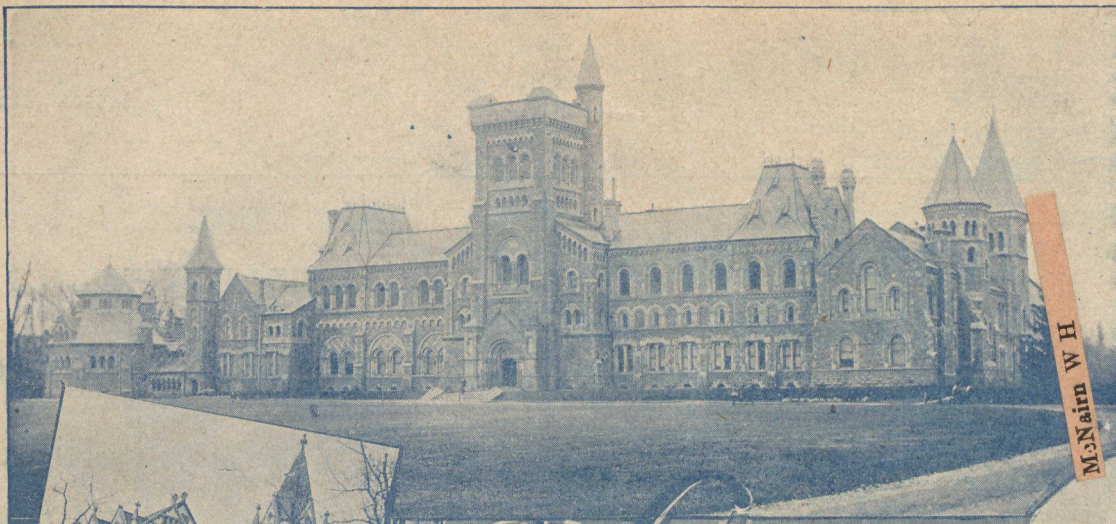


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McNairn W H

# THE VARSITY

VOL. XVIII.

No. 6

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1898.

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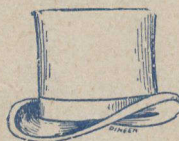
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# THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1898.

No. 6

## THE WORSHIP OF ATHLETICS.

*Καὶ ἄμα μία καὶ αὕτη τῶν βασάνων οὐχ ἐλαχίστη,  
τίς ἕκαστος ἐν τοῖς γυμνασίοις φανέται.*

—Plato.

The worship of the athlete and his art is so human and inherent an impulse, that the modern exaltation of athletics does not confront us with any new cult or doctrine, but with simply the peculiar developments and phases of a primitive sentiment.

For the tried athlete of every age catches the public favor and admiration through his exhibiting the hard qualities of nerve, pluck and endurance, the basis of the Greek *“θυμὸς”* “spirit,” which, in esteeming so highly, we are but following in the steps of Plato, who regarded the “spirited” element as one of the vital essentials in the education of the young men of the “Perfect City.”

Regarding athletics from this common basis of admiration, there has been but little radical change in people's point of view since the games the Greeks celebrated at Patroclus' funeral to the Olympian meeting of 1896. Time, locality, climate and race have necessarily played an important part in determining special rules, theories and etiquette of sport, but behind all this, deep down in man's heart lurks that old animal love of hard fighting, where the spirited qualities have free scope and play. This admiration is the unifying feature of all good, true sport, whether it be for the splendid charge of the half-back through the opposing line, or for the grim, steady nerve of the batsman who has “fought” eleven men for an afternoon and has not “given a chance.”

Tribute paid to prowess such as this puts us side by side with the cheering throng that watched the winner finish in the Olympian stadium, and would make the Greeks, Spartans in particular, most delighted and interested spectators in a modern “Rugby” match.

The Greeks counted the years by the great Olympian games. The enthusiastic sportsman of to-day is still the Greek in thought and expression, for his chronology is largely a list of memorable athletic achievements—“the year that Cross of New College broke the half-mile record,” and, to more firmly settle this date he adds that in the same year, “Oxford had to follow on.”

In a University above all places, where men are young and blood runs fast and hot, we may expect to find deep homage paid to athletics and a strong feeling of hero-worship for the successful athlete.

The question of paramount importance is—how far is this enthusiasm based on sound, healthy and logical principles? How far may these athletics be accepted as the true, clear-cut type, establishing a tone and spirit, so instinct with the honor and dignity of the University, so harmonious and even in their working, that they may

serve as an object lesson and a pattern to an entire community? Now, if athletics are to exercise a real influence in any body of men there must be general participation, or at least a lively sympathy. The Greek games exemplified this. The four great athletic meetings—the Olympian, the Pythian, the Isthmian and the Nemean, were for more than a century the main bond of unity among the scattered states of Greece, controlled by no centralizing, political tendency, but standing each aloof in a strained spirit of jealous rivalry. These great contests, open to all Greeks, brought the townsmen from far and wide, to worship and sacrifice to the same Deity, to witness the same sports, and renew the pleasant associations of former days. The meetings were under the “Truce of God” and, under surroundings so suggestive of peace and paternal feeling, yet so stimulating and bracing in their influence, the Greeks caught a feeling of national pride in their own supremacy over “barbarian” races, thus keeping alive the vital spark of unity that blazed forth in the splendid fire of concerted action at Marathon, Salamis and Thermopylae. What these great games did for the unity of the Greek townsmen athletics should do for the student body. In any large University there is always a risk of disintegration of sympathies and interests, especially when there is no common residential life.

The separation and isolation of the outside existence is further increased by the diversity of purpose and habits incidental to the purely academic side of life. There the division of schools, faculties and courses tend to a distraction of the general and a cementing of the individual interests. In the keen competition for class honors each man naturally works solely for himself, not moved by any corporate or fraternal impulse.

Now it becomes the duty of athletics to draw together all these scattered elements, and to substitute for the complexity of aims and objects, the common interest of recreative enjoyment in the “unhindered exercise of one's natural force.” In such an atmosphere men are divested of such accidents as “course” or “year,” and with one heart and purpose give themselves up to the fresh and wholesome instinct of delight in bodily exercise. “What religion knits people so closely as common sport?” says Robert Louis Stevenson in his “Inland Voyage,” referring to the hearty reception given him by the “Royal Sport Nautique,” a boating club in Belgium. It was a rainy night, but the boat-house was crowded with members, who took the wet and weary traveller to their hearts, with the eager question—“En Angleterre vous employez les sliding-seats n'est ce pas?” When warmed and fed, the guest of the evening returned the hospitality by answering, as best he could, a volley of questions on English boats, makers, styles and designs. “We are employed in commerce during the day,” said an enthusiastic Belgian, “but in the even-

ing, *voyez-vous nous sommes sérieux.*" How delightfully expressive, and how absolutely true in the case of men generally! No matter how conscientiously the daily work be performed, yet do not men, like these young Belgians, become really "serious" and entirely natural, when they cast aside all business sense of duty and responsibility, and play their games or talk their "shop" simply because they *like* to do so.

This is the sort of thing that forms friendships which last for life, the friendship of men who have pulled in the same boat, played on the same eleven or fifteen, and have stood shoulder to shoulder in victory and defeat. This same feeling should be developed in the general mass of students, who are not competent like the chosen few to publicly contend for the credit and the honors of the University, but are still privileged to witness the contests, to share the joy and pride of victory, and, if need be, stoutly bear the discipline of loss. But they must stand by their teams through all that may happen, and be staunchest in support when the colors are at half-mast. Enthusiasm, when victory smiles, is a very cheap article; it is much rarer but far dearer in the darkness and humiliation of defeat. But in addition to having a delightful influence in forming life friendships among men, and in creating a warm feeling of loyalty to their University, athletics have a wider, even a national influence in that they, more than anything else, help to sustain a high standard of courage, and that, too, the courage that goes with self restraint, unflinching obedience, and the patient thoroughness that does all work well. What Wellington said about Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton, may also be said about Atbara and Omdurman. "Play up! play up! and play the game!"—the old school cry is heard once more on the battle field, and hearts leap and pulses throb with the rush of memories of the hard-fought battles of the old school days. And clear above all other recollections is the lesson that was learned in the tug and stress of the games—play for school and not for self! "Never mind me my lads! Get on Company F," cried Captain Urquhart, as he fell at Atbara. There is the type of man and spirit that has made the empire, the type that it has been the chief glory of the English Public schools to breed. Wellington is credited with being the first to discern the value of this training. As a matter of fact the legislators of Sparta have better claims to the discovery. For we have in the Spartan education of boys a foreshadowing of the discipline of modern England. This we know, that the youth of Sparta were the hardest and best trained athletes in Greece, and that in all their games and exercises, while they were never allowed to lose the strictly corporate sentiment, yet great stress was laid upon a nice distribution of authority, and various grades of government, so that each boy might learn to obey and in his turn command. Leonidas and his 300 *lost* Thermopylae on the playing-fields of Sparta. And with this soldierly spirit there naturally exists in an army that ideal discipline which depends upon a sound relationship between officers and men, a relationship which takes its root in mutual pride and respect. Under such conditions we should be spared the sight of an officer brutally abusing a private, and then killing him with his sword because he objected to the abuse, or of a corporal "drawing his gun" on his captain, because the latter justly reprovved him for insubordination—two recent pictures of military life.

