practical" man, who is chiefly actuated by an aggressive self-interest, and is not too much troubled with humanitarian scruples. The modern

world is in a large measure, either consciously or unconsciously, absorbed in the worships of just such a "practical" man. It requires sublime heights of faith to believe that it could ever be otherwise. The student of history can indeed detect perceptible progress in the direction of the Kingdom of God. But at the present rate of evolution one must think in terms of geologic ages of his faith in the realizability of that ideal is to be kept alive. The hope of Christianizing industry must be found in the young generation if at all. The conference realized this. Professor MacIver, who opened the discussion on industrial problems, seemed to recognize it when he said that only the young could be true to their ideals.

In the consideration of international affairs the conference faced problems of equal magnitude, the adequate solution of which requires an equal exercise of faith.

The "practical" man has had abundant scope in applying his policy to international matters. He has taught the nations to place their faith in armaments, in balances of power, in the questionable gains accruing to commercial antagonism, and, in the words of Dr. Grey, he "has brought our civilization to the brink of hell." One might think that the world had received an unequivocal demonstration of the essential stupidity of the hoary fallacies underlying the international politics of the old regime. But this particular species of practicality is still rampant. It was before the opposition of the "practical" reactionaries of Europe that the idealist, Woodrow Wilson, met his splendid defeat at Versailles. It is a "practical" policy which keeps America out of the League of Nations, and a similar "practical" policy is ordering French armies into Germany. One can fervently pray with Dr. Richards Roberts, "From this insane practicality, good Lord, deliver us."

The conference met to consider the relations of Christianity to such problems as these. It faced these problems with the consciousness that their successful solution is fraught with terrific consequences for the whole of humanity; with the consciousness that over the past is written the word "failure"—written with letters of blood in a wilderness of human distress. These problems were faced with a just appreciation of their intricate complexity, but with the hope and faith that the Christian law of love may yet be utilized in reconstructing human life and relationships on a basis which does not contain within itself the motive cause of inevitable disaster. One may dare to hope that this conference has inaugurated a movement among students which will grow in breadth and power till it makes its influence felt in all of life's relationships.



Howard P. Whidden, B.A., D. D., LL. D.

DR. WHIDDEN Back of everything that we behold some creative mind has been at work. This is true in the technical world as well as that of nature. Somewhere there has been a mind fired with enthusiasm and aspirations, which, converting ideas into institutions, has made the world as we have it to-day. Sometimes the finished product emerges rapidly from this embryo of thought; sometimes, however, the period of transformation is slow, and it is then that care and patience must be bestowed. Very often too, the watchful guidance of some superior mind is required throughout the entire process of unfoldment. We find this demonstrated in the life of such institutions as industrial plants, commercial houses, universities and colleges.

Brandon College as it exists is but the outgrowth and development of the ideas of such men of vision as Dr. J. S. McKee and Dr. A. P. McDiarmid. But the man who has perhaps more fully visualized the future possibilities of the College, and who has toiled most assiduously to promote the realization of those possibilities is Dr. H. P. Whidden, whom Brandon College welcomed as its president about ten years ago. His contribution to the furtherance of educational training in the West is of inestimable importance. His life, and his administration of this institution have brilliantly reflected themselves in the life of the community. In this regard, Dr. Whidden has won the admiration and commendation of Brandon citizens. As for the president's attitude to student life, by precept and example he has always inspired students to loftier ideals of service and a more vigorous determination to put their best into their work.

Not alone, to the educational field has Dr. Whidden confined his time and talent. For in 1917 he actively demonstrated his interest in national and world affairs when he represented Brandon constituency in the Dominion House. During his period of political life, he nevertheless still maintained a careful watch over the affairs of Brandon College.

Dr. Whidden's contribution to educational work has won him Dominion-wide recognition. He is soon to move to a large field of action, as he takes up his duties as Chancellor of McMaster University, Toronto. In the development of the progressive plans in contemplation for McMaster, he will find additional scope for his capabilities.

While we deeply regret our Presidents' departure from Brandon, we rejoice in the recognition his work has brought him. That much success and happiness may attend Dr. and Mrs. Whidden and family in the new life which they are soon to enter, is the sincere wish of us all.



The New Science Building

The above is an illustration of the new science building as it will appear when completed. At the present time one unit, the left wing of the front—facing the building—including the main entrance, is being finished, and is already being used to some extent.

The additional space afforded by this building, its superior construction, and its up-to-date equipment will undoubtedly increase the value of the courses in Science. The delicate experimental work connected with some of the courses which have recently been added to the curriculum has been carried on with considerable difficulty in the laboratories of the old building. This is because of the annoying interruptions arising from vibrations. Special care has been exercised in planning the new building to eliminate this cause of trouble.

Even those students who have little positive interest in Science will welcome the removal of the chemistry laboratory to its new quarters. They will miss from the main college building those sulphurous fumes which frequently emanate from the basement and fill corridor and classroom with an atmosphere resplendent in suggestions of "Paradise Lost."



LORNE A. MCINTYRE '23

“Since Time is not a person, we cannot overtake him when he is gone but let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.”—*Goethe*.

Two moonshines—not the contraband sort—have swiftly waxed and waned. And in the path of these elusive satellites trails much momentous history for Brandon College. The mistletoe and the last hoof-beats of the reindeer have faded away. But perhaps, we have no further use for the mistletoe for the same reason that a man who has learned to swim discards his water-wings. Another load is off our minds because we have had time to break the last of our New Year's Resolutions. Incidentally we wish one of our professors would break *toute de suite* her resolve to prescribe half-mile typewritten French exercises. With the arts swatting contest and period of self-expression on record we can at least R.I.P. till the standings appear. Then, surely, the dead will turn in their graves.

Through many omens we perceive the second term is now well under way. Bill Lewis has again regained his stride in dropping trays full of meals in the dining room. The Student's Council has evidently thought that a few delinquents overlooked their Saturday-night duty and so relegated them to the icy depths at mid-week. Barber and Riemer have again set their alarm for 11:45 a.m. only to be aroused each morning by the braying of Lester's pet calf. We suggest that he be given no more milk at meal times. It might be possible to starve it into silence. These signs of the times together with others too delicate to be mentioned in this column, amply convince us that things are regaining their normal tenor around our halls. With all college activities now in full swing the next few months will pass like comets.

LITTLE MORAL ESSAYS

(Apologies to Mr. Aesop)

No. 1.

Senor Rodigero was driving his mule and cart up a perilous ascent in the Pyrenees mountains of old Spain. His cart was laden with fresh grapes from his vineyard. The road was narrow and winding. The least disturbance would have sent him, bag and baggage upon the rocks thousands of feet below.

Angelica, his donkey, was becoming aggravated with the long upward pull and began switching his tail in disgust. At last he caught his tail in the wheel. Infuriated with the heat, the inconvenience and his burden, Angelica kicked and tugged to free himself. His tail was stuck fast and he was mad. Seething with anger, Angelica reared himself on his hind legs and tore up the path dragging the cart and helpless teamster after him. The corners were not banked and Angelica turned one too quickly with the result that Rodigero, Angelica, the cart and the grapes, in conformity with Newton's law, gravitated towards the rocks below. All that the search party could collect the next day was a little grape juice on a piece of blotting paper.

