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A HOME SONG.

I.

The twilight bees to the comb,
And the wandering bird to the nest,
And the roaming sails turn home
Far out in the darkening west ;
Home, home, they gladly drift,
Though the lawn was loved of the bee,
And the bird had loved the lift
As the sailor the open sea.

II.

And I, who have wandered far,
Down unremembered ways,
With never a steadfast star
Through all those drifting days,
Now turn to an Inn whereof
I know one door stands wide—
And the rest is silence, love,
Till the world is shut outside !

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Student Life at Stanford.

II.

Life is a series of reactions. The pendulum swings first to one side, then to the other. Young men and women who are still undergraduates at Toronto do not need to rack their minds in order to recollect the time when social functions at that University were not only few and far between but of a most mild and modest kind—warranted not to unbalance the flightiest freshman, and certainly, to the substantial upper classman, entirely innocuous. Class receptions, at which the sexes mingled in harmless promenades, refreshed themselves sparingly with ice-cream and thin-cut cake, and attempted to persuade themselves and each other that they were having a glorious time whilst they discussed lectures and "courses" and the personalities of their professors—these were the social dissipations, and these only, a few short years ago at Toronto. But sages tell us that the golden age is gone ; and so it is. Bitter complaint is now made that there cannot be a class meeting to elect officers without a two-step or some such frivolity being introduced. I

have heard a score of eminently "proper" undergraduates of Toronto breathe forth indignation at the degeneracy of the present day.

Largely as social recreations may engross the attention of Toronto students, let me say that I do not think the average undergraduate of our Provincial university has in his whole course as much enjoyment of this sort as his fellow of Stanford University has in a single year. The Toronto student does not work steadily ; usually he leaves the greater part of his reading until the Easter term. His work is so poorly systematized, so unevenly divided, that he loses much time and thinks himself a plucked goose if he has taken more than two or three nights off a week. When a man knows that he is not to be tested until the end of the year, there is an almost irresistible temptation for him to utterly neglect his books during the first three or four months. Of course, he has to pay the penalty, and during the remainder of the year must become an anchorite, denying himself every amusement that would spoil a night's work.

At Stanford University there are no more important examinations at the end of the year than during the year. Not only is the student's daily work in the classroom noted by the professor, but written and oral examinations are held frequently and on short notice. Therefore the student must be always prepared, and to be so must work steadily, and just as hard at the beginning of the college year as he does at its close. There is not, as at Toronto, a prolonged period of idling during the fall. The result is a rational admixture of toil and recreation all through the year. I found that the hardest working Stanford students nearly always had their evenings free, and that they managed to combine at least as much earnest study as any Toronto undergraduate ever did, with a great deal more of social recreation.

The social side of life at the great University of the Pacific slope was indeed charming. In the second week of the fall semester there was a reception to new students in the spacious Encina gymnasium. Though similar in its general character to the annual reception of the Y.M.C.A. to the Toronto freshmen, it was much more "free-and-easy" than the latter. President Jordan and his charming wife were there, and gave the "glad hand" to everyone. There was no attempt at a programme or at management. Things were allowed to take their own course pretty much. Everyone was jolly and sociable, and when President Jordan was called on for a speech he stood up on a chair, if I remember correctly, while all present gathered in a large group around him.

During the year there was a great number of hops. There were the dances of the different years in the big gymnasium, which were semi-public functions, and there were frequent private dances at the comfortable, and, in some cases, luxurious houses of the Greek letter fraternities. Not only are there fraternities at Stanford, but there are also several sororities or sisterhoods, living like the fraternities, in beautiful houses. These also entertain their friends I will say this for