

COLLEGE TOPICS.

A college newspaper published weekly during Michaelmas term in the interests of University and College students of Toronto. F. E. BROPHY & F. H. PHIPPS, Editors. R. J. HAMILTON, Business Manager. BOARD OF ASSOCIATE EDITORS: HAROLD FISHER, B.A., Osgoode Hall, Victoria College.

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LAST ISSUE OF COLLEGE TOPICS.

With this issue College Topics closes its year in the field of college journalism. The circumstance that we are a newspaper essentially is that which necessitates our closing publication now.

We may be permitted to mention that the season just closed has been one of the most successful in the history of the paper. Its circulation has more than doubled, which is sufficient evidence that the one newspaper reaching all the colleges in Toronto is meeting with increasing favor.

WAR.

When one considers that the saying of Jesus Christ concerning His intention of coming into this world was, "Peace on earth, good will to men," does it not seem strange to you that at the present stage of the high development of the human race, in this, the latest day of progressive Christianity, nations take such a deep and all-pervading delight in war, in the scientific murder of their fellowmen?

Oh, well," one says, "you must consider that war is inevitable. Men have always fought; men will always fight, until the whole world is regenerated, and the righteous and unbroken peace of the millennium has arrived."

tion one should be held up to ridicule. Does it not seem that there is some great question for our consideration and speculation concerning the enquiry that we have not yet met? Is there "something rotten in other States beside Denmark"? or what is the matter? Is it, tell me, O learned exponent of truth, tell me, I pray, are the enlightened nations of Christianity all hypocrites to-day, or is it only a silly delusion? Can anyone reconcile the teachings of Christ with the actions of His followers to-day? I sincerely ask that if Christ came here teaching a doctrine of peace why is every good Christian such a zealous enthusiast over our licensed and paid uniformed murderers? Is there, then, any answer to such questions?

"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE"

"Ye Germans are a nation of scholars." This sentence is one that fixed itself in my youthful memory, and formed the germ of a considerable growth of thought. Is it not a proud boast for any nation? No idle boast, either, for, with the wider dissemination of ideas, the propagation of the latest theories of art and science, as the race becomes more and more permeated with true culture, as the intellectual interests become ascendant over other departments of national existence, then that race may be called truly civilized, truly great!

It is vitally important for us to secure all the best means possible for the education of the youth of this country. We may become a great commercial power in the world—that is good. We may, again, become a great military power—that is indifferent or even harmful. We may become a "nation of scholars"—that is excellent. Even though we should become a highly moral people, as I believe we now are, and still lack the finer and higher signs of advanced civilization, we may almost say, after the manner of the Apostle, "It profiteth not."

Do you not, O fellow student, O learned professor, O honorable graduate, do you not deplore with me the parsimony of a Provincial Government, whether such be the outcome of the lack of knowledge throughout the Province, or whether it be political trickery and cunning? Is it not a sad page in our passing history that the Goddess of Wisdom and Learning cannot find the bread for her hourly existence? Will you stand by unmoved while we are menaced with drought in the fields of scientific ideas? O for an oasis verdant and satisfying in this barren wilderness, this parched desert of parsimonious Governments and listless public, who live their little lives "penny wise and pound foolish," who rise up in the morning and lie down again at the hour of darkness unmindful whether the courts of Minerva crumble into ruin or not. I say it is for you, reader, to think of this hour of darkness, and while your Alma Mater lies in her travail of Gethsemane and woe to be a not wholly unmoved or sleeping spectator.

CORRIDOR ECHOES

—Who's going to invite you to the Ladies' Lit? —E. P. Clappison, '02, has gone home with the grip. We hope that the fresh mountain breezes of Hamilton will blow away all traces of his sickness and leave him as hearty and vigorous as ever. —Messrs. G. Hodgson and E. Patterson have been appointed as debaters for '02 against the freshmen. No fears are entertained by the third-year men as to the results of the debate.

—The new bookshelf in the library has caused several changes of seats. E. W. MacKenzie shows a decided partiality for the end of the room which commands a view of the whole library. "Mac" says the light is too poor anywhere else. —If your watch needs repairing take it to Proctor, 344 Yonge street.