Moral:—Don't catch your tail in the wheel.

 ARTS '23

On Thursday, January 25th, Class '23 gathered at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Wilkins for a most enjoyable evening. The sumptuous dinner was most delightfully and informally served and put everyone in excellent spirits for the bewitching time which followed. The evening passed much too rapidly in games and singing of some of the favorite old college songs contained in Mrs. Wilkins excellent collection.

There was also another gathering of the clan on the evening of February 9th. This time the pibroch was sounded by Orlow Smith and fast and furious was the response. The first item on the program was dinner over which the party enjoyably lingered for about two hours. Not a single voice was raised in opposition. The remainder of the evening was spent in singing songs around the glowing fireplace, which, as every member of Class '23 can testify, is a really delightful way in which to spend a social evening.

GENERAL ARTS FUNCTION

Immediately after the mid-year examinations, which closed on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 24th, the members of the Arts Department set about to celebrate their release from care and worry. All were ready for three hours of real sport, so did not take long in reaching Syke's slide. Did I say "all"? Well, there were two members who arrived somewhat later, but they have been officially pardoned as they were detained on "King's business."

Time passed very rapidly and six o'clock, with Mrs. Syke's announcement that supper was served, arrived all too soon. Soon the benches in the club-house were filled to capacity with jolly sliders. The gallant youths, rushing hither and thither attending to the wants of their fair partners, presented a bustling, cheerful picture.

At eight o'clock the party left the slide and returned to Clark Hall, and thence to the College Dining Room for a short programme. The first turn on the programme was a sketch by Mr. Howard Umphrey's entertainers, entitled "Gathering nuts," which brought forth many rounds of applause. In the reading of the "Critic" Mr. Lewis laid bare much of Barber's schedule of entertainment for the previous week. The Clark Hall Trio, Misses Hazel Keith, Eunice Death and Lois Strachan, were as usual greatly enjoyed and upon recall sang the old favorite, "Kentucky Babe."

"Now," announced chairman McKnight, "we shall proceed to the most enjoyable part of the programme, namely, the eats." After a delightful lunch Earl King led a sing-song and Mr. Argue told a few stories. Shortly before eleven the party broke up amid strains of "Hail our College."

SENIOR ARTS FUNCTION

Jupiter certainly smiled on his beloved on Thursday evening, February 1st. Rough tempests, thick clouds and swirling drifts gave way to wonderfully calm moonlight on the night Senior Arts elected for their first function this term. It was a group of extraordinary plump looking individuals—triple plated with Sox, underwear and sweaters—that met in Clark Hall and later enjoyed some splendid tobagganing at Syke's slide.

Everyone was delighted with the improvements there. The new slide with its breath taking curves, the cozy little house with its cheerful warmth for those unfortunate sliders who,

perhaps very unexpectedly, received more than the allotted portion of snow, and the surprising distance that the toboggans would travel, were among the chief innovations.

The menu provided by the social committee upon the return to Clark Hall would have outdone Epicurus himself. Professor Dadson, honorary president of Arts '24, provided the surprise of the evening in his presentation of a tasty fruit-cake to the party.

Owing to the lateness of the hour the party soon broke up with Hippi-Skippi. Professor and Mrs. Argue ably represented the anti-trust movement.

ARTS '25 PARTY

Five big girls on a little boy's neck.

Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bank of snow.

It was on the evening of February 8th. The ladies, Old Man Winter, Sykes slide, in fact everyone and everything united in an effort to show the sterner sex of Arts '25 a good time on the occasion of their class function. The company under the genial chaperonage of Professor and Mrs. Argue sallied forth from Clark Hall, and—after sundry hilarious meanderings in and about numerous jovial snowdrifts, which, zealous to contribute their quota to the success of the occasion, placed themselves in the way—arrived at the river.

Once there, and having started down the slides, nothing could hold the ladies.

Time fled, as time alone can under such conditions. Ten-thirty reminded the group that the next stop was to be at the home of Arthur MacPherson.

Mr. and Mrs. MacPherson extended a hearty welcome, and with an insight born of first hand experience of youth directed the hungry tribe in an onslaught on some tempting eats. Games and liberal quantities of Mr. MacPherson's abundant fund of good humor and ready wit enlivened the time till the hour of departure arrived. Watching the party disperse, Professor Argue emitted a sigh of relief at having piloted his young hopefuls through another successful evening.

ARTS I FUNCTION

One glorious Tuesday evening, January 23rd, the members of Arts I showed the enthusiasm of their class spirit by the large assembly in Clark Hall for this first function of the new term. It was a skating party, and excitement ran high

during the filling of the band cards. When this was finished satisfactorily Miss Turnbull and Mr. Crocker led the party to the Arena, and everyone apparently enjoyed to the full extent the twelve bands which seemed all too short.

Later, back at College, lunch was served in the gymnasium, and, after several splendid games, the party closed with yells. There was a mutual feeling that the evening had been a real success.

FUNCTION: ACADEMY I AND II

On Thursday, February 8th, a motley crowd of Academites from the first and second years assembled in Clark Hall for their second function. Betoqued, besocked and besweatered in all colors from red to ultra-violet they presented a picture like a flower garden in May. Fears of a quiet stag party were soon dispelled when a merry troupe of Academettes tripped down the stairs looking prepared—and hoping too, no doubt—for “wreckless” escapades at Syke’s slide.

After roll call this gay assembly trippily and snowily made its way to the slide. Here, under the competent chaperonage of Professor Argue, things soon began to hum. Amid sportive revelry the next hour or two passed with the rapidity that is characteristic of college functions.

The party returned to the home of Miss Armstrong, where novel games, alluring music and delicious refreshments were in welcome order.

DEBATE

“Resolved that Oriental immigration into Canada, be prohibited.” This live Canadian topic gave rise on Friday, November 24th to the opening debate of the year 1922-1923. Miss E. Hopper and Mr. C. Hannant of Hash supported the resolution by dealing mainly with the social and economic side of the question. They argued that it has been impossible in the past to successfully Canadianize Orientals and that their presence in our midst has given rise to serious political and industrial menaces. The debaters illustrated their arguments with examples of Oriental negligence in regard to health and hygiene and their willingness to work for low wages, thus causing unemployment for Canadian workers and a lowering of the national standard of living.

The Juniors, represented by Miss K. M. McNaught and Mr. F. Westcott, opposed the resolution from the idealist’s

standpoint. They urged that we, as Canadians, should treat Orientals as brothers. We should practice at home what our missionaries preach to them, and in time they would become successfully assimilated into our national life.

Mrs. Wilkins, Mr. A. E. McKenzie and Dr. Clarke acted as the judges. Dr. Clarke gave the decision in a very clear and kindly way. He pointed out why the decision was made in favor of the affirmative, and also drew attention to some of the errors which were allowed to pass during the course of the debate.

S.C.M. NOTES

During the early part of the college year, the activities of the S.C.M. were eventful and indicative of progress. The hopes and expectations centering in the first National conference, gave rise to a spirit of optimism. Something of the significance of that conference was impressed on us by the visit of Dr. Herbert Grey, of Glasgow. He has been released from his pastorate for a period of two years to devote himself entirely to student work.

