# VARSITY VERSUS MeMASTER HALL

First of the Intercollegiate Debates for this Term Friday Evening

### ANGLO-SAXON ALLIANCE

This will be the Discussion to be Held in Conservatory Hall

The opening debate of the second round of the Intercollegiate Debating Union will take place in the chapel of the Conservatory of Music, on College St., at 8 o'clock on Friday, January 20th. The officers of University College Literary Society, who won the bye, have charge of the arrangements, and have succeeded in providing an excellent musical and literary program.

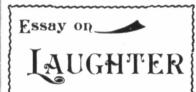
The colleges contesting for supremacy in debate are Varsity and McMaster. President Loudon will act as chairman, and the following program will be given.

1. Vocal solo, by Mr. Alexander Gorrie; 2. Reading, by H. F. Cook. Debate—"Re-solved: That an immediate alliance, offensive and defensive, between Great Britain and the United States would be in the best interests of the world's civilization." The above is the proposition which McMaster has elected to defend through its two cham-pions, Messrs. R. MacDonald and Hark-ness. For Varsity, W. F. Mackay and John Mackay will endeavor to sustain the negative position. Old Varsity's reputation is perfectly safe in the hands of these two orators, who will undoubtedly make as good a showing as was done last fall at Trinity.

The next number after the debate includes an instrumental solo by E. Hardy, Polacca Brilliant, and a vocal solo by W. J. Knox, M.A. It is earnestly hoped that there will be a representative turnout of both faculty and undergraduates. Varsity's chances are very good for the finish, and it behooves every one to add his quota of support by being present, and, if need be, by shouting. The following gentlemen have consented to act as referees: Dr. Caven, W. R. Riddell and Dr. Workman.

Owing to the fact that next Friday even ing will be the occasion of the debate between Varsity and McMaster Hall in the Inter College Debating Series, there will be no meeting of the Literary Society. The popularity of the Mock Parliament has been so great that there is considerable talk of having it take the place of the customary debates. It is felt that there is far more interest taken in the proceedings of the Parliament and that the arrangements afford a better opportunity for all concerned to take part in the speaking. It is thought that there might be arranged inter-year contests to stimulate interest and that of the four years there might be formed four parties—a Government, Opposition, Third Party, etc. It is altogether likely that such an arrangement would be received with great favor and would serve to keep up the attendance of the Lit during the term, in which everybody is supposed to be assiduously at work and to have very little time for anything but work. The prospect of a lively time in the Mock Parliament will be far more likely to draw the average plug out of his shell than the sterotype debate upon a British-American alliance or some such topic.

Sesame, '99, the annual publication of the women graduates and undergraduates of University College, has more than maintained its reputation as a literary production. The editor-in-chief, Miss C. C. Benson, '99, together with the assistant editors, the Misses Tennant, '99, L. M. Mason, '00, A. C. MacDonald, '01, F. R. A. Amos, '02, and Miss Lila Kate White, have succeeded in presenting a most excellent assortment of which is composed of Miss Annie W. Paterson, '99, and her aides Miss E. M. Flemng, '00, Miss L. Darling, '01, and Miss I. M. Street, '02, have been signally successful in the management and general get up of this periodical. The cuts, which are perfect, re-present different features of our University Buildings, and add considerably to the artistic beauty of Sesame. The frontispiece contains an excellent picture of the Library from the tower, which, however, must yield precedence to the photogravure of the sundial in the Dean's garden, which was secured through the kindness of Mr. A. H. Abbott, B.A., and of which Miss Annie Pat-Abboott, B.A., and of which Miss Annie Patterson has written a brief, but very charming history. A very sensible as well as a timely article has been contributed by Miss H. S. Grant Macdonald, B.A., last year's editor, in which she propounds the question, "Women or Girls?" and decides in favor of the former as applicable to University undergraduates of that sex. Miss McE Hunter, B.A., has an interesting and well written story, in which "The Tale of Two Ties assumes the proportions of a tragedy. Miss Laura M. Mason's poem, "The Second Fall," raises a protest against a "culture Fall," raises a protest against a "culture that makes us mighty of brain, but allows our hearts to wither" "A Sprig from the 'Christbaum'" is the title of a quaint little soliloquy by Miss E. M. Balmer, B.A., while "Ninety Years ago," by Miss Grace Evans, is a very touching story of military life in old York. The remaining articles are anonymous, the contributors having diffidently signed their initials.



When shall we laugh? say when?
- Merchant of Venice.

