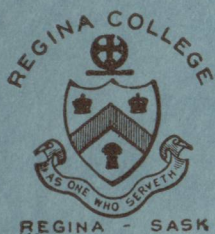


# The Register



March - - 1924

PUBLISHED BY  
the STUDENTS of  
REGINA COLLEGE.



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# Regina College Register

PUBLISHED TWICE YEARLY BY THE STUDENTS  
OF REGINA COLLEGE

VOL. 3.

REGINA, SASK., MARCH, 1924.

NO. 2.

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## Editorial

"There is a past which is gone forever, but there is a future which is still our own". Never before is one likely to have such mingled feelings of regret for the vanishing past and eagerness for the approaching future as when our College days are drawing to a close. Sometimes it is difficult to decide whether the note of sadness or of joy is the dominant one.

As these College days are rapidly slipping by, one recognizes perhaps for the first time, something of their real worth. We realize they have been days of happy freedom, of joyous achievement and of glad fellowship. We have made lasting friendships and Nature's greatest miracle is a true friend.

Now we can begin to see what older people mean when they talk of "halcyon days." They will

loom larger and larger as they recede into the past, because they have a quality all their own that can belong to no other period of life than that of youth.

There are few who can approach the end of College life without being made a little serious by the thought that they are moving on. Now we must push out into the great stream of life, must become our own pilot and henceforth be responsible for the conduct of the voyage. Are we wise enough for such an undertaking? An enormous amount of good advice has been given to us but we sometimes forget because life is so full of absorbing interests that it is easy to hear yet hear not.

However in the hearts of all of us who have trod these halls and are receiving its privileges, there is a determination that life shall be lived worthily. The student from whom we expect good things and who has an inkling of our expectation is not likely to fail us badly. If we owe this to our friends, perhaps we owe something to ourselves. If we do our work and live our life under the subconscious spell of someone's high expectation of us will it not help very much? And if we could make that someone the Great Idealist Himself surely that would help in the largest way.

# Conservatory of Music

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## MISS WIGHT'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL

The pupils of Miss Wight's pianoforte class gave a very successful recital in the Assembly Hall of the College on Saturday, Feb. 23rd. A few other students of the College, as well as quite a number of friends from the city were present. It was indeed a privilege to be able to enjoy the splendid piano numbers given by the pupils. Regina College is fortunate to have on the staff of the Conservatory of Music, such a fine musician as Miss Wight.

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## MISS McCracken's RECITAL

Mr. Wm. Charles, a violin pupil of Miss McCracken and Miss Anne Patterson, who is studying vocal with Mr. Dan Cameron, gave a recital in the Assembly Hall of the College on Monday evening, February 18th. A few College students and a number of interested friends from the city were present. Everyone enjoyed the beautiful violin selections, both for their lovely melody and the fine interpretation given.

Miss Blanch Larson assisted Miss McCracken with the piano accompaniment.

Miss Anne Patterson, accompanied by Mr. Cameron, sang two groups of songs. Particularly beautiful was her "Cradle Song" for it certainly revealed all the rich, sweet qualities of her voice.

---

## TO MR. COUTTS

Very often it is difficult for us

to express the appreciation which we feel. But the appreciation is no less sincere because of that. In this issue of The College Register, perhaps the last one which many of us will help to publish, we who are privileged to be Mr. Coutt's pianoforte pupils wish to express our kindly regard for him.

Mr. Coutts is all that a fine piano instructor could be. He is thorough, kindly, interested, ever seeking to pass some of his own talent on to us. Always he has the same quiet smile, the same twinkle in his eye, the same kindly charms of manner which makes us want to do our best for him.

We admire the teacher and the man. When we leave College and follow our different paths through life, we will always be proud to remember that we were once Mr. Coutts' pupils and are still his friends.

\* \* \*

Orchestra practice continues daily in the practice corridors as of yore. But, if one were to listen real closely, he would know that one violin accompaniment is lacking. All last term that violin was played by a curly headed boy named Roy Kammer. Now the sound of his violin is heard occasionally by the girls on the third floor, but it comes from the direction of the hospital at the end of the hall. Roy has had a long illness and we have missed him in all our activities. We hope that he will soon be able to resume his position in the orchestra of the practice corridors.

\* \* \*

We cannot report any decided improvement in the welfare of the

hopeful young singers of the practice corridors. Their song is as plaintive, often as heart-rending

as ever. How perfectly their sentiments are expressed in that little song "Keep On Hopin'!"

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## Social Items

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### THE ANNUAL BANQUET

On the evening of Friday, March the 14th, the long looked forward to annual banquet was held. This banquet is an annual affair in the College and as the President remarked on this occasion, has been held by Colleges throughout the years.

After the sumptuous dinner that was enjoyed by over two hundred and thirty, including the whole staff, the students, and many ex-students now attending Normal, a programme of toasts and music was enjoyed.

#### Toast List

The King.

Proposed by Dr. Stapleford, as toast master.

Response—God Save the King.  
Canada.

Proposed by Mr. Tidey.

Response—O Canada.

Piano Solo—Miss Pearl Johnson.  
Our College.

Proposed by Miss Marie Underwood.

Response—Chief Justice Brown

Violin Solo—William Charles.

Our Faculty.

Proposed by Miss Irene Crossley.

Response—Mr. Davidson.

Reading—Miss Zelma Wilson.

Our Student Body.

Proposed by Miss F. Tutt.

Response—Mr. Ernest Thackeray.

Vocal Trio—Misses Adelyn Skrukud, Mabel McCallum and Lucile Jones.

Our Ex-Students.

Proposed by Miss Lula Kearns.

Response—Mr. Ted Kasenberg  
The Ladies.

Proposed by Mr. Andrew Hall.

Response—Miss Phyllis Slater.  
Vote of Thanks to Miss Theal.

Moved by Miss Hattie McKenzie, seconded by Mr. Gordon McCuish.

After the singing of the National Anthem and the College yell followed by the University yells of some of the teachers, the guests adjourned to the reception hall where, after a few minutes' chat, the evening was brought to a close.

The speeches were the feature of the evening and they certainly maintained the high standard set by the various groups of students that have passed through these halls. If any of the students' speeches were worthy of particular mention perhaps it would be those of two young ladies, Miss Phyllis Slater and Miss Irene Crossley. However the young men and the young ladies, particularly Mr. Tidey, and the other ladies, did exceptionally well.

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### COLLEGE SUNDAY

Sunday, March the 16th, was observed as our Annual College Sunday. Ever since this College was founded we have observed

the custom that has come down the ages, of setting apart one Sunday a year on which a special preacher preaches a sermon to the students who have marched down together and who sit en masse. On this occasion the Reverend T. Jackson Wray, who is a member of the College Board, preached the sermon, while the students occupied the centre of the Metropolitan Church.

On the platform were the pastor, Principal Stapleford, Prof. Doxsee, Prof. Patterson and the speaker of the day, Rev. T. Jackson Wray. Prof. Doxsee lead in the invocation while Prof. Patterson lead in the responsive reading. Dr. Stapleford introduced the speaker as an old friend of the College.

Rev. T. Jackson Wray, while including the rest of the audience, spoke particularly to the students. He chose as his subject "As God—As One Who Serves." The speaker discounted the prevalent idea that education was to make it possible for the fortunate person possessing it to make more money, but, that on the other hand, it was to give him the ability to serve his fellow beings better. That the one great aim in life was to follow our College Motto "As One Who Serves." The speaker also mentioned that the youth of the colleges were not as empty headed and frivolous as some would have people believe, but that while perhaps not believing all that their fathers believed, they were essentially Christian, as exhibited by the phenomenal growth of the "Student Christian Movement", and that this was one indication among many that the aim of youth today, more than ever before, was "As One Who Serves."

It cannot be possible that

such a speaker, with such a worth-while message, has not, and will not have, a great influence on our aims, ideals and ambitions in this formative period. The College was fortunate in securing Rev. T. Jackson Wray for their Annual College Sunday.

---

## THE LEAP YEAR PARTY

The first social function of the New Year took the form of a theatre party on January the 20th. The girls claimed their partners after dinner, in the Assembly Hall, and together the couples went to the Capitol Theatre. When they came back to the College they again gathered in the Assembly Hall. A very exciting moment in the evening was when Miranda, Innocence personified, in the person of Miss Ethel McKenzie brought up a charge of unfaithfulness against Ferdinand, other-wise known as Mr. Doxsee.

