

WEEK BY WEEK



Welcome, gentle Freshettes, and welcome, tender Freshmen. This is our springtime, and you are its sign. Enjoy life now while you may, for ere long it will be your turn to tremble and wither before our autumn blast—that fearsome thing, the examination. Take an active part in all college affairs. Show an interest in athletics, and be sure to go out and support our University teams and your College teams. Never fail to let yourselves be heard in the Engineering Society, the Medical Society, or the Literary Societies whenever you have something worth saying; but let us warn you against rising merely for the purpose of speaking or in an endeavor to make yourselves prominent: we have a cold water cure for such cases. Be good, sensible, normal men and women; forget about scholarships; remember your books and use them; always think of THE VARSITY (but think to the extent of sending in copy); and you will have a pleasant and profitable course, and be a credit to the University.

As we walked upon the lawns last Wednesday we saw an apparition. It was bright daylight, too, for it was between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We stared and wondered; for behold! it was the ghost of a past "hustle." A free fight was going on over near the Library, and as it seemed more or less vigorous, I wished to see what it meant (I had heard rumors of a hustle). The apparition stood in my path. "Don't go there, friend," he said. "But," said I, "I must see this affair; I believe it is the hustle." "True, friend," said he, "they call it that; but it's not. It is simply a fairly hard fight that will end in a draw. No one will be able to say who has won. Friend, it makes me sad. What will happen to Freshies? They can never be properly impressed in this way." Just then a wild-looking thing passed, foaming green flag at the month and running at full speed. "That," said the ghost, "is a Freshman, and those who follow are Sophomores." The old-time hustle was not like this, but that, as Kipling say, is "another story." With that the ghost was gone.

Things were just as he said they would be. It was a drawn battle as regards the Freshmen and Sophomores, any and all of whom could show you small bits of green flag. Some glory fell unsought upon the Senior year, we are told, as one, O'Leary, gallantly carried the flagstaff off the field.

There are several heavy swinging doors about our buildings, particularly in the University College building. If a man bangs one of these in your face you will doubtless understand that he is either a Freshman or a boor. If you are unwilling to be looked upon as the latter, be careful to glance behind you before you release one of these doors from your hand.

Mr. Pulitzer, a wealthy New York newspaper man, has given a million dollars to Columbia University for the purpose of establishing a School of Journalism. A large building is to be built at a cost of \$500,000, and the school will have an original endowment of \$500,000. If at the end of three years it has been a success, Mr. Pulitzer will give another \$1,000,000 for its further endowment.

A school of journalism is such an entirely new institution that the announcement of the generous gift has aroused a good deal of interest, and has called forth opinions from editors the world over. Some believe that it can be of little use; these say that journalism must be learned in the newspaper office. Others point out that the subjects most useful to the journalist are already taught in the regular courses of the universities. On the other hand, many important editors hope for much good from such a school. They look for a general raising of the ideals and the status of journalism. They expect it to become a recognized profession, which will rank with the other learned professions, and which will have an esprit de corps and standards that will make the yellow journal of to-day an impossibility.

In the meantime we look on with interest while the experiment is having its three years' trial. We ourselves believe that if a satisfactory course can be shaped, the school will be a success, and if it is a success, there can be little doubt that journalism will benefit.

There are several ways in which you may assist our football players, but the most practical way, at present, to show your appreciation of their efforts, is by giving them field space upon which to practise. Stand well back on the side-lines, and don't spoil a run or a good kick just because you are thoughtless enough to be in a place in which you have no business. By all means give the men room, and when you see a man too far forward, order him back; you will see better, and so will he.

Stroller.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HUSTLE.

'Tis strange what a fascination a hustle has for the undergraduate. To witness one the plug leaves his books; his classmate misses the last act at the matinee, and hastens up town per College and Yonge. Even the gentle Freshette and the staid Seniorine cannot resist the temptation to watch the official recognition of the Freshmen as "Jolly Good Fellows."

From the standpoint of the spectator the hustle of last week was an agreeable change from the burlesque of 1902. The wise-ones had been telling us that the University College hustle had died a natural death. And so it seemed, for the first week of the term passed without a sign from the Sophs. Wednesday morning the challenge appeared, and a few hours later the Freshies were getting their medicine.

At the request of noughty-six the Freshmen took up a position to the north of the Library Building with a flag of sickly green hue, bearing upon it the semblance of a donkey, in their midst. At the word the Sophies charged, and after that the deluge.

With ignominious haste the mass rushed down into the ravine. Back and forth it surged, now shifting a few yards in one direction, now in another. All around the larger body the merry scrap went on, countless Freshies and Sophs making one another's acquaintance in the traditional manner.

But we forget the flag, which parted company with the pole as the years clashed, and parted company with itself, so to speak, a moment later. To obtain possession of it the rival years fought for almost half an hour; the number of contestants all the while growing less, until two small groups represented all those engaged in the struggle. As one of these bodies passed quickly through the eastern gate, a kindly Junior seized the largest piece of flag visible and sped towards the Gym. This concluded the hustle, the honors being about equally divided.

UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

The first of the University sermons for this year will be delivered in the University Gymnasium on Sunday, October 18th, at 11 a.m. The committee have been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining for the opening sermon such a man as Mr. John R. Mott. Mr. Mott, who is President of the World's Christian Student Federation, is a graduate of Cornell. In 1898, in recognition of the distinguished service rendered by him to students, he was given an honorary degree by Yale.

Mr. Mott is recognized the world over as the most prominent figure in college life to-day. He has by his extensive travels familiarized himself with student life in all quarters of the world, and comes to us as a man whose hand is on the pulse of the world's student body. Mr. Mott's address will certainly be worth while.

Tickets of admission may be obtained from the Presidents of the Y. M. C. A.'s in the different faculties, or from the Secretary of the University College Association.