During his stay of two days at Brandon, he delivered a series of five addresses. Through the medium of these addresses many students gained a new perspective of the fundamental utility of religion. The uniqueness of Dr. Grey's christianity consists in the fact that he is able to divest it of those numerous appendages to which the intellect will not assent, thus making it stand out with a clearness which challenges recognition. Also, he has sympathy with the student who is impatient with the type of Christianity as prevalent to-day, in which a compromise is effected with conventional methods of social, moral and economic life. The demand for a religion, having as its object a new world, he characterized as the great hope for the future; while the reaction against the acceptance of beliefs for the sake of personal salvation, instead of being a renunciation of Christianity, is in reality a recognition of religion as conceived by Christ. The student of to-day must seek first, not the Kingdom of Heaven as understood by the peoples of the past century, but the Kingdom of God as Jesus interpreted it. Dr. Grey's message was an appeal for faith in the efficacy of the law of love as formulated and lived by Jesus to transform individual and social life. It was the old message of the gospel of Christ interpreted in the only way by which it can be a saving power for the world.



MARIA GRANT '25

It is always of great interest to get a glimpse of ourselves as others see us, and we read with interest an article which appeared in a recent issue of a London paper. A writer for the *London Daily News* insists that there are wide-spread indications of the revival of the traditions of sixty years ago. The following are some of the alleged evidences on which he bases his judgments:

"The dying down of the feminist movement and the general disinclination of women to enter public life." "The extinction of the aggressive post-war flapper." "The revival of Victorian fashions in dress." "The general demand among men for the quiet economical, home-loving, sweet type of women." "The modern girl has discovered that men will do anything but marry her, therefore she is becoming more Victorian every day." "The outstanding feature of the social life of to-day is, in fact, the return of women to the ordinary dull domestic hearth."

Such utter nonsense—"Victorianism," indeed! Does this gentleman think that a change in dress signifies a revolution in the inner being of a woman? What if the modern girl is not marrying as readily as her grandmother; it is only because she has other things to do. No doubt poor grandmother would have liked to see what it felt like to earn her own living, but it simply wasn't done in those days. Her only alternative was to sit at home and wait patiently for some young Lochinvar to come and carry her off on the back of his saddle.

Let us say that men as a class have treated kindly the progress of woman. But no doubt there will always be a few little beings who fear that woman will some day reach the stage where she knows as much as her great lord and where she will not stand in awe every time he opens his mouth.

Therefore, from time to time, these little beings advance their brave little ideas as if to re-assure themselves that all will work out right in the end.

What is woman's attitude to all this? Observe what our own splendid American, Margaret Slattery says in her talk on the "Modern Girl."

"She is a new girl—the world has never seen her before. She is thoroughly modern, but she is clean, high-minded, strong and unafraid. And I confess a deep admiration for her. I admire her much more than I do the girl of the long ages past—than the girl of Greece or Rome, stately and dignified though she was. She is more attractive than the girl of early English literature—afraid in the dark, afraid of a mouse, fainting at a harsh word, a clinging, timid thing unable even to think for herself..... I mean the deep, steady current of her, the mass that gives power to the stream, not the poor dancing foam upon the surface that will be dashed into nothingness at the first break in its smooth bed. She is unafraid. No girl in all the history of the development of humanity has dared so much. Her eyes are wide-open. She will not close them to the truth as so many of her predecessors did."

VALENTINE PARTY

One of the most delightful and unique parties of the year was held in Clark Hall on February 14th. It was a Valentine party. Miss Johnston, as hostess, assisted by Misses Irving and Higgins received the guests—the members of Class '23.

The reception room was artistically and appropriately decorated. Red hearts led, while cupids lurked in the unsuspecting folds of the curtains.

Several original and delightful games were enjoyed. Dainty prizes were given to the winners of contests. One ingenious method of seeking partners was provided by distributing gilded walnuts, in each of which was hidden the name of a character of literature whose partner was sought among the crowd. The fortunes in verse found on the backs of petals pulled from a daisy were in many instances singularly applicable. Perhaps the most amusing incident of the evening occurred when a member of the party executed a task which was assigned to him during his absence from the room. He was aided in the quest of his duty as he moved about the room, by the piano, whose strains in crescendo or diminuendo assist-

ed him in his quest of the assigned duty. Eventually he found himself on bended knee before Miss Higgins, the latter acquitting herself with that easy grace which bespeaks a familiar experience.

As the evening closed a delicious lunch was served, and the parting wish of each one was that Valentine's Day might be celebrated more often.

WHEN THE LAST EXAM IS WRITTEN C. AND S.C.
(With apologies to Kipling)

When the last exam is written and the ink on the paper has dried;

When the last results have come back to us and from pure relief we have sighed;

We shall rest and faith we shall need it—lie around for a week or two

Till we wake to the realization that still there is much to do.

And the girls that get through will be happy—spend a morning frizzing their hair

And furbishing up their dresses e'er they kneel at the Chancellor's chair,

And even the boys will be flustered—William and Lorne and Tyke—

And glad that when this is over they can do whatsoever they like.

There will be no profs to praise us and there will be none to blame,

And no one shall plug for exams again and no one shall feel the shame

Which is the result of failing, but each in his separate star

Shall pass from the life as it used to be to the life of things as they are.

—Wee Mary.

SEWING PARTY

If anyone had been brave enough to venture to peer in the window of Mrs. Clark on Saturday, February 17th, he would have agreed that the girls of class '24 and '25 were real workers. How did this come about you ask? Well, it was this way.

Mrs. Clark, who has always been a friend of Clark Hall, invited the girls to her home to sew for the bazaar. Far after the appointed time the girls arrived, armed with needles and thimbles, for an afternoon's work. Materials of every shape, size and color were distributed among the girls for each to cut as she desired. Round, square and long shapes were cut according to the individual taste of each girl, and no one would have guessed the nature of these various fragments of cloth. Soon the hum of the sewing machine was heard. Above it came the merry voices of the girls. First the voice of Margaret Biggs could be distinguished giving orders to the crew, and then from a distance came the voice of Wee Mary "I can't do everything at once—wait a minute." So the afternoon passed quickly away, and finally the mysterious objects assumed definite forms and to the astonishment of all—lo they were aprons.

After a delicious supper, served by the hostess, the girls made their way homeward, each feeling she had had a delightful afternoon and had accomplished something really worth while.

A CLARK HALL TRAGEDY

CAST

SENTIMENTAL SUSAN ♀	STRING
MARGARATA, The Villain ♀	KATRINKA

TIME—Almost any hour after 9.30 P.M.

PLACE—Room 18, Clark Hall.

As the curtain rises, String is to be seen lying on her bed, reading a magazine, Katrinka is at her table, writing a letter.

String looking up with mock solemnity. My dearly beloved wife, do you realize that the hours we keep are atrocious? Night after night the clock has tolled mid-night, and more often struck one, before our eyes are closed in slumber. This must not continue. We are not as young as we used to be and we must get our rest, if we do not wish suddenly "to shuffle off this mortal coil."

