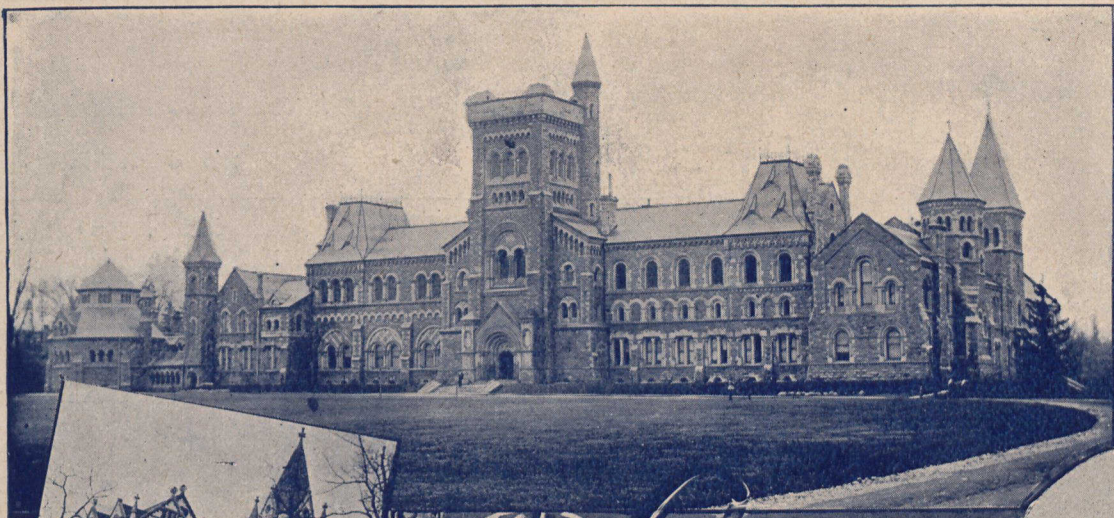


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THE VARSITY

VOL. XVII. No. 11

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, JANUARY 13TH, 1898.

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THE END OF THE CENTURY.

Dim lies the light across the fields; no voice
Is heard with song. But tired as after heat
And summer brilliance sleeps the weary man—
Sleeps or half slumbers. Twilight in a haze!
The giant structures of the day fall now
In shadow, vague, and half revealed, half guessed,
No sound, no murmur from the wells of thought,
Slumbers the world, and slumbering waits the dawn.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

It is astonishing how quickly first impressions fade away, and only the more general and somewhat intangible memories remain. So that when one comes to write of something which he has not seen for some months, he finds it difficult to be sure of the smaller details, and out of these misty and indefinite general impressions it is hard to get anything concrete enough to set down on paper. I must therefore ask pardon for a very evident vagueness in the following paragraphs.

There are several routes from London by which Paris can be reached—by Dover and Calais; Folkestone and Boulogne; or by Newhaven and Dieppe. We chose the latter, and after a pleasant enough day's journey found ourselves approaching the French capital towards night-fall. The first warning that we were nearing the city was a sight I caught of the Eiffel Tower. I recognized it at once, and a very few moments proved my guess correct for the train drew up in a minute in the Gare St. Lazare. Almost before we knew where we were, we had given up our tickets, had got into a cab, and were set down at an hotel in the Rue de Lafayette.

After getting rid of our luggage, we started out for a walk, but we had to take care not to get lost, for there is nothing more easily done in a strange city at night. On that first evening, however, we had too much to do in finding our way to be able to see anything; so we soon came back to our rooms and went to bed.

The next morning I was awakened by the noise in the streets. I remember thinking it must be about seven o'clock, but what was my surprise to see by my watch that it was only four! I tried to go to sleep again but could not: the noise was too great. At last I gave up the attempt and passed the time in looking out of the window on the busy scene below. The street was paved with square wooden blocks, but there were no rubber tires as in London. The drivers on the carts, omnibuses and street cars were all vieing with one another in making their whips crack, and, as they all seemed to be experts, it was a very interesting competition. The noise some of the men could get out of their whips was certainly extraordinary, and, as the street was pretty well crowded, you might very easily have imagined, if you could only hear and not see, that there were troops on the street who were firing off volleys of musketry.

At last it was time for *café*; of the excellent little *croissants* which accompany *café* we only get enough to

stimulate the appetite. Still this tiny meal serves to stave off hunger till *déjeuner* which we cannot have till half-past eleven or twelve o'clock.

One of the first things that strikes our attention is the beauty of the city. One wonders where all the money comes from to decorate it. Paris seems to have no trade. To be sure there are any number of shops running in size from *les grands magasins du Louvre* down to the smallest *fruiterie* or *patisserie* that could well be imagined. There is indeed unrivalled opportunity for spending money, but perhaps not a corresponding chance for making it. There is evidence of wealth in every direction: the Seine is splendidly embanked on both sides, and at almost every street bridges span the river, and under these beautiful bridges—bridges the most of whose piers are surmounted by bronze sculptures—there pass no river barges laden with goods collected on what you would take for a national highway, but instead numberless little ferry boats are flitting about carrying excursionists, some to Saint Cloud some perhaps as far as Saint Germain.

If we turn to the streets we find just as gay a scene. The *cochers* seem to drive very fast and to a foreigner very recklessly. I remember thinking this very decidedly one day when crossing the Place de la Concorde. It seemed to me that half a-dozen hackmen drove at me designedly from different directions, and it was only by dint of a great deal of dodging and running that I escaped. Another very fine square though not so beautiful, I used to think, as the Place de la Concorde, is the Place de l'Etoile. From the latter, if I remember correctly, there radiate nine streets. In the centre of the square towers Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe, from which a commanding view may be had all over Paris. Among the nine streets mentioned are such well-known ones as: the Avenue de Wagram, the splendid Champs Elysées, and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

The last-named street leads to the famous park, the Bois de Boulogne. I remember being in the avenue one Sunday afternoon. A more animated scene it would be hard to imagine. A constant stream of carriages, horsemen and pedestrians kept passing up and down the Avenue to and from the "Bois," as they familiarly call it. It was a beautiful day and everybody was out to enjoy himself—and they certainly seemed to be succeeding.

