

forces fully organized we will soon be ready for a regular campaign, similar to that which recently took place in the State of California, where in order to obtain exemption from taxation on the property of the Leland Stanford University, the students, professors and graduates of that University, and the University of California, organized in their Alumni Associations, carried on a regular campaign through the press and on the stump from one end of the State to the other, and were successful.

Our thanks are especially due this week to Chancellor Wallace, who, in the midst of most pressing engagements, consented to write an article for THE VARSITY.

COLLEGE GIRL.

Superintending Editor, Miss F. M. Wicher, 'or.

The Greek play is the all-engrossing topic of the day. For the nonce ultra-practical people have abandoned their wonted persecution of classical students—of classical devotees in particular—and have laid aside their time-worn interrogation, "Well, but really now, of what practical use is the study of classics?" Public sentiment, if not the reproving voice of conscience, has silenced them let us hope for evermore. And so, in the Literary Society, in the cloak-room, in the dining hall, everywhere, conversation turns and returns to the chaste simplicity of a Greek play.

This growing respect for the ancient classics may be due in part to a waning conceit in our personal charms. "How far inferior we are to the Greeks," sighs one maid as she rubs her nose abstractedly. Another, polishing her spectacles, remarks with pathos, "Possibly I might do for Penelope. She need not be very beautiful, but then, perhaps, Odysseus would be pained to find her wearing 'specs.'" Presently three others join our circle, three competitors for a part in the play. One of them has the height and profile of a daughter of the gods; another has the voice, while the third moves with the rhythm of poetry. But alas, for all our dreams of greatness and renown! Alas, that the combined graces of three fair Canadian maids can scarcely vie with the beauty of one daughter of Greece! Our spirits droop and our heads humbly sink upon our bosoms.

Yet, with a conscientious desire to reclaim something of Greek excellence, we cast from us our stiff collars, our high-heeled shoes, and forego the modern dance for the far more poetic movements of the Greeks. And as "wingéd words" from the past ring through our halls we are surprised into a complete surrender of ourselves to the fascination and the romance of patriarchal life of some three thousand years ago.

With the decline of the nineteenth century, there are visible signs that mankind in general is striving to overtake the swift steps of duty. Students in particular are awakening to their responsibilities. For well they realize that unless certain weighty problems are settled on a firm basis here and now, the twentieth century will roll on in its course under the darkness of ignorance. This is the reason that caps and gowns are coming forth once more to the daylight. So far, however, some of the wearers—no doubt from the consciousness that caps and gowns are decidedly becoming—have an inclination to lurk in the dark recesses of the earth, or at least of the corridors. Perhaps when the Greek play has accustomed us to æsthetic attire this undue modesty will vanish from our midst.

The Y.W.C.A. met on Wednesday afternoon. Many friends from sister associations in the city met with us. As this is the week of prayer, observed by all such Christian organizations throughout the world, our meeting was devoted to prayer for the evangelization of the world, and especially for the missionary work of Asia. The subject for next Wednesday is the test of discipleship, "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

F. M. W.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The regular bi-weekly meeting of the Engineering Society took place in the assembly room on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 14th inst, President Thorold in the chair. A carefully prepared paper on "Luxfer Prisms, their Construction and Use," was given by Mr. W. J. Withrow, a School graduate of '90. Messrs. H. G. Barber and W. Campbell were appointed to represent the interests of the School on the proposed central committee of organized students for Toronto. The elections for the Graduates' and Undergraduates' dinner committee resulted as follows: Chairman, W. Thorold; secretary, W. G. Chace; treasurer, F. C. Jackson; representatives, IV. yr., Neelands and Dickson; III. yr., Bertram and Duff; II. yr., Whelihan and Campbell; I. yr., F. R. Miller and Gillespie.

Mr. R. H. Barrett's resolution *re* the separation of the school from the University Literary and Scientific Society, after considerable discussion, was on motion of Mr. Mills, laid over for further consideration at the next regular meeting. Mr. Chace explained to the Society the circumstances connected with the acquisition of the old Louisburg cannon, and its presentation by the S. P. S. students to the University authorities. On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Shipley of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., for his indefatigable efforts in securing this historic relic.

NOTES.

At a meeting of the first year held on Thursday morning, Messrs. F. R. Miller and R. Bryce were elected manager and captain respectively of the S.P.S. Junior Rugby team for the Mulock Cup competition.

After his recent illness, we are pleased to see Mr. J. Paris is able to attend lectures again.

INSECTOLOGICAL.—A freshman informs us that he has seen the lumber fly in the Chemistry lecture room.

WHAT THE FRESHIES ARE SAYING.

CLARENCE J.—We Freshmen have a court-at-law, we humbly Begg to state; their thirst for right and justice here the *fresh* may satiate—no council for defendants, no brief, no trial mayhap, but judgment for all sorts of crime beneath the gushing tap.

McGUIRE.—The painter's art we practice here, and when we're canvas shy, we'll take your sacred physiognomy and spoil it all with dye—with lurid tints and shades of Greene and White and Gray and Brown akin to Mephistopheles' best go-to-meeting crown.

GREENE.—Paul Kruger's caged and guarded well beneath the lion's eye; he'll nurse his wrath and curse his fate until he comes to die, and then—a Rose by other names is said to smell as sweet—a Burley cop may Burnham in a thrice-hot fiery heat.

S.P.S. JUNIOR RUGBY.—The Mills of the gods grind slow 'tis said; they grind exceeding Small—with apologies to goaler in Association ball. We have a team a Little Young, but that don't make some ice. We're counselled by a Miller. See? and captained by a Bryce.