

The Register



December 1923

PUBLISHED BY
the STUDENTS of
REGINA COLLEGE

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Regina College Register

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OF REGINA COLLEGE

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Foreword

The many friends of Regina College will be glad to learn that the students have again decided to enter the field of journalism and publish a Christmas and Easter number of *The Register*. I feel honored in being asked to write a brief introductory message.

I am proud of the fact that the students themselves have the enterprise and ambition to tackle so serious a task as the publication of a College Magazine. In this I see evidence of the growth of a College consciousness. By this means the students are finding another outlet for self-expression. It is my earnest hope that the students of today and also the former students will make free use of the columns of this Journal and that most of the articles published will come from the pens of the students themselves.

In the past Regina College students have won distinction in the academic realm, both for themselves and for their College. A high percentage of our students always stand well in the departmental examinations. Two of our boys have represented the College at Oxford as Rhodes Scholars. Many honors have come to the College through our Conservatory of Music. Our boys have distinguished themselves in sport, baseball, rugby and hockey. Why should not our students also make a contribution in the realm of literature? The Editor-in-Chief and his associates have my best wishes in this literary adventure.

E. W. STAPLEFORD.

It is the desire of the staff of *The Register* to express their sincere appreciation and thanks to all those whose generous co-operation has made possible the issuing of this number at the early date desired. On account of the whole-hearted support of the student subscribers and advertisers we are able to report the undertaking a complete financial success, and a further issue next March is assured.

In the coming March issue it has been decided by the Editorial Staff to have a Short Story and Cartoon Contest. The stories

must be original and of the author's own efforts. They should be at least five hundred words in length. In the Cartoon Contest it is desired that the cartoons be on some subject that bears on College

life and customs. There will be a suitable reward given for the best story and the best cartoon. So get busy, Authors and Artists, and do your best in the coming contest.

Why Is Regina College?

By Dr. J. S. Huff, D. Paed.

Editor's Note.—We hear quite occasionally from the staff and Dr. Stapleford regarding the value of an education and also concerning the ideals for which the College stands. We do not have an opportunity of either knowing the Board of Governors personally or of receiving messages from them. With this in mind we asked Dr. J. S. Huff of the Normal School Staff and a member of the College Board, to write an article for this magazine, giving the viewpoint of the Board on some matters. The article follows.

Regina College was created to fill a manifold need in the cultural and educational life of the Province of Saskatchewan. Its activities are many; but all may be included in the simple statement that it aims to function where the provincial system of education fails owing to pioneer conditions and to the fact that a state school system must, by the very nature of its being, serve only the needs of the majority of its citizens. This is no criticism of our provincial educational institutions. It is a fundamental principle of democracy that the voting majority, by the use of their franchise, shall direct and control all activities supported by taxation.

Regina College is not an expression of the general will; but rather an expression of the statesmanlike foresight and philanthropy of a few clear-headed business and

professional men who saw the need for such an institution and had the courage of their convictions.

In the first place it was recognized that many boys and girls, deprived of the opportunities for high school and even public school training, through lack of facilities, owing to sparsely settled communities, financial stringency and the urgent demands of the homestead—all unavoidable conditions of pioneer life—were later in a position to devote time and money toward retrieving their lost opportunities. But in the meantime these children had passed beyond the regular school age. Also they had neither the time nor the courage to adjust themselves to the provincial system and take the regular school courses. To these sturdy pioneers Regina College has always extended a hearty welcome and has arranged courses of study whereby each may advance as rapidly as his native equipment and his educational achievements will permit.

Our public schools, under the direction of the Department of Education, are day schools; necessarily—because they are organized and maintained to serve local demands. And where the school cannot come to the pupil the pupil must go to the school. Many

parents hesitate to send their young, adolescent sons and daughters to the larger urban centres for high school education. They fear the lack of home influences, the loneliness, the inconveniences and the temptations attendant upon boarding in the city. But Regina College solves their problems by providing a residence within its walls, with an atmosphere of Christian culture, where students may live under conditions of kindly supervision, encouragement and restraint surpassed only by the environment of the parental home.

One of the aims of the Board

of Governors has been to provide every possible facility for a cultural education in the truest sense of the term. And it is confidently expected that the College residence, the home-like atmosphere, the various courses in art, music and religious education, the influence of the splendid staff of teachers who give unstintingly of their time and talents, will all combine to foster and develop the very best in human nature. The work of the College Conservatory of Music will illustrate to what extent this aim is being realized.

The College Crest

By Prof. E. R. Doxsee

I am not much acquainted with the lore of heraldry, nor am I sure that the crest of Regina College conforms entirely to the requirements of that ancient art, but our crest came into being during the first year of the life of the College.

Dr. Andrews, the President of the College at that time, in collaboration, I believe, with Mr. Vincent Massey, drew up the plan of the cross and crescent, the shield and its crowns and sheaf of wheat, and the scroll with its Latin motto. Each part had its symbolic meaning: in the cross and crescent there was a reference to the two great religions that believe in one God; the crowns and sheaf refer to the British Empire and Saskatchewan from the viewpoint of the political power of the former and the resources of the latter. Dr. Andrews had his attention directed to the motto "Ut qui ministrat" from the fact that this was the text of the sermon preached by the Archbishop of York at

the coronation of King George V, a few months previous to the opening of the College. There was some thought in the mind of Dr. Andrews of using the Greek text for the motto, but for several reasons this was abandoned and the Latin form was decided on. In making some of the dies for the crest the English translation of the motto has been used, which may seem in harmony with modern democratic ideals, but is hardly in keeping with the idea of the first President of the College.

There was also in this first year of the College a long discussion as to what the colors of the newly-launched College should be, and it was to Miss Dollert, the first Dean of Women, that we are indebted, for the selection that was finally adopted. So we have as our official colours: chocolate brown, light blue and white, as it was thought that these tints would blend most favorably in a colour scheme for decoration purposes.

Chapel Chat

By D. R. Patterson

"It was the best thing in the day's routine," said an ex-student in a recent letter to the writer in referring to some of the chapel services in the College last year. This testimony could be easily enlarged by numbers of other similar remarks heard from former students. "I always thought it interesting to hear the many different speakers," said another, emphasizing what had appealed to him. The effort is made to keep the chapel services from becoming a mere routine affair, and to have its services varied and interesting. It is very gratifying therefore, to know that many of the students regard this part of College life with real pleasure and appreciation.

It has been requested that mention be made of the various visitors at chapel this fall. We will endeavor to recall and set down a brief summary of their messages.

Dr. MacKinnon was one of the first speakers. The striking passage in Isaiah was read which describes the various uses made of a tree; "A man uses it to warm himself by, to cook his dinner, and—strange to relate—with the residue thereof makes himself a god." So some people today leave only the last bit of their energy and resources—"the residue thereof"—for the higher life of the spirit. But it was pointed out very clearly that the Kingdom of Heaven deserves the devotion of life's fullest power, not what is left over—"the residue." The Doctor always leaves us with something to think about.

Then came Jack Miner, the Bird Man. He told us that he re-

ceived the impetus to learn to read when, as a young man, he was handed the leadership of a class of boys in his local Sunday School. "If," he said, "Jack Miner has been able to do something with his life in spite of many handicaps, what can you young people not do that is worth while with your lives?"

A graphic picture of conditions in Central Europe was given to us by Mr. W. J. Rose, M.A., for some years past the student secretary in Poland for the International Y. M. C. A. He compared the state of society in Europe to the conditions that would result in a palace whose aristocratic possessor had been suddenly turned out, and the place of authority given to men of humble origin, unused to exercising controlling powers. And just as that palace would likely at first be looted of its treasures amidst wild disorder, so European conditions were chaotic and would likely prove so until the masses were better educated. But with a properly developed and trained people in power, the speaker looked for the dawn of a better day for the common man.

A good many of us knew very little of the work of the Junior Red Cross Society in Saskatchewan. Enlightenment came, however, when the Deputy Minister of Education, Mr. A. H. Ball, M.A., made us acquainted with the splendid aims and work of this thriving young people's organization. Shortly after his visit the students and teachers were given an opportunity of financially aiding the society.

It is not every day that one sees a real poet. Many of us will not soon forget both seeing Mr. Wilson MacDonald, and hearing him read his own verse. Probably the best appreciated selection was his recitation of "Whist Whee."

Very practical was the address on fire prevention by Chief White of the City of Regina Fire Department. Our president, in introducing the speaker, gave a very fitting text from scripture: "See how great a flame a little fire kindleth."

One of the most inspiring of all chapel talks during the past several was that given by Mr. Manson Doyle. A young people's man, Mr. Doyle knows how to present truth in a most gripping, compelling fashion, and it is backed up by a very winning personality. His address is easily remembered; what a boy is (heredity); what a boy has (environment); what a boy does (conduct); "It was great!" said one of the boys afterwards, and we all agree.

Rev. Hugh Dobson, Social Service Secretary of the Methodist Church in the West, dealt with the cause of prohibition. That the moderate use of alcoholic beverages was quite harmful to the human system, was the speaker's theme. It was the quiet but impressive appeal of reason that he used. He marshalled his arguments based on a scientific analysis of the effect of alcohol, and quoting outstanding medical bodies in the Old Country as his authority. We think that it would be difficult to refute his arguments.

Two others we call to mind. Dr. Milliken and Rev. Whitehouse. It was not a new thing for the Doctor to attend Regina College Chapel, for in the years gone by he was the President of the

College. We were glad to receive the helpfulness of his message and presence. Mr. Whitehouse shows that he knows and respects young people. It was on the basis of this knowledge that he gave us a challenging call to heroic endeavour.

Even a brief sketch of chapel would be quite incomplete without reference to the weekly music day, for here many a treat is provided by the College Conservatory and this does not a little to make bright and attractive the period of morning devotion. Nor would we forget the continual leadership provided by the members of the faculty. Successful services would be impossible without the hearty co-operation of President and teachers, which is given without stint.

On thinking it over it does not seem unusual or surprising that many of our students cherish the memory of our College chapel service, with its time of meditation, its uplifting hymns, its helpful messages, its spirit of worship.

Luck

Last night I held a little hand
So gentle and so sweet!
Methought my heart would burst with
joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my soul
Could greater solace bring,
Than the charming one I held last
night,
Four aces and a king!