The school captain is pretty sure to handle a regiment well, for he has himself gone through the hard

school of obedience, has acquired a keen sense of justice and fairness, and knows what he may reasonably demand from his men; in dealing with boys he has had to contend with sulkiness, obstinacy and conceit, and the tact and judgment that helped him to deal with these difficulties will stand him in good stead when the same problems confront him in his regiment. He has caught the trick of commanding that makes compliance an act of pride.

But in all this we cannot too strongly insist that to produce this virile, national type, athletics must do far more than merely breed a fighting spirit. For, as Plato warned, and as history has constantly proved, the intrinsically excellent quality of "spirit" or "*θυμος*" may inasmuch as it is so animal and primitive by nature, be developed in an entirely wrong direction, unless governed and tempered by the reasonable mind. It may, in brief, deteriorate into its perverted form—brutality. Plato knew a lot about the theory of athletics, in spite of his ignorance regarding the edicts of modern Leagues, Unions (?) and Associations. If athletes were to live up to his standard, we should have good reason and strong justification for "athletic worship." The value of competitive sports and athletic training from a physical standpoint is something so self-evident, especially to a Greek who set so high a value on bodily perfection, that Plato rapidly passes over this point, to emphasize the fact that the main value of gymnastics is "spiritual;" that is to say, "gymnastic" must exercise a healthy influence on man's higher nature, working in unison with that other great educational force—"music," each acting as a stimulus to and a check upon the other; for "gymnastic" by itself produces the type in which spirit is so over-developed that it runs riot in a man's nature, and, from being a virtue is transformed into a positive blemish in character. So Plato had no mercy on the "professional" who spends his life in exercise, eating and sleeping, with the whole horizon of his life bounded by the body and what pertains thereto. His ideal athlete is the man who has drained his whole being to an exquisite symmetry; who submits himself to a simple and abstemious life, following the exacting rule of diet and exercise, that he may keep the body under and develop within himself high courage, love of contest and iron nerve; who, on the other hand has schooled his mind to be exquisitely sensitive to the gentle influences of life, in language, music, painting, or nature herself, and to be quickly responsive to all that appeals to his sense of what is honorable, noble, fair and good.

Have we not here an ideal towards which any University may proudly strive? There is, moreover, nothing in this doctrine which is in any way inapplicable to the high excitement and keen rivalry of "league matches," or any other contest where the stakes are high. The harder the battle and the greater the prize, so much better chance has the true sportsman of proving his principles and of setting a high standard of athletic conduct. His bodily powers have been trained to such a pitch of perfection that he dares and endures to the uttermost, standing out before his fellows in the glory of his strength; nothing daunts his spirit or checks the rush of his attack; yet this splendid display is pervaded and controlled by lofty ideas of honor, chivalry and that self-respect that scorns the petty trick and the mean advantage.

This is the type of athletes that will elevate the tone of a University and win for it more prestige than cups and championships. For such men will play their games

for the love of the games themselves and their bracing influence on character, and not for the mere sake of winning.

In this, the desire to win at any cost, lies the curse of present competitive sport. This is the passion which makes men forget all feeling of self-respect and descend to all the low forms of trickery on the one hand and coarse brutality on the other.

This is the cause of that detestable professionalism, either actual or virtual, which has so insidiously crept into and pretty well corrupted almost every branch of sport. It is a lamentable fact that teams bearing the names of Universities or other institutions of learning should so lower themselves as to import outsiders, to help them to win a game. Policemen and expressmen are most useful and honorable members of society, but they are sadly out of place on a University football team. A University should establish a standard of excellence in all that pertains to education of young men, both in practice and theory; hence, it should teach, not only undergraduates, but the public generally, that the very excellence of athletics depends upon their proper valuation, as something which makes men in the best sense of the word, something which breeds quiet, self-control and modesty, and not as a mere series of contests where the sole object is victory, and the atmosphere one of loudness, contentiousness and aggressive swagger.

While the good name of the University is primarily in the hands of the various teams, a great responsibility rests with the spectators of the matches. On their conduct the tone of the game must very largely depend. Nothing causes bad feeling and stirs up strife among players more surely than coarse or insulting language from onlookers. Surroundings of such a character have fostered that despicable doctrine of "laying out" the man whose only offence is his brilliant play. Herein we see a striking instance of that over development of "thumbs" and its deterioration into low brutality. "A fair field and no favor!" must be the guiding principle, and unless a club's officials can guarantee that a visiting team be treated fairly and honorably, they had better retire to some other sphere of action. Home grounds must of course have a distinct advantage, as every nook and corner is familiar, and the strong backing of friends is a wonderful stimulus; but, as soon as applause is mixed with abuse and derision for opponents, a legitimate advantage is converted into a shameful breach of good taste and feeling.

In many cases the authorities have been much to blame in tolerating a false spirit and standard in competitive sport. A Western University magazine contained, not long ago, an earnest appeal to the students to help the football team to "boom their Alma Mater."

What a pathetic inversion of Plato's idea! If an "Alma Mater" desires to be "boomed" in this way, and cannot make herself attractive and popular through her ministrations to the intellectual needs of young men, she can hope for little success with the material charmed into her halls by a series of football victories. It is only right and natural that those in power should heartily sympathize with students in all their sports; they should not, however, look for any reward in the shape of "advertising." The desire to win is in itself an entirely healthy impulse, and only becomes objectionable when unduly exaggerated. Ambition, the desire to successfully match one's self against another, was one of the

strong features in Plato's "*θυμὸς*." The world worships success and the winner. The "spiritless" man is the one who has no desire to win. Then, gentlemen, keep this idea before you:—Play to win—honorably! If you cannot do that, lose like men, frankly and fairly, scorning all insinuation or excuse.

Thus far we have dealt with the ethical side of University athletics. Now, to derive full benefit from sports they must be managed and directed on a fixed basis of system and precision, with proper distribution of responsibility and authority. First and of prime importance is the captain, who must win his place, not by election but by merit, as the former system is almost certain to introduce a spirit of favoritism, both in the voting and as a natural result, in the captain's management of his team.

But he who is to be the leader in the field must owe his place to no one but himself, and having won it, he must rule supreme and "can do no wrong." He must select his players, show them where and how *he* wants them to play, demanding from each unquestioning obedience and unswerving loyalty. Without a firm, skilful leader no team, however good individually, can ever win high rank. He must be willing to do all and a little more than he demands of his men, and they in turn must be quick and zealous to respond. The player who thinks he knows better than the captain how the game should be played, and refuses to accept from him his playing orders, is the weak spot of many a capital team. A well-trained and handled team has always an impressive and business-like demeanor. Each man knows exactly his special work, and therefore it is unnecessary for the captain to be shouting orders and directions; he has taught the players that talking wastes good wind, an article highly prized in football, for example, when there are two minutes left to play. There is no noisy appealing and protesting to the referee, for, if appeal must be made, it is the captain's place to do it. Take the maxim of "The Maltese Cat"—"Play the game—don't talk!" And, depend upon it, when you find this quiet conduct in a team, there is a lot of hard work being done.

Further, the captain must be responsible for the appearance of his men upon the field. Small matter as it may seem, yet the question of athletic dress is of great importance, as tending to produce uniformity, smartness and becoming pride of appearance. Each organization should have its own distinctive colors, which it is the exclusive right and privilege of its chosen representatives to wear. Nothing stimulates the true sporting spirit more than the "color" system. The captain who holds office as being the "color" of longest experience, must decide who prove themselves worthy to wear the badge of honor and receive permanent places on the team. This system will cause a most healthy rivalry in competition for positions on the different teams, and give each sport a special standing and dignity of its own. It will further establish and perpetuate those precious associations which hang upon such trifles as cap, coat or crest, those little links of memory which knit men so closely together that strangers wearing them become guest-friends one of another wherever they may meet.

