

## CORRESPONDENCE

The staff are not responsible for any opinion expressed under the above heading.

To the Editor of Varsity:

The days of disordered parades of "sign-seeking" students had passed, and Toronto merchants and shop-keepers gave a sigh of relief, and the Toronto Press gave a sigh of resignation that student rowdiness would no more figure in the headlines of their sensational columns; and Toronto citizens began to talk of student buffoonery "as it was in the olden days." Then came the paint element in the inter-faculty and inter-year scraps, and the gallant Press snatched up the pen once more to protect the City, Province and Dominion from the inroads which such student hoodlumism would make upon refined Canadian civilization. But scraps and hustles, we hope have passed with the passing year, and The Evening Telegram steps forward to champion the cause of the unprotected citizen against a new and more subtle danger arising from undergraduate audacity and imbecility. Such surely are the inherent characteristics of students, and their latest manifestation has appeared before a horrified populace in the fact that the Undergraduates of University College have invited the Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, to be the guest of honor at their annual banquet.

The students, as a rule, are ready to smile at the garbled reports of their doings which blaze out in the Toronto press from time to time, and have borne with the analysis which the newspaper men of this city almost invariably have made of student character as that belonging properly to idiots and rowdies, because they felt assured that the manly and sterling qualities of the Canadian student will always bear down the ill-advised and sensation-loving utterances of the Press, but when those utterances become malicious, when the knife of political narrowness and bigotry is concealed in the belt, we say, "hands off." What can be the object of a newspaper, which recognizes itself as a journal which intelligent people should read, in devoting its editorial columns to an attempt to "knife" student spirit, except that object be political partizanship of the meanest type?

If the Toronto Press wish to aid in the up-building of our great Provincial University, let it first study student character and interest in a sympathetic, intelligent attitude, and cease to make student affairs the merchandise of popular gossip, and the red flag of party politics.

—Norman A. McEachern.

### IN THE WARD—A FUNERAL

By—'ette.

The newspapers had a brief notice;—"Daniel Webster, a veteran, with many signs of active service, was found dead in his room yesterday. He has boarded on Centre Avenue for eight years, and was one of the best known characters of the neighborhood."

Many people read it, sighed and forgot. Of all those that saw the notice nobody really cared. The only difference his death made was that the War Office paid one pension no longer.

But the people that cannot read cared. Faster than printed word can go spread the news. "Old man dead—Vari's house." From earliest morning they made their way in with whining whisper, "He was friend. Let's see."

They stood around his bed, felt his hand, and whispered in wonder. The ignorant know only death when it comes near them. They wailed and wept, yet glanced about to see how he lived and what he left. Late in the afternoon the black wagon came to bear him away. By the doorway the people crowded. A policeman tried to keep them on either side, but they wept and fought nearer. A privileged woman passed in. They touched her clothes, "Serge stuff—60 cents yard!" A woman sobbed aloud and they wailed with her.

They had not known him well, but he had been alive and now was dead. It was enough for the untaught; and they wept.

Some children there were too young to understand. They clutched their mother's skirts and asked them "why." Their parents cuffed them well and bade them weep lest the family be disgraced. Only the wrong can look at death dry-eyed.

So he was borne from the house. When they saw the body a babel of voices cried on the name of the Lord. Italian, Irish, Assyrian, Greek and Pole knew but one way to express their overpowering feelings. "There is power in a coffin." They helped to raise it. The horses started, and all the lamentation ceased. They turned away. "Goti tre holds my dress. For what?"—"Gi that's done."

The funeral was over; life began again; it was time for work—"Rags, bones, bottles."



### VARSITY

Alma Mater, Alma Mater!

Honor bless thy old grey walls,  
And thy tower whose mighty silence  
Each to thy devotion calls!  
Here the stream of life grows deeper;  
Here untried barks feel the weight,  
(Having left the golden shallows),  
Of the great world's living freight.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater!

From thy loved and honored halls  
Soon, where'er the voice of Duty  
To life's common highway calls,  
We shall go,—each one the stronger,  
Each with hands and hearts more free,  
In that we have touched thy greatness  
And have lingered here with Thee.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater!

As a tree in age is strong,  
May thy Future's strength inspire  
Statesman's praise and Poet's song.  
"Velut arbor aevo" pray we,  
As we linger at thy shrine,  
And receive thy richest blessing,  
—High Ideals, Truth divine.

Norman A. McEachern.