

doubted right to do so, there are many of us who think that, in view of the circumstances, it would have been better not to assert that right.

The other question is the more serious one. The teams that have met us this year agree in saying that we play an entirely different game from that which is in vogue among the others. It used to be our boast in our palmy championship days that our team could adapt itself with great facility and quickness to the style of play of its opponents, and, after the first fifteen or twenty minutes, invariably play the game that the conditions demanded. This year the complaint is general that we play only the "heavy style of scrimmage game," as *The 'Varsity* reporter terms it. These heavy mass plays are certainly much less interesting to the spectator, and it will be admitted that they are conducive to "scragging," and are more liable to result in injury. No doubt our men are quite willing to take their share of hard knocks, but a team trained to this style of play, while seldom scoring many points, places a team that is trained to open play at a serious disadvantage and is bound to be accused of rough play. Our friends of 'Varsity are sore not merely because of their defeat as may be seen from the fact that the sympathy of outside delegates was all with them.

Who then is to blame? Principally we who are the non-playing element are responsible. It has long been just cause for complaint among our players that our treatment of them after a defeat has been most disheartening. We have practically given the team to understand by our attitude towards them that their first business is to win games. If that can be done in a gentlemanly exhibition of the game, so much the better, but if the game is lost we are not over-nice to inquire whether our fellows played an honorable, manly game, or not. We condemn them off-hand and give vent to our disappointment in sarcasm and ridicule. First then we must treat our team honorably and give them the full assurance that we have committed to them something far more valuable than a mere football score, we must let them see, once for all, that we are one with them in defeat as in victory, and that we can condone anything but dishonorable tactics or unsportsmanlike conduct.

We are not criticizing this year's executive. We believe the root of the matter lies deeper than the mere policy of any executive, and we are finding fault with a condition of affairs which did not spring up in a season. The plain fact of the matter is that our fine sense of what is manly and noble in true sport has been more or less blunted. The cure lies in the cultivation of the love of the game for its own sake, and a more wide-spread interest in and enthus-

iasm for true sport on the part of all classes of students. Until we have set our faces against the old system of things and have fully determined to make the name Queen's as honorable in the arena of sport as it already is in the world of letters, the less we have to say about intercollegiate fraternity and co-operation the better, for we shall be judged by our deeds not by our words.

Contributions.

CATULLUS.

(Continued from last issue.)

WE come now to Lesbia, but first of all it must be remarked that his picture of an ideal love seems to be sketched in the little story of Septimius and Acme, who with mutual passion love and are loved—"who ever beheld a pair more blessed or love more auspicious?" His own love was very different. Lesbia was a *non de plume* for Clodia, the sister of Cicero's great enemy, Clodius, and a woman of infamous character which grew progressively worse with years, if we are to believe Catullus, though an advocate might suggest that the poet's view was coloured and that the lady was not materially different at the end of their acquaintance from what she had been at the beginning. The earlier stages of the intimacy are immortalized in some poems, the best and the truest he ever wrote. What, for example, can be compared to the two poems on Lesbia's sparrow? The first I give in a version whose only merit, if it be a merit, is that it is in the metre of the original, otherwise it very inadequately represents the charm and spirit of Catullus.

Sparrow, darling and plaything of my mistress,
Whom she plays with and takes into her bosom,
To whose kisses her finger tips she offers,
Now provokes to a tiny fit of pecking.
What time she of the glancing eye, my sweetheart,
Has the humour for some lighthearted nonsense
So her pain may obtain a little solace,
Or, I ween, when her passion's power abateth.
Would I, too, in my turn with thee might dally,
Send the cares that afflict my heart a-packing:
'Twere so dear as they tell us from of old time
Was the apple of gold to Atalanta
Which at last won her lover for the maiden.

Of the clergy of the sparrow I give the happy
Scotch setting of Dr. Donald MacAlister:

Lament, ye nymphs, ye cupids a'
Lament, ye lovers blithe and braw,
My Jeanie's tint her birdie sma',
Her birdie's dead.

He was the apple o' her e'e,
Sae couthie and sa crouse was he,
And hiney-sweet as sweet could be,
Her dawtie dear.