While each sport is independent in itself there must be an Athletic Board of some sort, which shall rule the whole. And here, again, let places be won as much as possible through merit. For example, the captains of

each team are the first that are naturally suggested to one's mind. The Board must not consist of ornamental members, but of men who thoroughly know their business and the special needs of each branch of athletics. Not only in the case of captains, but with the other members, merit should rule as far as possible. This Board will have much to do, many meetings to hold, and the fewer the members the better for working purposes. It must exercise a controlling voice in all questions which affect general athletic interests, sanction the distribution and expenditure of moneys, the adoption of colors by any team, and generally preserve an orderly and even system throughout all the organizations.

Above all else there should be the guiding hand of the Faculty, not in any vague and indefinite shape, but directly through a small committee, composed of men who, as far as possible, are conversant with athletic questions, and at any rate are deeply interested, and are willing to devote time and energy to their duties.

There must be some supreme power such as this in school or University, not objectionably in evidence and constantly showing its hand, yet always ready to help and advise, and a final voice in all questions of right and wrong. Athletic management is an art, and the men at the helm must be men of practical experience and ripe judgment, men like captains who have come up from the ranks, and by commanding others have absorbed much of the wisdom of life. And they are entitled to feel that in doing their duty, often unpleasant, they have the approval and staunch support of the Faculty through its special representatives. Thus athletics may become an integral part of University life, and their whole sphere of influence be widened and dignified.

Then, gentlemen, give your worship to the athletics, which will elevate the standard and tone of your University, which will teach men to

"Set the cause above renown,

To love the game beyond the prize."

And let your admiration go forth unchecked for the athlete who is master of his game and of himself, who wisely and modestly estimates his achievements at their true value, who, while training his body to combine iron strength with Hellenic grace and swiftness, never forgets to obey the higher impulses of honor and self-respect.

A. A. MACDONALD.

#### NATURAL SCIENCE.

A very successful meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday of last week, in the Biological Building, where a large audience assembled to hear papers by Mr. Cook, '00, and Mr. Walker, '00, on "Plants in Folk-lore," and "Forest Trees of Canada," respectively. Both papers were highly interesting, but from different standpoints. The former subject, dealing as it did with the traditions and superstitions of the people, regarding the origin and curative or destructive properties of many plants, gave Mr. Cook plenty of scope to exercise his humor. Mr. Walker, in the masterly way he handled his subject, showed that he has a wide knowledge of the forests of Canada, for whose protection he appealed strongly. His paper was well illustrated, and good descriptions of our Canadian trees were given.

#### THE THANKSGIVING OF '87.

The other evening, in the soothing light of my grate fire, an old graduate of '88 and myself got talking about the past and present of our Alma Mater, and finally his mind drifted to incidents of his College course. Suddenly he burst out laughing, and said: "Well, of all the funny things I ever saw, the best was the night we hazed, or, what is the same thing, reformed a Freshman by the name of Cunnington; I have to laugh every time I think of it." And he proceeded to relate the following incident:

"One evening, about this time of the year, in 1887, when I was a Junior, Mufti Mills, a couple of Seniors and myself were warming ourselves over old Mills' grate fire, in the first house, and enjoying a quiet smoke. Incidentally, we were discussing the poor quality of the 'grub' our steward had been inflicting upon us lately."

"He didn't even give us a decent dinner to-day, and this is Thanksgiving. By heavens! I am going to register a severe kick some place, if it is only to be on his poor head," said Roaf, determinedly.

"Never mind, 'Roackie,' old man," said Mills, soothingly, "young Baird will be down in a few minutes with the turkey his folks sent him from home. Then we will have some eatables, and what's better, a few drinkables. We all do need a little nourishment."

"Why didn't you tell me of ——" but here the door burst open and Baird, the Freshman of our house, bounded into the room, and nearly capsized me.

"What on earth's the matter, Baird?" said Mills, half angrily, "you've got your nerve with you, if nothing else."

"Plenty the matter, turkey gone, grub gone, and bottles gone—the whole blame consignment vanished."

"What!" we all ejaculated, and presently our visions of turkey, cake and bottles were floating around in air that was far from having its usual color.

"Order! gentlemen, order!" said Mills, severely, "we must proceed at once to hold an inquest, and find the culprits."

Of course no evidence was forthcoming, so it was finally decided that our just anger should be vented on some victim, and a Freshman by the name of Cunnington was unanimously elected. This fellow was a young Englishman, of good family, and but lately come to Canada. He had proved a most irrepresible Freshman, in spite of our sincere and earnest efforts to make him tread the paths of righteousness and respect.

Baird was ordered to tell Cunnington that the Mufti wanted him. He, however, soon reappeared, to say that our victim had not yet come home.

"Not home by 11.30?" said Mills, "this won't do, where is he?"

"Billings says he is parading with the other tin-soldiers, and I guess Billings knows."

At this we all laughed.

"This is serious, gentlemen. You see that it is very suspicious for Cunnington to be out after the occurrence of that theft—very strong circumstantial evidence, this! Baird go and tell O'Neil and MacPherson to come here at once."

We all knew what that meant, for "Reddy" O'Neil, a Junior, and "Becky" MacPherson, a Sophomore, were chief and assistant police officers respectively, and acted as aides-de-camps to Mills.

These two gallant officers soon appeared, and were told to get Cunningham and bring him to the Mufti's room as soon as captured.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards we heard a banging of doors, a shuffling of feet, and a confused murmur from the lower hall. Then there was a stumbling of feet on the stairs, and presently the open door of our room framed a very comical-looking group. The Freshman formed the central and most striking figure of the tableau. He was in full regimentals, but his hands were bound behind his back, and a handkerchief over his mouth. "Reddy" held the Freshman's right ear by one hand, and waved the latter's bayonet over him in a very threatening manner, while big MacPherson did his duty with a pair of coal tongs as the weapon of offence.

"Mark-time! Quick-march!" shouted "Reddy," and the group passed in amid the shouts of laughter from the rest of us. We then stood the Freshman in the coal scuttle, and the Mufti took his big arm chair.

"Order! gentlemen. Officers remove the prisoner's irons." "Reddy" saluted and proceeded to saw his way through the ropes with Cunningham's volunteer bayonet. MacPherson then removed the handkerchief, and exposed to view Cunningham's moustache, well waxed and beautifully and artistically drawn out. This made his appearance all the more ludicrous, and, speaking for myself, I nearly collapsed with laughter.

"Now salute his honor—you tin-soldier," said "Reddy," giving him a touch of the bayonet, and Cunningham saluted.

"Officer, procure the lawyer for the defence," whereupon "Reddy" O'Neil disappeared, but soon reappeared with a fourth house Freshman, whom he bound and gagged. He then placed him beside the prisoner in the coal scuttle, and saluted.

"The trial is now ready to proceed," said Mills, "Prisoner's name?"

"Tommy Atkins," said "Reddy," with a grin.

"Quite appropriate," and Mills never smiled. "Charge?"

"Kleptomaniaism," replied "Reddy"

"Of what?"

"One turkey and a half-dozen bottles."

"What evidence have you to offer?" asked Mills.

Then O'Neil went to the door and called in a fourth house Freshman, who carried a basket.

"Reddy" first produced a bottle. "This, your honor, was found in the prisoner's coal-box." Then he brought forth a cork, and said, seriously: "Now the cork exactly fits this bottle. You see the significance of this, no doubt?"

"Assuredly, officer; very damaging evidence," replied Mills, rubbing his hands. "You haven't taken Political Science for nothing, I see, Mr. O'Neil. Perhaps you have more evidence yet, though?"

Then "Reddy" swelled his chest, and tried to look wise and consequential, after the manner of intelligent officers. He then dived into the basket and produced a well-cleaned drum-stick. "This posterior appendage of a turkey was found, your honor, in the prisoner's Sunday boot, and was discovered by me;" and "Reddy" once more saluted.

"Splendid," said Mills, "that is enough. Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?"

But Cunningham would not open his mouth.

"Speak," said his tormentor, and he pricked him with the bayonet.

"Not guilty," replied Cunningham, sullenly.

"That's no way to address the judge," said "Reddy," "say your honor."

"I won't, let me out of this, you cad," but MacPherson and O'Neil held him tight.

"That's right, officer; I must insist on being properly addressed," said the Mufti, severely.

"Say 'your honor,' you poor forsaken wretch," said O'Neil, feigning pity.

"I'll die first," said the Freshman, desperately.

"Well, then, I guess you'll have to die," said "Reddy," coolly. Just then his face was overspread with a most luxuriant smile, and evidently a bright idea had struck him. "Well, we won't kill you all at once, private, but will just dispose of you in pieces, as it were. Freshman, get me a pair of scissors."

While these were on their way, we all were wondering what ingenious idea had sprung from O'Neil's rather fertile brain.

"Have I the Court's sanction?" asked "Reddy," solemnly.

"You have," said Mills, "and do your duty, officer."