What's the most nervous thing be-
side a girl?
Me beside one.

He was standing in the hall,
He did not hear the bell, and
When he got to English class
Mr. Doxsee gave him ——?

Canada and Canadians

By a Canadian

I have a subject that should stir and rouse the enthusiasm of everyone; a subject in which it is more difficult to find an end than a beginning. There was a time when such a theme did not arouse much enthusiasm, when we were discussing such things as Imperial Federation, Annexation to the United States, or independence and there was little national sentiment or interest.

It may be that I have chosen this subject because of my interest in it, because if there is any subject in which I am interested, it is in Canadian history, and in fact in anything that has to do with Canada. As Paul once said when he wanted to boast somewhat of his lineage, "If any other man thinketh to have confidence in the flesh, I more; of the stock of Israel of the tribe of Benjamin an Hebrew of Hebrews." So I can say in somewhat the same way, "I am of the stock of America, of the tribe of United Empire Loyalists, a Canadian of Canadians." For my great-grandfather, after fighting on the British side in the American Revolution, and after several hair-breadth escapes, came to Canada about 1785 and his ancestors were among those Dutch settlers who came to New York in 1630. And yet because there is no such thing known officially as a Canadian or American, at the last census I was put down, I believe, as Dutch.

And this brings me to the question, "Who is a Canadian?" The Dominion Government says there are none, for there is no such classification in census statistics. If there are no real Canadians, then there are thousands who are just

making a guess as to what their nationality is, and statistics, based on such data, are of little value. If Canada is a nation then there ought to be plenty of Canadians, and it seems to me that any one at least who has been born in Canada ought to be counted as a Canadian.

I am proud of Canada and proud of being a Canadian—for I am going to call myself a Canadian even though the Government does not recognize such a name—because of the history of this country. We should never forget the men who first blazed their way through the forests of Ontario, or followed the trails on these Western plains; men like Pierre Radisson, and the Verendryes, father and sons, who went in search of the great Western sea, or followed the precarious pursuit of the fur trade. They were men of action, men of enthusiasm, trail-makers, and with such men as leaders their successors must necessarily be adventurous, brave and noble. So were the men who first settled on these plains of Saskatchewan, and endured drought, privation and want, but laid deep and secure the foundations of this great Province.

I am proud of being a Canadian, when I think of its great extent and almost unlimited resources. It is said that when the debate was going on at Ottawa over fifty years ago, as to what name they should give this new confederation of provinces, and after Sir John A. MacDonald had suggested that it be called the Kingdom of Canada, Sir Leonard Tilley proposed the name "Dominion" and gave scripture war-

rant for his choice. For in the seventy-second Psalm are found these words: "And he shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth," and to what can these words refer, said he, unless from the Atlantic to the Pacific and Canada, extending as it does from the river St. Lawrence to the Arctic Ocean, which is undoubtedly to the "ends of the earth." And there is no end of Canadian expansion to the north, if we believe what Steffanson says, and if we remember the trend of history we shall see how the dominating cities and nations are gradually drifting northward; there was first Babylon and Nineveh, but later came Athens and Rome and then Paris and London, and who knows but that in years to come some northerly Canadian city may be a world centre, not because it leads in the art of war, but rather in the arts of peace.

I am proud of being a Canadian whenever I ride over these broad prairies, and see the great expanse of country, in the spring with its broad, brown fields becoming covered with green, or in summertime, when there are waving fields of grain, extending to the far distant horizon, or in the fall when the fields are covered with golden stooks and the smoke of the threshing machine is seen all over the land—for then I am shown something of Canada's possibilities, as the granary of the British Empire and the world. I am proud of being a Canadian when from the deck of a great ship on one of our great lakes, I view the great stretch of water about me extending on every side to the horizon, giving promise of immense possibilities in commerce and trade, and of food for thousands; or when I stand as I did

one August day on the Little Bee Hive near Lake Louise, and look out over the view of mountains, lake and river, and all the diversified scenery, and earnest of a wealth of mine and forest and landscape comparable with anything in the world.

But I would be foolish to say that it is chiefly because of these material resources that I am proud of Canada. Great nations of the past have been highly endowed with material resources, and yet have sunk to dissolution and decay because they trusted in material things alone. So I am proud of Canada, because of her higher resources—resources that cannot be measured as you could measure the production of fields or mines or fisheries—the spirit and character of the people. If the spirit of those old adventurers remains still in any degree; if the spirit of those United Empire Loyalists remain, who for the sake of a principle left all behind, sometimes on a moment's notice, and went to a new land where they had to hew out for themselves a home in the wilderness; if that spirit abides still in the slightest degree, there ought to be a force within us that will keep our nation from sinking to the level of mediocrity. There is the church, active and vigorous, not depending simply on the keeping of a creed, but interested in the things that most of all make human life worth while and give it true meaning. There is our system of education, which in the last analysis, has the same object as the church, to make human life efficient and to develop all its finer powers.

If we go back in memory, those of us who can, twenty or thirty years, we come to a time when we were known as colonials, and

were spoken of with something of a feeling of contempt. We used to discuss the future of Canada, and several alternatives were regarded as a possible solution of our destiny—annexation to the United States, independence, or imperial federation, but hardly any of these are heard of today, for it has come to pass by the logic of events that we are a separate nation functioning within the British Empire, which is no more an Empire in the old sense of the term, but a commonwealth of nations and of free peoples. When we think of the rich and romantic story of her past history, the

boundless potentialities of the present and the prospects of the future, we feel constrained to utter the prayer:

Almighty Love, by thy mysterious
power,
In wisdom guide, with faith and
freedom dower;
Be ours a nation evermore
That no oppression blights,
Where justice rules from shore to
shore,
From lakes to Northern Lights.
May love alone for wrong atone,
Lord of the lands, make Canada
Thine own!

My Impressions of University Life

By Alice Stice

As I approached the University buildings on the day of my arrival in this city, I marvelled at the immense, and beautiful buildings all of grey stone. I began to think how fortunate I was to be coming to such a fine institution to continue my education. Now I am here, and have seen most of the buildings from both the inside and outside.

Some of the most important buildings are Saskatchewan Hall, Qu'Appelle Hall, the College building, the Physics and Chemistry buildings. Besides these there are the Agriculture and Engineering buildings, Presbyterian and Emmanuel College. Saskatchewan Hall is the ladies' residence, and also the dining hall for both the ladies and gentlemen. Across the road from this building is Qu'Appelle Hall, which has in it the boys residence, the gymnasium, and the swimming pool. In

the College building is the library and many class rooms where most of the lectures are given for those taking the Arts degree. The Physics building is a large building, with large lecture rooms, and well equipped laboratories for physics and biology. The Chemistry building, which is yet to be finished, is going to be the finest building of all, and it will be a real home for the chemists. The Presbyterian and Emmanuel College train men for the ministry and for the missionary fields.

This institution is built to educate men and women for almost any and every profession. You are allowed to take up almost any subjects you wish, and it is left to you yourself to do as little or as much studying as you like; but if you do not make your grades you are politely asked not to return. It was bad enough to go to classes at twenty minutes to nine but here

we have to go Saturday mornings. It seems like Saturday never comes, when you have to go to lectures in the morning, and write those delightful fifteen and twenty page essays the rest of the day. In spite of all this the University is a place where you work hard but have a good time as well.

The social life here is of a kind which everyone enjoys. There are the many different societies, such as the Literary, Historical, Mathematical, Dramatic and others, which give us very enjoyable entertainments. The most common forms of entertainment yet have been dances, but since the skating season is opening up we hope to have a few skating parties for a variety.

The University plays her part in the realm of sport with a good, clean spirit. Soon after the University opened the inter-varsity track meet was held here. At this meet the Universities of British Columbia, Alberta and Manitoba were represented. A good spirit was shown by our students in the competition that day, and the yells of the visiting universities were as heartily given by our students as was our own Saskatchewan yell. Since then visiting university teams have been here playing football and rugby, and we expect they will soon be here playing basket ball. While visiting teams are here we try to provide parties and entertainments for them, to make them enjoy their visits. This spirit of comradeship and good sportsmanship which is shown by the University goes far to make this University what it is.

Every Sunday morning we have our own University Church services. The services are conducted partly by the students and at these services we hear any prominent speakers who happen

to be in our city. Besides these services we have song services, Bible study groups and other religious meetings. So the University is an institution built to educate men and women to go out into the world and become fit and prominent leaders.

As for my impression of University life as compared with College life, I find that it is somewhat different. I have not as yet attained as high an appreciation for it as I have of Regina College, but perhaps by the time I have been here for three or four years I will have changed my views somewhat. But I can assure you that even then the four years which I have spent in Regina College will not be forgotten and put in the background.

REGINA COLLEGE

By Wm. Konkin

Cheer, cheer to it my fellow student,
Cheer it with heart, once more!
Again!
Life but a mirror smiles at you;
Shows all your loss and gain.

We all who bore ourselves most bravely,
And played games, and had some fun,
Should cheer most joyously our College days,
And mix our love and life all into one.

Then why not cheer it when we've learned,
And heard, and seen things false and true,
And to the last we now believe it:
Regina College! We're proud of you!

The New Members of the Faculty

The staff of the Register wish to take this opportunity of welcoming to the College the new members of the Faculty. We understand that the other members of the Faculty have already made them feel at home in a wierd and gruesome fashion so we prefer to express our welcome in a more civilized manner to Miss Jessie Maxwell, Miss Regina Milliken, Miss Jean Keenleyside and Mr. Robert Davidson.

Miss Maxwell's work with the Canadian Girls in Training in Saskatchewan is so well known and appreciated by all, that no further reference need here be made of it. She received her high school training in Winnipeg and then entered the University of Manitoba where she displayed that genius for organization so characteristic of her. Following her graduation and Normal training in Saskatoon she taught for three years and then entered upon her duties as Secretary of the C.G.I.T. work in this Province. If her success in that work is any indication of her future success we feel sure that Regina College will be very fortunate in its new Lady Dean.