In another end of Paris lies the Bois de Vincennes, quite an extensive park, too, with pretty little lagoons and islands with fine shaded walks and artificial grottos. With the aid of an omnibus, followed by a short walk, we might go on to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise—a very curious kind of cemetery and well worth a visit. Anything more different from our idea of such a place it would be almost impossible to think of. Instead of the familiar tombstone, generally even to us forbidding enough looking, each little plot has on it a sort of miniature chapel provided with an open grating in front. It is quite easy to see the inside of these chapels through the iron bars. There is nearly always a small altar and strewed around it little glass cases filled with dreary-lifeless-looking, artificial flowers. I must confess that to me these damp, sunless little chapels with their sad, unnatural flowers were very distasteful. There must be a great many people buried in it, for there seemed

to be a countless number of those narrow little streets in that city of the dead—each street closely lined with its tiny chapels.

But there is one tomb in Paris which has a wonderful attraction. I mean that of Napoleon. It lies away behind the Hôtel des Invalides. People seem to stop talking as they go up the wide marble steps and do nothing but look wonderingly round as they enter and pass on through the lofty columns, till they pause before a circular balustrade which encloses a deep, bowl-like chamber sunk beneath the level of the paved floor. In this lower room, raised a considerable distance, but still somewhat below the surrounding balustrade, rests a simple but ponderous porphyry sarcophagus, within which lie the remains of the victor of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Jena. Around him are grouped his trophies—tattered pieces of faded silk which look as though they could not last much longer. Yet they were not so far gone but that I could make out a couple of English flags. I remember feeling somewhat hurt when I spied the Jacks, for I had always patriotically believed that the French had never beaten the English. Yet there was a little comfort, for I could only find two Jacks while there were dozens of every other kind of national standard. You cannot leave the tomb without being affected by the atmosphere of the whole place: the great branching marble pillars, a silence which is broken only by a hushed whisper or the indistinct shuffling of feet, the cold magnificence of everything awes one. It was indeed startling to step from the chill stillness of that splendid vault into the gay sunshine of the outside. In a moment I was on the street again, but even its jarring noises could not blot out the memory of what I had just seen and felt.

But the thing in Paris which most struck me was the *café* life. It was so entirely different from anything we have here that its novelty lent it, I suppose, an additional interest. To see a group of Frenchmen at any hour of the day, but of course particularly in the evening, seated sipping *absinthe* or *vermonte* round a little marble-topped table in front of any of the numerous *cafés*, and at the time discussing the "situation" with the most intense earnestness; to see the excitement and genuine interest with which they follow one another's words; to watch the lively gestures and the gay abandon of everybody—to notice all this is a revelation to the man who has always been taught to repress every trace of emotion and to cultivate a steadiness which nothing can surprise.

But I must stop. I should like to have said something about the gigantic palace of the Louvre; the gorgeous Château de Versailles where Louis XIV did everything that man could do to impress upon later generations some sense of his true greatness—a design in which he succeeded, perhaps, beyond his anticipations; I should like, too, to have spoken of the curious "Quartier latin" and its equally interesting inhabitants, as well as many another thing; but I must not encroach on your space, which I am beginning to fear I have already done.

W. A. R. KERR.

AN ESSEX COUNTY HORSE-TRADE.

Dat's de summer I'll be work wid Neek Sloan. Neek, he's prett' smart, but he don' ought to have de beezness wid dat Geepsie. W'en he come to tret horse' at us, I don' go near hees wagon, me; an' I tail Neek how dat de Geepsies tek de leet' chil'ren an' boil dem in de kittle for mek de *bouillon*. De modder tail me dat, herself.

But Neek, he hony smile an' say, "Wail Ceep, he won' boil me. I'm goin' for sail heem hol' Beelie." An' I'll mek de eyes prett' beeg w'en he say dat, for hol' Beelie, he's seek, he's got de—I don' know how you say heem in

Eenglish; but he's seek so dat hall de nebours jus' laugh an' laugh at heem w'en Neek try to drive heem on de beeg road.

So I say, 'De geepsie ain' be fool. I gase you won' sail Beelie.' An' Neek hony tek de pipe from de teet', an' mek de eyes prett' lett'l, an' say: "Poor hol' Beelie! He's ver' seek horse, an' pass hees han' on de chair like he stroke heem. An' I nod de haid, an' he go on for say: "Don' he ought to get some maid'cine, heem?" An' mek hees eye so tight close' dere ain' not'in' but weenkers, an' he continue to say, ver' slow: "P'raps de maid'cine mek heem wail for tree four year, an' p'raps it's hony good for tree four day'." An' I say, "Yase," but I don't know w'at he want to mean. An' he look at me prett' queer, an' feenish to say: "Bagosh, we got to 'ten' to Beelie. We'll feex heem hup." An' den he bust hout to laugh, an' he geeve me ten' twent' slap' on de knee, an' he laugh till he got to weep. An' w'en we're goin' in bed, he say some more: "P'raps he be wail for tree four year' an' p'raps hony for tree four day', hay Ceep?" An' he heet me yet once hover de back. An' w'en he try for say hees prayer he snort hout like some hol' cow w'at got bran in de t'roat; an' w'en he's 'sleep, he begin to laugh yet once, an' I hear heem say hun' red time: "Poor hol' Beelie! We'll feex heem hup."

De naix' morn' he sen' me hoff to cooltivate de bean', an' prett' soon I see heem drivin' on de town. W'en I go at home I got to heat my dinner hall by myself. In de aft'noon he come back, an' I see heem tek hol' Beelie in de stible, an' dey rest dere prett' long time. Aft' we heat de supper, he put de halter on Beelie, an' hoff dey go. Bagosh, I'll never tink dat horse so *gai*. He keek hees hin' laigs an' t'row hees haid an' hees tail, an' pool Neek instaid of Neek to pool heem. *Mon dieu*, dat's de mos' bes' maid'cine I ever know!

W'en he return it mek dark, an' he 'ave nodder horse wid heem. I go for seek de lantern, an' we look at heem. Neek say: "W'at you tink of de tret?" An' I tail de true an' say: "Dat horse look more stup' dan de mule. He appear like some hol' ship w'at don' know w'ere her lamb rest." Neek, he say, "Yase" prett' slow, an' he gase he'll liven hup b'fore long time.