Miranda was grossly insulted by Ferdinand in that she had put aside her maidenly modesty and showed her true devotion and affection by inviting Ferdinand to the leap year party. Ferdinand utterly ignored the note and Miranda felt constrained to bring her case before a court of law. Miss Maxwell acted as judge and Ferdinand was duly brought before this high official. Ferdinand denied that he received such a note and a further witness had to be brought to testify that he had been the recipient of this billet-doux. The prisoner was finally convinced that he had received the note in question and the verdict "Guilty" was pronounced.

The defendant was sentenced to present the plaintiff with a chocolate bar. After this mock trial, which caused a great deal of

merriment, everyone joined in singing popular songs. Later, lunch was served, and the very enjoyable evening was closed with the National Anthem and the College Yell.

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### THE SKATING PARTY

One of the most popular of College social events, a skating party, was held on February 23. Everyone gathered in the Assembly Hall, directly after dinner, before setting out for the rink. They skated eleven bands, from eight o'clock to ten. Then they returned to the College and lunch was served.

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On February 29th a formal evening party was held in the Ladies Rest Room, at the fashionable hour of two o'clock a. m.

About thirty girls attended, all in the usual evening dress. White seemed to be the favorite color of the evening, but here and there a few gowns were relieved by touches of pale blue and pink. The coiffures were most appropriately suited to the gowns, many had little strands of white gracefully entwined in the hair and altogether giving a delightful effect. The guests arrived in their gorgeous gay-colored evening wraps and entered the dimly lit ball room. Contrary to the usual custom a dainty lunch was served almost immediately and then followed the moonlight dancing. The piano was aided by many voices. This enjoyable soiree was brought to a close by a shrill whistle and the guests hastily departed without further ceremony. An enjoyable time was had by everyone excepting those who were unable to attend, and Miss Tutt.

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## Societies

### Y.M.C.A. NOTES

The boys' "Y" programme for the past term has proven both varied and interesting.

They have been treated to some excellent talks by boy leaders from outside our walls. These addresses have been along the line of the "Y" foursquare idea. Notably among them was Mr. Kinglerley of the city "Y". He spoke for a few minutes on the duties of citizenship in the world today. Mr. Quance of the Normal School addressed another meeting under the Vocational Committee, setting before the students the teaching profession as a life work. We venture to say that these meetings were appreciated by all.

Stump speeches and even a de-

bate (vs. the ladies) have held a place on our programme. The boys are sorry to say that their efforts in debating were not as successful as could have been wished, but—we'll beat those girls yet.

Mr. Patterson and Mr. Wagg have been leading a very helpful discussion group on Sunday morning as a sequel to the smaller classes that were led by all the men teachers before Christmas. We might say here, however, that our attendance still stands a chance of improvement.

We wish the best of luck to those of our number who are leaving us at the end of March and hope that their faces may be seen in our meetings during next year.

## R.C.G.C. NOTES

The Regina College Girls' Club has had several interesting meetings since the New Year. The Club Committee under the con-venorship of Kathleen Craven, has planned a very helpful and enjoyable programme.

The January meetings were addressed by Hon. J. G. Gardiner and Mr. A. M. Bothwell, on the subjects of "Citizenship" and "Bliss Carman, the great Canadian Poet," respectively.

At the next meeting the item of most interest was a debate, "Resolved that the School exerts a greater influence in moulding the character than does the home." The affirmative, upheld by Phyllis Slater, Zelma Wilson and Lila Staple, succeeded against Edith Martin, Evelyn Booth and Ella Fetterley.

A joint meeting with the boys was held Thursday, Feb. 28. The main item on the programme was a debate, "Resolved that doctors should be paid by the community and not by the individual." Zelma Wilson and Mabel McCallum represented the girls; Bert Tidey and Gordon McCuish, the boys. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative, which was the girls' side. A double quartette by the boys and a solo by Adelyn Skrukud were enjoyed.

A successful candy sale was held for the purpose of sending a delegate to the Student Christian Movement Camp at Carlyle Lake next July. The delegate will be chosen later in the term.

---

## DRAMATIC CLUB

At the first of the year, at Miss Tutt's suggestion, a Dramatic Club was organized. About forty mem-

bers were enrolled at the organization meeting and the following officers were elected:

President—Zelma Wilson.

Sec'y.-Treas.—B. Caldwell.

Costumier—Evelyn Hallet.

Property Men—David Gebhardt and Marshall Sinclair.

At Miss Tutt's suggestion it was decided to deal entirely with the one-act play. Four of these are now being rehearsed and will be presented in the College on suitable occasions in the near future.

---

## GIRLS' CHORAL SOCIETY

The College generously provided a conductor in Mr. Dan Cameron, who has given able leadership to those girls who are interester in getting training in voice cultivation and in acquiring a taste for the best in music.

The Choral Society meets every Monday evening and already the girls have become familiar with several new choruses. At present they are practising some of the Festival music and are looking forward to entering the competition in May.

The officers of the organization are: Miss Maxwell as Honorary President, Carlotta Wheatley as President, Adelyn Skrukud as Vice-President and Marie Underwood as Secretary-Treasurer.

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Gebhardt (at West's Photo Studio) — "This photo of me looks like an ape."

Mr. West — "You should have thought of that before you had it taken."

---

"A fool," said Prof. Doxsee to the student who has asked a catch question, "Can ask things that a wise man can't answer."

And L. D. asked, "Is that why I flunked in literature last time?"



# SPORTS

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## BOYS' SPORT

During the 1923-24 hockey season the College hockey team was moderately successful. It was coached by Mr. J. E. R. Doxsee, and the line-up for most of the games was as follows:

Goal—McCombs.

Defense—Deacon, Weinand.

Forwards—Balfour, Schwindt, McNall.

Subs — Rosher, Thackeray, Chaplin.

### Monarchs (4), College (3)

The first game of the season was played with one of the prominent city team at the Arena rink. It was fast and clean throughout and the Monarchs, through more combination and system to their play, finally won out.

In the first period McCombs saved many shots but let one in. In the second period the home team had more of the play and secured two counters. In the final session their opponents came back strong and secured two goals to the College's one, making the final score in the Monarchs' favor.

For the College Balfour, Deacon, Schwindt and McCombs justified their places on the team, while Ingram starred for the Monarchs.

### College (4), Normal (1)

On the Normal line-up were four of last year's College players and for this reason it was one of the most interesting of the season's games. The ice was very heavy and as a result the game was quite slow in places. The

Normal started strong but were not in a condition to maintain the speed. The weak spot in the Normal team was the goal as some of the points were scored from middle ice. Thackeray starred for the College in an end to end rush which resulted in a goal. Bud Schwindt and Rennick for the Normal showed that their years of training at the College had made them finished hockey players. Mr. Doxsee handled the game.

### Collegiate (4), College (1)

Always great rivals, representatives of the two educational institutions that face one another, met at the Arena rink both determined to win.

The first period ended two to zero in favor of the Collegiate and the College seemed to be outclassed but in the second part the play was quite even and no goals were scored. However in the final spasm the Collegiate came back strong and scored two to the College's one.

McCombs for the College saved a great many difficult shots while Deacon and Balfour ably assisted him. For the Collegiate, Bush and Doherty turned in the best game. Don. McMurchy handled the game.

### Campion (6), College (6)

The College played their first game with their old rugby rivals at the Arena. It was a fast and well played game throughout, although there were places where a little too much hard checking was done.

The first period opened with both teams going strong and this was maintained throughout the whole game. At the end of the period the score was 2-0 in favor of the College.

The second period was played at the same speed and each team secured two goals although toward the end of the period Campion seemed to weaken and just before the bell rang the College was shooting on their goal at will.

The third period Campion came back strong but with the College three-man defence they were unable to penetrate until with about three minutes to go they broke through three times and secured as many goals while the College got one, thus tying the score.

It was decided to play five minutes overtime as this was all the time the teams had at their disposal. In the first minute of the period Campion scored and a minute later the College scored, thus leaving the game a tie.

The game was handled by "Red" McCusker, of the professional team, and the scorers for the College were Weinand, Deacon, Balfour, Thackeray and Rosher, in fact almost everyone got a goal. The game was the finest of the season from the spectators' point of view.

**Regina College (7), Moose Jaw College (2)**

At the time of going to press Moose Jaw College played the first of home and home games at the Arena Rink on the morning of Saturday, February 22. A description of the game follows:

Both teams went strong during the first period, and for a while Moose Jaw had the better of the play, but Regina soon rallied, and when the bell rang for the close of the period, the score stood

three to one in Regina's favor.

The second session was slow in comparison with the first, and no goals were scored. Moose Jaw started a strong offensive with the opening of the final session, but the three-man defence of the local team, together with the splendid performance of McCombs in goal, held the visitors to one tally. In the meantime the Regina forwards had managed to slip four more past Alexander.