Katrinka, trying to look serious. Alas! my dear! I know that this is true, but how are we to reach this happy state, where peace shall reign within our small domain after the last flicker of the light? You know as well as I, that night after night our sentimental friend comes down the hall and here unburdens her sad poetic soul.

Both girls laugh.

Katrinka, more naturally. But really wifie, what are we

going to do? We've coaxed this child to go home and rest for her own good—if not for ours—but she takes it as a delightful joke.

String, sitting up suddenly, I have an idea—Call in Margareta, the young villain.

Margareta is called in and a whispered conference is held, after which Margareta goes out, smiling.

Katrinka, calling after her, Don't forget—quarter past eleven.

Quietness reigns for a few minutes. Katrinka resumes her writing. A meek knock is heard on the door.

Katrinka. Come in.

Enter SENTIMENTAL SUSAN.

Susan. Are you working, girls?

Katrinka. Oh no, we're not doing anything in particular. Come right in.

Susan, sinking into the first chair, Oh girls! I've been down in the library and Fred Friend was there and—— Oh, he helped me with my French and I think—— and I think he is wonderful——. He knows simply everything. He said my French was pretty good.

While Susan is talking, the two girls go to bed and the lights go out.

Susan, continuing. Oh, and Muir Barber come in—— and sat beside me—— and gave me a chocolate bar—— and asked me about Alma. Of course that's why he talked to me. He never bothers about me on my own account. Do you think he does, Katrinka?

Voice from bed, Oh, I don't know. But listen, child, you'd better go to bed.

Second sleepy voice, We don't want to drive you away, but you know all children should be in their beds at this hour.

Susan makes no pretenses to leave.

Katrinka, sleepily, Alright, Susan. But when you become a cranky old woman, don't ever say we didn't warn you.

Susan. You know I have quite gotten over my infatuation for Earl King. I think he is really conceited. When I was in High School——there was a boy—— who——.

Just at this moment the door softly opens and the villain stealthily creeps in, and sneaks up behind Susan——interrupting her in the midst of her narration as she throws her arms around the girl's neck and gives her a loud kiss, then escapes through the open door. Susan screams and faints, while the other two girls get up from their beds and carry the unconscious one to her room. Then they return and are, in a few moments, enjoying peaceful slumber.



REG. W. WHIDDEN '25

Though its term of office is reaching completion, we beg to introduce the Men's Athletic Executive for the year 1922-23.

Hon. Pres.—Prof. Argue.

Pres.—H. Umphrey.

Vice-Pres.—F. Westcott.

Sec.-Treas.—F. Van Schaick.

Hockey—W. Stordy.

Basketball—L. Dorret.

Football—E. Johnson.

Track and Field—M. Weisbrod.

The results of our new executive's work have already been felt in more than one way. An open air rink was constructed and a fine sheet of ice has been built up. It differs from last year's in that it is of regulation size, a welcome feature to both hockey players and skating enthusiasts. Although frequent snow storms have provided an over-abundance of exercise with shovels, the general opinion is that our rink is an even greater success than it was last year.

To further ensure our having a most enjoyable winter arrangements have been made whereby we have the use of the River Slide for two afternoons and one evening a week. The slide has been very much improved of late and tobogganing has had a great run of popularity. We suspect that an additional reason for this increasing popularity is the fact that toboggans remain at the slide and do not require the labor of pulling to and from College.

Under such admirable conditions there appears no reason whatsoever why each and every member of the student body should not have his or her quota of fun. If you don't skate,

toboggan; if neither of these forms of enjoyment appeals to you snowshoe, hike, or throw snowballs. Whatever you do, don't forget that the teams representing you appreciate your support, and that your yells may spur them on to victory.

SOCCKER

The soccer league, as before reported, was productive of many gruelling contests. However, despite the determined resistance of their opponents, the Junior Arts eleven succeeded in making hash not only of the Senior Arts team but of the Hash team itself. After winning from Senior Arts the Hashers' hopes soared high, only to be dashed to the ground when the Juniors deftly applied the whitewash. To make sure that its claim to supremacy would not be questioned the latter team felt obliged to handle the Seniors in a like manner. This completed the schedule, the standing of the respective teams being as follows: Junior Arts won four, tied two; Hash won three, tied two, lost one; Senior Arts lost six.

BASKETBALL

In this department of sport we have an excellent example of what perseverance can do. Our senior quintette, by persistent and steady practice, has developed a very effective system of combination play. Having lost out to the Tigers in the last two minutes of play, and having then met with a reverse from the Togos in the cleanest and openest game of the season, our boys succeeded in overthrowing the league-leading Shamrocks. Following this the Tigers were set back to the tune of a 47-16 score. A scheduled game with the Togos was postponed; but in a final meeting with the Shamrocks the whistle blew for the last time with the Irish basketballers ten points to the good.

One game has been played with an outside team. The Wesley five came from Winnipeg fully intending to cover themselves with glory. However, not daring to let themselves be outdone by the girls, who won from the Winnipeg N.W. C.A. in the first game of the evening, the Brandon College players ran up a lead in the first half and were never headed. The final score, 34-16, was hardly an indication of how the play went, for, though showing a weakness in team play, the Wesleyans were not in their usual shooting form. Remarkable shooting on the part of our forwards was the main factor

in the victory, McDorman and Dorret securing between them 26 points. We are looking forward to a return game with the Wesley five; they proved worthy opponents and showed a fine spirit of sportmanship.

The intermediate team has been unfortunate. After winning handily by the Tigers they allowed the Togos to overcome a big lead and win by a small margin. They were again defeated by the Collegiate team in a game not marked by their accustomed shooting ability.

HOCKEY

Hopes and aspirations for our junior hockey team are beginning to materialize. In the first league game they defeated the Collegiate sextette by the score 5-3. The second game, versus the Tigers, was productive of the very highest calibre of junior hockey and only after thirty minutes overtime were our opponents able to secure the two goals which won the game for them. Following this was a contest with the Collegiate, in which our boys began to show what they were capable of; the final score was 4-0, and it is interesting to note that three of the four goals were the result of neat combination play.

An exhibition game with the same team saw the blue and gold players pile up an 8-3 score.

The most important game of the season to date was played against the champion Tigers. A win for the College meant a chance for premier honors in the league; the Tigers were fighting to hold their laurels of the past two years. As a result of the determined attitude of both teams such an exhibition of hockey was given as is seldom seen in junior circles and would do credit to many an intermediate league. The forwards, Crawford, Lowes, Wirth and Burke pressed a vigorous offensive, each one tallying; moreover they backchecked so effectively that the task of the defense was rendered comparatively easy. As for the defense itself, it was a tower of strength; the shots which could not be prevented by Caffrey and McPhail were turned aside by Gordon, our sensational goal-tender. Couple this with a most effective showing by the Jungaleers and you get an indication of the nature of this gruelling struggle. The final score was 4-1; the College team has its chance to win the City league and enter the provincial play-offs. If it does so we are sure they will give a good account of themselves and uphold the name of our school.