But w'en we get at de house he put heemself to hunt hup hees shirt' an' hees hoverall'; an' I demand w'y he do dat. An' he don' say notin' ver' soon, but w'en he tie hup hall hees *robe* in hees beeg red hank'chief, he say: "I tink I'll go for spleet some rail' on de back-sittlement." Bagosh, I'll not know w'at for say. An' den he look at me an' weenk, an' begin to laugh an' laugh. An' he fall on de bed, an' roll an' laugh some more. An' den he wipe hees eyes, an' heet me hover de back, an' say: "Ceep, w'en you mek so good tret wid de Geepsie like I come from mek to-day, you'll want go spleet rail prett' far 'way, till he go hoff some odder pless." An' den he laugh more dan b'fore an' say: "Poor hol' Beelie! P'raps if I'll be at home he won' want go hoff wid de new boss."

Wail, he tail me to mek heem know w'en de Geepsie be gone; an' den he go hout in de dark an' I'll go in bed by myself.

De naix' morn' w'en I go for feed de new horse w'at's in de stible wid de colt, he show de eye more bright, an' he paw wid de hoof, an' don' be so qui't, heem. I tink to myself, dat'll mek Neek ver' content w'en he come at home. Den I cooltivate de bean' some more, an' w'en I return for heat my dinner, I'll walk hover de hill for regard de Geepsie, an' by gare, he ain' dere an' more!

Tout de suite I'll be on de hol' buckboard goin' w'at you call "leekitee-pleet" on de back-sittlement. Dat's ten twelve mile, an' it's four 'clock when I arrive. Neek, he don' spleet no rail, heem; he jus' seet by de door at Jeem Thomas's pless; an' w'en dey see me, dey bot' laugh,

an' Jeem, he shout: "You don' mean say dat Geepsie fell run hoff wid your hol' Beelie, halread'?" An' I say: "*Mais oui, yase!*"

An' Neek, he say: "Dat man he mek such fine bargain, he tink I'll want get Beelie for me 'gain." An' den dey bot' laugh like for bust deirself. An' I laugh, too; but I don' know for w'y, me.

Jeem, he mek us remain to supper, an' w'en we come at home it mek ver' dark. W'en we come near de stable, by gare dere's de mos' gret noise in dere I'll ever hear. Neek, he holl' hout: "Dere's dat colt! You leave heem ontie' 'gain. Bagosh, Ceeprien Dorval, dees mus' got to end!" An' he run w'ere de colt' haid rest'. An' it be tie' hall right; but hees feet dey don' be tie'! An' bagosh, w'en I feel for de haid to de new horse, der ain' not'in' but de strap of de halter, an' dat's break'. Hall de time de rack' get more worse. Bang, bouf! Dose horse' keek de light'-an'-leeever hout each odder, an' jomp an' squeal like de boar-pegg w'en he get de knife in de t'roat. An' hall de harness, an' de bottle of horse maid'cine fall, an' be break' an' smash'. Neek, he swear like hun'red *diabes*, an' I'll swear too, but dat don' mek not'in', for I don' know to swear ver' wail in Eenglish.

Prett' soon Neek shout: "W'y don' you get de lantern, you good-for-not'in' Frainchee?" An' w'en I come back wid de light, he arrest heemself from dance hall hover de stable, an' mek grab for it, an' t'row heemself at de horse.

Bagosh, I tink dat new horse be de devil. He jomp 'roun', and chess Neek in de corner, an' mek for heat heem. An' if Neek ain' hit heem wid de lantern he'll be daid so quick he don' know not'in'.

W'en Neek get houtside w'ere I rest, hees han' shek, so dat he can' hol' wat remain of de lantern, an' de horse dey *fracassent* worse dan b'fore. Prett' soon Neek get mad some more, but he's scare' to go in yet one time. He regard in de stable an' swear more hard dan de horse' keek. I'll say: "Can I do not'in'?" An' he regard some more, an' den he say: "You tek de wheepstock an' catch hees mane; an' w'en he bite you hit heem; an' I'll put de halter on."

But I say: "How I know w'ere de mane fin' itself, it mek so dark?"

An' Neek say: "You be know by de feel of de hair; dat's hall right."

But I say: "Bagosh, Neek, if it's de *tail!* *Mon dieu*, dat ain' hall right!" All de same I open de beeg door for see de mos' bes' I can, w'en *tout de suite* Neek shout: "Look hout!" An' by gare, dere's de new horse near to jomp hover me; an' hoff down de road!"

We're ver' content, an' let heem go w'ere he want; an' prett' soon we're in de house, an' be ondress ourself for go in bed. But neek begin to be mad some more, an' he say: "What get into dat horse?" an' he t'row one boot by de bed. An' den he swear, an' demand at me if he's hall right in de morn'. An' I say: "Yase," an' he scratch de haid prett' feroce' an' pool hoff hees odder boot, an' say: "Ver' wail, w'at arrive on heem?" He t'row de odder boot by de door, an' walk heemself hup an' down, an' mek like he want to keek de stove; but dat's too hard. An' he say yet one time: "By dam, I'm goin' for un'erstan' dees!"

An' den, *tout de suite*, I see dat hall ver' facile, an' I shout hout: "I got heem!" An' he say "W'at?"

I smile, an' say "I think dat Geepsie feex heem hup."

Bagosh, dat's hall I say, but Neek he be grab me ou de naik, and he t'row me at de door, an' I fall houtside hover de step. I peench myself w'ere I rest for it appear I'll be daid; an' den I run on de barn, an' sleep dere dat night.

A. E. McFARLANE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

It is with peculiar diffidence that one enters the presence of this mighty poet-thinker, who has had so many merciless critics, so many nominal worshippers, and a few sincere admirers among those who have dabbled in the ocean of the thousand pages that have come from his prolific pen. That he was a great man none deny. His personality looms up among his brother-poets like some lone, rugged, mountain peak, whose summit, rising far above the surrounding children of the skies, is for the most part lost in obscuring clouds, but now and then flashes forth in undreamed-of beauty.

Let us first consider this keen and lofty minded poet, as mighty, mist-enshrouded, he rises before our vision; then pass on to the sunbursts of beauty, and lastly, to the secret of the power he has won over many minds and hearts.

