

THE ATHLETIC PROBLEM

T. J. Meek's letter in last week's issue of the Varsity, if it comes too late in the season to remedy the spirit shown by Toronto in the fall athletics, comes not untimely. Being from a graduate, who looks back upon his Alma Mater from contrasting environments, it gives a definite note to the incessant clamor which has arisen among our undergraduates for some definite action to improve the showing of our Esprit de Corps in athletic contests. The College Rugby season is at an end, with Toronto gloriously victorious, and through it all she is silent and demure, and accepts her laurels in the same faint-hearted, listless manner in which a gladiator might, who realizes that though victor of the arena he is but a slave. Are Toronto students indifferent alike to victory and defeat? Individually no, collectively yes. I have yet great faith in the loyalty of our students and believe they have within them true-hearted patriotism for old Varsity, but what we lack is an organization, which will make that spirit a unity.

But we have an organization. The Athletic Directorate represents the athletic interests of the University, and at that door (and rightly) Mr. Meek would lay the blame for the laxity of athletic spirit in Toronto. The present writer is not an athlete, and has only that interest in athletics which comes from his love for the University, and his realization of the importance of athletics in University life. To such an one the Directorate is some silent body whose voice is only heard at the admission wicket. Vague rumors also float about that the financial interests of the Association are always placed in the balance of its deliberations, and very often tip the scale even when truly student interests are in the opposing pan.

But be that as it may can any one doubt that Toronto students would exhibit as intense loyalty to our heroes as any other University if we were organized in the same definite way. Our teams steal away to match their strength with "foreign foes in foreign cities," they fight their battles and win their victories, and scores of our students never know until they see the report in the sporting column of the city papers or Varsity. When we play upon our own grounds, the solitary student takes his place in the "crush" for tickets, and scrambles for his seat among city-urchins and civilians, and listens with a heartache to small groups of his fellows, who happen to get together here and there, raising a pitiful discordant clamor, as they try to give the yell of one of the world's large Universities.

We have one more chance this season—the game for the Canadian championship. Here, if anywhere, the force and utility of student spirit and rooting should be shown, and the students of Toronto will expect their Athletic Directorate to awake to the fact that they represent and are responsible for student interests, and theirs alone are to be considered, even above the aesthetic pleasure that body may feel in fondling swollen money bags, much of whose contents is blood-money for the betrayal and sacrifice of the very interests which it represents.

Alan Marten, '07.

Poems That Will Not Live

THE SOPHOMORE GRADUATES

'Twas in a class of medicos
This tale took place as each one knows
Or if he don't your scribe now tells
Of how they sported cap and bells,
And played the fool in ways unmatched
By country chickens ere their eggs were hatched.

* * *

These budding embryo physicians
Could quote the theory of incisions,
And look quite boldly on cadavers
Without internal squirms and quavers
And knew dissecting's only cuts and slashes
And language streaked with phosphorescent dashes.

* * *

This lore they learned in two short years,
And more, that weeping causes tears,
That fire is hot and ice is cold,
And cocci make their nest in mould.
In short, so well they knew each bottle,
They thought they had their M.B. by the throttle.

* * *

And so they hied them like the lambs they were
Unto the shop of a photographer
And bade him take at one and fifty per
The face of each some day practitioner.
My little lambs, 'tis right to think each lambkin
Will own some day, D.V., a snowy sheepskin,
But oh, the lambs that lose their fleece in May,
The little throats that bleat their lives away,
When cruel hounds do chase and butchers slay!

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THEN AND NOW

Of old the priests sweet incense to the gods
Did burn, and swung with rev'rent chant
Their censers, joying praises to descant
Of those immortal beings at whose nods,
Great states and cities tottered to their fall,
And at whose wanton hest a myriad souls
Of heroes all untimely paid their tolls
On that dread ferry to the stygian hall.
Let me those mortals of undying fame
Whose thoughts still live although their frames
be mould,
Whose music sounds though crumbled be their
lyre,
Let me aye feed their sacrificial flame
With incense ev'n more fragrant than of old,
Crown them with smoke-wreaths from my black-
ened brier. J. L. L.

• • •

A lady, sending a green servant to answer the door-bell, said: "If anybody asks if I am in, give an evasive answer." The servants soon returned. "Who was it?" asked the mistress. "A gentleman who wanted to see you, ma'am, and I gave him an evasive answer." "What did you say?" "I asked him if his grandmother was a monkey."—Buffalo Express.