—W. Allison and F. Broder have turned over new leaves for the new century. Both may be seen every morning at 8.15, sitting on the steps of the library, waiting for the door to open.

—A. G. McPhedran, '01, is around again, after undergoing an operation for appendicitis at the hospital.

—It is not hard to discover the reason of the popularity of the mathematical course in the third year when one learns that Dr. McLennan proposes giving afternoon teas to junior students of the "exact science."

—The ladies of Varsity are forming a hockey club. The gentlemen are waiting anxiously to learn if there will be any exhibition games, and what will be the price of admission. It is

to be hoped, for the sake of the boys' financial state, that tickets will be sold at popular prices.

Proctor's optician is at your services.

—The bulletin board is daily scanned by anxious men looking for the list of invitations to the ladies' at home. The popularity of this reception is universal, and happy are the men whose names appear among the chosen.

—The many friends of Miss M. Phillips, '02, are delighted to welcome her again, after an absence of several months.

—Drop into Burgess' drug store, 278 Yonge street (corner of Alice), for anything you need in his line. He always gives satisfaction.

The sporting editor of "The Varsity" goes all the way to Georgetown to have his "barber"ing done.

Mr. Marshall McHugh, '02, has been confined to his room the past few days with the grip.

Through the kindness of Mr. Anderson, the class of '02 in mathematics and physics will have their photos taken this week in the Physical Laboratory. Mr. J. W. Hedley is the director of ceremonies.

The first issue of "The Varsity" last week under the editorship of Mr. Cassidy was a very creditable number. We predict that Mr. Cassidy will be able to maintain the usual high standard of the students' paper.

Trinity's annual conversat. has been fixed for Wednesday, February 6.

NOTICE TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Concert in Massey Hall on February 1st, Under the Auspices of the Undergraduate Union—Katharine Fisk and Other Artists.

Every student should attend the concert on February 1, at Massey Hall, given under the auspices of the Undergraduate Club. The nature and purpose of the union are well known to the undergraduate body, and few will deny that it deserves the support of every man. Not all students can afford subscriptions, but every student can afford to buy two or more tickets at popular prices, for which he will receive full value paid in terms of music and elocution by the deep, sweet, thrilling voice of Katharine Fisk, by the original humorous sketches of Owen Smily and by the rollicking choruses and spirited stringed instrumentals of the Harmonic Club.

The committee of the Union have spared no time nor pains in arranging this concert, and have assumed the responsibility of holding it. In order to be successful they must have the support of all the students. Now is the time for the students to show them that their confidence in them has not been misplaced. Tickets may be secured from representatives in each college. The plan opens on January 30, at Massey Hall; also at Northheimer's and Winter, Gourlay & Leeping's.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

Old St Perkins entered the grocery store on New Year's morning, stamped the snow off his feet, and greeted the several members of the chair-warming society who had assembled there according to their custom.

"Yes, said he, meditatively, as he warmed his outspread fingers over the box-stove, "it seems nuthin' but fit and proper that a man should make some good resolutions at the New Year. I hev made one, and I don't care who knows it. I'm agoin' to keep a better holt on my temper after this. Now that we are just beginnin' a new century, it makes me feel kinder solemn."

"What's that you said about just beginnin' a new century, St?" inquired Ike Jenkins from the corner where he and Joe Pett were having a game of checkers.

"I said we was just startin' a new century, an'—"

"How do you make that out. This is nineteen hundred and one, isn't it? It don't take one hundred and one years to make a hundred."

"No, but it takes more'n ninety-nine."

"Hold on!" interrupted Peter Higgins. "How was it that 'Varsity feller figured it out? How old is a man on his twenty-first birthday?"

"No; it's just like this," said Skinner Jones, the groceryman, "supposin' Bill here owes me one hundred dollars, and starts to pay me, one-two-three—"

"You goldarn possel of idjits!" shouted Mr. Perkins. "can't ye let a man get a word in edgewise! My old mare's got more sense than the whole pack of you penurious, stubborn, pig-headed cusses!" and the maker of resolutions left the store in a towering rage, slamming the door behind him.