The game was featured by hard checking, but the play would undoubtedly have been much rougher had it not been for several penalties handed out in the first period.

For the locals, Balfour was the shining light, figuring in six of the seven scores. Schwindt and McNall were also conspicuous for their good play. For the visitors Red Macaulay and Kemp turned in a strong game.

**Line-up:**

R. College	Position	M. J. College
	Goal	
McCombs	.....	Alexander
	Defence	
McNall	.....	Macaulay
Weinand	.....	Gofine
	Forwards	
Deacon	.....	McAdam
Balfour	.....	Kemp
Swindt	.....	Kruse
	Substitutes	
Thackeray	.....	Porteous
Chaplin	.....	Kerr
Rosher	.....	Davidson
Referee—Don McMurchy.		

**Campion (4), College (2)**

The return game with Campion was played at the Stadium Rink after four on Thursday, March the sixth. Both teams were in the best of condition and taken as a whole played a good game.



The first period was fast for both sides but our College showed the best play and with the result the score stood one to nothing in our favor at the end.

The second period was of the same style, but the College were not using the three-men defence, as they did in the first period, and the Champion line was breaking through, but in spite of this the period ended two all. From the first of the third period the Champion players showed superior hockey and again broke through the College defence until at the call of time the score was 4-2.

Much was due to the unfamiliar ice and the non-support from the fair sex, which was the cause of the College losing.

Schwindt seemed the most effective in rushes while McNall and Deacon were the goal getters.

The usual line-up was played except that More took the place of Chaplin, owing to the latter's illness.

Amby Moran handled the game in an able manner.

### Regina College Junior Team

This was the first Junior team ever to be organized in the College and was recruited from boys sixteen and under to play their compatriots from other institutions.

At the first of the season the team was not in good shape and as a result they lost several games, but later they showed their ability to play hockey in an able manner and showed good team work.

They played their first game with the Arenas, losing three-two and undaunted played them again being defeated worse than ever to the tune of five-two. For the next game they challenged the

pick of the College outside of the first team and won this one 5-1. The Metropolitans came next and were defeated 5-1. And for the fifth game they played the Northside Juniors and won 3-1.

Their regular line-up follows:

Goal—Ed. Fletcher.

Defence—Geo. Webster and H. Schwindt.

Forwards — More, Chaplin, Metheral, Bird, Warner, Wood, Smith.

Manager—Frank Rosher.

---

### Moose Jaw College vs. Regina College

The return hockey game was played in Moose Jaw on Saturday, March the 15th. The boys and Mr. Doxsee left on the 7.20 train in the morning and returned on the 7.20 at night. The game was played at the city rink at 11 o'clock.

The first period saw Moose Jaw on the offensive while Regina played more defence, as Moose Jaw had a five goal lead to overcome to win the round. When the bell rang at the end of the period the score was 1-0 for Moose Jaw.

During the second period both teams played harder and faster, the result was that several penalties were drawn, both teams missed some splendid opportunities for scoring, however near the end of the period Moose Jaw slipped one in, leaving the score 2-0 at the end of the session.

The third period Regina played hard for a counter and Harry Bal-four got it. However Moose Jaw came back with two, leaving the score 4-1 for Moose Jaw.

However we have a two goal

lead on the round since the first game as reported above was 7-2 in our favor. Consequently for the round the standing is 8-6 in our favor.

The boys were well entertained at Moose Jaw College, and enjoyed the time there until the train left.

---

## THE COLLEGE LEAGUE

Annually the forming of the College League causes great interest among the boys and the interest continues throughout the winter. Every boy gets a chance to play hockey in this league whether he ever saw a stick before or not. Consequently it should be a great feeder to the main hockey team. In fact several of this year's first team received training last year in this league.

Six captains were appointed by the Athletic Committee and these were each given six men, and then a schedule was drawn up so that every team played five games and then the two leading teams had a playoff. At the end of the regular season and before the playoff the teams stood as follows:

Balfour—8 points.

Rosher—7 points.

Deacon—6 points.

Weinand—5 points.

Thackeray—2 points.

H. Schwindt—0 points.

The playoff game was held at the Arena Rink Wednesday, March 12, after four and provided one of the most spectacular games of the season. However the game was tied when time was up and the teams had to leave the ice. As a result another game will have to be played in the near future to determine the winner who will be the successor to Harvey Weinand's "Go-Get-E'ms" who were champions last year and who at

present hold the Moses cup. This cup was obtained by Mr. Moses last year at great expense for the cup and the engraving and has decorated the library since that time. It was unfortunate in a way that this game should end in a tie as the cup could not be presented at the Annual Banquet held on March the 14th.

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## GIRLS' SPORT

### Basket Ball

(Juanita Dempsey)

The girls who play basket ball held a meeting at which they decided to join the Junior League with the Normal, Y.W.C.A., and the Collegiate. Beverly Caldwell was elected captain of the team. The girls are living in hopes of capturing the silver cup, and I am sure we all wish them luck.

### Scott Collegiate vs. College, 10-6

The first game was played on Feb. 16, in the Collegiate gymnasium. The College team were at a great disadvantage due to lack of practice, also, they were not accustomed to the large floor. Three eight-minute periods were played. The score was comparatively even during the first two periods, but the Collegiate gained a few points in the third period, which ended the game in favor of the Collegiate with a score of 10-6. The girls played well and were grateful to the fans for their hearty support. Miss McCloud acted as referee.

The line-up was as follows:

#### Forwards

Maybelle Miller.....Muriel Taylor

#### Centres

Beverly Caldwell.....Lula Kearns

#### Guards

L. Greenwood....Juanita Dempsey

#### Substitutes

Edith Martin.....Helen Rogers

### Collegiate Nites vs. College, 15-14

The College played their second game on Feb. 20 in the Normal gymnasium. Two ten-minute periods were played. Sergeant Sanderson acted as referee. Both teams played their best, but the game ended in favor of the College with a score of 15-14. The Collegiate were somewhat disappointed as they intended "To walk away with the College", as they termed it.

Line-up was as follows:

- Forwards
- Beverley Caldwell..Muriel Taylor
- Centres
- Juanita Dempsey.....Lula Kearns
- Guards
- Helen Rogers..Lorna Greenwood
- Substitutes
- Edith Martin.....Maybelle Miller

### Collegiate Days vs. College, 13-10

The College next tried their luck in the Collegiate gymnasium on Feb. 25. The game was rough throughout on the part of the Collegiate girls. Three eight-minute periods were played. During the first two periods the College were in the lead, but in the last period the Collegiate gained two points, leaving them victorious with a score of 13-10. However they had to admit it was the hardest game they ever played. Mr. Eadie acted as referee. Same line-up as previous game.

### Y.W.C.A. vs. College

On March 5 the College played the Y.W.C.A. girls on their own floor. Three ten-minute periods were played, Miss McKay acting as referee. Luck was with the College and when the final bell went they were the winners with a score of 34-23 to their credit.

### FREDA ROBINSON

It was with a feeling of deep regret and sadness that the news of the sudden death of Freda Robinson, a student of the Second Form, was received in the College.

Freda had been with us only since the New Year, but her winsome manner and sweet personality had endeared her to teachers and students alike.

Pneumonia, which developed rapidly and in the course of a few days proved fatal, was the cause of her death on Friday, February fifteenth, and the funeral took place on the following Tuesday from her home in Stalwart.

The sympathy of the staff and entire student body goes out to her bereaved family.

