

### The University Annual

A mistaken idea has gotten abroad among the students of the various colleges that the Torontonensis is entirely a Senior Year undertaking and that there is no call upon the other years to take any part in it. The Senior Year has the management in its hands, a custom that has been handed down. But the Book itself is a history of the current year at the University, and very few will want to be without an account of the events of the past year. If this history is not of as much interest to the lower years as to the Senior Year, if it is not as much their part to help in putting it into book form, it is very strange. All the years helped to make the history, took part in the different scraps which are recorded, played on the football and other teams, and spoke and read at the societies. Their chief men are cartooned, their society executives photographed as in the case of the Seniors. The lower years are doing their part in writing up history, drawing cartoons, etc., and we feel sure that now their attention is called to it they will do their part financially.

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**R. L. Borden at the Student's Parliament** The meeting of the Student's Parliament last Monday night constitutes an epoch in the development of undergraduate institutions that ought long to be remembered. For almost the first time, a Canadian party politician of national reputation spoke before a student organization on a political subject. It was a welcome contrast to the petty discussions of the ordinary college society. Political questions have been tabooed and the folly of this could not have been better exposed than by the success of the last meeting of the Students' Parliament. We hope that this is but the forerunner of many similar events and that many more addresses like that of Mr. Borden will be delivered before the University societies.

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**Ye Editor's Trials** Editing a college paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we lower its general tone. If we don't, we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections from our exchanges. If we give them clippings, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens. If we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. Now what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.

A limerick appeared in our last number in which a name was used in a regrettable manner. The editor did not know that the name of one of our students much resembled it. No personal reference was intended.

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### AT THE SIGN OF THE GOWN

It would be interesting to get statistics of what percentage of undergraduates are definitely decided on what profession or business they are to enter. The Stroller ventures to believe that it would be found that not 50 per cent. of the undergraduates of this University in Arts know definitely what they are going to do. That may not be wholly a disaster; for, if the veil of the future could be rent, it would probably be found that of those who are decided on what their life-work is to be, fully 50 per cent. will eventually find their way into something else. This would imply that hardly more than 20 per cent. of the Arts students are consciously making towards what will ultimately be their life-work. These are startling figures; but perhaps the real figures are much more startling.

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There seem to be a good number of men at any university who come to college simply to defer the day when they will have to jump into the swim, when they will have to mix with the big world and earn their daily bread. While they are at college, imbibing the wisdom of the ages, their fathers will pay the piper, and they are at ease and well-content. Some of these men will take post-graduate courses, or go to Oxford, or complete their education by travelling on the continent, or do some such thing, all for the sake of putting off the evil day.

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Probably some of these men build better than they know. That is the great benefit of a good liberal education. You may not have any definite goal in your eye, but you are training your insight, your grasp of mind, your acumen, for more efficient work in any line. Many a man who has seemed a rolling stone, has somehow finally rolled to the top of the hill, and stayed there.

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On the other hand, it would be unchristian to doubt that many such men go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire—or as Professor Wrong says, to the bow-wows. It is far better to have some definite goal. There is a graduate of this University, whose name everyone would recognize if I mentioned it, who went through Varsity and then through Osgoode, working towards a definite aim, the establishment of a definite business, and who established his business (for which he had been fitting himself for seven years), and is now a prosperous man. Purpose, will-power, determination, are essential to success anywhere, and they cannot thrive if one has no object in life to expend them on.

The Stroller.