No small degree of credit for all this success is due to the untiring efforts of Tom Coldwell, an ex-student and a member

of a former Brandon Senior Team. He has given unstingingly of his time as coach and as a result the boys are showing a decided improvement in each game.

Our great interest in our junior team almost makes us forget the existence of a College juvenile team, composed of some of the younger members of the student body. They are progressing very favorably, having won one game, tied two and lost one. Let us give them a little more support; they deserve it.

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

HELEN C. HITCHINGS '25

HOCKEY

With the winter season comes our winter sports, chief among them being hockey and basket ball. Clark Hall hockey is progressing favorably this year. Altho several of last year's team have not returned there is excellent material with which to fill the vacancies. The girls have been practicing in preparation for games to be played with Virden and Souris in the near future.

BASKETBALL

Since the beginning of the basket ball season the Clark Hall girls have played a series of games with other Brandon teams, representing respectively the Y.W.C.A., the Normal School, the City Teachers and the Collegiate. The single defeat sustained by our team occurred on December 20th, 1922, when the Collegiate headed them out by one point, in a score of 23-22.

On Saturday February 3rd, 1923, the Clark Hallites entered the lists against the Y.W.C.A. team from Winnipeg. Our girls were out to defeat the only unbeaten ladies' team from Winnipeg; this was evident by the score at the end of the first period which read 9-2 in favor of Clark Hall. At the opening of the second period the Y.W. girls tried to stage a come-back but to no avail. When the whistle blew for the last time the score keeper announced the results, "Clark Hall 24, Y.W.C.A. 18."

Throughout the entire game, which was keenly contested, our team displayed a relentless vigor. The Y.W.C.A. forwards, Miss Kathleen Death and Miss Roy Scott were checked at every angle by the clever and careful manoeuvring of our guards, Miss Jean Doig and Miss Annie McLeod, both of whom deserve much praise. We also wish to congratulate our centres Miss Eunice Death and Miss Kathleen Scarth on account of their excellent play. Their speed when dashing from one side of the floor to the other easily eclipsed that of their lively opponents. Our forwards, Miss Marion Grant, and Miss Ruth Parker, similarly excited our pride. We hope they will keep up the good work in scoring baskets for Clark Hall.

Freddie tells us that he knew a bow-legged girl who decided to try Emile Coué's method of autosuggestion to cure herself of her affliction. But instead of repeating the formula twenty times, night and morning, she doubled the dose and now the poor dear is knock-kneed.

Pete: "No, kissing is against my principle."

King: "Well, let's drop the principal and get a little interest."

Derby says it seems longer than two haircuts ago since he came in, in the fall.

"Awe, they're just stringing me" thought the poor fish as he was reeled in.

A cross-eyed girl may be all-right but she doesn't look straight.

Chemistry Prof. (continuing lecture) "Here's a glass—porous, too."

Sleeping student in class: "Make it two more."

"It's too deep for me," grumbled the absent-minded college professor, as he fell into the open manhole.

LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

LILLIAN E. EDMISON '24.

We have too many exchanges on our list to do them all justice in this column. It is our aim, by quotation and comment, to draw the attention of our readers to the student publications coming to us from other institutions, and which may be found in the reading rooms. Exchanges are of great value to us in preparing our own magazine as they provide us with some insight into the standards that other universities are setting for themselves in their literary endeavours. Similarly they will afford those who are interested glimpses into the athletic life and social activities of other educational institutions. They may thus widen our outlook and prevent us becoming "small-townish" in ideas and modes of life. Read the exchanges and compare the student life of Brandon College with that of other universities and colleges.

The Students of Mount Allison University have recently adopted a new form of publication. Supplementary to the *Argosy Weekly*, they edit a tri-annual magazine. The first issue of this magazine has just come to our notice and we wish to congratulate Mt. Allison upon her new venture. The articles are all written on "present day problems and events," and as such should be of interest to every college student.

Do we, of to-day, who have "the legacies of the Past, the privileges of the Present and the promises of the Future," appreciate in full the possibilities of a college course? In the November issue of the *McMaster Monthly* there is an article on the "College Man," dealing with the lines along which all college men and women should direct their development.

In the first place:—"Many immediate and lasting events

may accrue from athletics." I think no more need be said of this department; it is one whose importance is easily recognized.

"The science and art of conversation is inestimable to the college man." "Socrates, Johnson, Cicero, Carlyle or Hubbard would gladly rise up and tell him of it."

"As a trained debater and public speaker" the college man is "necessary in the complex group and social life of to-day and the future."

The college man should "truly seek to know and love the finer arts." For—"in a subtle way they gloriously transform his character by edifying the mind."

Can any college man neglect books, "in face of the fact that they have more or less directed and shaped the careers and destinies of practically every man of note?"

Realizing the importance of these phases of development "it is manifest that instruction and learning are only part of a man's education. When it is known that he has gained a cultural consciousness by his own initiative and associations, it may be said that he has an education in the fullest and noblest sense."

The December issue of the *Acadia Athenaeum* has an up-to-the-minute article on the growth of student consciousness in Canada. Urging interest in the National Conference of Students, the writer refers to the interest displayed by the students of many foreign countries, "in public affairs. In Central Europe the students meet, and by resolutions or demonstrations they show quite clearly just where they stand in every matter." In this way "the students have been moulders of public opinion."

"Why then is there this difference between the attitude of these foreign students and that of the students of our own country?" The writer believes this indifference on the part of our own students to such activities to have arisen from our comparative political security. But he goes on to say that "Because of the events of the past few years, and the conditions prevailing in the world at the present time such isolation and such indifference can no longer be maintained."

The students' studies should "fit him for leadership and he will be fitted for that leadership only if he develops the ability to think for himself, and to receive new impressions."

Somewhat the same idea permeates an article appearing in the *For Wesleyana*. It says, "Few ages of the past have presented as many and as varied problems as the time in which

we are now living. The world needs the student at his best."

But, from another side—"You need the world. Trial, difficulty, hardship, self-denial and sacrifice are unpleasant things, but they are the warp which binds the threads of life together and renders the pattern possible. The world needs you and you none the less, need the world."

It seems to us
 That our choice
 Would not be an editorship
 But rather
 Some soft snap.
 The editor, you know,
 Has a hard life
 If it isn't one thing
 It's two others
 He's supposed to understand
 (But doesn't) all about
 The different kinds of verse
 And prose; and all literature
 To him is an open book—
 Or should be. Then
 He has to get
 Stuff, good stuff, to fill
 So many pages and then
 Space to hold his stuff
 But they send him trash
 Or nothing at all.

McMaster Monthly.

DEGREES FOR SALE

The following letter, forwarded to Sir Arthur Currie from Prof. Tory, president of the University of Alberta, needs no further comment. A copy of this letter is alleged to have been sent to lawyers in small towns on the prairies by the American University. The epistle is as follows:

"The Anglo-American University was constituted by a charter of incorporation granted by the State of Illinois, July 27th, 1900.

"The aim and object of the University is 'to promote the cause of education and provide instruction and guidance to

men and women desiring an education in any and all branches of learning, to organize schools and colleges, institute libraries, to grant degrees in any or all branches of learning, to receive endowments and to conduct a business similar to any university.