MacPherson then bound Cunningham tightly in his arms, and "Reddy" closed the blades down on the Freshman's well-cared-for hirsute appendage, but before doing the deed, he said, "Now say 'your honor,' you poor kleptomaniac."

"I'll die first," said Cunningham, desperately. And this brave declaration was punctuated by a clip of the shears, and a half inch of his beautiful moustache parted company with its parent.

"Now say 'your honor,'" and Reddy prepared for another clip.

Here the Freshman evidently decided discretion was the better part of valor, and mumbled out a reluctant "your honor."

"Guilty, your honor," said "Reddy," saluting and poking Cunningham to prevent his contradicting the statement of "guilty."

"Has his lawyer nothing to say?" asked Mills.

The gagged Freshman, of course, couldn't express any ideas he might have had.

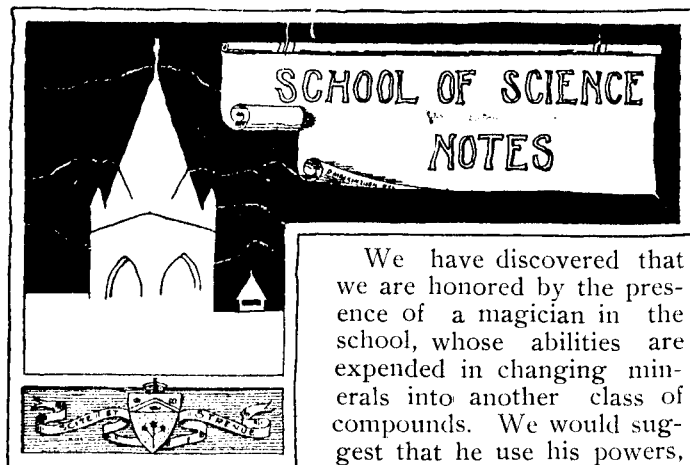
Just then the gas was turned off, and in the dark the Mufti pronounced that Cunningham should replace what we had lost, and have it ready for demolition by the following night, which he did. We had a good time, and at the end Cunningham was voted a jolly good fellow—that was for a Freshman.

GAVIN.

#### OF RECEPTION.

The Second Year students and their guests assembled on Friday afternoon in the East Hall to make merry the occasion of their second annual At Home. Last year's reception was spoken of as a great success, and, we are pleased to note, the class as hosts and hostesses have made this year's event one of equal merit, so that all say it was the jolliest one yet. The merry-makers promenaded to the music of Glionna's orchestra, in the East Hall. The Ladies' Reading-room was daintily arranged for the serving of refreshments; the abundance of cut flowers gave the scene special charm. President Kylie and his committee deserve much praise for the success that attended the function. The programmes were especially pretty in the blue and white combination, and they will be treasured by many as souvenirs of a most enjoyable evening.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR.



We have discovered that we are honored by the presence of a magician in the school, whose abilities are expended in changing minerals into another class of compounds. We would suggest that he use his powers, since they are of a medicin-

al nature, after the Dinner on the 9th of December.

We shall not blame this innocent-looking wizard for a disappearance which has been causing the Second Year a great amount of trouble. A young gentleman, whose name does not begin with Z., has laid so many grievous charges against him, that we hope that His Majesty, the Emperor of China, or some other illustrious personage, will do a most beneficial act to humanity and all posterity by trying him on these most damaging charges. We all anticipate a verdict of guilty.

Mr. MacMillan, who is fortunate in being employed by an American mining syndicate, honored the School with a flying visit last week.

Mr. George Hall's teeth are slowly recovering their natural positions. We believe that he has them tied in with a clothes-line.

Mr. Monds, who was seriously connected with the article that appeared in last week's number, was very nearly lynched. Some of his friends happened to come along in time to cut him down from the tree that he was gracefully swinging from.

Hall, we learn is going home for Thanksgiving Day.

Last Saturday morning the School had a very encouraging turn-out of the boys to engage in Rugby practice—about twenty athletic fellows to do their best on the football field. We would like to suggest that the manager might hurry and perform his duties, as the Mulock series are drawing very close now. We certainly have no "cinch" this year, and the only way we may expect to see the cup is for every man to get out and do his best, whether it is in playing or in rooting.

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The club had a very successful meeting on Monday afternoon, in Room 4. The programme consisted of two essays, the first by Miss Tennant, on "J. M. Barrie, the Scottish novelist and humorist." It was an excellent paper, and was very well received. After Miss Tennant had retired amidst a storm of applause, Mr. J. B. Hunter's essay, owing to the lateness of the hour, was postponed. The meeting then adjourned. Next week there will be essays on Daudet and Balzac, by Miss Wegg and Mr. Umphrey.

The time was the close of a hot summer's day. The place was a cleared space in an abandoned quarry. An officer of the enemy sat in the open air at a table strewn with documents, languidly reading a newspaper of not too recent a date. Behind him and to his left towered a rocky precipice. To his right and partly before him was an almost impassable field of misshapen, blasted rocks, over which might be seen the general encampment. The only entrance to the officer's presence was a tortuous defile, the termination of which lay directly in front of him; but it was soon lost sight of in its windings among the rocks.

Suddenly an orderly entered.

He saluted.

"A person thought to be a spy has been discovered in camp," was the announcement.

"Bring him in," briefly ordered the officer, who then continued reading his paper.

A few moments later a young man was conducted in by six soldiers.

"Is this the man?" asked the officer.

"It is," was the reply.

The prisoner seemed proudly to ignore all that was occurring.

"Search him," was the command.

At this two men stepped forward to obey the order.

The prisoner waited until the search was begun and then commenced to struggle. Others went to the aid of those who had started the search. The officer sat calmly awaiting the issue of the struggle, the shadow of a cold smile on his face. The prisoner was quickly overpowered. He resumed his look of haughty indifference when incriminating papers were found on his person. But he wore, in addition, a look of determination. He seemed to realize what must follow an examination of the discovered papers.

The officer coolly inspected the papers.

He looked up.

"Shoot him," he ordered briefly, pointing to the wall of rock on his left.

The young spy was seized and bound. He was taken and placed against the rocky wall. He did not flinch when the soldiers formed a line a few yards away.

"Ready! Present! Fire!" the commands followed in quick succession. At the last the spy fell to the ground, his body pierced by half a dozen bullets.

The soldiers made their exit.

Two others entered with a stretcher.

The body was carried away.

The officer resumed his reading.

ENOCH.

## RUGBY DANCE.

Next Tuesday evening the Athletic Association will be At Home in the gymnasium. The Directorate promises a jolly time to all those who go—and everybody is going. The "gym" will be elaborately decorated. The music will be the best—Glionna will furnish it. It is probable that the prizes won on Games' Day will be distributed during the evening. The only other thing that needs to be said is that the supper is going to be specially fine. The management is going to great expense in this respect. Tickets may be had from Miss Salter, any member of the committee, or from the ever obliging Robert Martin, the janitor.





## The College Girl

At an early hour on Thursday evening, the bright, attractive home of Professor and Mrs. Mavor was gay with a throng of undergraduates, who had been bidden to dance.

At the entrance to the Reception Room, Mrs. Mavor welcomed the guests; inside, Master Mavor, sweetly pretty in a grey Highland Scotch dress, and little Miss Mavor, gracefully gowned in white, presented each guest with a dance programme.

Enchanting strains of music soon summoned everyone to the drawing-room, where the polished floor enticed the feet to whirl through the mazes of the waltz and two-step.

Upstairs were charming cosy corners, which were rarely vacant. The Library, too, was frequently visited, not always to consult books, for on that evening it contained something more than books. On a long table, glittering beneath the soft radiance from the lights, was any amount of good things. And all too quickly did the thoroughly and delightfully enjoyable evening come to an end.

Besides the undergraduates, were present President and Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar; Monsieur Siegfried, Paris, France; Miss Salter, Miss Boulton, the Misses Mortimer Clark, the Misses Parkin, Miss Vandersmissen, the Misses MacMurchy, Miss Willson, Mr. De Lury, Dr. Needler, Dr. Wickett, Mr. Jennings, B.A.; J. Roy Perry, B.A.; S. Mortimer Clark, B.A.

How much the men enjoy "entertaining the 'fair sex' with small talk and flirtations, at the student functions." I think I have quoted correctly from "Spot"—could be somewhat approximately judged on Friday afternoon by their coming in such large numbers to the reception given by the class of '01, in the halls, from four to seven.

However, be that as it may, the reception on Friday was voted to be quite the jolliest reception that has ever been held among the undergraduates.

In the East Hall an orchestra played delightful music, which some felt to be half a waste, since dancing is not a feature at the year receptions, but the promenades were all that could be desired.