### WHAT MADE THEM FAMOUS

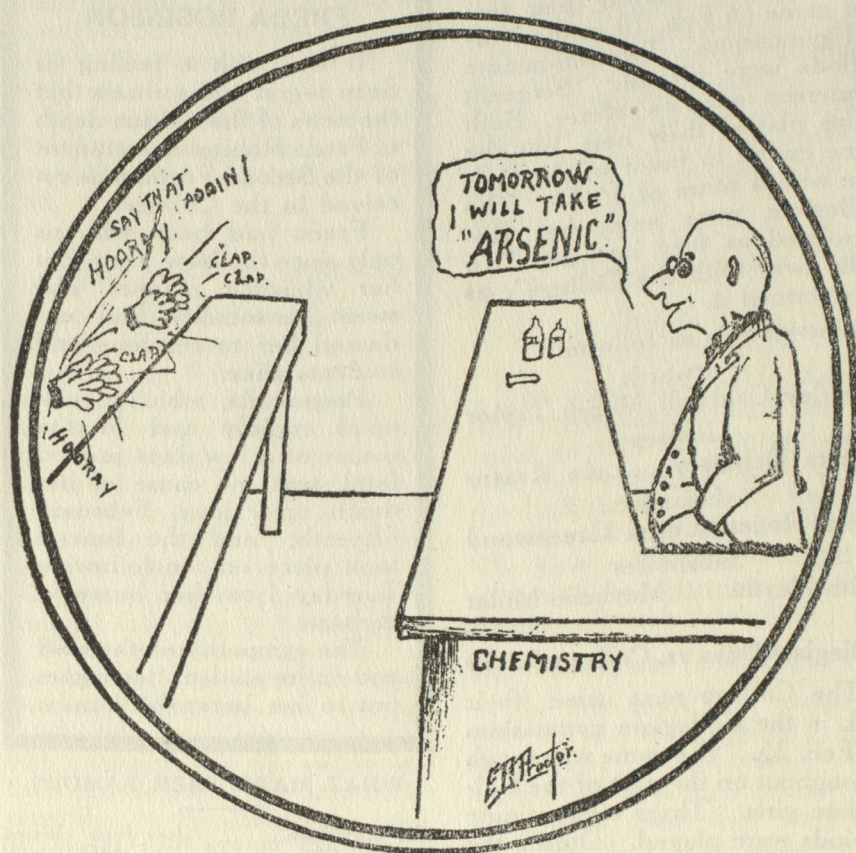
- Mr. Davidson.....After four classes
- Douglas Ellis .....Homework
- Form Three .....Chemistry
- Commercials .....Hard Labor
- This Column.....The birds that read it  
(last)
- The Eds.....R. C. Register
- Frank A.....Bessie A.
- Barron Proctor .....Ethylene
- Sadye ..... Music?
- Our Boys.....The Pan
- Hattie and Mickey.....Chocolates?
- Bruce and Georgie.....Valentines
- Kathleen Craven.....The Dustpan
- Prof. Doxsee .....Myths
- Mr. Doxsee.....His interest in Fashions
- Our Girls (explained elsewhere).....  
The Dervish Dance
- Mr. Patterson....Now Class Concentrate
- Moose Jaw.....The Cops

### PAGE MACK SENNETT

Little Johnny (pointing to a picture of a zebra)—"What is that?"

Little Willie—"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit."

## THE END OF A PERFECT DAY



### EDITOR'S NOTE

At a meeting of the Editorial Staff to appoint judges for the Cartoon and Short Story Contests, Prof. Doxsee, Miss Maxwell and Mr. Patterson were appointed. The short stories for the most part came in through the teacher of English, who was allowing them to count on the term work in English. The cartoons were for the contest alone.

The prizes will be awarded to the winners in the course of a few days.

The judges' decision follows:  
"The judges had a rather diffi-

cult task to decide from the mass of short stories submitted to them for adjudication. The story of Miss Rhoda Anderson, 'A Midnight Ride', because of its vivid descriptions and the manner in which the interest was sustained to the climax, was awarded first prize, and that of Mr. Allan Shattuck entitled 'Revenge', and that of Miss Minto Leitch, 'Auntie Pro Tem', were awarded honorable mention. The stories of Miss Anderson and Mr. Shattuck are published herewith.

Mr. Barron Proctor was awarded the prize for his cartoon entitled "The End of a Perfect Day."

## *"The Midnight Ride"*

(Rhoda Anderson)

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"Hands up!" cried a low, firm voice. Bob started, then his hands shot up with alacrity as he saw the cold gleam of a revolver muzzle shining in the moonlight. It was late at night, and Bob was just returning home from one of the neighbor's. He had been passing the dark clump of trees leading up to the house when this silent, masked figure had stepped out before him so suddenly that he was still rather stunned, and too puzzled to be afraid.

If this fellow wanted money, Bob reflected, he had certainly come to the wrong person. But no—it seemed that he did not yet at least, want money.

"Put your hands out in front," snarled the low voice, and almost before he realized what he was doing, Bob was helpless, with handcuffs locked on his outstretched wrists. His captor searched for any possible weapons and finding that Bob had none, he gruffly ordered, "Now come with me, young man."

He seized Bob by the arm as he spoke, and began leading him down through the rows of trees by a path which Bob knew led to a wide, open space in the midst of the trees and bushes.

Bob was now beginning to be rather alarmed, but still his curiosity was stronger than his fear.

As they finally reached the edge of the open space, neither one having said a word, Bob's companion fastened him to a tree, warning him that if he valued his safety, he had better make no attempt to escape. Bob promised to remain quietly where he was, realizing that it was impossible to

escape in any way. He also was rather curious to know what his mysterious captor intended to do.

The stranger then strode away, and was soon lost in the heavy darkness.

After he had remained there some time, trying to puzzle out the unusual situation in which he found himself, Bob's eyes gradually became accustomed to the darkness. He thought he discerned something away in the distance, shining in the moonlight. Whatever it was, it was very large, and appeared motionless. What was his fate to be!

Suddenly he started. Had his eyes deceived him? No—there it was again, that light near the object he had seen. It appeared as though someone was looking around with a light. Was some treachery being planned? Then the light disappeared and although Bob strained his eyes far into the dark, he did not see it again.

Soon footsteps were heard and Bob slunk back into the shadows. In a few moments the recognized his captor. Silently the man released him from the tree, and taking him by the arm, began leading him across the open field towards the object Bob had seen.

As they drew nearer it was discovered that the moonlight shone on what seemed to be the wings of an aeroplane. Apprehension seized Bob. Surely he was not going to be carried away in the airship. What did this mysterious person want? Was he insane? He turned to question his companion, but was sternly motioned to keep silent.

At last they reached the aeroplane. The stranger unfastened Bob's handcuffs and handed him an aviation cap and coat. "Put these on and climb in," he ordered. "But isn't this rather too much — without any explanation?" stammered Bob. Instantly he was covered with the pistol, and one look at his captor's eyes convinced him that discretion was the better part of valour.

He quickly climbed into the seat and the man followed him. "Now I will explain," he said. "My name is Silas McDougal. I am really a great mechanic but men sneer at me, and do not believe in my wonderful invention. Tonight for the first time I am going to test my model aeroplane — and you will tell men that it has proven a success. If it fails to work — you will be searched for for a time, and then forgotten. That is all." And he laughed shrilly.

"But surely you do not intend to endanger our lives?" protested Bob, who was now thoroughly alarmed.

"What matters if my machine may prove successful! Men say I am mad, but they shall see!" And with these words he turned a spring and the engine began with a roar. McDougal had taken off his mask, and Bob was now certain that he was a lunatic, as he noted the wild look about his face, especially in the glittering eyes.

They began to glide smoothly along the ground, rising higher and higher as they gathered speed. Bob had a sinking feeling as he rose, realizing that he was entirely at the mercy of this lunatic.

"Ah! we shall race the wind in my machine!" shouted the maniac. "See, we are leaving the earth far

below us — the stars are drawing nearer and we are mounting higher — higher —"

He turned to Bob. "Where would you like to go? England, France, Russia? This machine will take us anywhere in a twinkling."

"But isn't this enough to prove that it will run?" remonstrated Bob, for he had any but pleasant feelings regarding this trip, about which his companion was so enthusiastic. "Anything might happen, you know. Don't you think it would be wiser for us to try and land now?"

"Stop now!" cried McDougal. "We are only starting. I must try all the different things this machine is capable of doing. We are merely creeping along compared to the speed at which we may go. We can rise suddenly, or drop for thousands of feet — then continue our course. We can turn, dive, loop-the-loop, do any of the many things that will set your blood tingling. See — we have already left the coasts of British Columbia. Would you like a view of the sea?"

There was a sudden, sickening swoop. Then they were quite near the white-caps dashing to and fro, and surging over the rocks jutting above the surface. For a time they skimmed along, then suddenly they swerved and began shooting upwards, with the wind whistling in their ears.

Wild thoughts were seething in Bob's head. Surely this could not last much longer — and then down they would go, crashing into the sea, or perhaps to be shattered on the sharp rocks. Why had he not thought of some way to escape before it was impossible? His parents, his friends, — what would they do when he failed to appear? Would they

begin a long and useless search for him? And Edna—only tonight he had quarrelled with her over a mere trifle. If only he could see her now!

These thoughts rushed madly through his whirling brain, while the aeroplane mounted higher and higher.

Again Bob attempted to persuade the lunatic to stop. There might be some miraculous chance of landing somewhere safely even yet. But no—"We have only started. We must go around the world tonight. Now that I at last have my chance I must prove to those who laughed at me how marvellous my invention really is."

Finding that reasoning would not do, Bob attempted a sterner manner.

"Now stop this foolishness at once. You are only playing with death. What good will it do if we really go around the world, and you know we shall never be able to do that."