Many have been the attempts to prove or disprove Browning's claim to the rank of poet, and doubtless there has been ample room for such discussion. Indeed, were we to turn for a definition of poetry to Coleridge, Lowell, Arnold, Stoddart, Stedman, or any of the other great expositors of the art, and arraign Browning's sixteen volumes before this supreme bar, we should find that only a part, much the smaller part, could be called "just legitimate" poetry.

There is this fundamental error with the bulk of what he has produced: "His favorite kind of truth is not the poet's kind, and his processes with it are not the poet's process. Both belong rather to the prose of philosophy and science." His intellect delights in threading its way through labyrinthine mazes and over unexplored seas in a way calculated to bewilder, confuse and dishearten the ordinary mind; he is a lover of the grotesque and ugly as well as the beautiful; his style is often "eccentric, abrupt, harsh, disjointed, parenthetical and metaphysical."

No poet of this age has surpassed Browning in originality of conception. Take, for instance, "The Ring and the Book," tantalizing and wearisome as it is finely wrought and fascinating. Think of a single story, "told as many times as there are cantos by every character in the hideous tale, each bringing out some new or contradicting phase or sequence to found the whole." And which of all was right? The Pope? Perhaps. Who knows what "Sordello" means? or did the poet himself? Such was the favorite analytic style of Browning, often elaborated or attenuated far beyond the understanding of any reader.

In reply to the charge of being "wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless and perversely harsh," Mr. Browning once said, "I can have little doubt that my writing in the main has been too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as would be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts, and something over—not a crowd, but a few I value more."

A friend and admirer said to him on one occasion: "I have studied long upon this passage in your poem and am unable to comprehend it. Pray, tell me what is the idea embodied in it?" Mr. Browning read the passage over, and replied: "Really, I cannot tell; but I believe it will be worth your while to keep on studying it."

Thus far only the more displeasing phases of Browning's genius have been brought under consideration—the mists that so long have hidden from many the true grandeur, wealth and beauty of his poetic soul.

Professor Carson says that Browning "has the very highest faculty of word and verse music, and it can be shown he always exercises the faculty whenever there is a

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real artistic occasion for it, not otherwise. Verse music is never with him a mere literary indulgence. . . . In the general tenor of his poetry he is above the Singer—he is the Seer and Revealer, who sees great truths beyond the bounds of the territory of general knowledge, instead of working over truths within that territory, and no seer of modern times has had his eyes more clearly purged with euphrasy and rue."

It must not be thought that Browning's poems are in any instance mere continuations of unintelligible mystery and weariness. "Single verses and groups of verses shine and blossom, very jewels in a heap of sand, lovely roses 'amongst the wicked weeds.'" Could anything be more splendid than this one line?

"On earth the broken acres; in the heavens a perfect round."

Among Browning's shorter productions those that claim for him the highest distinction as a poet are probably "Childe Roland," akin in atmosphere to the "Ancient Mariner," and "Andrea del Sarto," which proves, beyond dispute, that its author can be simple, tender and delightful. Next to these, "Fra Lippo" and "My Last Duchess" may perhaps be mentioned.

Among his longer poems, "Pippa Passes" seems to have gained for itself the most general admiration. Surely, nothing in the pastoral kind was ever more finely or delightfully written! Edmund Gosse, in speaking of it, writes as follows: "The figure of Pippa herself, the unconscious messenger of good spiritual tidings to so many souls in dark places, is one of the most beautiful that Mr. Browning has produced. And in at least one of the more serious scenes—that between Sibald and Ottina—he reaches a tragic height that places him on a level with the greatest modern dramatists. Of the lyrical interludes and seed pearls of song scattered through the scenes, it is commonplace to say that nothing more exquisite was ever written, or rather warbled."

It was, however, neither to his poetry as poetry, to his intellectual vigor, to his dramatic power, nor to his learning that Browning owed his power. It was his own strong and lofty spirit, his wholesomeness, his completeness of ideal, his prophetic view of things, and his energizing touch which drew to him so many devoted admirers. His truest hearted followers are willing to acknowledge his frequent obscurity, his defective metre, his intolerable choice of subjects and his barbaric use of his vast store of knowledge, but they find in him a great teacher, a deep and tender human spirit which sees farther than they.

To such followers one of his first qualities was his wholesomeness. He was a thorough optimist. According to his theory the world is not for despair, time is to be used, joy to be tasted, friends are to be believed, hope is to be entertained, sorrow is to be met with manliness, all things are to work together for good.

"I find earth not gay, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue,
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."

With him, at all times,

"God in his heaven—
All's well with the world."

The completeness of his ideal was the outgrowth of this healthy vision. All of life received from him its due.

"All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh
helps soul."

Browning's hope lay in the future. He looked to it to explain all the inexplicable things of life, and never

tired of his prophetic strain. He knew that highest truth can only be reached by an unceasing upward struggle. He did not shrink from the struggle. He recognized its existence always, and never wearied of proclaiming the nobility of that struggle and the certainty of its issue. In one of his last poems he writes:—

"From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for a closer view,
Love were as plain to see."

A man who taught such truth with such assurance could not be but an inspirer. Browning's strong hold upon the world has, indeed, been the ethical and religious inspiration he gave. He urged men to take broader views of life, and to see deeper meanings therein, to seek in the Gospel of Christ the interpretation the world demands, to trust in the future.

" to wake, not sleep.
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly
Creep things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep."

Very fitting, indeed, does it seem that this man should die calling back to his fellows in such words as his last published line:—

"Strive and thrive!" —"Speed
fight on, fare ever
There as here"

No intelligent and appreciative reader of Browning's poems can fail to find in his own heart a ready echo to Emerson's fair tribute to his brother poet:

"Human at heart-core, Browning, thou dost know,
The soul of man in all its varied thought—
To turmoil of its unbelief hast brought
The strong man's help, assurance; for below
The seeming roughness of thy verse doth show
A warm heart for humanity, and fraught
With burden for the present, bravely wrought
In scorn of flatterer's praise for high and low.
"No morbid melancholy thine, no fear
Of death or ruin to aught true or good
No trembling in despair, but firm throughout
Courageous, resolutely, with sight of seer,
The poet's fire, the hero's hardihood,
And manly faith unsullied by a doubt."