Miss Milliken is a native of Regina and she wishes it to be known that Regina was named after her. She attended the College here in earlier years and the Regina Collegiate. Later she attended Victoria College, University of Toronto, and graduated in 1922. She completed her preparation for her work here by attending the Normal School in Saskatoon and taking post-graduate work in Household Science at Chicago University this last year.

Miss Keenleyside, while not a Westerner by birth, has lived long enough in the West to become by adoption and inclination a Westerner. Following her matriculation from Regina Collegiate she journeyed eastward with Miss Milliken and entered Victoria College also, where together they made the name of Westerner loved and respected. Following her graduation Miss Keenleyside spent a year teaching in Bishop Strachan School, Toronto. But the West claimed her again and she now very ably occupies the position which Mr. Moses held as teacher of preparatory work.

We understand that early in life Mr. Davidson manifested a keen interest in "bugology," a subject which he delights to cram us with in large doses. Though he has lived a good part of his life in Saskatchewan he is proud of the fact that Scotland is his birthplace. After completing his high school work at Wolseley and Regina he showed his loyalty to the West by entering the University of Saskatchewan, from which he graduated and now he comes to us with the determination that when the end of the year comes, all shall pass in science—if we have heeded his words.

Troubles of the Editor

Freshman (to ye Ed.)—"I sent you some suggestions telling you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out my ideas?"

Editor—"Did you see the office boy with the waste basket just now?"

Fresh.—"Yes I did."

Ed.—"Well, he is carrying out your ideas."

Conservatory of Music

MUSICAL RECITAL

An enthusiastic audience, among which were many of the students of the College, attended a musical recital given by Mr. George Coutts and Mr. W. Knight Wilson in the City Hall on the evening of October 25.

The early part of the programme was devoted to one group, each of interesting piano and violin numbers. Mr. Wilson's violin solos, by Coleridge Taylor and Godard revealed beautiful tone technique and, better still, real musical insight in his interpretation. Mr. Coutts deserves more praise than can be expressed. He has the beautiful touch and genuine appreciation of the pianistic subtleties required for a finished performer of such classical gems as the *Paradies Toccato*. It was exquisite. So was the *D'Albert Suite*. Great brilliance was revealed in the modern works of Carpenter and MacDonnell.

The crowning success of the evening was a very wonderful sonata by Caesar Frank, played by Mr. Coutts and Mr. Wilson.

One distinguished musician has said of it "The artists of last evening surely grasped the import of the composer's message to the world of art and gave Regina music lovers a half hour of inspiration they will not soon forget—noble music, interpreted in a fine, masterly style is deserving of the highest praise.

R. C. PRACTICE CORRIDORS

There are many varieties of noises. There are those which tug at your very heart strings and

THE FACULTY RECITAL

On the evening of November 6 the faculty of R. C. Conservatory of Music, gave a recital in the Metropolitan Methodist Church.

The programme was opened by Mr. F. G. Killmaster, who played "Fantasia," by Saint-Saens on the organ and later "Humoresque" by Ischaikowsky.

The violin solo, "Sonata in G Minor," rendered by Miss Jean McCracken, was beautiful and revealed her skill and fine interpretation.

Accompanied by Mr. Coutts, pianist, and Mr. Palm, who played flute obligato, Miss Doris Williams sang "Sacred is the Weeping" and thrilled her listeners.

The "Blue Danube Waltzes" a delightful piano solo, given by Miss Helen Wight, showed her art to advantage and was marked throughout by a beautiful melody.

Just as successful was the piano selections "Polonaise" in E, rendered by Mr. Coutts. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the readings "A Little Red Canoe" and "Nothing but Leaves," so splendidly given by Miss Florence Tutt.

Mr. Dan Cameron's solos never fail to charm his audience and on this occasion his songs "Home" and "April Weather" were especially beautiful.

The Junior Orchestra of Regina College, under direction of Mr. Knight Wilson, gave a beautiful selection, "Slow Movement from Symphony in D," with marked skill.

The thoroughly enjoyable programme closed with the National Anthem.

cause you to dream of pleasant, far-off things. Others are simply noises, utterly devoid of harmony or tune. Some excite your pity and your desire to comfort all those in distress, while others pound against the tympanium until the whole sound system of your head is thrown into hopeless confusion.

Does anyone desire to hear an example of each one of these impressionistic noises? Then let him stand for a moment just inside the entrance to the R. C. practice corridors.

Floating out to his eager ear may come the stern notes of a Hungarian Rhapsody, a prelude in A Minor, or a brilliant theme from Moszkowski. A violin may be rasping out a slow accompaniment in G. A wonderful young singer is meanwhile calling clearly, pathetically, Oh-ee-Oh-ee. Her voice is like a little bit of sunset dowered with liquid melody.

By the rarest chance, you may notice a short lull in the tempest of sound and hear a single, sweet strain of music. Of course the orchestra starts up again with a rising crescendo. Such a wonderful orchestra it is in truth. Seventeen pianos, four or five violins, two cornets are being played each with its own different theme, key and time. The result is a violent disturbance of the atmosphere which causes an edge like a buzz saw embroidered with sand burrs and your whole thinking apparatus goes BZZZZZT.

Hark, the twelve o'clock bell is ringing! Sound ceases abruptly as if all instruments had suddenly been deprived of voice. The young students troop out each from his own little cell and you hear a babbled "Une tres heureux temps." As they pass it is as "the ceasing of exquisite music."

BREDIN-DOLMADGE

On November 14th a very quiet wedding took place at the home of Mrs. J. D. Dolmadge, 644 Westminster Avenue, Winnipeg, when Alta H. Dolmadge became the bride of James H. Bredin of Regina, Sask.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, John Dolmadge, was charmingly attired in a suit of brown suedine with colinsky trimmings, a smart close-fitting brown hat with veil and blouse of the same shade completed the costume.

The bride and groom left that evening on their honeymoon to California. During the twenty minutes that they stopped in Regina their many friends of the Conservatory staff, including the Misses Wight, McCracken, Tutt and Wagner, showered the happy couple with their well wishes and other things.

They visited Saskatoon and then continued via Spokane and Portland to San Francisco, from there taking the boat to Los Angeles where they will spend the winter.

The newlyweds will motor via Vancouver to Regina in the spring where they will reside.

Miss Flavel Brooks who was on the Conservatory staff last year and who has been studying at the Chicago School of Music, is ill with typhoid and is being nursed at her home in Golden City, Missouri.

Gabhy—"I made ugly faces at you the other day when angry and now I hope that you did not see them."

Evelyn—"I did, but I thought they were natural."

Social Items

THE RECEPTION

The first social event of the season was the reception given by the faculty on October the 6th. The guests were received by Doctor and Mrs. Stapleford, Professor and Mrs. Doxsee, in the rest room of the girls' rest room. A very busy and pleasant time was spent in becoming acquainted, everyone taking part in a contest the object of which was to get the largest number of signatures on a card.

After the contest Miss Williams sang a solo entitled "Villanel" and Miss Tutt gave a reading of an amusing nature from "Penrod."

Everyone joined in an interesting guessing contest, the winners receiving appropriate prizes. Partners for supper were chosen by drawing numbers and the pleasant evening was drawn to a close by the National Anthem and the College yell.

GIRLS' INITIATION

In answer to an awe-inspiring summons, the freshettes gathered together on Saturday afternoon, October the 20th, for initiation. They were ordered to go to dinner with middies on backwards, skirts upside down, faces painted, and hair in small braids. This unusual costume was the cause of many smiles on the other side of the dining hall and some had difficulty in recognizing their fair friends. After dinner the freshettes, made even more conspicuous by the addition of great green bows to their hats, were escorted to the Capitol Theatre.

Seats in the front row were reserved and at the end of the picture the words "Welcome Freshettes of Regina College" were flashed on the screen; the spotlight was turned on them and they got up and faced the audience, and the orchestra played that appropriate tune "Hail, Hail the gang's all here." On returning to the College the freshettes experienced the thrills of "Devil's Alley," then the accusations were held. Many were found guilty, and sentenced accordingly. Lunch was served and the memorable evening was closed with songs and dancing.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The annual Hallowe'en party was held on November the 2nd. Everyone came to dinner masked and in costume. After dinner a Hallowe'en pageant was given by Miss Tutt's pupils, and the College twins, Bruce Lane and Leslie Schwindt, recited. Then everyone went on a parade through the dark and spooky corridors. On returning from the parade each person was asked to shake hands with the ghost. As this felt very much like a chicken's foot it provided many thrills.

The costumes were many and varied, so the judges had some difficulty in choosing the winners. However, it was decided that Miss Bessie McQuag should have the ladies' prize, as an old-fashioned girl. Miss Gladys Clinch the ladies' special prize as a "Bride of 1890," and Miss Ethel McKenzie the ladies' comic prize.

Among the boys prizes were awarded Frank Rosher as the

Court Jester, Leslie Schwindt and Bruce Lane, a special prize as the "College Twins."

Several contests and games followed and the evening closed with the National Anthem and the College Yell.

INSTALLATION OF THE GIRLS' EXECUTIVE

The installation of the girls' Executive took place on November the 21st. Dr. Stapleford installed the new president, Miss Hattie McKenzie, and she then took charge of the meeting. Her officers were then installed into the following positions:

Margaret Hunter....Vice-President
Ruby ScottSecretary
Mabel McCallumTreasurer
Juanita DempseySports Com.
Kathleen Craven.....Religious Ed.
Lucile JonesSocial
Ethel Cross....Representative of
Outside Girls

Dr. Stapleford gave a short talk on duty and responsibility when the installation service was ended and Mrs. Ormond an interesting address on the responsibilities of girls in this new age.

PROGRESSIVE HIKE

The first progressive hike of the season was held on November the 23rd. Everyone met in the Assembly Hall, and about seventy-three the couples started out, led by Miss Marie Underwood and Frank Rosher. They went around the lake and past Champion College where they regaled the inmates with the good old College yell. When they returned to the College contests and games provided amusement for all. Lunch was then served and the evening ended in the usual way.

BOYS' INITIATION

On Friday evening, November 30, an event much dreaded by the freshmen took place. It was initiation. It began at 6.30 when the Dread Emblem, dressed in his robes of office, entered the Dining Room and summoned all freshmen to assemble in the chapel on pain of death. For once in their lives the freshmen were on time. Some came laughing, some sober and some very shaky at the knees. From the chapel they were taken one by one and all put through their paces.

