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DEFIANCE.

O YE! that pitifully counsel, "Bend
Not thus thine effort, Youth, for this will ne'er
Yield happiness." Than happiness is there
No higher prize? Or ever to attend
A phantom whose ungrasped shape doth lend
To naught a seeming substance, while, more fair,
Real bliss-bestowing Truth stays otherwhere—
That to one God-begotten ye commend?
Nay! Give me war—soul-innervating strife
With thought and passion, evil men and self,
Ay, e'en the cruel fight for power and pelf—
Tho' this brings pain, yet is it joy, 'tis life!
And, careless of their single fortunes, they
That cleave the thick rest sweet'st each close of day.

VAGABOND.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND OF FLOWERS.

California is, in the literal sense of the term, a great country. There are two ways of convincing yourself of this fact. The first is to get the Atlas of the World down from its familiar niche in the library, rub the dust off its upper edge, and turn to a map of North America. You will find, probably somewhat to your surprise, that California's northern boundary is practically on the same parallel of latitude as Point Pelee in Essex County, Ontario, while its southern limit is also the north-western defining line of the Mexican Republic. If this is not sufficiently convincing, the other way is to plan a trip to San Diego, via the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Pacific slope lines. Of course plan the second costs money, and on the whole most of us will have to be satisfied with the first suggestion. In some way at any rate, convince yourself of the mere geographical magnitude of this wonderful state, for only then will you be able to appreciate some of the points which I wish to make in this article.

One of the penalties California pays for her vastness is to be found in the fact that the popular conception in the East can never properly estimate the immensity as a whole; it has always fastened upon some one particular spot or section to the almost entire obliteration of the remainder. In the early days attention was wholly concentrated upon the gold-producing section in Central California, the vast remainder being absolutely ignored; now the great golden age is past, and interest has shifted to another point with the result that this new centre of attraction becomes to the Easterner not a part merely, but the sum total and substance of all California. Through the agency of the great railway lines mainly, California means to the Eastern mind "the land of sunshine and of flowers," the land of tropical vegetation and tropical

fruits, the home of perpetual summer, the nursing place of zephyrs. A person with views such as that would have been somewhat startled if he had been sitting at breakfast with us six weeks ago when our morning papers informed us that Siskiyou County was buried under eleven feet of snow, or if he had gazed but a week since from the hills of San Francisco upon many a league of snow-covered hills stretching away in beauteous vista before him. Yet all this happened in California.

The trouble is that the majority of eastern people form their idea of California altogether from alluring pictures in the back of the current magazines; a cottage covered with roses, a window into which the oranges invitingly intrude, a flower festival with its battle of flowers, this happens in California and therefore (shades of the logical Aristotle!) in all California. The conclusion I would like to enforce upon all my readers, then, is this,—that they be not deceived by the railway companies who will show them only Southern California, and thus irreparably dwarf their conception of the grandest commonwealth of the American Union. Beautiful is Southern California, as we shall later have occasion to point out, but it consists of but seven of the fifty odd counties of the state; it does not include within its boundaries the immense valleys of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento Rivers, filled with thousands of acres of wheat, it does not include that thriving mart of the western world, the city of San Francisco, nor does it comprise within its borders the world-renowned Yosemite and the only less famous canon of the King's River and the other manifold sights of the central Sierra. By all means get rid of the notion of California as consisting of a hot-house with San Francisco, that wicked city, attached to it in a more or less mysterious way; for in the first place the south is not always hot, nor is San Francisco always wicked, nor do the south and San Francisco between them comprise the whole of California.

If I were asked to characterize the South by any single word, I should unhesitatingly reply that it is pre-eminently beautiful. I can conceive of no more glorious experience in life than to come from Canada when the icy grip of the winter is on the land, to the balmy skies of a Los Angeles January afternoon. Above you the sky is blue, so blue, with the exquisite tint of the Italian skies they tell us of; not a single cloud disturbs its pure serene or flecks its azure surface. Close in front of you there rises in majestic splendor the range of the Sierra Madre, springing so suddenly and abruptly from the plain that you cry out for very wonder at the sight; and marvellously is the scene enhanced by the gleaming snow-cap here and there designating a captain-general of this great Titan brood. There is the plain itself planted far and wide with the famous quincunx of the orange and the lemon, that smile yellow through the dark green foliage of the trees that bear them; and the very air is faint with the intoxicating odor of the rose that blooms far and near in richest profusion. Here surely mother nature once held holiday,