—From *Vox Wesleyana*.

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PRESIDENT BLACK EXPLAINS.

Editor of VARSITY:

In the columns of your last issue I notice a report of the last meeting of the Women's Literary Society, in which report the officers of the Glee Club are placed in a light which is as unfair as it is unhappy, and though I am reluctant to comment upon a matter originally so trivial, yet out of justice to the Glee Club I feel called upon to protect its officers from being misunderstood by your many readers, and I trust I shall not be considered unjust or ungracious in so doing.

In the first place, since the matter was one of purely local importance, concerning only a very small portion of the undergraduate body, namely, the officers of the Women's Literary Society and the Glee Club, and, indirectly, the members of each organization, and since the majority of the officers and members of each organization were quite familiar with the circumstances, I see no reason why it should have been commented upon or even mentioned in the columns of VARSITY, unless the writer did so with some vindictive purpose, and such a purpose is, I think, quite beneath the dignity of any member of either of the above-mentioned organizations. On this account I cannot but think that the writer of the report must have voiced her own opinions and not the opinion of the Women's Literary Society.

What appeared to me to be absurd, if not almost impertinent, was the assertion, "it seemed especially annoying that the Society had not been notified." We will all readily concede that the circumstances were most awkward and most unfortunate, and could not possibly be more regretted by the officers of the Literary Society than by the officers of the Glee Club, yet (and I am sorry to have to mention it, since it seems like hinting our generosity) does it seem reasonable that we should notify the Society that we desired to have the use of that which was already ours to give and to use? However, had we known in time, I am sure we would not have been such monsters of depravity as not to have done so.

Furthermore, since we were not aware of the conflict of arrangements until 7 p.m., we had neither time to change our rehearsal nor to notify the Society, and at that late hour we could not possibly obtain another piano to meet the requirements of such an emergency, a thing which we would much rather have done than to have caused such unpleasantness as has resulted. As it was, we did our best to meet the requirements of the case. The Society certainly had a right to the hall. We used the other part of the building and an isolated entrance in order, as far as possible, to avoid any interference with the Society's meeting. It is humiliating to be forced to relate the minute details of business in order to establish the fact that our rehearsal was necessary (our word of honor should have sufficed), but for the benefit of the more skeptical let me explain that it was our only chance for a rehearsal with Mr. Dinelli, our accompanist, since that gentleman is a man of almost innumerable engagements. Hence, will be understood the necessity of the rehearsal, and it so happened that he was late in coming, but that was something beyond our control.

After all, the Women's Literary Society and the Glee Club are two organizations of a common undergraduate body. Could it be any gain for one organization to place any obstacle in the way of the other? Would any individual of either organization voluntarily commit such a wanton offence? Surely not. Then why should the writer of the report desire to publicly criticize in the columns of

VARSITY? The officers of the Glee Club have never even suggested that the Women's Literary Society was under any particular obligation to them for the use of the piano, nor do they wish to be understood as suggesting it, even under the present circumstances; but when subjected to uncalled-for and public criticism as the result of a slight disappointment (the unavoidable consequence of an emergency), I am quite sure they are perfectly justified in resenting such a criticism. As this is the first occasion upon which any friction has occurred I trust it shall also be the last. The officers of the Club have upon different occasions been delightfully entertained by the Society, and remain grateful for the same.

The Society is still welcome to the use of the piano, since one piano has heretofore been quite sufficient for all societies, and provided they do their duty to each other in the matter of co-operation one instrument shall still be quite sufficient. I feel assured that these societies, considering their relation to the Glee Club, will bear with it, and should its officers at any future time *justly* deserve it, they will, after giving the matter cool and more mature consideration, spare such officers the punishment of a public censure in the columns of VARSITY. After all the officers are only common mortals and cannot work miracles, and if once in three or four years they should cause any unavoidable disappointment I am quite sure that they can trust the disappointed parties to deal with them leniently, and to keep the matter within the limits of the organization concerned.

In conclusion, let me express personally my regret that the disappointment happened, the more especially on account of the extra arrangements and the many friends of the Society who were present, and let me also express the hope that the report which appeared was the opinion of but one, or at most, but few of the members of the Women's Literary Society.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space with which you have favored me, I remain

Yours truly,

G. H. BLACK.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Editor of VARSITY:

The following fragment picked up in a corridor, having found no owner, is given to the public herewith. It is evidently an epilogue to the Year Book, but the torn condition of the paper prevents one from completely deciphering the contents. The class will regret along with me that the lost manuscript was not found in time for insertion.

"This book is the work of a few students only. Those living in [word torn out] have done it all themselves, and have not neglected the opportunity to attack personal enemies, as well as praise up personal friends. The management have heard that one man should not sit in judgment on another in the name of a class, unless authority to do it has been delegated to him by the class. Here we throw ourselves on the mercy of the readers. For we were elected mostly by means of [words torn out]. Some one has said, you may tell what one man's character is by hearing what he has to say about others. We don't believe it, and so have spoken freely. The jokes are supposed to be [word torn out]. The serious side of the consequences of this book never struck us till now. It is too late to unsay many thoughtless things, but one will see at a glance that we are not responsible. . . ." The rest is incoherent.

A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '98.

The Varsity

TORONTO, January 13th, 1898.

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 NCE more we stand at the opening of a new calendar year, and dull indeed must be the soul of any man who is not touched by some passing spirit of seriousness. It is a time for retrospect and prospect, and consequent moralizing. The unused opportunities and unrealized ambitions of the past condemn us for our sloth, and urge us to more vigorous endeavor in the future. But for us, as undergraduates, the season bears a peculiar meaning, summoning us to a fresh start. It is not the beginning of our year. Already three months of that are gone—three months of bright memory, but of little work. And the climax has been reached when we have separated to celebrate the greatest event in human history among the beloved Lares and Penates of our own home hearthsides. Doubtless the relaxation has done us all good, and we have again begun that term in which work and not play is the watchword—again entered upon that path which ends not until May—with some of us perchance in the Slough of Despond, but with many more, we hope, on the Delectable Mountains. THE VARSITY has no wish, however, to assume the robes of the pulpit, and we shall therefore close this salutatory paragraph by wishing each of our readers a very happy and very prosperous New Year.