First they were taken into the chemistry room, tried and sentenced. Then they were escorted to the tower room where they were given an aeroplane ride and painted from head to foot. Following the painting they received the oath of allegiance to the Brown Brotherhood. When the last one had been finished, pie and coffee was served and everybody had a glorious time, even to those who spent a couple of hours washing the paint off.

Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford entertained the Rugby Team and the Boys' and Girls' Executive at a banquet Friday evening, Nov. 16.

After the banquet the toast list began with a toast to the King, proposed by Dr. Stapleford. The National Anthem was sung in response. The next was a toast to the College, proposed by Miss Lucile Jones, and replied to by Mr. R. Doxsee. Miss Hattie McKenzie, President of the Girls' organization, then proposed a toast to the Rugby Team, to which Mr. J. Rice, captain of the team, replied. The toast to the Student Executive was proposed by Miss Maxwell and responded to by Mr. Gordon McCuish, president of the Boys' society.

The guests then adjourned to Mrs. Stapleford's suite where a delightful social hour was spent.

Miss Maxwell was the hostess at a tea for the Girls' Field Hockey Team on Saturday, November the 24th. Miss Tutt assisted in serving and later, very enjoyable cup reading.

A series of teas was given late in the term by the Household Science class for the girls of the College. There were four of these teas altogether, a different group of girls being invited each time. Miss Maxwell and Miss Milliken were the guests of honor at these teas. The teachers lounge was very prettily decorated for the occasions with bowls of yellow chrysanthemums while yellow candlesticks effectively carried out the color scheme.

Various members of the Household Science class acted as hostesses, while other members dispensed tea from the daintily decorated tea table. A small programme was arranged for each tea. At the first one Miss Mabel McCallum rendered a delightful solo, "Break of Day," and Miss Phyllis Robb played "Rendezvous." At the following tea Miss Milliken favored the guests with a piano solo and Miss Margaret Stapleford with "Barcarole." At the third tea Miss Lucile Jones sang "Sorter Miss You," accompanied by Miss Mable McCallum at the piano and Mr. Roy Kammer on the violin. On the fourth afternoon Miss Adelyn Skukrud sang "The Star" and Miss Marguerite Hadley played Percy Granger's "Country Gardens." Rema Ross played a Chopin waltz.

These teas were greatly enjoyed by all the girls and the Household

Science class are to be congratulated on their success.

SKATING PARTY

The first skating party of the season was held at the Arena Rink on the evening of December the 8th. The students met in the reception room of the Girl's residence at seven o'clock and went over together to the rink. The skating commenced at seven-thirty so that for a time they had the rink practically to themselves. At nine o'clock they returned to the College where after a brief programme refreshments were served and the final party of the term was brought to a close.

If Modern Papers Were For Men

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place yesterday in St. Swithins Church when Handsome Harold Knotthere became the husband of Mary G. Flukus. Mr. Knotthere, who is one of the best TutToddlers among Pilot Butte's really old families, looking radiant in a dark broadcloth cutaway, the tails of which were edged with rare old braid which has been in the family for years. A pretty touch of sentiment was added by the trousers of some rich striped material which were said to have been worn by Mr. Knotthere's father and grandfather on their wedding days. The effect was quite quaint.

The best man, Mr. Arthur Mink, wore a white semi-stiff, plaited bosom shirt and small light-grey cashmere trousers cut wide at the knees and cuff. The pretty groomsmen who included Gutt, Muffet, Slump and Blissitt-wore shirts in the rainbow shades with spats and ties to match. The groom and his attendants were carrying bunches of red geraniums.

The bride wore the conventional veil.

Batty—"I lost my note book."

M. C.—"All you know, eh?"

Batty—"No sir, but all that my teachers know."

Words of Worth

MY PURPOSE

To guard my health and keep my
body fair,
That I may stronger be to do and
dare,
To keep my mind unsullied, pure
and free,
That truth and beauty may abide
in me.
To be a friend, and prove from
day to day
Sincere and kind, at home, at
school, at play,
To follow ever upward life's high
quest,
And find through knowing God
our very best.

WISE SAYINGS

The aim of education should
be to convert the mind into a liv-
ing fountain, and not a reservoir.
That which is filled by merely
pumping in, will be emptied by
pumping out.—John M. Mason.

Reverence is the crown of
moral manhood.—Kingsley.

The man who has so little
knowledge of human nature, as to
seek happiness by changing any-
thing but his own dispositions,
will waste his life in fruitless ef-
forts, and multiply the griefs
which he proposes to remove.—
Colton.

The finest miracle of nature is
a friend.

Perhaps, as Plato said, "It is
better to be wise and not seem
so, than to seem wise and not to
be so."

What a different place some
people can make the same place.

Make yourselves nests of pleas-
ant thoughts. None of us yet
know, for none of us have been
taught in early youth, what fairy
palaces we may build of beautiful
thoughts, proof against all adver-
sity — bright fancies, satisfied
memories, noble histories, faithful
sayings, treasure houses of pre-
cious and restful thoughts which
care cannot disturb nor pain make
gloomy nor poverty take away
from us—houses built without
hands, for our souls to live in.—
Ruskin.

PROFESSOR DOXSEE

"Ille potens sui
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse vixi, cras vel atra
Nube polum pater occupato
Vel sole puro."—Horace.

He is master of himself and
lives joyfully, who can say from
day to day "I have lived"; then
it matters not whether the sky is
clouded or the sun shines clearly.

MISS MAXWELL

True education is the growth
and development in an individual
of those powers and capacities
which will lead to his own highest
good and the highest good of
humanity.

The achievement of true educa-
tion is, as Professor James has ex-
pressed it, "The deep conscious-
ness of power to create and pro-
gress, to create 'new' in life, and
to live for wide, free, unsullied
things, which never fail and can
never decay.

MR. J. E. R. DOXSEE

"Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty, and learning teacheth safely while experience maketh more miserable than wise."—A. Scham.

MISS A. A. THEAL

Going in with your mind set on winning is the first essential to making a success in any work you may undertake. Half-hearted effort will not take you very far in any line of endeavor. If you think enough of a job to accept it, think enough of yourself to do your work the best you can and you will come out on top in the final count. Intelligent effort and close attention to business will always win out.

MISS L. YOUNG

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as they are.

—Kipling.

MR. F. E. WAGG

"Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a farm boy on the other would constitute a university."—Pres. Garfield.

* * *

"Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log
And a farm boy sat on the other.
Mark Hopkins came as a pedagogue
And taught as an elder brother.

I don't care what Mark Hopkins taught—

If his Latin was small and his Greek was naught—

For the farmer's boy he thought, thought he,

All through the lecture time and quiz,

'The kind of a man I mean to be is the kind of a man Mark Hopkins is.'"

—A. Guiterman.

MR. R. J. DAVIDSON

"To know the mighty works of God; to comprehend His wisdom and majesty and power; to appreciate, in degree, the wonderful workings of His laws, surely all this must be a pleasing and acceptable mode of worship to the Most High, to whom ignorance can not be more grateful than knowledge."—Copernicus.

MR. H. B. CAIRNS

"That man, I think, has a liberal education whose body has been so trained in youth that it is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all that as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and a smooth running order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work and to spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind, and whose mind is well stored with the fundamental truths of Nature and the laws of her operations."

—By Thomas Huxley.

It is important to think right, more important to feel right, still more important to do right, but to be right is most important of all.—Abbott.

MISS R. MILLIKEN

Home Economics is such a new field in education that as yet its ideals are not thoroughly understood and appreciated. In the past the actual constructive part was emphasized, now we wish to get away from that side and stress choice and suitability. This training in judgment is an essential factor in all education. A woman today must face the facts of present day conditions and adjust her life and the life of her home to suit these conditions. Home Economics, through the introduction of modern methods and equipment, is trying to help do this; it is attempting to raise her position above a state of drudgery and to make her realize her powers and to help her direct them into a wider sphere.

MR. D. R. PATTERSON

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs, he most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." —Bailey.

MISS F. R. TUTT

Physical Education

Every spirit makes its house and we can give a shrewd guess from the house to the inhabitant.
—R. W. Emerson.

It is our aim in the physical development to form such habits of regimen as will give the best physical foundations for intellectual and expressional development and for a happy, useful life.

In speech, conduct, love, faith and purity be an example for your fellow Christians to imitate.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

At a meeting of the boy students of Regina College who were interested in the Y. M. C. A. activities, a number of students were chosen to meet with the members of the faculty to choose and nominate officers for the year. Two names were nominated for each office and the students voted on these nominations and the following were elected to the different departments given below:

President—Gordon McCuish.

Vice-President—Ernest Thackeray.

Secretary—Ellis Schreffler.

Conveners of Committees:

Vocational—Rupert McLoughry.

Citizenship—Frank Rosher.

Literary—Russell McCombs.

Athletic—Jacob Alles.

Secretary Treasurer of Athletic—Jesse Rice.

Representative of Commercials—Charlie Draycott.

The first of the regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A. was held Nov. 1 when Mr. Patterson gave an interesting address. The second meeting on the 15th was addressed by Dr. Stapleford. His subject was "The value of an Education." The third meeting was addressed by Prof. Doxsee and the fourth on Dec. 6 by Mr. Davidson for the Vocational Committee on "Choosing a Life Work."

Recently the students were divided into four Bible study groups which meet every Sunday morning at 9.30. The groups are led by Mr. Cairns, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Doxsee and Mr. Patterson.

It is expected that programmes will be published within a short time which will be in effect during the winter months.



SPORTS



BOYS' SPORTS

- S**—for the Something to which we achieve,
P—for the Principle which we believe,
O—for the Others which we must persuade,
R—for the Ruin which we must evade,
T—for the Truth, life's bridge to span,
The whole for the substance that makes the man.

Sport is not the mere playing of games. It is the physical education; the natural human completion; the desire for which is inborn in every man. Back of it all stands an ideal—a pure unspotted ray of light, which, with the moral and intellectual ideal, unites to form that triumvirate, the living example to be followed by those who aspire to real manhood.

For our purpose men may be divided into three types: the physical prodigy; the mental prodigy, and the happy medium.