"We will stop when I say so. Is that understood?" And his comrade, as he spoke, pressed the revolver muzzle against Bob. Fearing that the lunatic might do anything, Bob readily acquiesced. He attempted a lighter tone. "Oh certainly. Where do we go from here?"

"Oh that's better," and the hard glitter disappeared from the other's eyes. "Where would you like to go?" he asked. "We can go anywhere. Shall we try to reach Paris?"

"Perhaps we had better just go along here," the other answered rather hurriedly. "Only just a little slower. This is rather hard on one who isn't used to it, you know."

"No, we must test the speed," cried the other. And as Bob

watched breathlessly the speedometer sped round. One hundred—two hundred—still it kept going. The pace was unbelievable, maddening. Bob's past life flashed up before him. If only he had one more chance! And why had he quarrelled with Edna? It seemed so trivial now.

As he leaned over the edge he saw the stars that seemed so near, go whirling madly past. It was incredible that only a short time ago he had stood near his own home.

He thought, as the breeze surged at his ears, of the many times he had wished for adventure, for some change from the tiresome monotony of life. Surely this was adventure, yet somehow the safe, quiet life would have been very welcome.

"Now we will begin our fancy stunts!" shrieked the lunatic and his eyes sparkling, his face flushed with exultation.

"No, no! this surely is enough!" cried Bob. But laughing shrilly, the maniac went on. There was a series of wild lurches and turns. Over and over they went. Now they would go flashing upwards, then would come a sudden, sickening descent. Everything was whirling, and through it all could be heard the lunatic's shrill, defiant laugh.

How much longer could this last, Bob reflected. He was prepared for the worst, but still the wild dives and lurches continued.

Then!—there was a sudden, sickening crash like thunder. His comrade gave a piercing shriek—the engine ceased its loud noise, and away they went—hurtling—spinning—twisting. Bob gripped the side, but somehow he was thrown over. He became entangled in the wings—try as he would, he could not release him-

self. And on they crashed—down  
—down—down—

“Robert Bradley!” called his father’s voice, sternly. “What on earth are you doing? Breaking all the furniture?”

Bob blinked. He had fallen

from bed with a crash, pulling a heavy chair down with him. But somehow he seemed still tangled in the wings of that aeroplane. Then it suddenly dawned on him—he was on the floor in his own room, wildly kicking the bed-clothes.

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## Revenge

(Allan Shattuck)

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Eleven years had elapsed since Marcel Cloutier knelt at the grave of his father and mother and swore vengeance on the German officer, Moltke, who had given the order for their execution. Eleven years seemed as so many days, so clear was his recollection of that awful moment, when Lieut. Moltke and four soldiers had entered the little home and before Marcel’s eyes, had brutally struck down and killed his parents.

The great army passed on as quickly as it had come, leaving death and ruin in its wake. Kind neighbors had taken Marcel and had cared for him but he was sad and lonely. One evening at dusk he made his way to the little cemetery and there knelt down at the grave of his parents and made a vow that if somewhere, sometime, some place, he should meet that officer, he would get revenge. The very thought of it made his heart pound and his pulse quicken. He prayed that God would give him strength and courage to carry out his vow.

The years had passed quickly. Marcel was no longer the little fair-haired youth, but he had grown to manhood. Although years had passed since the disaster, he did not forget the vow

he had made. Time only served to strengthen him in his resolve.

In the little village of Charette Marcel Cloutier owned and operated a cafe. As Marcel stood gazing out of the window his mind wandered from his present day surroundings back to former days. He remembered his boyhood days when he was happy and carefree. Remembrances of his boyhood friends all came back to him now as if it had only been yesterday. Then of a sudden he remembered the war and the unhappiness it had caused him.

The door was suddenly opened and Marcel’s thoughts were cast aside. He looked up and in the doorway stood the one-time German officer. Time had changed him. Instead of the tall, straight soldier he had been, he was slightly stooped. His hair had turned grey, almost white. But no change, however great, could disguise him well enough to escape Marcel’s watchful scrutiny.

Sensations of joy, then anger surged through Marcel as he stood before the ex-Lieut. Moltke. His face turned ashen, his hands quivered. To think that his chance had come after so many long years unnerved him.



The German, not noticing Marcel's excitement, went over and sat down at one of the tables. His chauffeur came in presently and joined him. Together they sat and talked but the conversation was in German, and Marcel knowing nothing of German, could not understand them.

Marcel realized that the crisis had come and that he must act quickly. He took a drink of liquor to steady his nerves. He felt much better and quickly made his plans. Putting on his hat and coat he walked out of the inn. Once outside he ran down the street to his little home. On the wall hung a rifle and cartridge belt. Buckling on the belt and taking the gun in his hand, he ran down an alley leading to the outside of town. He did not want anybody to suspect what he was going to do lest they would try and stop him. After he had fulfilled his vow he did not care what became of him. They could put him in prison and he would still be happy, for he would have gotten revenge on the man who had caused so much disaster and sorrow in his life.

Knowing which road Moltke would take, Marcel hurried down it at a fast walk. As he walked along a sense of pleasure and satisfaction came to him. He would soon have squared accounts.

Marcel halted about a mile from the village, at a turn in the road. On both sides of the road were trees and thick underbrush. He filled the magazine of his rifle with cartridges and injected one into the barrel. Having done this he fixed a place where he could get a clear view of the road, then lay down to wait as a hunter waits for game.

Time dragged on, minutes seemed as hours. At every sound

he was alert and tense, awaiting his chance. A thought flashed across his mind. What if he should miss killing him! Perhaps he never again would have another chance to get revenge. He shook with excitement. If Moltke would only come quickly and have it over with; the suspense was unbearable.

Marcel took out his watch and saw that it was a little past four. He had been there over an hour. Could it be that Moltke had taken a different road and escaped? What if someone had learned of his plan and warned him. He argued against that because he knew that no one knew anything about his earlier life.

As he lay there meditating he was suddenly aroused. He heard a soft purring. At first he thought it was only the wind among the leaves, but it grew louder. It was a car coming from the direction of the village! Marcel was all in a frenzy once more. He sighted down the barrel of his rifle, but he trembled so he could hardly find the sights. Seconds which seemed like ages passed, then he caught a glimpse of the approaching car. He at once recognized it as the car Moltke had come in.

Marcel cocked his rifle and got in readiness to shoot. The car came on slowly. Oh so slowly. The ex-officer sat in the rear seat alone. Could anyone miss such a mark as that? The car came up alongside. The rifle shook in his hands, his sight was blurred, he could not get a bead on him. The car was passing, he must hurry and shoot. Marcel shot but the bullet flew wide of its mark. The chauffeur stepped on the accelerator and before Marcel could shoot again the car was out of sight.

Marcel got up from his hiding

place and walked out into the road. He seemed dazed. He could not grasp the full significance of what happened. To think that after eleven long years he had had a chance to get revenge and had wasted it. He might never again meet Moltke. When he had time to think he became angry, angry at himself for not being able to control himself.

Slowly and in an angry mood Marcel made his way back toward the village. This time he did not go around by the alley but went up the front street. People saw him carrying the rifle and wondered at it, but nobody interrupted him. He made his way back to the house. He hung his rifle back on the rack and removed his cartridge belt.

Marcel turned around and happened to notice the picture of his father and mother that stood on the table. He looked at it and the tears came into his eyes. He had not done his duty to them. He had allowed their murderer to go unpunished. Then he thought of his mother and of how kind and patient she had always been. He wondered if she would want him to commit murder and he was sure she would not. He had never looked at it in this light before. Perhaps it was her guiding spirit that had caused Marcel to fail in what he considered his duty.

Meditating over these thoughts Marcel lay down and finally fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was shining in the window, and he wondered at having slept so late. He arose and completing his toilet made his way down to the inn to get breakfast. He felt much better than he had the night before. The happenings of yesterday seemed as a memory,

something to be forgotten. On his way to the inn Marcel met a newsboy, and as was his custom, he bought a morning paper.

Marcel entered his inn and ordered breakfast. While waiting for the order he opened the paper and began to read. In big headlines were the following words: "Rudolph Moltke Killed In Auto Accident"!

As he hurriedly read the account of the accident Marcel thanked God fervently that he had been saved from being a murderer. With a clear conscience he returned to his breakfast.

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### LEAP YEAR

She stole softly up to him and laid her hand carressingly upon his head, ran her fingers through his silky, dark brown locks, then gently placed a hand on each of his smooth soft cheeks. She raised her face to him, showing her soft, carmine lips and looked knowingly at him from her deep blue eyes. She spoke not a word, neither did he, the only movement perceptible on his part was a slight jerk of the head as she slipped the bit into his mouth.

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### MOTHER LOVE

"I fear that you are spoiled my son," cried the setting hen to the egg beneath.