“Degrees will be conferred ‘honora causa’ without any examination. The only condition is that the recipient make a donation to the University Endowment and Building Fund of not less than the degree fee charged regular candidates, which is \$25 for B.C.L., \$35 for LL.M., \$30 for D.C.L., and \$75 for LL.D.

“You may have the B.C.L. degree ante-dated to the time you were called to the Bar, the LL.M. degree when you were of three years’ standing at the Bar, and the Doctor’s degree when you were seven years standing at the Bar.

“If you are interested, kindly reply at once, as my recommendations are limited to one hundred B.C.L., 50 LL.M., 25 D.C.L., and 5 LL.D. If you hold any other degree kindly mention it in your reply. Make your cheque payable to the Anglo-American University.”—*McGill Daily*.

In addition to the above mentioned, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:— *The Sheaf*; the *Ulysses*; the *Argosy Weekly*; the *Campus*; the *Western U. Gazette*; the *Gateway*; the *Dalhousie Gazette*; *Oakwood Oracle*; *Managra*; the *McGill News* and *Sweet Briar Magazine*.

“It’s hard,” said the sentimental girl at the dinner table, “to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites.”

“Yes,” he replied, struggling with his portion, “it is tough.”

—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

Little Girl (at the show)—“Mamma, when are the Indians coming on?”

Mother—“Hush, dear, there are no Indians.”

Little Girl—“Then who scalped all them men in the front seats?”

—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

“Well,” said the parrot, after listening to the lecturer on evolution, “at any rate no one can make a monkey out of me.”

—*McGill Daily*.

"Say, Parson," said Elder Berry at the church board meeting, "here are the resignations of all the choir quartet."

"My, my," said Doctor Fourthly in distress, "what's the trouble?"

"Your announcement Sunday morning," replied Elder Berry. "You know you said: 'Providence having seen fit to afflict all our choir with bad colds, let us join in singing Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

MUCH THE SAME

"Were you ever pinched for going too fast?"

"No, but I've been slapped."

—*Washington Sun Dodger.*

"Some of the greatest discoveries," said the scientist sonorously, "have been the result of accidents."

"I can readily believe that," replied his fair companion. "I once made one that way myself."

The great man blinked his amazement. "May I ask what it was?"

"Certainly," replied the fair one, "I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy you can use a fountain pen just like any other pen—without all the trouble of filling it."

—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

When the ice cream grows on macaroni trees,

When Sahara's sands are muddy:

When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s

That's the time I like to study.

—*George Washington Ghost.*

Fond Uncle—"You say you worked your way through College, Jack. My, but your father must be proud of you."

Jack—"He isn't. He was the one I worked."

—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

He—"I could dance on like this forever."

She—"Oh, I'm sure you don't mean it! You're bound to improve."

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

ALUMNI ALUMNAE

JENNIE M. TURNBULL M.A. '16.

An unusually large number of graduates and former students spent a part, if not all of the Christmas vacation in Brandon. To the happiness and bustle that the season invariably brings of itself, was added the peculiar joy of renewing college, day acquaintances. This introduced the inevitable exchange of stories of the wide, wide world, and the renewal for one brief week of former customs of tobogganing and sleighing parties, pink teas, sing-songs and dinners. The "Brandon College Spirit," as impossible to analyze as ever it was, made its presence felt in a very real way at every reunion. Among those in the city were: Misses F. Matthews '22, F. Kennedy '22, V. Johnson '22, Marjory Magee '22, B. Clendenning, '21, T. Turnbull '21, H. Dunseith '21, E. Bolton '20, S. Bolton '20, M. Hales '20, M. Rixon '20, I. F. Cumming '19, G. S. Whidden '18, M. Rathwell '16, H. J. McDonald '16, I. A. Fraser '16, K. A. Johnson '14, M. A. Buckle '14, Mrs. Hogarth '12; Messrs. H. Forshaw '22, C. Riley '21, J. Wicklund '21, V. Warner '21, C. G. Stone '21, E. M. Whidden '21, E. Grieg '20, D. H. Beaubier '20, C. Morgan '20, J. G. Grant '19, A. R. Smale '19, F. G. Fisher '15, H. M. Hughes '15, A. Rutherford '16, J. H. McKee '14; Miss A. Bailey, M. '21, Mrs. J. H. McKee, M. '19; Messrs. Vic Mastberg, D. L. Johnson, W. P. Johnson.

—'22. Fryklind—Johnson—Rev. G. S. Fryklind and Miss Ruth Johnson were married at the bride's home at Kenora, Ont., on Sunday, October 22, 1922. The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Fryklind left for their new home at Lake Norden, South Dakota, where Mr. Fryklind is pastor of the Swedish Baptist Church and a teacher in the High School.

Misses F. Matthews, F. Kennedy, M. Magee, I. F. Cumming and R. Lytle, are attending Normal in Winnipeg.

—'21. Miss H. Hall is principal of the High School in Strasbourg, Sask.

Smith—Hoffman. On December 24th, at the home of the bride's parents in Chicago, Ill., James Smith was married to Mary Elizabeth Hoffman.

Miss E. McVeety is principal of the Consolidated School at Hughton, Sask.

—'20. Mr. C. Morgan is teaching mathematics in Saskatoon Collegiate.

Miss E. Bolton is teaching in Neville, Sask.

Miss S. Bolton is teaching in Cupar, Sask.

Mr. L. Nelson is principal of the High School in Wolseley, Sask.

—'18. Rev. D. G. Cook is in charge of Baptist churches at Vegreville and Lavoy, Alta.

—'17. Rev. and Mrs. E. H. J. Vincent announce the birth of a daughter, Evangeline Ruth, on Sunday, November 5, at Newton Centre, Mass.

Theol. '14. Rev. W. H. Knox is pastor of the Prince Albert Baptist Church.

Theol. '05. H. S. Sneyd is foreign secretary of the Y.M.C.A. work in Yokohama, Japan.

Mr. F. W. Raefield is teaching in Port Arthur Collegiate.

Messrs. V. Mastberg, D. L. Johnson and C. Crawford are taking second year medical at Manitoba University.

Mr. M. Scarth is taking second year of the Chemical Engineering course at Toronto University.

Rev. E. J. Plenderleith of Shaunavon, Sask., has accepted the pastorate of the Emmanuel church, Vancouver.

Rev. M. L. Orchard has been appointed General Secretary of the Baptist Union of Western Canada. He began his duties January 1.

Miss Maude Wilson has her Vocal Studio in Roanoka, Virginia.

Miss Louise Wright is studying and is assistant superintendent of the residence at Corvallis College, Oregon.

“Hubby dear,” said the wife of the Physics Prof., “who is this Violet Ray you’re always talking about?”

Hembling:—“I have a hair-raising story.”
 Editor: “Tell it to Tyke.”

MODERN MARY

Mary had a little lamb—
 That day has passed away.
 No lamb could follow at the pace,
 That Mary sets today.

—*Ubysey.*

GRADING STUDENTS

By the dust on their books ye shall know them.
 —*Western U. Gazette.*

“I have a good job at the confectioner’s.”

“What do you do?”