* * *

And, if we discern rightly the signs of the times, there is no good reason why the incoming year should not be a very happy and prosperous one for the undergraduates of Old Varsity. All the indications of last term were favorable to such a conclusion. And when the pot of student politics almost boiled over toward the close of the term, and when every undergraduate and many graduates took an active interest in the discussion, it was an evidence of life. And the greatest desideratum of Toronto students to-day is buoyant vigorous life. Better by far have this overflowing vitality give expression to itself in a rousing

fight than to have that perfect peace and calm which betokens only death, and this quite apart from the merits of the dispute itself.

* * *

We are well aware that a fight carries with it attendant evils that are almost inevitable. Hard feelings and personal animosities are almost sure to be aroused. But we might reasonably expect all such things to be reduced to a minimum, if not entirely abolished, among University students, who should have acquired long ere this that balance and judgment so essential to an amicable settlement of our differences. It is neither possible nor desirable that we should all see eye to eye, but it is quite possible and highly desirable that we should treat with the greatest toleration all who differ from us. Let us then have the freest and liveliest discussion on all questions, but let us cultivate a manly, honest, straightforward spirit in all our student relations—in a word, observe the Golden Rule. THE VARSITY can suggest no better New Year's resolution than this for every undergraduate.

* * *

There is no better way generally to allay strong feeling than to consider the question at issue in a calm philosophical frame of mind as a judge on the bench would weigh the evidence pro and con in a great law-suit. In this way many of our own contentions will lose weight in the balance, and some of our opponents' arguments will seem worthy of a little more consideration. The degree in which we can approximate to this judicial attitude will vary greatly with different individuals, but on the face of it it seems worthy of an effort from each of us.

* * *

Last term the controversy centred around the question of Residence—by no means a new question, nor one to be easily settled. And with many things said on both sides THE VARSITY has no sympathy whatever. We do not believe that the two score men in Residence are of a different species from the men outside. They are fair samples of Toronto students generally. The difference is simply one of environment. They have been thrown together fortuitously as the same number of men might be gathered in any boarding-house of equal proportions. It is but natural under these circumstances that a strong feeling of good fellowship should spring up—that unconsciously the Residence men should be more closely drawn together and that they should vote for each other for office without any other motive than that of personal friendship. If Residence never went any farther than this no sensible man could consider it as unreasonable or unnatural.

* * *

But when this tendency goes to such a length that Residence throws its united power and influence almost invariably as that of a single man on all questions that arise, and when Residence men hold office out of all due proportion to their numbers in the University, we see in it reasonable cause for complaint from the men outside. And we fear that the trouble is growing worse and worse, sus-

picion against Residence—much of it perhaps ill-founded—is becoming stronger and stronger, and friction and irritation seems to be increasing. Such a state of affairs is almost inevitable as long as Residence remains with its present limitations for receiving students. Two remedies were suggested last term for the relief of the trouble—both radical, both sure cures, but as wide as the poles asunder. One is contained in the sentence in which Mr. McFarlane summed up the conclusion of his now famous article on the subject—"The time has come for the total abolition of Residence." The other is suggested by a sentence of Mr. Gahan's editorial of October 21st—where, however, he was not discussing this phase of the matter—in which he said, "The college authorities . . . far from abolishing Residence should aim at its improvement and extension," and, we would add, such an extension as would accommodate a large proportion of the undergraduates. In the meantime it is the duty of every man in Residence and out to use his influence in building up a strong healthy college spirit without any distinctions of class or place among the men. We consider this a matter of vital importance to the undergraduate body, and we may return to it later.

* * *

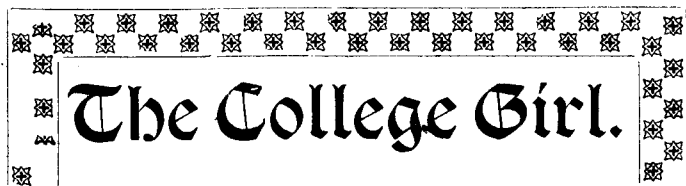
The recent calamity that has befallen our sister university at Ottawa recalls very vividly our own great fire of eight years ago. Though that happened before the present body of undergraduates arrived, the life-long scar remains to remind us only too painfully of our loss. We are able therefore in the truest sense of the word to extend our sympathy to our fellow-collegians in the East.

* * *

There will begin in next issue of THE VARSITY a series of three articles by G. W. Ross '99, on the Lives of our Past Presidents. The subject is one little enough known by most undergraduates, and should prove most interesting and profitable.

* * *

We are sorry to have to ask the indulgence of our readers in this first issue, on account of the late appearance of the paper. We have only to offer the old time-worn excuse expressed in the formula, "circumstances over which we had no control."



A Happy New Year to all the college girls and a large measure of success throughout 1898. "May good luck follow you always and catch up with you every day."

* * *

To say one's parting word, and bow oneself formally out of the columns of VARSITY, only to reappear in the next issue, seems very much like the dodge by which celebrated actors and musicians seeking to enlarge their audience, advertise their performance as "positively the last appearance." It was in all sincerity, however, that I

said my farewell in the Christmas issue. Circumstances beyond my control have brought it about that my name still appears at the foot of the "College Girl" page.

* * *

To college girls generally, the most interesting thing that has happened during the Christmas vacation, is probably the Victorian Era Ball, so I thought possibly a short account of it might be a suitable subject for this page. The daily papers have contained such elaborate accounts of the ball in its general aspects—the very beautiful decorations, the different dances, the general arrangements and impressions—that it is quite unnecessary to attempt to repeat them here. A more detailed account than the papers were able to give of the two University sets will probably prove of more interest.

* * *

The W. L. S. was invited by their Excellencies to supply two sets in the group devoted to literature. The society at once accepted the invitation, and the committee selected the works of George Eliot and the Victorian Drama as subjects for illustration. Then the characters from these works had to be decided upon, and the students chosen to represent them. This done, not a little interest, work, and excitement was caused by the preparations of the costumes and the numerous rehearsals for the dance. The result, however, was entirely satisfactory, as the following quotation from Lady Aberdeen's note to Miss Hunter—written just after the ball—will show.

"Before I go to bed I feel that I must send you yourself, and through you all who took part in the two University sets, the heartiest thanks of His Excellency and myself for the co-operation which did so much to make our Victorian Era Ball a success.

