

ROUND THE TABLE.

Varsity readers are promised a number of papers by University men on their respective professions. The list of contributors includes successful men in the callings usually grouped as professions, and their experience must be valuable. The Table cannot help thinking, however, that in this experience meeting of ours we should also hear from the back benches. For the elements that make towards success are not so very different whatever occupation we select. Indeed, in the majority of instances the successful man would have been equally successful in any other business. And there is the further disturbing quantity that he is too apt to lend his picture a rosy appearance, the reflection of his own content. Before putting our own strength to the proof we should like to learn from this one's lips what obstacle it was he met and failed to overcome; from that other—how he found himself chained as yoke-fellow to uncongenial toil; how in this vocation good fellowship was the rock on which I shattered my abilities and lost my future. Books of good advice have been written on the choice of a profession with little other result than to confirm the reader in his own good opinion of his qualifications and chance of success.

When the Table had reached this point in its moralizing, the voice of the oldest resident was heard claiming attention. It should be premised that his success in life has not been what the world calls material. A man of law, he has achieved a livelihood, not riches, though his voice never stirs the echoes of our courts; for the rest he is satisfied to practise the kindly virtues of friendship, and enjoy the society of his books. So much by way of parenthesis. "Like a good many others my senior year was largely spent in forecasting the future. Following the swarm I precipitated myself into law. I did not know what was before me. I remember well the feeling of loneliness that came over me as I trudged along the streets to present my sheepskin to the Benchers. It had never before occurred to me in just the same way that I was of no particular importance to the world I was entering. Scores of people hustled past me intent on their own good business and I almost despaired of ever finding my niche. I was glad to have that testamur with me at that moment; it was the only tangible result of a youth spent among books. It was comforting to touch that when the nicely worded axioms about the superiority of a University man had somehow or another for me slipped all meaning. But these confessions of a young graduate cannot interest you. You know my life. Briefly then, I can say with sincerity, that I have not regretted my resolution. I think that I am a stronger and better man to-day than if I had laid aside all the pursuits that had occupied my student days to lighten myself for the race whose prize is material prosperity. We can purchase wealth and position at too dear a price."

A curiosity in its way is a number of the Anarchist paper *Lucifer*, published at Valley Falls, Kansas. Much has been said of late of the objects and character of the Anarchist Propaganda. We extract a few paragraphs; comment is unnecessary. Of course these singular people must have a new chronology. Hear themselves:—

"We date from the first of January, 1601. This era is called the Era of Man (E.M.) to distinguish it from the theological epoch that preceded it."

The leading article is by a *J. Wm. Lloyd*, and is entitled **VENGEANCE**, an open letter to the Communist-Anarchists of Chicago. The opening lines read:—

"At the mouth of the tomb, in the very presence of your murdered dead, your hearts swelling with alternating emotions of joy and gloom, of glory and regret, of pride and pain, the echoes of those noble dying words still throbbing in your ears, you, the Communist-Anarchists of Chicago, found yourselves face to face with the stern question:

"What now! Men of Anarchy, will you have revenge?" And in voices loud or low, firmly, sternly, solemnly, you took the awful oath: "We will!"

This is a blood-curdling introduction, but, alas, the continuation is tame. The writer preaches the safer way of the propagandist:—For:

"The assassin can strike but once; and that blow, statistics show, is usually a failure, and that blow kills him. There is too much good stuff in the assassin for him to be wasted in that way. He is worth too much as a teacher and agitator of quiet radical revolution to throw away his life trying to pick one of the pimples of the social disease."

Our valiant, therefore, suggests that the ground should be thoroughly seeded down with their literature, then make the attempt with some probability of success.

The leading tenets of the new creed are thus tersely expressed:

"Anarchism implies No Chiefs, No Rulers—*An*, No, and *Archon*, a Chief, a Ruler.

No Chiefs, no Rulers, implies Liberty for All.

Liberty for all means Justice and Equality for all, since if all be free justice and equality will be denied to none.

Therefore, Anarchism means Liberty, Justice and Equality for All."

The chief advertising matter is a list of publications to be procured from the office of *Lucifer*. The alluring information is given that some of these are not permitted to pass through the U. S. mails.

"An Open Letter. Common Sense on the Sexual Question. H. W. Boozer.

Bible Morals—Twenty Crimes and Vices Sanctioned by Scripture. Don't fail to get this.

The Darwins, A Radical Romance; by Elmina D. Slenker.

Open Letter to Jesus Christ; D. M. Bennett.

St. Matthew on Trial for Forgery.

Cupid's Yokes; by E. H. Heywood.

Comic Bible Sketches, Filled with Cartoons and Caricatures."

But enough of this disgusting collection. Miss or Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker favours her readers with a letter in this number of *Lucifer*. This lady is delightfully frank in the account of her labours.

It is not quite correct to conclude, from the fact of such trash being printed and circulated, that in this day and generation the quality of men's minds has suffered a sensible deterioration. We must recollect that to make the public our confidant is now a comparatively inexpensive luxury. There is a higher average of intelligence to-day than ever before. It is one of the accidents of the diffusion of knowledge that the outpourings of a diseased mind obtain easy access to the general reader. Instead of regretting the publicity given to the crazy theories of every crack-brained enthusiast, we should regard it as a wholesome indication of the general vigour of thought, that no considerable proportion of the people are misled.

The Table recollects a happy little sketch that appeared in one of our humorous papers. One seedy looking customer remarks to another: "Mein frent, I shame myself for that holy banner of communism. If dose college students do not us choin we vill all be up the spout ge-gonen."

The New York *Independent* bewails the character of the "Literary Notes" sent around by publishers, which, if the editor be a conscientious man, he will have to doctor, to eliminate, to score with the blue pencil, and otherwise bring within the limits of truth-non-committal. Our contemporary feelingly observes:—"The item that the provincial press will print as it stands, wholesale and in all its inexpedient diffuseness, is still, like the poor, always with us." The *Independent* is watching for the literary millennium.

HH.