Refreshments were served in the Ladies' Reading Room, at numerous small tables, each centred with roses and chrysanthemums. Two large bouquets of chrysanthemums, on the long table at one end of the room, added just the right touch of beauty to the scene—as the committee thought. But evidently the students thought them more beautiful as boutonnières, for which purpose they were quickly appropriated.

Among those present, the committee were pleased to notice Mrs. Loudon, Miss Salter, the President of the other years; the ladies on the Executive Committee of the other years, and others.

Keen was the disappointment of those of us who have been interested in witnessing the Rugby matches, at the result of the game on Saturday. By far the largest crowd of the season was out to view the game last week, and we were sorry that, in spite of the

splendid work done by Varsity's team, the others carried off the laurels.

The ladies of '01 have been earnestly requested to go out and cheer their class when they play a game against the men in Classics of Third and Fourth Years.

The Y.W.C.A. on Tuesday, November 15th, was addressed by Miss Darling, '01. The topic was "Consecrated Ability," and in a few well-chosen sentences, she showed how Christ used His power while on earth, supplementing her remarks by passages from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Story of the Life of Christ." There was no particular business, and the meeting closed as usual.

### PROFESSOR DICEY'S LECTURE.

Professor A. V. Dicey, Q.C., B.C.L., of Oxford, the well-known author of the work on the Law of the Constitution, lectured before an open meeting of the Political Science Club, on Friday afternoon, calling attention to several noticeable facts in connection with Parliamentary Government. Professor Dicey pointed out Parliamentary Government as a thing of very recent growth. The system, so late as 1856, was confined to England and a few of the smaller European states. Since that date, however, it has spread to all the countries of Europe, except Russia and Turkey, and to many countries outside of Europe, notably Japan, so that now, largely through the force of imitation, there exist representations or parodies of the English system all over the world. As the system of representative government has spread, however, the veneration and awe with which it was regarded a hundred years ago, have gradually diminished. This has been due to many causes, but the principal cause Mr. Dicey considers to be the inherent weakness in the system itself. Representative government is a good institution for destructive purposes and from this reason answered well in the beginning of the present century, but it is not well adapted for constructive work. The six hundred and fifty gentlemen, who form the British House of Commons, know about as much about making a law as they do of making a pudding, and serve only as an obstruction to the few on whom the real business of making laws really falls. Nor is party government adapted to present needs. It was all very well when the question of democracy created real dividing lines between the two parties, but now, when no marked difference exists, party government must either be recognized to be a failure, or the system must be reduced to a farce by the creation of imaginary issues.

After the lecture, Professor Goldwin Smith was called upon to make a few remarks, and the President and Professor Mavor thanked Professor Dicey on behalf of the students for his kindness in lecturing.

### Y.M.C.A.

The meeting last Thursday was addressed by Rev. L. B. Hyde, of the Northern Congregational Church.

Ed. Robb, '99, the association delegate at Kingston, reported to the meeting. One notable feature of the convention was the emphasis placed on the need of medical training for missionaries.

On Thanksgiving Day a short prayer-meeting will be held in the parlor.

Dr. McTavish, of Central Presbyterian Church, will address the meeting on Thursday, December 1st.

# The Varsity

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1898.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

It is unquestionable that in the daily round of work, in the ceaseless grind of routine, our more spiritual qualities are constantly in danger of being neglected and starved. Our energies are so fully taken up in the brute struggle for existence, in the race for wealth, or in the quest of pleasure, that we have but little time for reflection, and that little we often waste. We are all ready to admit that the spiritual element in us should be cultivated, and to righteously proclaim, each of us, that the materialist is one-sided and narrow and wrong; yet the most of us are materialists at heart, though we would deny it hotly if anyone suggested it to us. The majority of us are satisfied merely to live, to grow rich or kill time somehow. It is not too often then that once in the year we should pause and confess our dependence on Nature, for, despite whatever success may have attended our efforts, if we are sane men we must humbly admit our ultimate, absolute dependence on the Creator.

We should remember that it is a privilege to be students at the University of Toronto. For once, let us drop our easy conventional attitude of criticism and be grateful for the benefits we enjoy; instead of grumbling at our teachers, let us try to appreciate their difficulties, and be thankful that there are men among them who, despite the fact that they are doing twice as much work as they ought to do, are yet found doing that work uncomplainingly, and without fair remuneration. Let them at least have our thanks.

Instead of idly and uselessly complaining that there is no college spirit at the University of Toronto, we should rather remember that the knowledge of our defects is the first step on the way to their cure. We should be far worse off if we had not yet found out the fact that college sentiment is not so strongly developed among us as it ought to be.

If we turn our eyes from ourselves, we shall find reasons for thanksgiving. Toronto is prospering; one cannot walk along the streets without being constantly

struck by the increasing volume of business being done. The roads are crowded with drays, carts and carriages, as we never remember having seen them before. New buildings—and not the flimsy match-boxes of ten years ago—are rising in every direction. Older houses are having additions put to them, or alterations made—all the evidence seems to point to a largely increased circulation of money—one of the best proofs of material prosperity. But it is just in the midst of such a cheering state of things that we are apt to become engrossed in these successes of the moment, to forget whence they come.

If we look beyond the city, we find Canada also busy, contented, and expanding. The "child of the nations" is beginning to feel some strength in her "giant limbs." With the opening of the new mining country in the West, the wealth of the East is given new fields for investment, and the sons of Ontario and Quebec have thrown open before them the golden door to success. Let us be grateful for this new blood, which seems to be dancing through the nation's veins, and is bringing new life and interest to us all.

And to take a still broader view: in the far corners of the earth, the Empire is seen entrenching itself, and no sooner is one post made secure when the bugles sound the advance again, and from the heights of Dargai and the sources of the Nile comes alike the inspiring tale of struggle and of victory. But in the triumph of soldier and diplomat, in the smashing of the "Mahdi," and the evacuation of Fashoda, it is in the hour of exaltation—that hour of prosperity at home and glory abroad—that Kipling's "Recessional" comes into the mind, bringing with it other and better thoughts. And with that noble psalm upon our lips, let us stand with bowed heads and humble hearts in the presence of the All-Giver.

## WORSHIP OF ATHLETICS.

The article published in this week's VARSITY is from the pen of Mr. A. A. Macdonald, of Upper Canada College. Mr. Macdonald graduated from Varsity in 1890, with honors in Classics and Moderns. He then proceeded to Germany, where he spent the following winter, studying at Leipsic and other well-known centres. Returning to Toronto in 1891, he was at once appointed to the staff in Classics of Upper Canada. Mr. Macdonald, along with his devotion to study has from boyhood been an enthusiastic sportsman. He has done more for the fox terrier than any man in Canada. As regards Mr. Macdonald's views of sport, we refer our readers to the article which he has been kind enough to write for THE VARSITY.

## THE VARSITY—OTTAWA MATCH.

There is a great deal of questioning as to what ought to have been the outcome of Saturday's game. Many of us think we owe our defeat to hard luck, still

there is no use in crying over spilt milk, and we must take our beating and say nothing. But it is no beating to be ashamed of; the result was never out of doubt till the time-keepers stopped the game. Captain Burnside could hardly have his team more "fit" than they were on Saturday. It is known that the Ottawa men were more used up after the match was over than were our representatives. But notwithstanding all this, we were beaten—whether by a superior team or by hard luck matters little now.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

A star is earthward falling  
From yonder glittering height;  
The star that love betokens  
Is falling in my sight.

From the apple tree are falling  
White blossoms soft and still,  
With them the teasing breezes  
Unhindered work their will.

The swan sings in the fish pond,  
Sails up and down the wave,  
And singing yet more softly  
Sinks deep in his watery grave.

It is so dark and quiet!  
The blossoms are blown afar,  
In silence dies the swan-song,  
And fades the flaring star.

—Liebling.

## IN MEMORIAM.

THE VARSITY regrets to announce the death of Miss Ethel Topping, B.A., which sad event occurred in Woodstock on Monday, October 30th. Miss Topping was a graduate of our University, and was a well-known and popular member of the Class of '94. Matriculating from the Woodstock Collegiate Institute with honors in Modern Languages, she was the first lady from that school to receive the degree of B.A. from Toronto University. During her course she was not only successful in obtaining high honors in Moderns, but was active in the Modern Language Club, in the Class Society of '94, and in every undertaking connected with the interests of the women undergraduates. After graduation she attended the Normal College, and, immediately upon the successful completion of her course at that institution, accepted a position as teacher in the Clinton High School. In the midst of successful work there she was stricken with consumption. She immediately resigned her position and spent the winter in Florida and the summer in Muskoka, but without avail. The disease had taken too deep a hold upon her system, and she gradually succumbed.