The proper answer to Bassanio's query each one must settle for himself. does not know when one is amused, no rules will help him to such a knowledge. The laughter, poet-like, is born, not made. If, when all the company are in the throes of laughter, one sits apart with a look of blank wonder at it all, nunc est ridendum will evoke from him no answering smile—he will but stare the more blankly. In view of this, I have made little attempt to fix the occasion of laughter, but have merely thrown to-gether in flimsiest unity a few idly fanciful

remarks on this happy passion.

Dictionaries define laughter as being an involuntary movement of the facial muscles, particularly of the lips, or a peculiar expresparticularly of the lips, or a peculiar expression of the eyes, indicating merriment, or satisfaction, usually accompanied by a sonorous emission of air from the lungs, attended by a shaking of the sides. You will observe that the eye and the lip each holds a place in the structure of the laugh; you will further notice that the position of prominence has been allotted the sinews. These wondrous funny fibres are the braces and girders in the stoat temple of Gelos. From them in the stout temple of Gelos. From them our merriment derives its bulk, its elasticity, its lustihood. Sixteen muscles, to accept the enumeration of Sunset Cox, are said to join in joility. The Occipito-frontalis communicates its quiver to the Compressor Nasi, and the Zigomaticus, which makes one flinch to say it, wavers in the Platysma Myodes, which causes a wonder why it should be considered a laughing matter at

Only the fortunate few are possessed of the genuine laugh—what one may call laughing. The majority either maim or suffocate this cheery passion. It comes from them a husky, muffled, broken sound, which 'twould be slanderous to label laughter, seeing that it has lost all semblance of expression. It is pseudo-laughter—a mere pretender. Most men rest content with a snigger; some evolve from the lining of their throats a very unex-pressive titter. They seem to fear disastrous results to the universe should they let loose the lion of their lungs. Others sniff and hiss like an intermittent radiator, or, on special occasions, by an ambitious effort, produce some wheezy, croaking cachinnation, like an asthmatic who has fallen into a well Repose no trust in any of this stripe. All such are to be feared. The man who has no harmony in his laugh is not only "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," but his very life is a treason and a trick.

To laugh properly one professional actions to the stripe of th

To laugh properly one must not burst forth suddenly like an eruption of Vesuvius or roar him loudly like any hungry lion at first, but all must begin gradually. First, a light must kindle in the eyes and face, a glowing, o'er-spreading, lovely light, as of Euphrosyne incarnate; then, after a few preliminary twitches of lips and brows, you may rend the air with a risible rattle, enough to waken the seven sleepers; then may your merriment run riot with a noise resembling the unanimous neighing of the horses of Hercules; tears stream down your cheeks; both hands clutch your sides or make frantic grabs toward the knee region; one foot, then the other, must be held aloft as you totter in your pleasant agony; the head must be thrown back; then, peal upon peal, stentorian, uninterrupted, uncontrollable—a laughing fanfaranade, not of any one set of muscles, but of the whole man from head to heel. This is the laugh we eulogize, the lusty laugh the laugh with no undercurrent of pathos, the care-free laugh, the laugh of the heart—hearty. Goldsmith would have very likely called this "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind." Despite Goldsmith, anyone who has dipped into psychology ever so slightly knows how much is to be inferred from this—that no one who has thus once given himself over to unrestrained laughter can be bad, altogether, irreclaim-

ably.

Why we laugh has afforded the essayist with many pages of surmise, and variant are the theories advanced as to the source of this witching power. Hazlitt is of the opin-ion that there is no real reason for our laughter, while Addison considers it the effect of pride. Old-time doctors explained the difficulty more ingeniously. They located in our system a particular vein—a vein for a laugh to run in, and when the blood in this vein was stirred, the man laughed whether he would or not. Tasso, in "Jerusalem Delivered," recounts the story of the Cru-sader who was killed by a Persian lance. Many a knight fell in the combat,

But 'twas Ardonio's fate. Through the quick spleen to be transfixed where lies

The vein whose mirthful throbs the heart di-

So that (a strange and horrid sight!) he lies Jocund with mortal pain, and loudly laugh ing, dies.

Others aver that laughter is implanted and involved in the muscles of the stomach, and that the larger this organ the more capacious the laugh. And if one reflects on that goodly array of men with a plethoric intumescence of body, rotund of voice, rubicund of visage, whose healthy laughter-tones "rumble and rattle and roar" on every hand, one would be rattle and roar" on every hand, one would be almost led to credit such a theory. Who ever saw, who ever heard of 250 pounds of melancholy? Nobody. The "blues" never thrive on obesity, for fat and fun have linked hands to travel the pathway of life together. A fat man in a company is a certain guarantee

that the gods of discord will fly its counsels. When in quest of a friend (should you be so unhappy as to lack one), above all others choose a man of corpulence. Such a one may well be your friend, for under his tute-lage your mind and body will flourish like

the bay-tree—laugh, then, and grow fat.