The physical prodigy — the ideal athlete, he of the cigarette lip and the loud voice; how often is he the hero, admired and worshipped! How often is his example followed by all the small boys with results that we know. But he, the example of a wasted development, the living representative of the wine, woman and song class, he is to be pitied; not for himself but for the facts that God Almighty put into such a perfect physical chassis such an inadequate mental machine, which at first, perhaps, runs smoothly but in a very short time sputters,

cracks and then fades out miserably. He has perfected his body, but taken no stock in the machine guiding it, consequently when the bright lights assail him (a mud hole looms near) he gets in and his puny little engine lacks the stamina to lift him out. The result—another physical prodigy “gone to the dogs.” Another stain on the page of sport.

The mental prodigy—he of the whiskers, the sloping intellectual brow—the thin, nervous, effeminate man, who thinks, eats and sleeps “learning.” How often is he respected and revered! Boys are warned to work hard “then you’ll be like him when you grow up.” (Unknowingly the small boy generally takes a better trail). But his type is again the other extreme. His brain is overdeveloped for his body. He has a sixty horse power motor inside a fifteen horse power chassis; with what result? In a very short while he becomes worn out—a nervous wreck—and the world loses whatever benefit it might have obtained from his amassed knowledge.

These are the two extremes; and now we take the third type: the happy medium. He is a man whose mental and physical parts are in accord; he is the machine in which chassis and motor are evenly balanced. When he comes to a mud hole his engine is powerful enough to either back up or plow through and land himself safely on the other side. Upon over-exertion of his motor the chassis does not crack, splinter or crumple, but is well able to stand the vibrating strain put upon it.

Why is sport so often associated with looseness of character? The reason is that we ourselves do not belong to the happy medium. We do not see that sport is the physical education, as necessary to a perfect man as a mental education. We think of our physical activities only as pleasures—permitted when all our studying is done; we do not think of them as part of our general curriculum of life. Sport trains and develops not only our muscles, but our minds, our aesthetic senses—the appreciation of everything beautiful, whether physical, moral, intellectual or spiritual. Physical education with a judicious amount of mental knowledge will do away with many of our social vices.

—F. W. R.

CAMPION VS. COLLEGE

11-10

The Regina College opened their rugby season by playing Campion College on the latter's campus. The boys played sterling rugby considering that it was the first time most of them ever played a game. Alles celebrated his debut into the College rugby by scoring two touchdowns. McLoughry also showed great ability. Campion was forced to work hard for their victory, the score showing that the teams were very well matched. The game was ably handled by Mr. Peebles.

MOOSE JAW COLLEGE VS. REGINA COLLEGE, 11-12

The College twelve journeyed to Moose Jaw to play their College team. When the teams took the field it was in a miniature snow storm. During the first half the College team were outclassed and when they left the field at half time they had the small end of a

7-3 score. When the second half began the College team seemed inspired with new life, and they fought gamely back. Rice went through for a touchdown which McLoughry converted. This put the College team up but Moose Jaw rallied and scored, 10 to 8 in their favor. Time went on. Two minutes to go. The College secured the ball on Moose Jaw's 40 yard line. McLoughry kicked the ball between the posts for a field goal, making the score 11-10 in favor of Regina College. A few seconds later the game ended. Alles' run and McLoughry's kicking were features of the game.

REGINA COLLEGE VS. MOOSE JAW COLLEGE, 25-5

The return rugby match between the College and Moose Jaw College on the Collegiate campus east of St. Chad's on November 3. The Moose Jaw College boys motored down to try conclusions with the College, who had beaten them a week previous to this encounter. Both teams took the field determined to win, although the College boys were a little more confident because they had won before and also because Dr. Stapleford had promised them a turkey supper if they were able to turn victory their way. The College were superior throughout the game, only at times did Moose Jaw seem at all dangerous.

Alles was hurt very badly in the latter part of the game, although he had done his share, having secured three touchdowns for his team. Rice also made a touchdown in the game. McLoughry played a fine game throughout. The boys were well supported by the cheering of the girls. They were a happy bunch of fellows, when they came back from the field, and we are sure

that Moose Jaw boys realized they had been defeated fairly. The game was refereed by Mr. Eady of the Collegiate.

The regular College line-up for rugby was as follows:

Left Outside Wing.....McCombs
 Left Middle Wing.....Hortness
 Left Inside Wing.....Wells
 CentreThackeray
 Right Inside Wing.....More
 Right Middle Wing.....Gebhardt
 Right Outside Wing.....Batty
 Left Half Back.....Alles
 Centre Half Back.....Rice (Capt.)
 Quarter BackMcCuish
 Right Half Back.....McLoughry
 Flying WingSchreffler
 Subs—Kennedy, Schwindt, Armour, Brown, McEachern.
 Coach—"Brick" Peebles.
 Manager—J. E. R. Doxsee.

HOCKEY

The hockey season opened on Saturday, December 8th, when Form IV played Form III at the Arena Rink. The game was fast and furious and at the end of play Form IV had the long end of a 5-3 score. Deacon starred for Form IV, while Alles did fine work for Form III.

The line-up was as follows:

Form IV	Goal	Form III
McCombs		Fletcher
	R. Defence	
Deacon		Batty
	L. Defense	
Whiteside		Rice
	Centre	
More		Alles
	R. Wing	
Chaplin		Warner
	L. Wing	
Rosher		Brockman
	Subs	
Webster		Devine
Smith		Schultz
Thackeray		
Bird		

THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN

The College has a rugby team
 Of famous grid renown,
 And the story that will make you beam

Is: How they got their first touchdown.

They tackled opposing players
 And brought them down with a bump,

And when the enemy failed to gain yards

They took possession of the ball
 "on the jump."

Then McCuish called out our signals,

Everyone's on their toes,
 For Alles takes the rugby ball
 And through the opposing line he goes.

First down, two yards to go,
 For Alles has gained eight,
 The girls are going—Rice takes the ball

And runs an awful gait.

Two downs! gained yards! out rings the cry,

As the enemy's line draws near.
 Our first touchdown is in sight
 And we're feeling mighty cheer.

Now Hortness is a heavy man,
 On line bucks he is good,
 So with but four yards for a touch
 He says, "Give me that ball, I'll gain that much."

The buck goes through but, Oh, alas!

We lack a touch by inches,
 McCuish with Rice behind to push
 Is the play for just such pinches.

Mac takes the ball, the fake goes through

The enemy is out brained,
 For Mac goes over with the ball
 And our first touchdown is gained.

—K. H. M.

MORNING GYM

By Phyllis Robb

Hark! there goes the whistle, and
it says

"Get up for gym.
Get up and stretch your arms
around

"Twill give you lots of vim."
You wake and think "Oh how my
bones do ache

From limb to limb."
From underneath the covers
comes a crumpled

Head of brown,
And on the floor a pair of feet
comes

Pouncing, sprawling down.
Out in the hall it makes its way,
Stumbling like a clown.

Out in the hall, there makes a
stand,
Full sixty heads or more.

And Miss Tutt stands majestically
within
The rest room door.

While up and down the halls and
stairs
The sleepy victims pour.

"Arms forward stretch! knees
kicking high!

Quick march around the room!
These exercises sure will send us
someday

To our doom,
For Miss Tutt must have found
them when

They opened King Tut's tomb.
Why was that awful whistle made,
to cause

Us so much dread
To make us every morning leave
a warm

And cosy bed,
And into a cold, dreary hall, to
lead

Us out half dead?
(Miss Tutt—"I didn't see you at
Gym this morning.")

T. C.'s ambition is to be weighed in
the balance and be found wanting.

BASKET BALL

The Basket Ball season of Regina College opened on the 26th of November, when the Blue Birds and the Monarchs played the first game, resulting in a tie, 2-2. It was a ragged game from start to finish, and, judging from the showing, some of the players had not forgotten their rugby tactics. But as the games are played we hope to see a great improvement.

The star for the Blue Birds was Thackery, while Rice played the best game for the Monarchs.

The Line-up

Blue Birds	Monarchs
Brown	Rice
McCoombs	Alles
Gebhardt	Rosher
Brockman	McCuish
Thackeray	Batty

There are nine teams in the league so far. The names and their captains are as follows:

Blue Birds.....	Capt. Thackeray
Monarchs.....	Capt. Rice
Flyers	Capt. Schreffler
Stringers	Capt. McLoughry
Wild Cats.....	Capt. Webster
Tigers	Capt. Breckon
Quakers	Capt. Fletcher
Caps	Capt. Wells
Eskimos	Capt. Armstrong

GIRLS' SPORTS

A very exciting game of Field Hockey was played by the Regina College Girls' team, and that of the Collegiate, Nov. 27th.

The fans turned out in goodly number and though both teams played splendidly, the game ended in favor of the Collegiate, the score being 1-0.

The line-up was as follows:
Centre—Rema Ross.

Forwards—Jean Ketchen, Bessie McQuaig, Edith Martin, Maybelle Miller.

Half Backs—Jean May, Helen Martinson.

Full Backs—Helen Rogers, Dorothy Ironquill.

Goal Keeper—Doris Brogden.

To make my body a temple pure,
Wherein I dwell serene,

To care for the things that shall
endure,

The simple, the sweet, the clean.
To oust out envy and hate and
fear,

To breathe with no alarm,
For Nature shall be my anchor-
age,

And none shall do me harm.
Oh, it's all very well to be happy,
When the game goes along tres
bien,

But the men worth while are the
losers who smile

And cheer the winner at the
game's end.

OUR GIRLS' EXECUTIVE

By Margaret Stapleford

To elect the officers, the girls were divided into six groups, according to which form they belonged. Each group selected their representative, thus forming the executive.

For the selection of the president and head of the house, a nominating committee was chosen by all of the girls. Each girl had a vote, a vote from a fourth former counting three, that of third year two, and all of the rest one. When the votes were counted, Miss Hattie McKenzie was declared president by an overwhelming majority.

The representatives met on the invitation of Miss Maxwell, and

organized their committees. Miss Mabel McCallum was elected treasurer and pianist and Miss Ruby Scott, Secretary. The other officers are: Miss Juanita Dempsey, Miss Margaret Hunter, Miss Lucile Jones, Miss Kathleen Craven and Miss Ethel Cross, our outside member.

