

RECENT exchanges are directing attention to the growing spirit of professionalism that is seeking to dominate the athletics of American universities. The March number of *The Bulletin* remarks:—"Athletic enthusiasm has gone too far at the University of Chicago, and the faculty has taken important steps to check it. During the recent quarters more than 50% of the students, it is reported, have flunked in their studies. It is feared that an anti-athletic war will be waged soon."

In this connection the words of Yale's new President, Arthur Twining Hadley, are significant. Adverting in his inaugural address to athletics, he said:—"The value of athletic sports when practised in the right spirit, is only equalled by their perniciousness when practised in the wrong spirit. They deserve cordial and enthusiastic support. The time and thought spent upon them, great as it may seem, is justified by their educational influence. But side by side with this support and side of it, we must have unsparing condemnation of the whole spirit of professionalism. If we can enter into athletics for the love of honor, in the broadest sense of the word, unmixed with the love of gain in any sense, we may now and then lose a few students; but we shall grow better, year after year, in all that makes for sound university life." It is a matter for congratulation that our Canadian universities have, as yet, comparatively speaking, not suffered in the least from professional athletics and its concomitant evils.

"I like that man who faces what he must
With steps triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust,
That God is good; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp . . . He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

—Selected.

BISMARCK once said: "One third of the students in German universities destroy themselves by dissipation, one-third wear themselves out by overwork, and the rest govern Europe.—*Oberlin Review*."

A GOOD WAR STORY.—A nice story comes from a country tobacconist. A shabbily-dressed old woman entered his shop one day, and produced two shillings from her pocket, mostly in halfpence. On being asked what she wanted, she replied that she wished to buy two shillings' worth of the best cigarettes. Then she asked for an envelope and when the proprietor asked to whom he should address it, he was told, to his surprise, "General White, Ladysmith." The old woman had been so struck with the gallant General's actions that she had been saving up her halfpence in order to send him the present she thought he would appreciate most. The old woman's smokes were not without the fire of younger days.