Laughter, like n.ercy, is "thrice blest," and, more than sleep, can it be said "to knit the raveled sleeve of care." For care follows us to the couch and poisons our very dreams. whilst laughter, for the nonce, drowns in the rippling of its merry notes all the bitter recollections that infest the day. "Respite, respite and nepenthe" are the portion of its devoted adherents. Some indeed, with Addison, hold that laughter slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul, and in so far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we obtain from it and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient and unexpected gleams of joy, one would not care to grow too wise for such a pleasure in life. Laughter lubricates the car of care, and if used generously, our affairs will roll along most easily.

Laughter is amiable, is beautiful. Almost can we be persuaded to pardon the man with the smile sesquipedalian, for the length of it but measures his largeness of heart. Blessed be the man who laughs! May his tribe in-crease and lord it over the whole earth— whether he pitch his hilarity in hi hi or he-he,

in ha-ha or ho-ho. To trace the rippling course of laughter through the realms of literature is a refreshing occupation—a foot journey on a pleasant day, It receives golden opinions from all sorts of penmen, and the praise of it is said and sung in divers languages. Quaint tri-bute comes to it from the most unexpected sources. Here it gleams silverery in one fair line like a woodland stream; here broadens into a pleasant sonnet skipping in merry measure; now it is a grand song which gleams in its splendor like an expansive, moon-lit lake holding stars in its trem-bling embrace. "Why should a man" in-quires the immortal dramatist, "whose heart is warm within sit like his grandfather cut in alabaster? Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice by being peevish?"
The golden chain of Jove, records the genial The golden chain of Jove, records the genial Jerrold, was nothing but a succession of laughs-a chromatic scale of merriment reaching from earth to Olympus. And many another has embodied the praise of laughter in his lines. Milton, the glum Puritan, has given us in "L'Allegro" the most perfect description of mirth ever penned:

Sport that wrinkled care derides, And Laughter holding both his sides. Homer could find no dearer title for Venus than the laughter-loving maiden, and Horace styles the same divinity the goddess delight ing in laughter. So universal is the admira-tion of this benison to our race that in every language we find it metaphorically attributed to any pleasing and beautiful object in nature. We speak of the "laughing dawn," the "laughing sky," "laughing stars" and "laughing brooks." And who has not listened to the wimpling music of Minnehahalaughing water?

laughing water? Allow me to conclude this effort at teach ing truth laughingly with a squib of Whit-comb Riley's, which contains in a few beautiful words the gist of my endeavor:

Ave, thou valet! Laugh away! All the world's a holiday! Laugh away, and roar and shout Till thy hoarse tongue lolleth out! Bloat thy cheeks, and bulge thine eyes Bloat thy cheeks, and bulge thine eyes
Unto bursting, pelt thy thighs
With thy swollen palms, and roar
As thou never hast before!
Lustier! wilt thou! peal on peal!
Stiflest? Squat and grind thy beel—
Wrestle with thy loins, and then
Wheeze thee whiles, and whoop again.
—J. P. F.

## McMASTER UNIVERSITY

The century class held their annual rally on Friday evening last, at the residence of Chancellor Wallace. The first two hours of the evening were passed in a pleasant sleighride around the city and later at the Chancellor's, where refreshments were served and an enjoyable social entertainment provided. The President and officers of the year are to be congritulated because of the success of this year's Rally.

Prof. Farmer addressed the Theological Society on Thursday evening, on "The Perils and Privileges of a Preacher's Life." The address was practical and full of many helpful pointers.

Most of the students at McMaster are troubled nightly with visions of hockey sticks, skates and pucks, for the four days' skating of last week has aroused some enthusiasm here for the slippery game of Hockey. Among the comers for a place on the first team may be mentioned the names of Johnson and Hannah. The opening of the rink takes place on Thursday night if the weather is favorable. The 48th Highlanders' Band will play during the evening.

## SCHOOL OF SCIENCE

The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held last Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Very interesting papers were read by two of he undergraduates, Mr. T. S. Richards on High Pressure on Engines," and Mr. D. Ross on "Railway Location in the Crow's Nest Pass." Both are practical men, and were listened to very attentively.

A very small but enthusiastic meeting was held in the interests of hockey on Thursday. The following officers were elected: Hon. dresident, Mr. W. T. Jennings; president,

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Mr. Haight, B.A.Sc., has written a most interesting article for the Industrial Advo-cate, published in Halifax, N.S. Mr. Haight is a graduate of the school, and has been very successful in all his undertakings.