The several committees who will work with the executive through the coming months.

Social Committee.—Miss Lucile Jones, (convener); Rhoda Anderson, Ruby Patterson, Alma Lowery, Helen Mickelborough, Bessie McQuaig, Muriel Taylor.

Religious Education Committee—Miss Kathleen Craven, (convener); Rema Ross, Grace McElroy, Ethel McKenzie, Winnifred Downie, Ella Fetterly, Helen Penfold.

Sport Committee — Miss Juanita Dempsey, (convener), Lola Fosnot, Edith Martin, Annie Melhoff, Beverly Caldwell, Helen Martinson, Hattie Selby, Carlotta Wheatley.

House Regulation Committee—Margaret Hunter, (convener), Jean Douglas, Evelyn Booth, Nina Stonechild, Bessie Argue, Virginia Betschen.

Miss W.—“That popcorn smells awfully good.

Mr. C.—Well we'll walk around the block again and go closer to the wagon so we can smell it better.

Woman—The fairest work of the great Author. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy.

From time to time the College graduate tried to start a discussion on outdoor games but to no avail. At last her companion at the table turned to her with the inquiry: “And do you not like Kipling?”

The fair young graduate answered blithely, “Kipling? I don't believe we did it at college. How do you kipple anyway?”

Personals

FOREWORD

If in these columns you may see
A joke or a rap at yourself,
Don't take it to heart but bear it in
mind
If you don't laugh you'll be put on
the shelf.
Of course you may have heard these
before,
We know they are not all new.
But just forget and see the joke
Of those that may hit you.
And if these lines create some mirth
And everyone smiles with you,
Well, then our work will be well done.

MOSES-BICKNELL

On the evening of September a wedding took place at the Wesley parsonage that very few of us were expecting, when Miss Bertha Bicknell became the bride of Mr. Clifford K. Moses. Mr. Whiethouse performed the ceremony and the only witnesses were the bride's parents, Mrs. A. M. Kennedy, and the Misses Kennedy, aunts of Mr. Moses.

The ceremony was performed at seven o'clock in the evening and the couple left at eight for California.

On leaving Regina the couple went to Vancouver where they took the boat for Los Angeles but they were glad enough to get off at San Francisco and go the remaining distance on the train—at least that is the report.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses are living in a bungalow with another married couple who were great friends of Mr. Moses and through whose agency Mr. Moses was persuaded to leave Regina College for California. Mr. Moses is working in the office of a wholesale firm and has a very good position.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses have lost no time in becoming acquainted with their local geography as they have travelled over two thousand miles by car since their arrival there. They have visited all the beaches around there including the famous Long Beach. They have picked baskets of oranges from the trees and in every respect have acquainted themselves with all that a Californian knows that a Reginian does not. They are living in Santa Ana, which is a short distance from Los Angeles.

We are sure that their many friends both in Regina and in the College, join with The Register in wishing them a long, happy and useful life in their chosen field and that they with us are sorry that Mr. Moses did not remain with us or that they had at least given us a little notice that we might have seen them off in the good old-fashioned way.

Alumni et Alumnae

Students of 1922-23 to students of 1923-24—We do hereby humbly bequeath to you the Faculty. You may do with them as you see fit—it was created 12 years ago to aid the students in running the school. We trust it will be of some value to you.

FORMER R. C. STUDENTS ATTENDING NORMAL

Norman Lyster is much the same as ever. However we hear he no longer frequents his old haunts and his ankle bones are losing their stiffness as he shuffles over the hardwood.

We still see Jean Myers in our midst, also a certain Ford coupe. Apparently she agrees with the wise saying of Keheloth, the writer of Ecclesiastes, "two are better than one."

No doubt the winning ways of Edythe Miller have already brightened the path of many a weary Normalite as he trudges along the road to pedagogy.

Olga Guttormson is charming the Normalites with her bow—now don't get excited—the one she used last year on her violin.

Emelia Duckert still smiles as sweetly as ever and hasn't lost a pound since the time she bade adieu to College.

Bernard Wiseman is often heard rattling the ivory for the benefit of those whose feet are uncontrollable. He is also gaining repute as an actor. He may go to Hollywood in the near future but nothing definite has been decided upon.

Day by day in every way Leona Bandeline gains more and more knowledge. We hear her books are her constant companions. Would the rest of us could get an inspiration.

Muriel Adams also frequents the halls of the Normal School and soon hopes to be instructing young urchins to regard her as a competent teacher. Cyril Dean is the reserved and graceful youth of yore. His presence in the Normal is quite a topic of discussion among the fair sex.

OLD R. C. STUDENTS AT "U" OF SASKATCHEWAN

ED. BROWN'S an engineer

Quite popular here this year,
At the tables he's head waiter,
More of him will be heard later.

DOROTHY WERTHENBACH, from
away back,

Is sweet and surely has the knack
Of making us love her as before,
When we were at College in days
of yore.

FLORENCE KIRK plays basketball,
Has played hard all this fall,
Her scholarship which she did earn,
Has helped her all her studies to
learn.

ROY PHILLIPS is slow but sure,
For working he has the cure,
Never talk, but study much,
A success you'll make if you act as
such.

HERB DICKEY too, is an engineer,
Becomes a graduate this year,
He really studies hard, too,
For he's an arts grad. of twenty-two.

LOIS KINGSBURY is smart and quick,
Perhaps some day she'll be senior
stick,

Stick, but not stuck, no, never here,
And popular with everyone in the
year.

OF LES HUTCHINSON, this joke is
rare,

At Presbyterian College he has his
lair,
At pole vaulting he is swell,
And brings forth the varsity yell.

If we print jokes, folks say we are
One of the seniors is MAE DEVINE,
Her sunny smile lasts all the time,
She plays good basketball here,
As she did at College, for her year.

GORDON RAMSAY'S a real good
sport,

So we learn from good report.
His College training has helped no
doubt

To bring his sportsmanship about.

HAZEL GIFFARD is a sophomore here,
She was kicked out of French by
Prof. Muller,
This reminds her of old College days
And French class from dear Miss
Strangways.

ALICE STICE is just like she was,
All sports and studies she sure makes
buzz,
She's athletic rep. of twenty-six,
And puts her opponents in a fix.

FACULTY EXPRESSIONS Things That We Hear Every Day

Prof. Doxsee—Study hall is at the
end of the hall. Why were you not
there today?

Miss Keenleyside—What were you
boys laughing at in chapel?

Mr. Cairns—Do you wish to talk, if
not shut the door.

Mr. Davidson—Now class, our time
is too precious for anyone but myself
to talk.

Miss Maxwell—Has the young lady
consented? (Another point of view.)
Where are you going?

Mr. Doxsee—Of course you have
heard—so and so—now bear this in
mind.

Miss Milliken—Did you hear that?
Well repeat it again.

Mr. Patterson—Now I think that you
could come to order in less time; now
class, concentrate.

The Big Item

Does it take much money to send
your boy to college?

No, replied Mr. McLoughry, it's
keeping him there that takes the
money.

Waiter (at breakfast)—Will you
have oatmeal or puffed rice?

Gladys C.—Rice for me always.

"He kissed her passionately upon
her reappearance."

"She whipped him upon his re-
turn."

"He kissed her back."

"Mr. Jones walked in upon her in-
vitation."

"She seated herself upon his enter-
ing."

"We thought she sat down upon her
being asked."

"She fainted upon his departure."

A CHRONIC EPISODE

By Jerry Furber

Back 1920 way it was,
The College year had just begun,
The boys had not tamed down much
yet,
And surely filled the place with fun.
One of the crowd whose name was
Mac,

Was great on dumping other boys,
Which made the bunch get sore at him,
For raising all the row and noise.
And so a deep, dark plot was formed,
To get this trouble-causing guy.
So down in room three-six they planned
To learn Mac not to be so spry.
One of the gang whose name was Finn
Set out to make good friends with Mac,
And in another day or so
He had things sliding on the track.
Now Finlay's room mate's name was
Dick,

And Finn got Mac so awful sore
Against poor Dick that Mac just raved,
And said with Dick he'd wipe the floor;
"I'll leave my room unlocked for you,"
Said Tom, one special Wednesday
night,

"Get into bed before the Dean
Comes round to see about the light.
Then, after lights are out, sneak down
And you and I will dump that Dick,
He'll never know just who it was
That pulled the little dumping trick."
But meanwhile in the room with Finn
Behind the lockers and the door
Three rugby players crept and hid
While Dick sent forth snore after snore.
They hadn't long to wait for Mac,
He came in sleeping gown attired.
The boards cracked underneath his
steps

Sometimes, as if a shot was fired.
Finn let him in with whispered "Sh—
Dick's well away in dreamland now,
Come in and don't make such a noise,
You'll wake the place with all that
row."

The figures white crept to the bed
Soon Tom yelled out aloud "Let's go."
Then Mac perceived or rather felt
Some things he did not understand or
know.

The sleeping Dick was quite awake
And put his arms around Mac's head
The helping Finn clung to his waits,
A score of boys seemed at the bed.
But Mac could fight and fight he did,
And more than one got quite a rub,
But finally superior strength
Had slowly forced Mac to the tub.
They raised him up, his feet went in,
The water never felt so cold

To desperate Mac still striking yet
With blows that very often told.
The light went on, there stood the
Dean

And Mac was covered to his knees.
"Lay off," he told the reckless boys,
"Let go of him now, if you please."
What happened after that, you ask?
That shouldn't ought to interest you.
Just learn the moral of my rhyme,
Don't be a nuisance to the crew.

Boots and Men

Boots go on feet, so do men,
Boots sometimes get tight—so do men.
A boot will shine if polished, so will a
man.

A boot to get on needs a pull, so does
a man.

Some times a boot has a red top, so has
a man.

Some boots lose their soles, so do some
men.

Some boots are imitation calf, so are
some men.

Boots are tanned, so are men, although
mostly in their youth.

Some boots can't stand water; neither
can some men.

When a boot is well soaked it is a hard
case, so is a man.

A boot when old gets wrinkled and
hard, so does a man.

A boot to be of much account must
have a mate, so must a man.

A boot when well healed feels com-
fortable, so does a man.