"What was that St said about turnin' over a new leaf?" inquired Joe Pett; but the rest were too deep in argument to answer.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The season is really only beginning for fur goods of all descriptions. The Dineen Company's showrooms are lavishly stocked with all the latest designs in jackets, in all the fashionable furs. Alaska seal jack-t's, \$125 to \$200; Persian lamb jackets, \$75 to \$125; electric seal jackets, \$35 and \$40; grey bomb jackets, \$37.50. If you have time to-day, drop in and see the display.

THE STAGE.

A lady sitting in the dress circle at the Royalty Theater grew quite excited as the play progressed, and in the second act exclaimed, "It's all true; I know it's true. Oh, I can't speak—I can't speak; it is life."

The play was "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," with the title roles in the hands of Mr. Frederick Kerr and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

It is a revelation to see what an English public will listen to without blushing, so long as it is life. Oh! what a howl our good Toronto critics would raise at this same second act. How our prim society prudes would squirm in their seats and look shocked, while they strained the ears to catch every syllable uttered by that coar'd dog, Daventry. Imagine a play whose very life depends upon a scene where the husband carries on an amour with one of his guests in his wife's boudoir, not knowing that his wife has lain down to rest on the bed a few yards away, and overhears every vicious word and sees every disgusting kiss.

By itself the scene is disgraceful, outrageous; with the rest of the play it is a wonderful piece of dramatic art. Simply and solely because it depicts life.

The moment Daventry ceases to convince, the moment he appears to be a fiction introduced to make the rest of the story plausible, instead of the rest of the story being the inevitable outcome of his own character—that moment the play is indefensible. Would that it were! Unfortunately, the gross vulgarity of the boorish country squire is not extinct in England. A man of this type, dull, easy-going, vicious, devoid of every finer feeling, is married to an innocent young girl with emotions and ideals.

One by one he breaks through them, slowly he opens her eyes to all that is worst and basest in men. Then comes that dreadful second act right before her eyes. To the spectator there is something humorous in listening to the heavy awkwardness of Daventry making love. There comes a knock on the door. "Good Heavens!" whispers the woman, "it's my husband's knock. He must have seen me coming up. What are we to do?"

Of course Daventry doesn't know. The knock comes again, and the voice of the woman's husband, "I hear you whispering. If you don't open I shall burst the lock."

Way back in the shadow Mrs. Daventry sits motionless on the bed. Over all the disgust, all the outraged sensibility, comes the feeling of duty to her guests and her family, to avoid a scandal.

She steps forward, turns on the lights, and unlocks the door. The husband rushes in and sees his wife, Daventry—and Mrs. Daventry. The scene is saved. Curtain.

Thus the problem is presented boldly, unflinchingly, brutally: What is Mrs. Daventry to do? There is a young fellow, an old friend of her childhood days, who loves her sincerely. She goes to him, and, defying convention, they live together, and the poor girl at last learns what it is to be really happy. To her enters husband No. 1, who makes promises of repentance if she will return to him. Of course she refuses with scorn, upon which he is so cut up that he goes outside and shoots himself, adding the name of Mr. Frank Harris to the swelling list of English playwrights who haven't the faintest idea of how to end a play.

The London papers are still talking about "The Wisdom of the Wise," Mrs. Craigie's (John Oliver Hobbes') new play, which occasioned such a row on the first night of its production, at which I was present.

The fact of the matter is that the play, though extremely brilliant, was also extremely uninteresting, and the curtain descended amidst dubious applause. Mrs. Craigie was foolish enough to come before the curtain, and was hissed by a portion of the audience.

Thereupon the actor-manager, Mr. George Alexander, felt it incumbent upon him to come out and make a very impolitic speech, which was again received with applause and hisses. The moral is of course that the actor had better keep his speeches for the other side of the curtain, and the playwright remain as invisible as the author of the latest novel.

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We are pleased to learn that Mr. A. C. Watson, who has been in the hospital with typhoid fever for some time, is now able to go home, where he will remain for a month, after which he purposes continuing his work here.

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We all wish him a speedy recovery, and sincerely hope that he may yet get his degree in the spring.

The freshmen hold their annual rally on Friday evening next, the 18th inst., at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Newman.

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