

WEEK BY WEEK

Here's to the "knocker." He is an omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent individual, and assumes on different occasions various forms and complexions. He can trace his genealogical tree back to Adam, who objected to the then existing management, demanded a little more room for development, and was awarded that large space outside the garden of Eden. He boasts of the fact that he is never afraid to say what he thinks, and has no desire to learn that sometimes silence is not only golden, but requires much more courage than immoderate speech.

He does not watch the bulletin board—that is a Freshman's occupation. The consequence, however, is that he does not attend year, class or committee meetings. People cannot avail themselves of his long and varied experience, and naturally make mistakes. Then comes the knocker's opportunity. He is an adept in pungent expression, and "lets her go." The University "has no college spirit;" the Senate is composed of "old men or women who are not in touch with undergraduate spirit;" the Faculty are "old fogies;" the Undergraduate Union is "not fulfilling its proper functions;" the Medical Society is "run by a clique and never carries out its election pledges;" the Engineering Society is "punk" and "out of date;" the Lit. is "dead or nearly so;" THE VARSITY is a "boys' paper." In short, the whole machinery is sadly in need of repairs; the world is —.

Kicking is sometimes necessary, but it seems equally necessary that some men should kick. The knocker should either knock at the door of his class or committee and give others the value of his advice, or be knocked out after his first explosion. But, it is a well-known fact that knockers don't work. Are you a knocker?

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Last week an editorial in this paper drew attention to the necessity of providing some adequate means of extending due courtesy to the many visitors who yearly come to see our University and go away to admire our equipment, if not our courtesy. Out of curiosity I inquired the other day for the visitors' book to see who had been here lately. To my utter astonishment I found that we had none, that the old book had been burned in the fire, and since that period visitors had not registered. It may not be academic, but it certainly seems right and proper that there should be a register for the signatures of distinguished guests, and such a book, I am informed, is very frequently inquired after. A guide to visitors and a visitors' book we certainly should have, and the cost would not be so great as to demand a special deputation to wait upon the Government to procure the necessary funds. At present registration is confined to students—on the walls.

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All thoughtful undergraduates must have stopped to question, "Does the University of Toronto stand for any particular type of professor, or more especially from our point of view, undergraduate? Does she as an institution leave any indelible mark upon a man which will distinguish him from the man of any other university? Do we form habits of thought, characters, personalities here which stamp us as in any way peculiar to our Alma Mater? For the benefit of the man who

doubts whether she does, but fondly wishes that she might, I may mention a gratifying incident which came under my notice last week. A visitor from China had been shown through our several buildings, and expressed his admiration of them. Then he said in effect: "I am not a Canadian, nor have I any friends here. I have no particular interest in your city, but in China I met some of your graduates, who impressed me deeply because of their manhood and scholarship, and as I was visiting America I felt bound to visit the institution which has graduated such men." Evidently "Toronto" does leave a stamp upon some men. If we are not all "branded" it may be our own fault.

Y. M. C. A.

Rev. Dr. Mullins, of Louisville, Ky., delivered a very helpful address to the University College Association on Thursday last. His subject was "Winning and Losing in the Game of Life." Dr. Mullins held that if one is to succeed he must put into his work the same enthusiasm and spirit which characterized his play; he must be content to adequately prepare himself by long and careful training; he must make his mistakes his best teachers, and, above all, must win against himself.

On Thursday of this week Mayor Urquhart will address the association on "The College Man and the Municipality." This is the first of a series of addresses in which opportunities for Christian service which different walks of life offer the college man will be shown by men who are prominent in their special departments.

Mr. Clayton S. Cooper's addresses at the Bible Institute on Saturday and Sunday last will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to attend. That daily systematic Bible study is of prime importance and an absolute necessity to the life of the student who would truly succeed, is Mr. Mr. Cooper's firm belief, and no one who heard his sane, forceful pleas for an increased amount of such work among our students can deny that his belief is rational. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cooper's visit will mean a great deal to the Bible study department of our association, and the prospects now are bright for a strong forward movement in that respect.

Rev. Dr. McTavish addressed the Medical Association on Friday morning last on the subject of "Opportunity," pointing out the field of work which lies ready to the hand of those who are willing to take their part.

"HIAWATHA."

You who've wandered from the city,
From the city vast and noisy,
Where the kid that sells the papers
Whistles naught but "Hiawatha";
Where the judge and wealthy banker,
Doctor, too, and portly matron,
Merchant, lawyer, peanut vendor,
Blushing dame and dudish youngster,
Sing that song in strains discordant,
Tell me truly, have they killed it?
Killed that song of "Hiawatha"?
Won't they give the one that sings it
Many "ha! ha's!" many "ha! ha's!"
Till no more we'll hear an echo,
On the streets of "Hiawatha"?

—Notre Dame Scholastic.