“Milk chocolates.”

—*Missouri Showne.*

Landlady (knocking at the bedroom door)—“Eight o’clock! Eight o’clock!”

Frosh (sleepily)—Did you? Better call a doctor.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

Registrar (to Freshman)—“What is your name?”

Freshman—“Jule, sir.”

Registrar—“You should say Julius.” (To next boy)—
 “What is your name?”

Second Boy—“Billious, sir.”

Prof. Hemmes in Ethics: “I am lecturing today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?” Nearly all raise their hands.

Prof. Hemmes: “That’s fine. You’re the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.”

If a cavity in a tooth causes a toothache, what causes Wag’s headaches?

Mrs. Wilkins: “Now, who can tell me the longest sentence that you ever read?”

Jacobs: “Imprisonment for life.”

DAVID MARSHALL

ARCHITECT

3 Mallett Block, Brandon. - Phone 3882

Beautiful
New
Spring
Footwear



No matter what your choice, whether low or high shoes in strap or lace styles, we have them in all the pretty new designs for spring.

W. J. CREELMAN & CO.

738 Rosser Avenue

YUM SAM

STUDENTS' LAUNDRY

FINE WORK

11 Tenth Street - - Brandon, Man.

"Where All Good Collegians Eat"

THE CARLTON CAFE

UNEXCELLED SERVICE

121 Tenth Street

-:-

Phone 2123

The Joy of College Life Last a Lifetime
if you Keep a Record with an

AUTOGRAPH KODAK

Vest Pocket to Postcard Size

Prices \$10.00 to \$30.00

And Films for any Camera Always in Stock

Developing, Printing, Enlarging

Satisfaction and Twenty-four Hour Service at

—0—

Crawford's Drug Store

Succeeding McCulloch's

"The Home Of Pure Drugs"

CORNER ROSSER AVENUE AND TENTH STREET

Massey - Harris Co., Ltd.

Farm Implements, Tractors, Plows
Engines, Waggon and Sleighs

New Branch Office, corner of Seventh St., and Pacific Ave.

BRANDON,

-

-

-

-

MANITOBA

Established 1885

J. S. LAUGHTON & SON

MERCHANT TAILORS

701 Rosser Ave., Brandon. Phone 2910

Phone 2541

W. E. CRAWFORD

JEWELER

—o—

Issuer of
MARRIAGE LICENSES

—o—

833 Rosser Ave.
Brandon, Manitoba

P.O. Box 974 Phone 2088

The BOYD Electric Co.

Limited

—o—

Electric Fixtures, Wiring,
Telephones, Bell and
Repairs

—o—

Electric Washers, Irons
and Toasters

—o—

Office and Show Rooms:
27 TENTH ST., BRANDON

15-30 McCormick-Deering Tractor

— With —

28-46 McCormick-Deering Thresher

Makes An Ideal Threshing Outfit at a Reasonable Price
Send For Catalog

International Harvester Co. of Canada

Brandon

—o—

Manitoba

Christie School Supply Limited

The Largest School Supply House in the
Canadian West.

Box 1500

Brandon, Man.

— WE SUPPLY —

School Desks.

Teacher's Desks.

Teacher's Chairs.

Blackboards.

Maps and Globes

Bells and Flags.

Chalk and Erasers.

Clocks and Stoves.

Raffia and Reeds.

King and Queen Pictures.

Fire Extinguishers.

First Aid Cabinets.

Kindergarten Goods.

Drinking Water Tanks.

Paper Towels and Cups.

Sweeping Compound and Oils

Window Blinds.

School Library Books.

BASKETBALL AND BASEBALL SUPPLIES

Drop a Post Card for our new Catalogue No. 33 if you
have not received one.

—o—
Please send us your orders. Credit to all School Districts
if required.

—o—
**Christie School Supply
Limited**

Box 1500

Brandon, Man.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

When You Wish to Obtain—



Cut Flowers, Plant
Designs or Bouquets
Reliable Seeds
Trees or Shrubs

Don't Forget the

Patmore Nursery Co.

138 Eighth Street - Phone 3120 or 3123

QUALITY BRAND WEINERS
(HOT DOGS)

MEATS

GROCERIES

3
Stores
3



3
Stores
3

Brandon's Leading Food Markets
JOS. DONALDSON'S Ltd.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."



SEE US FOR TIRES, MOTOR
OILS AND GREASES, PUMPS
AND JACKS. WE ALSO CAR-
RY A FULL LINE OF REACH
BASEBALL GOODS.

Johnson Hardware Ltd.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

Telephone 2712

114 Strand Building

Cooper, Donovan and Co.

Chartered Accountants and Auditors

BRANDON

:—:

MANITOBA

JOE'S BARBER SHOP

Note New Address:

613 ROSSER AVENUE

—o—

TWO CHAIRS

The Latest in Everything

—o—

Give Us a Trial

—o—

BRANDON, MAN.

COLLEGE

STUDENTS

When going down town
leave your

BOOT REPAIRING

— at —

R. SAIRS

Satisfaction Guaranteed

—o—

Cor. Fourteenth St.
and Princess Ave.

STUDENTS

— For —

BUNS, PASTRY AND BREAD

— For Your —

BUNFEEDS, HIKES, ETC.

— Try —

STONE'S BAKERY

127 TENTH STREET PHONE 3282

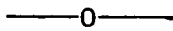
ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

CUMMING DOBBIE

COAL AND WOOD, TRANSFER
AND BUILDING SUPPLIES

Phone 2559 - - - - 233 Ninth St.

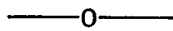
SATISFACTION



Lasting satisfaction found in Our Portraits of
Natural pleasing poses and expression.

You will find many other pleasing features
about our styles and finishes.

Liberal Discounts to Students



CLARK J. SMITH

High-Class Photographer

Telephone 3258

135—10th Street

Telephone 3657

Remodelling a Specialty

YAEGER FURS

MANUFACTURING FURRIER

From the Trapper to You—Save 20 to 40 per cent.

Cor. 6th & Rosser.

Brandon, Man.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

PERSONALITY

THE MOST IMPORTANT
FACTOR IN PORTRAIT
PHOTOGRAPHY TO-DAY.

OUR AMBITION IS TO
COMBINE OUR TECHNICAL
SKILL AND ABILITY
IN OBTAINING RESULTS
ALL SATISFYING TO YOU
BY PORTRAITING YOUR
PERSONALITY.

DAVIDSON STUDIO

Appointments May Be Made

Phone 2574

Special Rates to Students.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

*Where The Best Pictures
Are Shown*



You Can't Go Wrong

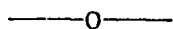
GENTLEMEN

You'll find the prevailing styles for Spring and Summer 1923, decidedly attractive, and fully represented, in our new stock of

Suits, Top Coats, Rainproofs, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Neckwear and Hosiery

for men, and particularly the College man, who values the advantage of a good appearance.

Have a look. Our time is yours.



John A. McDonald & Son

"The Store With The Stock"

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

Union Bank of Canada

Head Office:—Winnipeg

—o—

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT
ALL BRANCHES

—o—

Brandon Branch

W. J. SWAISLAND, Manager

WHAT IS YOUR EDUCATION COSTING YOU

Have you considered the fact that you cannot bequeath your education in event of your death.