Many students have not yet returned, as holiday festivities and grip hold them in durance vile. We wish all a speedy recovery

#### DENTAL COLLEGE

Dean Willmott is unable to resume his lectures this term owing to a severe attack

Dr. Webster, Professor of Clinical Dentistry is taking the Dean's lectures.

The College intends entering a team in the College Hockey League. From reports the team will be pretty fast.

Several of the boys are indisposed, suffering from an attack of the grippe. Among whom are C. B. Bell, "Billy" Hacket, "Herby" Bowles and "Jimmy" Mac-

The Y. M. C. A. hold services every Sunday morning at 9.30. Every student should turn out as the meetings are interesting and

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## ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

The Hockey Club held their first meeting of the season on Monday last. The delay in organizing was more than counterbalanced by the enthusiasm displayed. More than a score of aspirants for first team honors were present. After the preliminary work of the meeting had been disposed of, each one ap-pointed himself a committee of one to see what was saved from the wreck of last year's promising team. On the forward line we will miss the genial face of Lindsay's auburnwill miss the gental face of Elitosay's audulti-haired representative, Jack Hurley, who is playing a winning game for his own burg. Otherwise the cast of characters is unchang-ed. George Roach is on deck again with a pair of \$2.00, which he heartily endorses. Freddie Snider and A. M. Regan will again help to fill out. We may expect to see the latter looking bewitching in a pea-green sweater, although he is somewhat disabled sweater, although he is somewhat disabled from trying to teach those rough natives of Orillia the game. Tom Morrow's place at point will be as equally well filled by Harry McKenna. Heretofore the difficulty has been to find seven men with sticks and skates, but this year, for the other positions, the most officulty will be in making a selecthe main difficulty will be in making a selection from the host of candidates, all with reputations to maintain. On the whole, prospects for hockey were never so bright and with a little ice the boys ough to do something. It is to be deplored that the club was not able to enter any of the leagues, but they are now open for engagements with any first-class city teams.

Charles MacDermott, who was visited with a severe attack of la grippe during the holidays, is now convalescent.

Rev. Father O'Neil will assume charge of St. Michael's Literary Society for the balance of the scholastic year. If the success of the Literary Society under his direction may be measured by the great success of the Dramatic Association, of which he has charge, then its members may consider his appointment as a signal favor.

Mr. Owen Rowan was made the recipient of a handsome Christmas gift by one of his many College friends.

P. J. Hopkins also received a very valuable and useful New Year's gift in the form of a beautiful silver matchbox.

The New England boys have not yet re turned from their vacation. It is surmised here by some of their friends that the grippe must have taken a fast hold on them.

St. Michael's Lit. will meet on the even ing of Jan. 22.

The Dramatic Association will meet this week to make arrangements for their Geo. Washington celebration.

Vincent Murphy, who recently finished his Order, is at present at the College pursuing his philosophical studies.

Many of the old boys have returned from Many of the old boys have returned from their vacation, and among them some new ones. Of the latest arrivals Messrs. J. F. Mahony and J. Kelly come from the East, and were former students of Niagara University. Fred. Blustorah, who comes from the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, and N. Carter, from Northern Ontatio

#### PRICES PAID TO AUTHORS

Some interesting figures which ought to

Some interesting figures which ought to inspire young writers.

Rudyard Kipling commands the highest price of any living author, according to the Pall Mall Gazette. which says that it paid \$750 for each of his "Barrack Room Ballads," and that "The Seven Seas" brought him \$11,000. He has received 50 cents a word for a 10,000-word story. Anthony Hope charges \$450 for a magazine story, reserving the copyright; Mr. Gladstone's price for a review was \$1,000. Conan Doyle received \$35,000 for "Rodney Stone." Mrs. Humphry Ward \$40,000 for "Robert Elsmere," \$80,000 each for "David Grieve" and "Marcella," \$75,000 for "Bessie Costrell." Ian Maclaren has made \$35,000 out of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne." Rider Haggard still asks from

of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne." Rider Haggard still asks from \$75 to \$100 a column of 1,500 words and will not write for less than \$10,000.

The highest price ever paid for a novel is \$200,000, which, the Pall Mall Gazette says, was handed over to Alphonse Daudet for his "Sapho." Zola's first fourteen books netted him \$220,000, and in twenty years he has made at least \$375,000. Ruskin's sixty-four books bring him in \$20,000 a year. Swinburne, who writes very little, makes \$5,000 a year by his poems. Browning, in his later years, drew \$10,000 a year from the sale of his works, and Tennyson is said to have received \$60,000 a year from the Macmillans during the last years of his life. Mr. Moody during the last years of his life. Mr. Moody is believed to have beaten all others, as more than \$1,250,000 has been paid in royal-ties for his hymns.

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