Though perhaps unknown to the present generation of undergraduates, Miss Topping will be affectionately remembered by the women graduates from 1891 to 1897, all of whom will regret her untimely death. She was a bright and lovable girl, an excellent student, a brilliant musician, an enthusiastic lover of Old Varsity, in every way a fine type of the College girl. THE VARSITY takes this opportunity of voicing the regret and sympathy of faculty, graduates and undergraduates.



## MEMORIA NON MORTITUR.

From Ottawa the blood-red warriors came;  
High their renown, and dreaded was their name.  
Upon an iron horse that snorted fire,  
They came by night, filled with a bold desire  
To take the scalps of an unwary foe,  
And make their camps with ghastly carnage flow.  
But lo, the braves that wore the blue and white,  
From scouts heard of the treachery by night,  
And waited for them in an open field,  
Resolved the reeking tomahawk to wield,  
And die like men beneath the Welkin's dome,  
Fight to the death, for squaw, papoose, and home.  
'Twas afternoon, ere yet the foe appear,  
Swelling with pride, and knowing nought of fear,  
Those brutal braves, whose black and deadly deeds  
Of former years had sown foul hatred's seeds  
Along all the pig-skin chasers east and west,  
Hungry for new repasts of blood, they pressed  
With fury on, unheeding ambushade.  
Upon a sudden, out of a grassy glade,  
Leapt fierce the braves who wore the white and blue,  
And savage at their braggart foes they flew.  
The dreaded warriors at that onslaught bold,  
Fell back surprised, and marrow and blood grew cold.  
The western warriors thought of home and squaw;  
These nerved their hands, and made them shout hurrah.  
They pressed their foes, and bloody battle waged,  
The sea of carnage fierce and fiercer raged.  
The war-whoop rang—the gory field along  
Was heard the wounded warrior's dying song.  
But in that awful effort to lay low  
And maim forever the hatred murderous foe,  
The younger western braves had spent their strength,  
And, worn by wounds, and lapse of time, at length  
To the dread veterans of the elder East,  
Who ne'er their stubborn fight a moment ceased,  
At last began to weary yield their ground.  
At once the heroes of the Rising Sun,  
When once fair Fortune slowly had begun  
On them to smile, on their young foes they rushed,  
And blood poured from a hundred wounds and gushed  
O'er all the plain. The western star had set,  
But in such a cloud of glory met,  
That from that field, where the young warriors died,  
From all that reeking carnage, far and wide,  
There rose—

NOTE.—This wonderful fragment of an Iroquois epic was found late Sunday afternoon in Rosedale Ravine. It seems to refer to a battle that took place long ago between two Indian tribes, the Ottawas and some others, who lived in the vicinity of this city. Though, unfortunately, this remarkable poem is not complete, it is still a literary relic of great historical and linguistic value. My translation does no justice to the Homeric fire of the original. —THE BARD.

As I was leaving the grandstand on Saturday, after witnessing what was the finest and closest exhibition of Rugby football that it has ever been my good fortune to see, Professor McCurdy, the Honorary President of the Rugby Club, said to me: "I am as proud of our boys as if they had won." This

is, I think, the spirit in which we all should take our defeat. Varsity played on Saturday the strongest game of the season. They quite surpassed Ottawa in speed and "snap," and throughout played hard, but clean football. The tackling of the Varsity team was a revelation to all who had not closely watched their play throughout the season. This did more to break up the splendid running game that Ottawa employs than anything else. Ottawa had developed the running to a pitch never reached before, except by the Osgoode team of '92. Their passing and running with the ball was magnificent. After all, it was the superior weight of Ottawa that won them the game; to their quarter, Kenny, the ball came out clean and sharply, and as he was, as a rule, splendidly protected, his work approached the perfect. Biggs, on the other hand, was continually caught by the Ottawa scrimmage, and had but little opportunity to exhibit his ability. His bucking was extremely effective at times, and he fed the halves, when possible, in good style. Candid critics were ready to allow that our trio of half-backs were superior to their opponents in catching and kicking. They had only about two errors each, which, considering the fact that they were playing facing the sun, is extremely creditable. As for tackling, they were easily superior to Ottawa, but were not nearly so proficient in passing and running. Alec Mackenzie had as usual the lion's share of the work, and although he was, perhaps, not so brilliant as usual, his work was such as to prophecy a splendid future. Walter Boyd showed that he was still the most steady of the three. He excels the others in capturing the ball on throws from the touch-line and in line bucking. Hills is, perhaps, the strongest runner of the three; his dash out from the line through several wings, with the following kick to touch, was extremely pretty, and reminds one of the remarkable work of the same kind done by Counsell, two years ago. Little Norman Beal had but little to do, but that little he did well. Twice he relieved with pretty runs and saved a rouge; but perhaps his best pieces of work were the way in which he rushed Walters into touch in goal, and the way in which he saved by securing the ball from Boyd's blocked-kick. The scrimmage was, as the wisecracks had told us, our weak point. Sanderson was too light to get the ball out when matched against such a veteran as Kennedy, and was watched too closely to use any trickery. When Armour replaced him in the second half, Varsity was more successful. Hall and Gibson both did their work well, but were not strong enough for their heavy opponents. Blackwood did decidedly the best work on the wing line; he was almost, without exception, the first wing down on the ball, and his tackling was superb. In my opinion he is the finest outside wing Varsity ever had. Burnside himself played a strong game, and handled the team in a splendid fashion. No praise can be too high for the work he has done this year. At times he may have made mistakes in tactics, as his critics urge, but they have been entirely minor mistakes, and one must realize that he has made the team, taught most of them to tackle, and trained all of them to play, has worked out his own signals and tactics, and at one and the same time has held his own opponent and captained the team. A. J. Mackenzie has improved this season, in that his tackling has wonderfully changed for the better. He is by far the best inside at Varsity, and on Saturday's showing, one of the best of the wings.

Armour played the strongest game that he has ever done. His following up is phenomenal for so heavy a man, and his scrumage work was exceedingly good. Meredith is still a Junior, but he worked hard, and to a large extent, successfully. Darling is another Junior, and he, too, had hard work with his big opponent, but he did some splendid work in stopping the Ottawa runs around the end. Perhaps Caldwell should not be left to the last, for he held Rayside in good style, and followed up very fast. The Ottawa wing line was much heavier than our own, not nearly so fast, but of greater experience, and they used many tricks with which our men were not acquainted; not underhand or mean tricks, I mean, for they were on their good behavior, and played a clean game, but such as were fair and honorable.

Blackwood brought us our first score, a rouge, by capturing Wilson behind the line. Our other two points were secured by a goal kicked from a penalty by Hills. This was the only scoring done by Varsity during the game, and the only scoring during the first half. Only once during the first half, during which we had the wind (the sun was behind a cloud), was the play in the Varsity quarter. If the scrimmage had been more successful in getting out the ball, we would, beyond a doubt, have scored more, for we often forced the play to the Ottawa quarter. Their heavy trio, however, hurled our own scrimmage back on the quarter continually.

The second half had hardly begun when Southam punted to the Varsity line, and as the ball hit the goal post, Boyd had no chance to kick, and was captured 10 yards out. Ottawa got the ball and McGee ran round the end for a try, 4-3. Again Varsity's citadel was threatened, but the greatest surprise of the day was in store for Ottawa. Varsity, by a series of mass plays, on Burnside's signals, forced the ball back over the quarter line to half way. It was soon after this that Beal saved about 10 yards out, after Boyd's kick was blocked, and subsequent scrumaging led to Ottawa being given a free kick, which Hills secured and rouged, 5-3. Twice before Ottawa got the next point, Varsity invaded the Ottawa quarter and once got over for a try, but were called back. Walters, in this case, ran over the line for a try, but Beal tackled him, and aided by Darling, shoved him into touch in goal, saving three points thereby. Varsity again worked the ball back, but were quite unable to score, and after a time Beal was forced to rouge, 7-3. This was the final score. Varsity finished in much better condition than Ottawa; rarely, indeed, has Varsity been represented by so well trained a team.

It is expected that by the end of the week the Association Schedule will be finished, and I hope next week to be able to congratulate the Association upon the close of a most successful season, and University College upon having won the championship. During the week, the Association selected the team which was to represent it in the Saturday game against the team from the City League. The following was the team chosen: Goal, Armstrong; Backs, Reid and Rudell; Halves, Dixon, Blanchard, Turnbull; Forwards, Zavitz, Whitley, Halliday, Wrenn, Hooper. The game was played and resulted in a tie, neither team being able to score. The Association team probably developed the best forward combination. This team will probably represent the Association for the Caledonia Cup on Thanksgiving Day.