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Who is this person "Action" that everybody strips for?

"What does 'Pour quoi' mean?"

Miss M.—"Why."

Student—"Because I want to know."

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Vamp—"Are those people in love?"

Senior—"No, little girl, this is Col. lege."

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"Mr. Doxsee is a good catch."

"I'll say he is. He caught me out of my room last night."

---

There was a tap at the door and I ran and turned it off.

# Personals

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## WANTED—A SUBJECT

By Jerry Furber

Now you know it's very simple to compose a bit of rhyme

When you think you have a subject to bring out.

But you'll find it's not so easy, getting words at any time

When you haven't got a thing to talk about.

Now for instance take Herb. Tidey, he could write a long, long time  
And he'd never finish writing of himself.

Then there's Mister Doxsee, Junior, he could also make a rhyme  
Twice as long as any public library shelf.

I assure you I'm in Ernest when I mention Thackeray's name,  
Lack of subjects would not make him turn a hair.

If he put up all his fingers, and then ran them through his mane  
He could talk all night on lightning and disturbances in air.

If for subjects we are looking maybe one or two could say  
Just how far the second tower room's from the ground.

Or perhaps some midnight rounder could point us out the way  
He got up the stairs not making any sound.

Now there's plenty sports among us could help us at Mah Jongg,  
Or at any game from chess to making love.

Maybe Russ. McCombs could tell us how he always saves sure goals,  
Saves his cash, saves himself, from every turtle dove.

While for subjects I've been searching I have taken up your time.  
So will leave you with this puzzling thought in mind.  
Byron, Shelley might have written if alive they were today,  
Oh if Curley comes can Harve be far behind?

Bird—"Did you use Colgate's tooth-paste?"

Burst—"No, I don't room with him any more."

## THE CANCELLATION

Dumbell—"My girl at home is strong for the navy. She's been after me ever since I left home to join the navy."

Second Dumbell—"How come?"

First—"Well, on every letter she prints on the upper left hand corner of the letter, next the stamp, 'Join the Navy.'"

Charlie—"I love music, in fact I write music."

Ethel—"What did you write?"

Charlie—"I wrote Mabel but she wouldn't answer me."

Rhoda—"They say when a man's ears are red that somebody is talking about him."

Bev—"Yes, and you can just bet that somebody is talking about him if his nose is red."

The lecture was about gravity.

Miss K.—"It is the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth."

Peach—"But please, how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

As a sentence illustrating the possessive case we recommend the following:

"This is Rudd's Virginia's Carlyle's Burns."

Zelma (finding a bit of rubber in the hash)—"There is now no doubt of it, the auto is displacing the horse everywhere."

### Learned?

Farmer—"Now come along and I'll teach you to milk the cow."

Fresh from College—"Seeing I'm new to it, Mister, hadn't I better begin on the calf?"

"My room mate has hanged himself."

Hanged himself? Have you cut him down?"

"No, he isn't dead yet."

Mr. Doxsee (meeting Sinclair going out Sunday evening)—"Where are you going?"

Sinclair—"I am going out to worship, sir."

Mr. D.—"Yes, I know, but what is her name?"

## OUR PRIZE STORY

Dramatis Personae—Three characters, a villain, a girl and a dog.

Scene—The bank of a river.

Action (or in other words "Camera")—

Scene 1.—The villain sneaks up on the girl and throws her in the river.

Scene 2.—The dog hears the splash and rushing in saves the girl's life by drinking all the water.

Scene 3.—Villain excited at the rescue loses his foothold and falls in the river bed.

Scene 4.—Dog coughs up the water and drowns the villain.

(Curtain.)

Miss G. (as the orchestra starts playing)—"What is that out of?"

Miss W.—"Tune."

Scene—Skating party at the rink.

E.L.—"I can't skate, I think I'll go home now."

R.W.—"Uh, huh."

Ten minutes elapse.

E.L.—"I think that I'll go home now."

R.W.—"Uh, huh."

E.L. goes home alone.

Proctor (asking to be excused from class)—"Professor, I feel rotten."

Prof. Doxsee—"Why not use the verb 'to be'?"

"He says he hasn't paid a cent for repairs to his auto."

"So a bill collector told me."

When Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ died he left all that he had to an orphan asylum—he had 14 children.

Dear Editor:

I am keeping company with three young men, kindly advise me if it is proper. Signed by R.S.

Editor—Look in the advice column.

Found on the first page of Prof. Doxsee's High School Latin Book:

"Hic liber est meus, and that you may know

Si aliquis rapit, I'll fetch him a blow;  
Per Jovem per bellum I vow I will fell him,

And into his ribs I will stick my scalpellum."

In our Christmas issue we spoke of the 'Vamping Trio'. It has been extended to a foursome since then by the addition of Sadie M.

## OUR NEWSPAPER

In the account of the Annual Banquet in our Morning Thunderer, or rather Morning Leader, among those present we notice "Prof. and Mrs. Doxsee and Roswell, Prof. and Mrs. Coutts and Kathrine."

Ken More (studying for exams. on Saturday afternoon)—"Gee, I wish somebody would come in and argue me into going to a show."

Joe—"How can a man sit in his own lap?"

Roy Pottruff—"I don't know, I am a stranger around here."

We are given to understand that Mc. Combs says a prayer before entering any class and though from him we would expect a little originality it is the old favorite "Now I lay me down to sleep."

The following is a selection of some answers to examination questions and while not collected in Regina they are readable.

In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, which is known as Pilgrim's Progress.

Q.—Where do we find mangoes?

A.—Where woman goes.

The inflammability of the Pope was proclaimed in the Vatican Decrees.

In Holland the people make use of the water power to drive their windmills.

Pompeii was destroyed by an overflow of saliva from the Vatican.

"Down by the riverside they met—did Romeo and Juliet.

Her hand in his he placed, and said, 'Fair Juliet, I would thee wed.'

'Indeed?' she queried, 'come let's go. Get in the boat and row-me-o.'

And as the hours quickly sped, a lunch before his love he spread.

Says he, 'Come let us eat, my pet,' and Rome rowed while Juliet."

The censors of these columns have an apology to make to our readers in that they deleted from the last issue a joke on the grounds that it was too weak and it has been found that it was contributed by the President of the College. They are sorry that they were unable to appreciate his humor.

Every boy now attending this College has an equal opportunity with others of someday becoming a bricklayer.

## THE DERVISH DANCE

An alarm clock rings in a bedroom,  
The slumberers wake from their sleep,  
They reflect for a moment unsettled  
Then out of their beds they leap.

It is two o'clock in the morning,  
The teachers are all asleep,  
But mischief is brewing somewhere  
And now we will just take a peep—

Into the several bedrooms  
On the stairs and in the halls  
Where flitting shadows are reflected  
Back on the moonlit walls.

Where drowsy girls are trying hard  
To waken some drowsier one,  
Urging them on with threat and dare,  
Saying, "You'll miss the fun."

To the rest room everyone made their  
way,  
Where cookies, doughnuts and candy  
Were waiting the mouths of hungry  
girls—  
I'll say they tasted dandy.

Then a toast was drunk to the teachers'  
health,  
To thus appease their wrath.  
Though we're sure they would like to  
have joined us  
When we trod our midnight path.

But wait awhile, till you hear the rest—  
The piano starts off with a bang,  
The music floats out in the silent night,  
It sent a thrill through the gang.

Everything's fine, so far, so good.  
The tone forms a great crescendo,  
And we made all the noise that we pos-  
sibly could,  
It was soon to come to an end tho'.

For Miss Tutt stood in the rest room  
door,  
The pillows flew at her—a blunder.  
We slunk back to our rooms quite sick  
at heart,  
And Miss Tutt was mad—no wonder.

Next day we were called upon the mat,  
Our privileges taken away.  
We couldn't go out at all next week,  
Nor yet—get our apple a day.

But still in our plight, we had won the  
fight  
For privileges, what are they?  
And a teacher in wrath makes us toe  
the path  
And makes us feel as mean as clay.

## THERE'S A REASON

"Why is your face so red little  
girl?"  
Ruby Scott—"Cause ma'am."  
"Cause why?"  
"Cosmetics."

But teachers come and teachers go  
To please them, we endeavor,  
And days may come and days may go,  
But fun goes on forever.

—P. M. R.

Balfour—"Do you know that Nina  
reminds me of a magazine?"  
Warner—"Which one, Popular?"  
Balfour—"No, Everybody's."

Mrs. Nouveau-Riche—"My son is  
getting on so well at College. He  
learns French and Algebra. Now,  
Johnnie, say 'How do you do,' to the  
lady in Algebra."