"The get up of the characters was charming, and the drill was very good."

* * *

For the George Eliot set four characters from *Romola* were selected, since that work gave most scope for picturesque costumes. Miss Hutchison as *Romola*, "all white and gold, like a tall lily," and Mr. F. A. Young as the stern Dominican *Savonarola*, were a striking couple. Opposite to them danced *Tessa*, the fair-haired, blue-eyed, "girlish contadina," and *Tito* the handsome, learned scapegrace, whose "innate love for reticence and talent for it," caused so much tragedy. These characters were represented by Miss Rosalie Jackson and Mr. J. L. R. Parsons.

From the *Mill on the Floss* came *Maggie Fullier*, "the dark-eyed nymph with her jet black coronet of hair," and *Stephen Guest*, "diamond ring, altar of roses, and air of nonchalant leisure," in the persons of Miss A. Rosebrugh and Mr. R. Y. Parry.

Miss Benson in quaint old Quaker bonnet and kerchief, made a charmingly realistic *Dinah Morris*, the district preacher whose face "was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of color on the pure petals." Her partner, Mr. W. A. Sadler, personated *Adam Bede*, the "handsome carpenter with jet black hair." As they move through the figures of the dance opposite to *Miss Rosenstadt* and Mr. Black who wore the bright and effective costumes of *Fedalma*, the Spanish Gypsy, and *Don Silva* the handsome cavalier of Spain, the natural simplicity of the one couple made a striking contrast with the stately picturesqueness of the other.

Miss McNally the charming heroine of Mr. Gilfil's *Love Story*, who, being of foreign descent, "grew up very much like the primroses which the gardener is not sorry to see in his enclosure, but takes no pains to cultivate," looked daintily sweet in the wedding gown and poke bonnet all of white. Beside her danced Mr. Benson as

Silas Marner, the miserly weaver, "whose face and figure shrank and bent themselves in a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life."

Gwendoline and Grandcourt fresh from the Archery meeting, where "Gwendoline seemed a Calypso among her nymphs," recalled "Daniel Deronda." Miss Blanch White made a handsome Gwendoline in the effective archery costume and green and silver. While Mr. W. A. R. Kerr cleverly personated Grandcourt, with his fringe of reddish hair and cold unanimated manners

Lastly from Middlemarch came Dorothea in her simple gown of blue grey with white fur, and Will Ladisland, "a young man whose hair was not immoderately long, but abundant and curly, and who was otherwise English in his equipment," represented by Miss Stovel and Mr. A. J. G. McDougal.

The characters chosen for the second set, representing the Victorian drama, are not perhaps so well-known as those of the first set, as the selections were mainly made from plays more known from a literary than a dramatic point of view; still they gave greater scope for variety and picturesqueness in costume, and the set made a very effective appearance.

Lytton was represented by two plays, "Richelieu" and "Lady of Lyons." From the first Miss Northway as Julie de Mauplat and Mr. McEntee as the Cardinal, made an exceptionally striking couple. Miss Northway wore an underdress of black velvet with an overdress of blue and yellow flowered satin, and immense lace ruff; Mr. McEntee, the Cardinal's scarlet robe and hat and white hair. Miss Lynde in an Empire gown of white, trimmed with yellow, made a lovely "Lady of Lyons." Her partner, Mr. O. Watson as Claude Melnot, wore a soldier's dress of the period.

Lady Carlisle and Earl of Strafford, represented by Miss Morrison and Mr. Merrick, were a stately couple from Browning's "Strafford." Lady Carlisle wore an undress of yellow, overdress and long train of gold and red brocade, and Strafford a handsome cavalier costume.

From "Tennyson's Foresters," came Maid Marian in a dainty gown of white and red, and Robin Hood in Forester costume of dark green and red. Miss Laing and Mr. V. E. Henderson personated these characters. The works of the Laureate were further illustrated by two characters—Rosamond de Clifford and Becket—from "Thomas à Becket." Miss Preston as Rosamond wore a picturesque costume of white and scarlet, and Mr. J. B. Hunter in the chancellor's robes as Becket.

Miss Landon Wright as Atalanta, and Mr. Murray as Meleager represented Stevenson's "Atalanta in Calydon"; both wore Greek costumes.

The Roman Virginians and Virginia from Sheridan Knowles' "Virginians," personated by Miss Crane and Mr. Colcleugh in Roman robes of white and gold, made a companion couple, and this quartette were very striking figures in the dances.

The works of Sheridan Knowles were also represented by selections from the "Hunchback." Miss M. E. Mason as Juliet wore a very pretty white and pink organdie muslin with large picture hat. Mr. Beale as the Hunchback was dressed in black velvet.

The entourage for the two sets was formed by Mrs. Ramsay Wright in green and white Florentine costume, Mrs. Loudon as Mrs. Davilow—Gwendolen's mother, President Loudon and Dr. Starr in academic costume, Miss and Mr. Hunter in Greek dress. Last, but not at all least, I have to describe Professor Wright's appearance as the picturesque Herald of the sets. He wore a herald's

costume of fifteenth century—pale blue tights, white satin doublet on which was painted the University arms, pale blue hat with white feather and long golden hair.

Too much thanks cannot be given to Professor and Mrs. Wright and to Miss McMicking for their kind assistance in preparing the costumes and the dance. To them indeed the success of the University sets are in a very large measure due, and to them those who took part feel much indebted.

CARR, '9

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The annual reception under the auspices of the Varsity Y.M.C.A. and Y. W. C. A. to their members was held last Tuesday evening in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, and was pronounced by all present an auspicious opening of the Easter term.

At 9 p.m. President Craw took the chair, and the following program was rendered:

- (1) Piano solo Miss Menhennick.
- (2) Reading Mr. Ed. G. Robb.
- (3) Vocal solo Mr. L. Adams.
- (4) Vocal solo Miss Kennedy.
- (5) Reading Mr. E. L. Howe.
- (6) Vocal solo Mr. R. N. Merritt.

At the close of the program, the ladies passed around refreshments.

The Young Men's Christian Association is an institution of which every undergraduate may well be proud, for their unselfish efforts are all towards the benefiting of the undergraduate body.