## PUBLIC DEBATE.

To the general public and friends of the University, as well as to the Undergraduates, who certainly always enjoy a meeting where they reign supreme, the public debates held by the Literary Society have ever been interesting events. The former, on these occasions have an opportunity to test and applaud the debating and oratorical powers of the students, trained in these useful mental calisthenics, not by a learned professor at the demands of the College curriculum, but in an arena founded and directed solely by themselves; while the students dearly love to congregate in the gallery and cheer on their fellow-students to victory (or defeat), punctuating the speeches with a never-ceasing flow of satirical applause and witticisms. It was from this gallery point of view that I had always looked upon the debates, and I found it very entertaining to hear the humorous sallies of the more witty and less backward boys, and join in the laugh at the "roastings" to which the heroic students, who sat downstairs, were subjected. Seeing, therefore, that every question has two sides, and wishing to view the meeting from the standpoint of the general public (and here I wish to affirm that it was from no other reason) I determined last Friday evening to take a seat in the body of the hall, and I can assure the boys upstairs that my impression of these meetings was different from former occasions. The jokes from the gallery I thought were not at all funny or apropos, and I found it well-nigh impossible to follow the trend of the speeches.

Professor Baker, in the capacity of chairman, opened the proceedings with a few appropriate words. After some most interesting remarks he concluded by congratulating the present Literary Society on having such an energetic and distinguished President as the one whom he would now introduce to make his inaugural address.

Dr. Wickett, on rising, was greeted with great applause. He stated that former Presidents, in their inaugural addresses, had chosen for their subject College sentiment, but in his case he had decided to depart from this custom, and would speak rather on national sentiment, taking as a type Prince Bismarck, whose recent death has made him the object of interest to the whole world. The audience manifested their appreciation of Dr. Wickett's choice of subject and their admiration for his oratorical ability by their careful attention and rounds of applause.

Mr. W. Beardmore, S.P.S., then rendered "Cavatina," by Raff, on the violin in a very masterly style.

The essay by Mr. A. H. R. Fairchild, '00, on Genius and Reality, was a product of deep thought and literary skill. I may echo the chairman's hope that Mr. Fairchild's essay will soon be reproduced in printed form.

A very entertaining selection from Mark Twain's experiences with European guides, by Mr. Burch, '99, soon brought us down from the loftier sphere of thought to which the preceding speaker had raised us—down, down, from the sublime to the ridiculous—and I joined in the quaint Twain humor, which Mr. Burch can so well bring out in his inimitable style and mimicry.

Before announcing the debate, the chairman greatly relieved my feelings by requesting the students not to interrupt the debaters, unless they had something

exceptionally funny to say, and to be sure to think twice, or even four or five times, before they spoke. In this neat way the undivided attention of the students was gained for the speakers.

The subject under consideration was, Resolved, that Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, during the present administration, has been, on the whole, censurable. All four speakers, Messrs. R. J. McAlpine, '99, and A. N. Mitchell, '00, for the affirmative, and W. F. McKay, '99, and G. F. Kay '00, for the negative, showed themselves to be strong debaters, as well as brilliant orators. The two leaders combined clearness and force, while their colleagues were not a whit behind in their forcible and argumentative handling of their respective sides.

I think the audience agreed with the chairman that the negative had beaten the affirmative, and so all, but the two unhappy men who censured Lord Salisbury, went home happy.

## OUR ANNUAL HUSTLE.

The "hustle" has seemed for so many years an accepted college institution that many students have, perhaps, given it no serious thought, and have made no enquiry as to the advisability of continuing it. During these years, there has, doubtless, always been a considerable number of students who have felt that the thing ought to die; but they have said so little, and the "hustlers" have said so much, that some of the students may not know of any serious spirit of opposition to this method of receiving the Freshmen.

As far as I know, there are only three arguments that are advanced in support of the observance of this initiatory ceremony.

The strongest reason for its observance is, probably, a conviction in the minds of many students in the higher years that something must be done to curb the self-assertive spirit of the Freshmen. It is feared that if they are not made to realize their immaturity and inexperience at the outset they may want to "run the University"—these are the words actually used. Now, in some degree, this conviction is undoubtedly a true one. There are Freshmen, of course, who enter the University with almost as good an education as some men have when they leave—and with a broader culture; nevertheless everyone must admit that some Freshmen are exceedingly "fresh." On the other hand, everyone must also admit that there are occasionally Sophomores and Juniors, and even Seniors, who are very "fresh." And careful observation will reveal the fact that the men in the higher years, who are found to be too self-assertive, are the very men who showed an abnormal development of "bumptiousness" in their first year. This may lead us to enquire if such a physical discipline as hustling is best suited to remedy a spiritual defect. The "freshest" man I believe I ever saw was in his third year, when he was pointed out to me nearly four years ago, and he, I was told, had been hustled three or four times. Even if we grant, however, the power of physical force to effect the desired change, is it not very evident folly to impose a discipline upon nine men, who don't need it, for the sake of one man who does need it? It does the one man no good, for he is the very man who won't believe it is meant for him in any special manner; and it may do the nine men harm in destroying their faith that an

especially high standard of justice exists among educated men.

When men come to recognize the futility of the hustle to accomplish the work they fondly hoped it would accomplish in decreasing the "fresh" man's self-confidence, they often fall back upon the argument that it is a means of making the Freshmen acquainted one with another, and of developing a healthy class spirit. Here we must ask ourselves whether the development of so much class spirit in our College does not hinder the development of what is more important, a true College spirit. I, for one, do not enjoy hearing the Freshmen vent their exuberant spirits in their class cry without, apparently, realizing that they are under any obligation, or have any right to join in our College yell. We feel the need in University College of a stronger College spirit. Surely an event such as the hustle, which, though it unifies the Freshman class, does so by giving its members a sense of injustice from and antagonism to the higher years, must be judged as producing more evil than good.

The final ground upon which the maintenance of the hustle is urged, is that it is "good fun," a little "healthy sport," "an expression of blood and spirit, characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon people." These phrases appeal to us all. We know what exhilaration, what pure physical enjoyment is to be found in the combined rush, the swaying to and fro, the straining of every muscle in grappling with a worthy antagonist. But here another characteristic Anglo-Saxon instinct must assert itself—the love of fair play. Who can characterize as true sport a game like this, which depends for its very existence upon the fact that one side has no chance whatever of achieving victory? Truly a manly game, this penning up a lot of strangers where they can have only one narrow exit, this taking them singly, and, ten Seniors to one Freshman, shoving them down a flight of stairs, this tripping them from behind, that they may go sprawling down a muddy slope! Gentlemen of University College, what think you of this game, played yearly in your midst, and regarded as a characteristic student celebration?

I know that this article will be regarded by some as an attack upon a time-honored institution. But time does not honor an unworthy custom; an evil is no more venerable because it is old. I appeal to the thinking men of our College—and they are a large majority—to examine the methods of the hustle and to weigh its results. If its methods are found to be false to true reason and to manly instinct, and its results hurtful to our student life, let it live no longer.

N. F. COLEMAN.

#### THANKSGIVING DAY.

That all the world is blessed with peace,  
I do not care a whit;  
That Englishman and Yankee kiss,  
I do not care a whit.

That golden harvests have been won,  
I do not give a fig;  
That Manitoba's acres groan,  
I do not give a fig.

That Liberty the prisoner frees,  
No interest has for me;  
That Dervish yields to Soudanese,  
No interest has for me.

And yet my thanks go up above,  
I think of nought beside;  
I've got a letter from my love,  
I think of nought beside.

—GRAPLAE.

#### THE TWO CHUMS.

I was returning to Toronto on Monday morning, after spending Sunday in the country, and, having an endless amount of spare time, I fell to scrutinizing my fellow-passengers in the smoking-car. But these proved to be only every-day people, with the exception of the Italian peddler, who every few minutes raised the lid of his pack, displaying a great variety of odds and ends and beamed expectantly at each of us in turn.

Presently, the fussy little engine snorted into a small station, and blew off huge clouds of steam as if impatient of the delay, and as if it were thinking longingly of its comfortable berth in the round-house at the terminus, and of the thorough rub-down which it would receive after the long run. Meanwhile, two passengers had boarded the train, and had taken seats beside me in the smoker. They were both men of about fifty-five, and looked somewhat alike, due to the fact that each had long, white whiskers and a kindly, benevolent expression. They were dressed very similarly, and at first I fancied that they must be twin-brothers. After they had cut some tobacco off the same plug, filled two pipes, which were exactly alike, and lighted them from the same match, I entered into conversation with them. After a few introductory remarks about the weather, and the slowness of the train, I ventured to ask the question which was uppermost in my mind.

"Are you brothers?" said I.

"No," one of them answered, "we're not brothers, although we're often thought to be. We're only chums."