Your only alternative is to cover the cost of that education by insurance.

That is the system almost invariably followed. Make it yours.

None Better Than the Old Reliable

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

J. E. MATTHEWS

District Manager

15 CLEMENT BLOCK

BRANDON

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

BARBER SHOP

ELECTRIC HAIR CUTTER

TWO CHAIRS

VIOLET RAY

Safety Razor Blades (all makes) Sharpened.

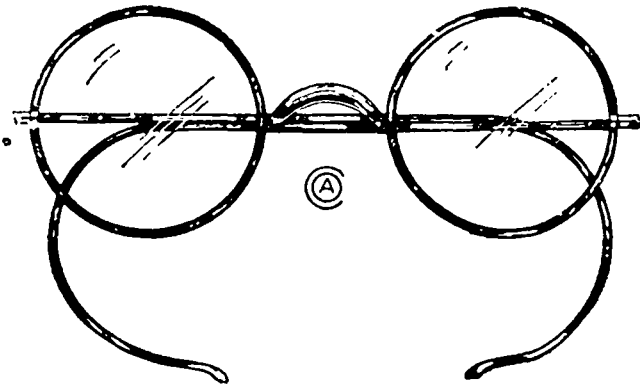
GUS. QUIGLEY, Proprietor

Opposite City Hall

833 PRINCESS AVENUE

BRANDON, MAN.

Night Study Often Causes Eye Strain



No one can work or study efficiently with faulty vision. If you have headaches, or the print when reading runs together or blurs. We have all kinds of glasses in stock.

Call and Consult

D. E. CLEMENT

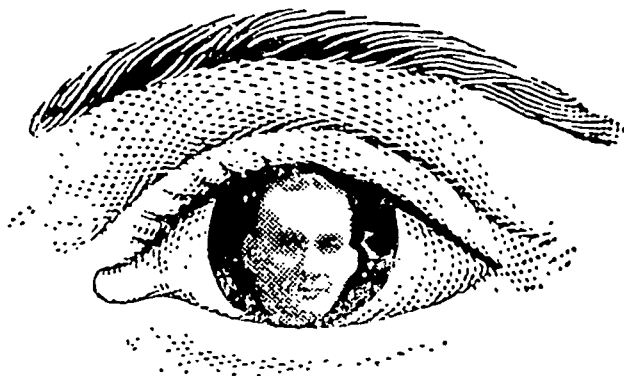
Graduate Optician

Clement's Drug Store

BRANDON

:::

MANITOBA



Dunkin's Optical Parlors

Your Guarantee of
Satisfaction is

MY EIGHTEEN
YEARS' OPTICAL
EXPERIENCE

J. A. DUNKIN

McKenzie Bldg., 36 Ninth St.

Brandon, Man.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

The Smart Dresser

Will appreciate the new models in Spring
Clothes shown here.

Call in. We'll be glad to show you
what is new.

Goodens'
"MEN'S WEAR"

Corner Seventh and Rosser



Yates' Little Plumber

YATES, NEALE & CO.

Sanitary and Heating Engineers

406 Tenth Street

: - :

Brandon, Man.

When the winter's storm breaks around your home you want to keep warm. Maybe we can assist you in that regard. As plumbers we surely know our business. We charge modestly for our services.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

SMOKES—

FOR REGULAR FELLOWS

CANDY—

FOR INTERESTING GIRLS

And for the girls and the boys together what could be nicer than a dainty Lunch in our invitingly Tea Room—Where even the atmosphere says "welcome."

The Olympia

ON TENTH STREET

LET US TAILOR YOUR CLOTHES—

**And you can put the difference in that
Bank Account**

- It's a fact that some men just be cannot be fitted with a ready made Suit.
- That doesn't mean that he's in the unfortunate class.
- Made-to-Measure Clothes, doesn't mean Clothes beyond your means.

SUITS TO MEASURE

\$25.00 to \$35.00

The Semi-Ready Store

O. Vaccari

ROSSER AVENUE AND EIGHTH STREET

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

POWER AND SPEED

The "Gas" that moves the Automotive
World and the "Oils" that smooth the
Universe.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
BRANDON :-: MANITOBA

Delicious Chocolates

—o—

We have a large assortment to select from
ALWAYS PURE AND FRESH

—o—

The Mitrou Candy Co.

Rosser Avenue

BRANDON -:- MANITOBA

FOR 41 YEARS

I have earnestly endeavored to give my customers the
kind of service and values that they would like to receive
themselves under similar conditions.

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing and Engraving.
Rings, Watches, Jewelry, Stationery, Pens and Pencils,
Leather Goods and Silverware.

D. A. REESOR

"The Jeweler"

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

Haddon's Stationery Ltd.

For College Supplies, Ring Books, Stationery, Note Papers, Etc.

Filing Systems, Cash Books, Inks, Pencils, Etc.

— Place Your Order Now —

140 10th St.

Phone 3816

— PRINTING —

Daily and Weekly Newspapers

Fully Equipped Printing Plant

RULING, PUNCHING, ETC.

CATALOGUE AND BOOK WORK OUR
SPECIALTY

—o—

Estimates Furnished on Request.

—o—

SUN PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Tenth Street

BRANDON

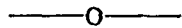
-:-

MANITOBA

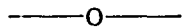
LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

Doig, Rankin & Robertson Limited

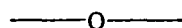
THE STORE OF SERVICE



The Fine Points of the Mode Spring Accessories



It would be just like leaving the frosting of the cake or the paprika off the salad to overlook distinctive accessories for your new Spring Costume. A gauzy wisp of veil, gloves with parky embroidered cuffs. Sheer hosiery that will smartly stand between the hem of your skirt and the tongue of your slippers, a handbag perhaps of Patent Leather or pleated faille—these will lend piquancy to your appearance, and bring out the distinctive feature of your costume.



New Suits

New Dresses

New Coats

Dainty Neckwear

Silk Hosiery

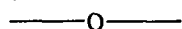
Sport Handkerchiefs

Art Needle Work

New Sport Girdle Corset

Butterick Patterns

Dress and Transfer



Doig, Rankin & Robertson Limited

TENTH STREET

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

You Men Are Full of Pep

— AND —

THIS IS A YOUNG MAN'S STORE

About the best way to find the kind of furnishing you like—the kind that is uncommonly different, the kind that reflects real class—is to go to the store that sells that class of Merchandise.

**In Brandon This
Is That Store.**

Right now there is quite a rush on for Made-to-measure FIT-RITE Suits—You'll be mighty pleased with the samples and the Fashion Plates—better come in and see them.

—o—

S. A. Thompson

NEXT TO BANK OF MONTREAL

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

IF A MAN MEETS
A MAN FIFTY-
FIFTY THEY WILL
BOTH BE ALL THE
BETTER FOR IT.



BUY YOUR
CLOTHING AND
FURNISHINGS
HERE AND WE
WILL BOTH BE
ALL THE BETTER
FOR IT.



H. W. Ball & Co.

712 Rosser Avenue

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.