Nita—"I've been playing Mozart all  
afternoon."

Batty—"Oh I know, that new  
Chinese game."

Fair Co-Ed (at the Annual Banquet  
to her escort who is tucking his napkin  
in around his collar)—"You're here  
to have dinner, not a shampoo."

The lady members of the staff carry  
latch keys as symbols of their night  
errantry.

Miss Theal—"Waiters, what are you  
doing in that pantry?"

More—"Oh just putting a few things  
away."

Sinclair (to a fair stranger at the  
rink)—"Pardon me Miss but do you  
speak Latin?"

Miss—"No, indeed. Why?"  
Sinclair—"Neither do I. Let's get  
acquainted—that's one thing we al-  
ready have in common."

Mr. Patterson—"Have you ever done  
any public speaking?"

McLoughry—"Yes, I asked my girl  
to go to the hockey match over the  
College telephone."

Census Taker—"What is your occu-  
pation?"

Mr. Killmaster—"I used to be an  
organist."

C.T.—"And why did you give it  
up?"

Killy—"The monkey died."

## THINGS SHE NEVER SAYS

(1) George, I'd much rather go to the art gallery than the show.

(2) This cafe is awfully expensive, you should take me to a cheaper one."

(3) No, I want a dress like mother used to wear.

(4) Please don't bring your car for I'd much rather take the street car.

(5) Miss Maxwell doesn't care how late we stay.

Waiter—"Where is the paper plate that I gave you with the pie?"

Mr. C.—"I thought that it was the lower crust."

Editor's query—"Was he hungry?"

Mr. D. (having a conversation with Chem III)—"Here you are, a fine class. I've taught you everything that I know and still you don't know anything."

E. McK.—"Every man that I meet falls in love with me."

Miss Max.—"Some people don't care what becomes of them."

A.E.—"My motto is 'Never give up'."

A.D.—"Yes, I have noticed it when you owe me money."

The special course for farmers' sons was over and two of the boys were on their way home, and both retired to their berths at the same time. One of them heard a great commotion across the hall and leaning out cried:

"Say, are you alright over there?"

And the other replied: "Yes, I have my clothes off but I'll be darned if I can get into this little hammock."

We will now have a duet entitled "Rubber heels are good for the soul," sung by Prof. D. and H.B.C.

"I am from Missouri; you got to show me."

"I am from Elgin, watch me."

Sinc.—"What's the matter? Ain't the razor taking holt?"

A.E.—"Yes, but it's not letting go again."

Metheral—"Is your girl right or left handed?"

H.W.—"Neither, she's second hand."

I left Regina for the week-end and went to Moose Jaw and while there saw the police force. He looked alright.

Mr. Fletcher—"My son goes to Dr. Stapleford's College."

Ex-Student—"What is he?"

Mr. F.—"He is a quarter back."

Ex-S.—"That is football, I mean in his studies."

Mr. F.—"Oh, he's away back."

Phyllis was a campus queen  
Who nabbed a College jelly bean.  
We wonder if this goofy stiff  
You'd call an ardent Phyllistine?

Webster—"The German marks are very low."

Deacon—"They are no worse than mine."

Current productions to be shown at the local theatre in the near future.

The Kid.....Rupert McLoughry

The Game of Life.....Put and Take

Safety Last.....Lawrence Wood

Mad Love.....David Gebhardt

Nice People..Revenue Officers and Cops

The Sheik.....Sinclair

The Follies.....The Vamps

The Bat.....Miss Keenleyside

Long Live the King.....Tidey

Not Tonight, Dearie.....Phyllis Slater

Intolerance.....Mr. R. Doxsee

J.E.R.D.—"Your last paper was very difficult to read, why don't you write so that the most unlearned can understand it?"

Smith—"Yes sir, what part didn't you understand?"

Mrs. T.—"That young man you go out with is a bad egg."

M.T.—"That is why I am afraid to drop him."

Some fellows use this "Greesum"

To keep their hair down flat.

But I don't pine to see mine shine,

I simply use my hat.

The Fall had come and Spring had gone

And ice was over all.

I tried to run and make a spring

Instead I took a fall.

Smith—"When I marry I am going to marry a girl that can take a joke."

L.K.—"Never mind little boy, it is the only kind that you will get."

Ev.—"Why didn't you go to the party with Thackeray?"

Marie—"Well I broke the date when I saw how abominably his red hair looked with that new cherry dress of mine."

## A LOVELY JUNE

We stood at the bars as the sun went  
down  
Behind the hills on a summer day.  
Her eyes were tender, and big, and  
brown,  
Her breath as sweet as the new mown  
hay.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,  
I see her standing peacefully now.  
Peacefully standing and chewing her  
cud  
As I rubbed her ears, that Jersey cow.

C.T.—“Oh A, I dream of you night  
and day.”

A.S.—“No wonder that you look so  
sleepy.”

Shattuck—“Mariage is a great insti-  
tution.”

Gladys—“So is a penitentiary.”

Thompson—“Do you believe in love  
at first sight?”

Anderson—“Yes, at every opportu-  
nity.”

Argue—“Where are you going?”

Pavelick—“I am taking this cow to  
the bank.”

Argue—“Why?”

Pavelick—“Mr. Wagg said that milk  
should be certified.”

Wells—“What became of that gate  
that you and Virginia used to swing  
on?”

F.R.—“She gave it to me.”

Dr. S.—“I got a birdie on that last  
hole.”

Ruby (not thinking of golf)—“Oh,  
that's too bad, did you kill him out-  
right?”

Many people in editing a letter write  
“Dear Friend—(dash)”. It is a very  
dangerous practice, however, for one  
man made a dash after a friend and was  
put in a state of comma for a period.

Peach—“Is it true that your father  
was a policeman?”

Phyllis—“No, but he went with  
them a lot.”

Teacher—“Where did you get that  
patch on your trousers?”

Hiram—“That's one of mother's re-  
ceipts.” (reseats.)

Come on, wake up readers, I'm 6  
jokes ahead of you.

## FIGHT? OR THE ELITE?

Ken.—“I wouldn't care but Thack-  
eray soaked me with a sandwich.”

Chas.—“A sandwich wouldn't hurt  
you.”

Ken.—“Oh, but it was a club sand-  
wich.”

Lola.—“In what way does a joke re-  
semble a chestnut?”

The Bunch—“We give up.”

Lola.—“Well you never can tell until  
you crack it.”

“Well there's one thing about it he  
will always confess his faults.”

“But he is always bragging about  
being a self-made man.”

“That is it exactly.”

McRae—“You remind me of a  
pirate.”

I.C.—“How is that?”

McRae—“You fight under false  
colors.”

V.K.—“Did Mr. D. really say that  
I was like a dove?”

D.I.—“I guess that was it but if I  
remember correctly his words were  
'pigeon toed.'”

Miss Max.—“Is Rockefeller's money  
tainted?”

Mr. D.—“Yes it is tainted two ways.”

Miss Max.—“How is that?”

Mr. D.—“Taint mine and 'taint  
yours.”

Ellis—“Why don't you work your  
way through College?”

Proctor—“My dad has always taught  
me not to meddle in his affairs.”

They strolled down the lane together—  
Above them shone the stars.

They walked alone in silence

He oped for her the bars.

She neither smiled nor thanked him,  
Indeed she knew not how.

For he was only a farm hand

And she a Jersey cow.

“Won't you come into my parlor?”

Said the spider to the fly.

“Parlor nothing, got a flivver?”

Was our modern fly's reply.

Prof.—“This is the third time you've  
looked on Smith's paper.”

Student—“Yes sir, he doesn't write  
very plainly.”

## HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS

The proud mother dragged her blushing son, a freshie in College, before her guest and in a voice vibrating with emotion said: "He lives and will live by his brain."

The guest looked upon him compassionately and said: "Alas, why should he have to die so soon?"

L.F. (to the Clerk)—"I want something for my neck."

Clerk—"You can get toilet articles on the next floor, special on soap at three for a quarter."

Tidey—"Do you like peanut butter?"

McLoughry—"Sure, it's good, and is made in Vancouver, isn't it George?"

Armour—"Yes, that is where they have all the nuts."

Batty (dashing madly into the hospital)—"Oh, Mrs. Young, give me something for my head, give me something for it."

Mrs. Young—"I wouldn't have it for a gift."

May B.—"I am wearing my heart away for you."

G. (who has to walk 10 blocks every time he calls on her)—"That is nothing, I am wearing my shoes away for you."

Man at the Stables—"Don't be afraid of him for he is as gentle as a woman."

Mr. D.—"I guess that I will not ride this morning."

Lucile—"When we are married I will be able to keep the wolf away from the door by singing."