It sounded so boyish, "we're only chums," that I could not repress a smile, but the old fellow put his hand on his companion's knee, caressingly, and continued:

"Yes, we've been chums for nearly forty years, now; haven't we, Sam?"

"Ever since we were at school, Tom," said Sam, reminiscently.

"Yes," continued Tom, "we were chums at school, and we have been ever since. When school-days were over, we were both apprenticed to the same man, and afterwards started in business together. We've faced the ups and downs of life together, and we are now comfortably off. He saved my life once, and he says I saved his once, so that we are about even on that score."

"But are neither of you married?" I asked. They seemed surprised at the question.

"What do I need with a wife, when I have Sam?" said Tom.

"Why should I marry while Tom is with me?" said Sam.

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"But have you never quarreled?" I said at last.

"Never!" said both emphatically, and on our arrival at the Union, a few minutes later, I saw them help on with each other's coat, and go away arm-in-arm."

—G. F. McFARLAND, '01.

#### GREAT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

W. Fred. McKay—"En francais!"

Ainslie Green—"Do you know the Boy Flute?"

Ross Gillespie—"Comment les bons-bons?"

"Pat" Deroche—"Who Stole my Cake?"

"Jimmie" Hunter—"Who ever heard of Jerome?"

John McKay—"Am I speaking loudly enough?"

G. W. Ross—"Don't say much about it?"

Thrift Burnside—"What do I think of Ottawa City?"

"Billy" Alexander—"Don't mention Queen's."

"Alec." McDougall—"What about the Dinner?"

A. L. Burch—"Christopher Columbus, is he dead yet?"

"Sam" Dickson—"Have you signed the subscription list yet—tickets not to exceed \$1.50?"

#### CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., the Classical Association held an open meeting in the Students' Union Hall. Interesting and instructive papers were read by Prof. E. W. Huntingford, of Trinity Univer-

sity, and Mr. W. L. Grant, of U. C. College; the former dealing with "The Delphic Oracle," and the latter with "The Greek Anthology." Mr. Edmund Hardy's piano solo was also highly appreciated. Prof. Fletcher very kindly acted as chairman for the evening.

#### IN PERPETUUM.

If sometimes in the whirl of life,  
My heart allows thy face to fade,  
If sometimes in the daily strife,  
My mind forgets thy pictured shade,  
'Tis only that in quiet hour,  
Sweet memory will in greater power,  
With long past scene my vision dower.

If sometimes, as the hours drag on,  
I frame one thought apart from thee,  
If sometimes days and times bygone,  
From memory can absent be,  
A phrase of thine will intervene,  
A word can change the dullest scene,  
To visions fair of what has been.

The past, whose joys belong to me,  
Is but the past—and in my heart,  
I hope for rapture yet to be,  
For times when we shall never part,  
And looking on the distant view,  
See painted in a brighter hue,  
Our love of old in ages new.

—T.V.S.

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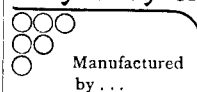
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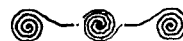
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## EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR.

### DECEMBER—

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. [P.S. Act, sec. 21 (1); S.S. Act, sec. 28 (5).] (On or before 1st Dec.) Municipal Clerk to transmit to County Inspector statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter. [P.S. Act, sec. 68 (1); S.S. Act, sec. 50.] (Not later than 1st Dec.)
5. County Model Schools Examinations begin. (During the last week of the session.)
6. Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. (Subject to appointment.)
13. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board [P.S. Act, sec. 57 (2).] (Before and Wednesday in Dec.) Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. [P.S. Act, sec. 57 (2); S.S. Act, sec. 31 (5).] (Before 2nd Wednesday in Dec.)
14. Local Assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. [S.S. Act, sec. 55.] (Not later than 14th Dec.) Written Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. (Subject to appointment.)
15. Municipal Council to pay Secretary-Treasurer Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in township. [P.S. Act, sec. 67 (1).] (On or before 15th Dec.) County Councils to pay Treasurer High Schools. [H.S. Act, sec. 30.] (On or before 15th Dec.) County Model School term ends. Reg. 58. (Close on 15th day of Dec.)

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## The Rotunda.

"Bart" Armstrong's home is now at Ottawa, but he says his heart is still in Toronto.

There is a rumor that the residence men mean to give a dance during the month of January.

G. W. Ross, '99, who was elected to the managership of the hockey club, has resigned that position.

J. R. Bone, '99, was a much noticed guest at the public meeting of the "Lit" last Friday night.

Miss Webb, '98, is the latest recruit from last year's graduates to the Ontario Normal College, Hamilton.

The senior Rugby team are going to Buffalo for Thanksgiving to play a match against the Bison pig-skin chasers.

Dean DeLury entertained the fourth year men in residence one evening last week. A very enjoyable time was spent in the Dean's comfortable quarters.

We are sorry to hear that Miss E. M. Sealey, '99, has been called home by the illness of her mother, but hope she will be able to return to College after Christmas.

The new regulation requiring an audit by the bursar of their accounts is causing many a headache among the numerous treasurers of the different societies round Varsity.

There was a Hamilton man up to see the Varsity-Ottawa city match last Saturday, and he was the first human being who ever returned happy from Toronto to the Ambitious City; he had seen Varsity beaten by the team that hunted the Tigers to death!

Mr. Bennett, of Windsor, was in town last week visiting his friend, E. A. Cleary of the senior year. Mr. Bennett left for home on Sunday.

The Harbord Old Boys' Club will hold their second annual dinner at Webb's on the evening of Dec. 1st. Tickets, (\$1) may be had from J. W. Bain, B.A. Sc. of S.P.S., or from the secretary of the club—E. F. Burton, '01 Varsity.

It is amusing to see the crowd of residence men line up in the janitor's room at noon every day and watch the longed-for letters being distributed. Some of them are not satisfied—so you would think to see the look of settled gloom on their faces—unless they get a big stoutish-square envelope with round, girlish-looking writing upon it. If such a letter comes, their faces beam like the sun over Lake Ontario and all is well—till about four days after. The second house is particularly subject to these changes of mood.

Freshette—"I asked Miss R. if she had a nice time at the At Home and she said, 'Oh, I met such a lot of 'sticks'!' What on earth did she mean?"

Bright Sophomore—"Why! Theology's, of course!"

Her smile was most bewitching,

And beside him down she sat,  
And she made a great impression—  
But she made it on his hat.

—Ex.

He loved his Dinah dearly  
And he sighed to her one night:

"Dinah, could you love me?"  
And she whispered, "Dinah might."

They were married in the autumn,  
When she blows him up at night  
He realizes what it meant  
When she whispered "dynamite."

—Ex.

It was at a class At Home. They sat out a promenade in a nice little cosy corner. The next promenade had begun and other couples were already seeking this cosy nook. "Shall I take you back to your rendezvous?" said he, "your unfortunate partner will be looking for you."

She is still pondering this ambiguous statement. Coza, '00.



## THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition.

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The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside about the middle of June in each year.

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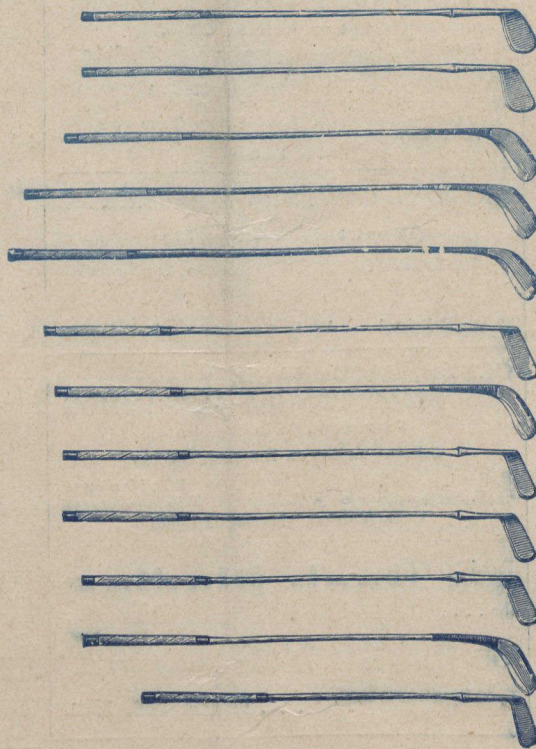
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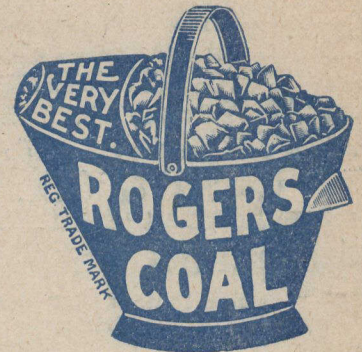
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