The less understanding there is in a
boot the bigger it feels, so it is
with a man.

Prof. D.—What are you going to
amount to in this world?

Brockman—Don't scold me. I'm just
an unfortunate youth trying to get
a-head.

Prof. D.—Well, you need one.

Mr. Patterson, at the end of the
term:—Good-bye class, have a good
time, and come back with some more
brains.

Class (together)—Same to you, Mr.
Patterson.

The third year physics class were
discussing light rays.

Mr. Davidson—"Where can we find
and example that they travel in straight
lines?"

Evelyn B.—"By looking through the
key hole."

FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR COMPOSERS

Feather your nest—Mr. R. Doxsee.
Golfing blues—Dr. Stapleford.
Shuffling along—R. McLoughry.
Homesick—Wyatt.
I'm somebody nobody loves—K. More.
Hot lips—Rice.
Wonderful child—L. Schwindt.
I love me—Gebhardt.
I wish I could shimmy like my sister
Kate—Konkin.
All over nothing at all—L. Kearns.
My little girl—R. Staples.
You've got to see mama every night
—M. Brown.
Moonlight hours—B. Caldwell.
Under the mellow moon — Miss
Wight.
Just a little blue for you—P. Slater.
Listening—Lady Teachers.
Chasing the butterflies—E. Brock-
man.
Monastic blues—Mr. Patterson.
All through the night—I. Moore.
Japanese sandman—H. Schwindt.
I hate to get up in the morning—
Miss Milliken.
Just a-wearying for you—H. Ar-
mour.
A picture without a frame—Fores-
ter.
Bachelors gay — Messrs. Doxsee,
Cairns and Davidson.
Crying for you—E. Fletcher.
Gee, but I hate to go home alone—
Miss Keenleyside.
I'm through shedding tears over you
—Roshier.
That red-headed gal—P. Johnston.
Smiles—J. Dempsey.
When my baby smiles at me—Ken-
nedy.
Peggy—Webster.
Freckles—Thackeray.
Pass around the apples once again
—Williamson.
Oh Min—M. Ramsay.
Last night on the old back porch—
Elliott.
Mama goes where papa goes—Brock-
man & L. Kearns.

Dr. Corbett—I advise you to take a
cup of hot water for breakfast every
morning.

R. McL.—I do, but they call it cof-
fee.

Is not Whiteside's trombone playing
heavenly?

It certainly is unearthly.

The College Song

This is the song that won the ten
dollar prize offered some time ago and
is written by Mr. Gee Goofy (with apol-
ogies to Bill Shakespeare). It is in-
tended to be sung to that stirring old
tune "We'll never let the old Flag
fall." A College Song should be the
very spirit of the College, expressing
its ideals, its humor and its trials, its
work and its play and at the same time
be an inspiration to the passing gener-
ations of students. We believe that this
song will play a great part in the
molding of the successive generations,
giving them high ideals and a real Col-
lege spirit.

College life has always been the bunk.
College life has always been for freed.
Study hall has always been a nuisance
Together with the Latin that we read.

College boys have always played at
hockey,

College girls have cheered them at the
rink,

College boys have shown their true
devotion,

By skating with the ladies—I don't
think.

We'll not forget the prunes and stew,
Nor the pudding of toast and glue.

We're all getting fat in spite of that,
College spirit "Ministrat."

At home or here you'll hear us sing,
Regina College is the thing.

To the end of the world its fame's un-
furled.

Regina College, rah! rah! rah!

Mr. Davidson—What is density?

Purvis—I can't define "it" bu I can
give a good example.

Mr. D.—The illustration is good—
sit down.

Mrs. Young—You seem to be cough-
ing more easily this morning.

R. Scott—I ought to be, I have
been practising all night.

Miss Milliken—Are you chewing
gum, Rupert.

Rupert—No, just chiclets.

Destree—I wonder why Miss Max-
well asks so many questions?

Armour—Women nearly always are
inquisitive.

Gebhardt—Did you see that dread-
ful looks Pals gave me?

Rice—That wasn't for you—she al-
ways had it.

THINGS THE EDITOR WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

1. Why Proctor never hears anything said to him.
2. Why Ethel McK. changed her place at the end of the table.
3. Why A. M. does not want anything in this noteworthy paper about her and H. B. C.
4. What made Ken. change to a different place the second meal under that interesting system known as poorly mixed tables.
5. Who Miss K. is constantly waving at.
6. How Thackeray knows that L. J. is doing good work for the paper. Interested?
7. Why Joe does his French.
8. Why Rice goes out after every meal.
9. Why Alma raves about being a suffragette and A. D. at the same time.
10. Why Jean D. does not get 100% in French when she is parleying all the time.
11. Who will Phyllis' next victim be. (Oh, those eyes!)
12. Why E. Moen is so fond of (feathered) birds.
13. Why Grace McE. raves about red hair. Thackeray sit up and take notice, there's a chance yet.
14. Why P. S. stays in supervised study whence "all but he had fled."
15. Why V. Bett. hides behind trunks.
16. Why Margaret is planning to go to Saskatchewan University.
17. Why Ken. did not appear Sat., Dec. 1.
18. Why E. M. blushed so rosy on several occasions after the Boys' Initiation.
19. Why McLoughry went to the hospital.
20. What happened to Irwin's revolver.
21. Who is the nice young man that calls for Helen M. and whether she has a good time over all these week-ends.
22. If Ruby S.'s nice auntie got that letter which wasn't meant for her.

Muriel—"I am a little stiff from tennis."

Joe—"Where did you say you were from?"

Tillie—How old are you?
E. C.—Some take me for fifteen but the street cars take me for five.

A Sample of the Work Done by Certain "Students" in English

It is a wonderful insight into human nature that Dickens gets his pull over Thackeray. But on the other hand his brilliant shafts of satire, together with his keen sense of humor, gives Thackeray an almost equal pull over Dickery. Thickery is the humorist, Dackens is the satirist. This renders a parallel comparison between Dackery and Thickens almost impossible.

Poem

We have our mighty football yells,
And songs that seem quite nifty.
But the universal College yell,
Is "Dad, wire me fifty."

Dutch—"Did you ever smell powder?"

Jesse—"Yes."

D.—"Where?"

J.—"On my girl's face."

McEachern—"What's that book you are reading?"

Purvis—"Last days of Pompeii."

McK.—"What did he die of?"

Purvis—"An eruption."

Prof. Doxsee—"Describe fully the Age of Pericles."

Airth—"Pericles was aged 65 when he was killed after his last expedition."

The Dean—"Don't you think that you need a chaperone?"

Elliott—Well really, I'd rather be the chap alone.

Teacher—I suppose it is a mistake that this fly is in the soup?

Waiter—Oh, yes sir, it should be in the cake.

Ads Too Late To Classify

Lessons in vamping in five days. Good results guaranteed. Apply to the vamp trio, girls' residence.

If you have lost a teddy bear apply to L. K.

Lost—A pair of black and green pajamas.—A. Destree.

For Sale—All kinds of earrings. Come early and avoid the rush. Only 15 cents.

Where He Belongs

Ed.—Have you had any trouble learning to play the cornet, Ed?

Ted—Sure have, I got a load of buckshot in me and I lost two teeth but it was much easier after I took to practicing in the woods.

Batty—I was talking to your girl yesterday.

Ted—Are you sure you were doing the talking?

Batty—Yes.

Ted—Then it wasn't my girl.

A disillusioned senior, after a late trip to the hospital, composed the following so-called "poem":

She was a "Phantom of delight",
But now I've seen her late at night,
A fearsome apparition bent
On being next day's ornament.
Her face besmeared to make it fair;
Done up in prongs her scanty hair.
A sight to cause strong men to swoon,
If viewed at sunlit, garish noon.
Some change, this, from the image gay
That once could startle me by day!

Hattie's father declares that when she marries the rugby star she will lose a fortune and only get a quarter back.

Rice—Miss Scott, may I have your hand for the party?

Ruby—Yes, if you promise to keep off my feet.

Eddy—Do you believe in signs?

May Belle—Yes, indeed.

Ed.—Well, last night I dreamed that you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?

May Belle—That's a sure sign you were dreaming.

This From The "Register" of 1914

Prof. Doxsee—Translate "puella umbra amat."

1914 Fourth Former—I am not quite sure of this Professor. Oh, I have it: "I love the girl in the shade."

First Student—My isn't Miss McCallum great on Shakespeare? She brings things to you that you never saw before.

Second Ditto—That's nothing, my laundry man does that.

Schreff—Which will you have, heads or tails for the cake?

Devine—Neither, I'll have the cake.

A Hint?

Kathleen C.—Wait until I get my goat gloves.

Dear Uncle—Your goat gloves, what do you mean?

Kath.—Well, I used to call them kid gloves until they got so old.

Juanita—What became of those patent leather shoes?

Rice—They have gone to the wall.

Nita—Wasn't the leather good?

Rice—Yes, but the patent expired.

Warner—I used to work in a watch factory.

Wells—What did you do?

Warner—I made faces.

Purvis—They say that whiskey has killed more men than bullets.

Perkins—I'd sooner be full of whiskey than bullets, wouldn't you?

Wells—I guess you have been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?

(No answer.)

Wells—I say, I guess you have been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?

Eva—I heard you the first time but I was trying to think.

Wells—You were, what with?

Delicate Lawrence Webster—"That darned waiter made me mad this morning, he said: 'Do you know how many weiners you have eaten already?' I said that I didn't and he said: 'This makes the twenty-sixth.' Well I was so mad that I got up and went to class without my breakfast."

Miss Young—In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband until after she's married him.

Mrs. Patterson—Why mention Turkey especially?

Mr. Davidson—Are there any plants that use carbon dioxide dissolved in water?

Gladys Clinch—Yes, fish.

Miss Maxwell received quite a shock the other day when on entering the main hall a lady and a gentleman asked her: "Where can we find the animals?" We wonder if they were looking for some students or had merely mistaken the building for the Normal School.

Why Study?

Mr. C.—“What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?”

Thackeray (at sea)—“Why-er-”

Mr. C.—“Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of electric power?”

Thack.—“The what, sir?”

Mr. C.—“Exactly, the watt; very good, that will do.”