V.H.—"There isn't the slightest doubt of that."

Little Girl—"Mother, where do they keep the cross-eyed bear in Sunday School?"

Mother—"What cross-eyed bear?"

Little Daughter—"Oh the one they sing about all the time like this:

"Gladly my cross I'd bear."

Mr. Cameron—"Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"

Miss Wagner—"Well you get in and I'll see if there's any room left."

## FOOLISH QUESTION 2736

Boarding House Lady—"Do you want a room?"

Student—"No, I want to disguise myself as a banana and sleep in the fruit dish."

Mr. Patterson—"Where is medicine first mentioned in the Bible?"

Student—"I don't know unless it was when God gave Moses the tablets."

Writing Home—"Yes, Dad I'm a big gun here."

Parent's reply—"Then why don't you get better reports?"

Mr. D.—"What are you doing out of bed?"

Destree—"Just got out sir, to tuck myself in."

Mr. Pals—"Your conversation is exactly like the musical scale."

Doris—"How is that?"

Father—"You start with dough and you end with dough."

Frank—"You looked so absent-minded when I spoke to you this morning."

Bes—"I was probably wrapped up in thought."

Frank (nothing on him)—"It's a wonder that you didn't take cold."

They say that in a few years science will make it possible for us to live without food, sleep or disease. However College students have accomplished part of the feat—they are getting along with very little food or sleep.

So beautiful she seemed to me

I wished that we might wed.

Her neck a pillar of ivory,

But alas, so was her head.

Black—"Niggah, how much you gettin' for workin' heah?"

Tan—"Ten dollahs per."

Black—"Per day, gee you ah lucky."

Tan—"No, perhaps."

"Did you send for the doctor when the baby swallowed the collar button?"

Mr. P.—"I sure did, it was the only one I had."



## THE HAYMAKERS

The sun was shining brightly,  
And "the boys" were feeling sprightly,  
To the fields they tripped so lightly  
Making hay.

As QUIBELL cracked a mighty whip,  
His dancing steeds did prance and skip.  
Behind a coil did METHERAL hide,  
And politics read from the "Guide".

As BOB MACDONALD heaved the hay  
He whistled tunes some sad, some gay.  
YOUNG FORSTER slipped from off  
the top

And met the ground ker-flop, ker-flop.

As DRAYCOTT tramped the new  
mown hay

He shouted oft, "Hooray, Hooray".  
Quoth ARGUE, "This modest flower  
I see

Belongs to family 'Rosaceae'".

Now WEINAND has burned much mid-  
night oil

So slumbering lies, while others toil.  
"A health", said WALKER, "I drink  
to all

This queer assortment, short and tall."

The irksome labor now is done,  
Goes homeward each and every one,  
These boys, who had such glorious fun,  
And made the hay.

H.A.—"You should get long pants  
because you will never make a hit with  
the dames until you do."

R.W.—"Yes but they tell us lots of  
things that they wouldn't if we wore  
them."

Mr. C.—"That man fell out of a  
twenty story building and wasn't hurt  
at all."

The Rest—"How come?"

Mr. C.—"He fell out of the first  
story."

May B.—"It's only six o'clock and  
I told you to come after supper."

F.R.—"That is what I came after."

E.—"I am not myself tonight."

R.—"Then we may have a good time  
after all."

We are given to understand that  
Batty is filing his love letters. Were  
they as rough as all that?

"This is my car and what I say  
about it goes, see!" cried the irate mot-  
orist.

"Say 'Engine' mister," was the  
mechanic's reply from under the car.

## LEAP YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Rules governing the conduct of fe-  
males seeking my attention:

(1) Stay away.

(2) If you must get near keep quiet.

(3) Be clever, sparkling, witty,  
cynical, or merely interesting, but  
never coy.

(4) Don't be so darned obvious.

(5) Don't talk about subjects of  
which you know nothing just to dispel  
my ennui.

(6) Think!

(7) Wash, don't paint—be neat.

(8) Be brief.

(Sgd.) H. L. T.

Ken.—"I think I'm quite a musi-  
cian."

Rosher—"You ought to be with  
Wagner."

Ken.—"Why he's dead."

Rosher—"Yes, I know that."

Mr. P.—"How do you punctuate this  
sentence—Miss Gray a beautiful young  
girl of seventeen walked down the  
street."

Hugh A.—"I would certainly make  
a dash after Miss Gray."

Sadye—"Have you heard my last  
song?"

Miss Tutt—"I hope so."

Neal had quite an experience the  
other day in a street car. It gave a  
jerk and he landed in the lap of a fat  
lady.

"Get out of my lap, you heathen."

Neal rose and politely informed the  
lady that he was not a heathen—he is  
a laplander.

Mr. D.—"What does Y.M.C.A. stand  
for?"

Quibell—"You Must Come Across."

Mr. P.—"What did Adam and Eve do  
when they were turned out of Eden?"

Thompson—"Raise Cain."

"Oh, Mike, have you any powder?"

"Women's?"

"No, Mennen's."

The Cannibals Choral Society will  
gather after the consumption of the  
new missionary and sing: "Where is  
that Dear Old Grad-U-Ate?"

Mrs. Young (called at 12.30 p.m. to  
answer a rapping on the door)—  
"Well?"

Doris B.—"No, darn it, sick."

## BEAUTY AND OTHER HINTS

A.E.—An excess of hair can be removed by "Smith Bros. Hair Preserver."

D.R.—A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.

Girls—The sight of a ten dollar bill gives the eyes an attractive sparkle.

E.M.—Freckles will disappear after two applications of iodine to the skin.

B.—You should have them straightened while young, why not give up bathing?

H.L.T.—Blushing is very embarrassing, try wearing an elastic band under the collar.

M.S.—How would soaking in alum do?

R.R.—If your hats don't fit the only thing is to get a larger one.

R.S.—It is not proper if the other two find out.

M.S.—All we can say is if she can't come in, move out with her.

Mr. Wagg—"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Draycott—"At the bottom."

Rema—"I stood up for you yesterday."

Mary R.—"Thanks old dear, I appreciate your kindness in not allowing people to slander me."

Rema—"The Prof. was taking a note on the dumbest one in class and I stood up for you."

## PENALIZED

When the donkey saw the zebra  
He began to switch his tail.

"Well I never," was his comment,  
"Saw a mule that's been in jail."

Skeptic—"Frankly now, has your College education ever been of any practical value to you?"

Ex-Student—"Sure, a burglar got into my room one night and I gave our old class yell and scared him away."

Marie—"Where did you get the black eye?"

Thackeray—"Oh, it's in mourning for Charlie, he gave it to me."

A school teacher gave a class on the uses of the different parts of the body and she said: "The eyes are to see with and the nose to smell and the feet to run."

A small boy showing his knowledge to an older one said: "The eyes are to see with, the nose to run and the feet to smell."

## A ROMEO AND JULIET SCENE AS ACTED IN REGINA COLLEGE

Scene—Regina College, 2 Brick Walls, 2 Windows.

Romeo—Hello! Sweetheart.

Juliet—Hello, who are you?

R.—Don't you know me, my love?

J.—What is your name?

R.—Ah! honey—don't say that you don't know my voice—your master's voice.

J.—No. Who are you, ah, tell me.

R.—How about the band concert tonight?

J.—Aw no! I can't—but I'd like to.

R.—Why can't you? Won't she let you?

J.—No.

R.—Well, give my love to Nina—and tell her that it is Konkin speaking.

J.—Please tell me your name.

R.—Aw, honey bunch, don't you recognize me?

J.—No.

R.—Where's Phyllis?

J. (annoyed)—I don't know.

R.—Who's the little lady down yonder? Oh! she is gone!

R.—Why don't you speak? Won't you answer me? Come on! You are not mad are you? Just a word.

J.—(unable to reply.)

Curtain.

Youngest Boy in R.C.—"Yes we do love our faculty."

Lady—"That is nice, and why do you love them?"

Y.B.I.R.C.—"Because the Bible tells us to love our enemies."

"Why did they make the hand on the Statue of Liberty 11 inches long?"

"I don't know."

"Well if they had made it 12 it would have been a foot."

Mr. C.—"Who made that noise?"

B.L.—"I am sorry sir, I dropped a perpendicular."

"Hubby dear," said the Physics Prof's. wife, "Who is this Violet Ray that you are always talking about?"

Mr. C.—"What is a transformer?"

Young Lady Physic-ian—"The lady who runs a beauty parlor."

"This is roughly what I intended to do" Whiteside explained as he hit Thackeray in the eye.

E. W. STAPLEFORD, B.A., D.D.,  
President.

E. R. DOXSEE, B.A., B.D.,  
Registrar.

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