Mr. Patterson in Rel. Ed. Class—
“Perkins, you should wake up and think of the future and what use the knowledge which you attain may be to you then.”

Perkins—“I can't. It's my girl's birthday, and I must think of the present.”

Ode to College Boys

Most of them are in bed or in bad by eleven p.m.

Rupert McL.—“Does the Moen (moon) affect the tide?”

She—“No, only the untied.”

To show how the college girls can help with the entertainments at home, one of the old deacons made this announcement:

“The next on the program will be a vocal solo. Miss Ora Magnusson will sing ‘Put Me In My Little Bed,’ accompanied by the minister.”

They were sailing in the little boat together and she said: “Are we running before the wind now, Joe?” and he replied, “No, our boat is hugging the shore.” And Muriel's reply: “What a beautiful example you have here.”

A. D.—“I am going to the city.”

M. H.—“For the week-end?”

A. D.—“No, heart trouble.”

Query—Does Airth's car work all right now? and if so, since when, and if not, when?

Rosher to the girl he is taking home—
“Did that car say Thirteenth Avenue?”

She—“I didn't hear it.”

There is a third former called Annie Who thinks the Math. teacher quite canny.

But then there's Miss Wight,
Oh, what a plight,
Please come to the funeral of Annie.

First Night of Mixed Tables

A very shy young man ventures to speak to the lady opposite him: “I understand that you are from Indiana.”

She—“Yes, Hoosier girl.”

He (very much embarrassed)—“Er—really I don't know, I haven't decided.”

Miss Dean—“Ruby, have you made up your mind to stay in?”

Ruby P.—“No, I have made up my face to go out.”

George Washington was the bravest man that ever lived. He never was licked in his life.

Oh yes, he was; on a postage stamp. Then they had to do it behind his back.

Bird—“When rain falls does it ever get up again?”

Mr. Davidson—“Of course it does in dew time.”

Curious Ideas About Anatomy

“He was shot in the ticket office.”

“Another man was shot in the suburbs.”

Whiteside—“When I die I am going to take my gold and silver with me.”

Thackeray—“Don't, it would only be a waste.”

Whiteside—“Why?”

Thackeray—“It would only melt where you are going.”

Robb—“Oh, I am the flower of our family alright.”

Rosher—“I wonder if that is what your sister meant when she said that you were a blooming idiot.”

“What are you doing now, Draycott?”

“I am brakesman on a canal boat.”

“What are your duties?”

“Breaking up wood for the cook.”

Marg. Stapleford — “I wish you would pay a little attention to what I say.”

Webster—“I am, as little as possible.”

Little Phyllis—What are pauses?

Bertie—Things that grow on pussy cats.

An Essay on Man

A little girl wrote the following essay on man:

"Men are what women marry. They drink, smoke, and swear, but don't go to church. They are more logical and also more zoological. Both men and women spring from monkeys but woman springs the farthest."

Marie—I have a very affectionate brother.

Annie R.—So have I—for other people's sisters.

Miss Milliken—Explain the pastuerization of milk.

Elliott—Oh, that's when we put the cows out to pasture.

A Sunday School teacher recently told her class about the cruelty of docking horses. "Can anyone tell me," she said, "of any appropriate verse of scripture referring to such treatment?"

A small boy rose and said solemnly "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The report that Miss Milliken and Miss Maxwell are engaging in a competition to see which can get the most invitations out to meals is unofficially declared to be untrue.

"Miss Milliken says that calories are heat units."

"Well."

"And yet ice cream has them."

Coach Peebles—Why didn't you turn out for track practice yesterday?

Ken. More—Had a date, sir.

Peebles—Had a date, did you?

Ken. More—Yes sir, but I didn't break training. A Miss is as good as a mile.

H.—"I am invited to a charity ball but I haven't the least idea what to wear. What would you wear if you had my complexion?"

A.—"A thick veil."

Miss K.—"What is a strait?"

Leslie—"A rubber neck."

Miss K.—"No, it is a neck running out to sea."

Leslie—"Well, isn't that a rubber neck?"

Popular Lies

I think Math, interesting, don't you?

I shall never love another.

I haven't been to a show for ages.

I'll be home early.

I think your hat is too sweet for anything.

I'll pay you back next week.

I think I made pretty fair marks in that exam.

Irwin Moore, in manual training class—Please teacher, Martin has my block and won't let me use it.

Mr. Swan—Well you have a block of your own that you don't use.

The "Sheaf" of Saskatchewan University, in speaking of the trials of getting out a paper, gives this selection:

Getting out a paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes people say we are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter they say we lack originality.

If we publish things from other papers they say we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job we ought to be out getting news.

Like as not some will say we swiped this from some other paper.

We did.

Since the editor of such a great paper as the "Sheaf" complains, it is no wonder that we agree with the following sentiment:

Some people are born crazy.

Some study too hard.

And some poor unfortunates

Edit College papers.

Miss Keenleyside—"Konkin, why was Solomon the wisest man in the world?"

Konkin—"Because he had so many wives to advise him."

Miss K.—"That's not the answer in the book but you may go to the top of the class."

Armour—"Today I found the job I have been looking for all my life."

Maxine—"What is it? I am sure it is something with a future, something big and something that will make you famous."

Armour—"It is a very select job and there are very few of them in the world today. I have been accepted as lineman for Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company."

With Apologies to R. L. Stevenson

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings;
We've ice cream and pickles and apples and cake,
And herring and goulash and Hamburger steak;
So what if we have no bananas today?

In Latin class F. was given this to translate: "Rex fugit." After much difficulty he said, "The king flees." "What other meaning could you have for 'fugit'?" asked Prof. Doxsee. On being prompted by S. he said "The perfect." Prof. Doxsee, "You put 'has' in. Now translate it." F. "The king has flees."

Miss M.—"What is the difference between the mumps and the measles?"
Hattie—"Why, in the mumps you shut up, and in the measles you break out."

C. D.—"Say, Wiseman, lend me your mug to shave."
B. W.—"Aw, go on, and shave your own mug."

Some of the other worthy representatives of R. C. at Normal are: Olive Shert, Kathleen Harris, Dora Clark, Mary Wright, Bell Grant, Bert Childs.

Entrance—Brimstone.
Second Class—Moonstone.
First Class—Grindstone.
Normal—Tombstone.

Great Scott

If Ivanhoed the boony brae,
And Athol stained his tunic new,
If Friar Tucked his hood away,
Pray what would Roderick Dhu?

One of our brilliant first year boys who wants to see the Dean but thinks he is busy, spoke to a passing senior in the hall and queried thus:
"Do you think the bean is dizzy?"

Dean meeting Rosher in the hall at 7 p.m. on Sunday evening.—"Young man, do you attend a regular place of worship?"
Rosher—"Yes, sir, I am on my way to see her now."

Julius Sneezer, Act 75, Scene 32

Anthony enters on the left. Cassius enters in great haste and excitement.
Anthony—"By the fates Cassius, why art thou beside thyself?"
Cassius—"Sir, delay me not. My mother-in-law hath eaten too heartily of the cucumber and is ill. I must away."
Anthony—"Seekest thou a doctor of medicine?"
Cassius—"Nay, nay, my lord, I seek more cucumbers."

Prof. Doxsee—Can anyone tell me something about the iron age?
A. Smith—Well sir, I am a bit rusty on the subject.

Fletcher kept making a rattling noise in the chemistry class, whereupon Mr. Davidson asked him to quit shaking his head.

McLoughry—"What is the difference between a jeweller and a jailer?"
Carlotta—"One sells watches while the other watches cells."

Miss Milliken—"It is never good manners to wear your hat in the house. You won't have any hair left if you do."
Johnny Mihain—"I thought the Dean was always supposed to set us an example."

Thackeray—"What makes you so small?"
Bruce Lane—"Oh, I've been fed on canned milk so I am condensed."

Mr. Bird Sr.—"So you know my son at College?"
Frank R.—"Sure, we both sleep in the same Algebra class."

Little stacks of dollars
Piled all in a row,
Are about enough to take
A Co-Ed to a show.

"Burst," said the teacher, "do we eat the flesh of the whale?"
George—"Yes, sir."
Teacher—"Then, what do we do with the bones?"
George—"Leave them on the side of the plate, sir."

Does This Sound Like Fiction?

An efficient credit man was being complimented on the success of his follow-up letters and was asked for the secret of his success.

"Well," he replied, "I save the letters my son at college writes when he's broke."

McLoughry—"Did you ever hear an after dinner speech that was really worth while?"

Kennedy—"Yes; the only one was last night. I dined at the Elite with a friend from Swift Current and he said: 'Waiter, bring me that check.'"

Prof. Doxsee—"Why don't you work and get a degree?"

Doug. Ellis—"Waste of time. When my father dies and I inherit his money I'll endow this college and you will give me more degrees than I can use."

Mr. Davidson—"Class, if you comb your hair with a hard rubber comb it will lift light objects."

R. McC. (alarmed)—"Somebody hold my head!"

"Oh, je t'adore."

"Oh, shut it yourself, you left it open."

Prof. Doxsee made quite a long speech in chapel last Tuesday.

What was he talking about?
He didn't say.

Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?

Yes, College hash.

Elliott—How long can a person live without brains?

Ellis—How old are you?

Whiteside—I know a joke about crude oil.

More—Spring it.

W.—It is not refined.

It's Not Your College, It's You

If you want to live in a college
Like the kind you would like to find,
You needn't pack up and start on a hike

For what's ahead is worse than what's behind

'Cause there's nothing better for you.
Knocking your college is knocking yourself.

It's not your college, it's you.

Colleges aren't made by students that grumble

When their averages are low,
When students work and do not shirk
"Below Standard" never will show.

So work for your good old college,
All of you old students too,
Then your college will be as you wish to see,

It's not your college, it's you.

When the college seems in depression
And your feeling mighty blue,
Don't start and knock your college,
For knocking it is knocking you.

The college is just what you make it,
So give it the best that you have,
For when your progressing the college progresses,

It's not your college, it's you.

And when you leave the college
Don't forget that it still exists,
To help those that follow after,
And teach them what is best.

So go forward for your college,
Do for it all you may do,
In helping the college you help yourself.

It's not your college, it's you.

—K. M.



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