The Bible classes will all be resumed next Sunday at the usual hour, viz., Dr. Sheraton will meet the Seniors and Juniors in Wycliffe College at 3 p.m.

R. W. Craw will conduct the class for the Sophomores at 2.30 in Association Hall.

Fred H. Barron will lead the Freshmen class in their "Studies in the Life of Christ," at 2.30 p.m.

Prof. J. G. Hume addressed the members of the Association, Thursday at 5 p.m.

The excellent address was well listened to, and heartily appreciated by those present.

The Association expect to have some good addresses during this term, and it would well repay the student reader of VARSITY to make a note and attend some of them.

Fletcher S. Brockman, who is the Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, will be in the city this week, and will address a mass meeting of students in Carlton Street Methodist Church next Sunday afternoon at 4.15 p.m.

Mr. Brockman is a good platform speaker and is a popular and ever-welcome friend among the students of the great Universities to the south of us. Tickets of admission to the meeting may be had from Fred H. Barron.

The annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Ontario and Quebec will be held at Brantford, January 20—23rd. It is expected that the Colleges of Toronto will be represented by fifteen delegates. The Varsity Y.M.C.A. will send five or six, including R. W. Craw, R. Davidson, F. W. Anderson and the General Secretary. Fred Anderson, '99, is to read a paper before the College Conference. One of Varsity's delegates will also address the Missionary Society of the Brantford Ladies' College.

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CONVERSAZIONE.

The committee appointed by the Literary Society to conduct the arrangements for the annual Conversazione held its first meeting Wednesday evening. A request was drafted to be presented to the College Council, asking permission to use the main building for that purpose on the evening of Friday, February 18th, 1898. The arrangements this year will be largely the same as last year, but a few important changes are expected to be made. The Promenade Concert this year will consist of music by three orchestras, one of which will be placed in each of the large halls, and one in the Rotunda. It is expected that the actual number of paid tickets will be limited to six hundred. The usual list of invited guests will be adopted.

If the committee succeed in carrying out the arrangements which at present they have under consideration, there is every reason to believe that this year's conversazione will be the most enjoyable that has been given by the Literary and Scientific Society. The experiences of the last three years have gradually resulted in convincing the committee that the only feature which has detracted from a thorough enjoyment of the function has been that of overcrowding the building, and this feature will this year be removed. The Executive Committee entrusted with this year's arrangements consists of the following:—

J. McGregor Young, B.A., Chairman.
 W. F. McKay, Secretary.
 Charles M. Carson, Treasurer.
 F. A. Cleland, Reception Committee.
 R. J. M. Perkins, Refreshment Committee.
 John G. Inkster, Heating and Lighting Committee.
 Hamnett P. Hill, Invitation Committee.
 N. E. Hinch, Decoration Committee.
 J. T. Shotwell, Printing Committee.
 W. G. Fitzgerald, Building Committee.
 George H. Black, Programme Committee.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DINNER.

When the question of holding the second University College dinner was proposed, it was hailed enthusiastically by a great number of students, who looked back with fond recollections on the "jolly" and instructive evening spent at the dinner last year. The consequence was that one of the largest mass meetings in years assembled to elect

officers for the committee who should have the honor of making this year's dinner "greater and grander than ever."

The first preliminary was the obtaining of a guarantee list, and this was successful to quite a degree. A guarantee list is, however, always looked upon by many as a "snare and a delusion," and a number refused to commit themselves who, we believe, fully intend joining their fellow-students in one of the most enjoyable functions of our college year.

If any of VARSITY'S readers would like proof as to the pleasure to be had at such a function let him ask some Medical, S.P.S., Dental or Victoria student-friend of his, and he will undoubtedly say that a college dinner is "away ahead" of anything.

And why should it not be so? One meets there at a convivial board many of one's fellow-undergraduates (and this year a number of prominent graduates are expected), and joins *body* and *soul* in the enjoyments, *material* and *mental*, that abound there.

Last year the undergraduates who did not attend missed one of the greatest opportunities of their lives of hearing some of Canada's best speakers at their best, and it is safe to predict that the energetic committee who have the matter in hand will give us this year as good a time—which is saying a great deal—if not a better one, both *materially* and *mentally*, than last year.

We then would ask that the 923 students of University College should cheerfully second the efforts of the Dinner Committee in every way, but especially by buying a ticket, so that when the time comes a large majority of that number will be present, and help in making the dinner a tremendous success.

The date selected by the committee is a week from next Thursday, January 27th, and they ask all undergraduates of University College to keep that date open.

SIGNOR SACCO TO LECTURE AGAIN.

Those who enjoyed the lectures in Italian given by Signor Sacco last term, will be pleased to learn that he intends to resume the course next Saturday, the 15th inst., at 11 o'clock in Room 9. The subject will be "From the Crusades to the Unification of Italy." Signor Sacco will also give a similar course of lectures this term on Italian Literature, which will doubtless prove of great interest to all students of languages. Fuller notice will appear later.

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DEC. 7—Normal College examinations at Hamilton, Ottawa, and Toronto, begin.

County Model School examinations begin.

Practical examinations at Ottawa and Toronto Normal Schools, begin.

14—Written examinations at Ottawa and Toronto Normal Schools, begin.

22—High and Public Schools close.

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THE VARSITY.

CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

We hope to give a full report next week of the annual Glee Club tour.

Keep disengaged for Friday, 28th, the date fixed for the annual McGill debate.

An idle person is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world—*Jeremy Taylor*.

The annual January reception of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. was held Tuesday evening, and was a thorough social success.

The first meeting of the Lit. Friday night. An open debate will take place on the proposed amalgamation of departmental societies.

It is stated that the chapel exercises at Cornell are so interesting, and the attendance is so large, that seats have to be reserved for the students.

The Conversat Committee is getting down to work, and we may soon expect some announcement as to the date of the event, and the form it will take this year.

It has been estimated that in England one man in 5,000 attends college; in Germany, one in 213; in Scotland, one in 525; and in America, one in 2,000—*Ex.*

The Mathematical and Physical Society has just issued its programme for the Easter term, and it is one of the most interesting we have yet seen. The first meeting is on Jan. 14th.

Mr. F. D. McEntee, '99, has just returned from a tour with the St. Michael's College Dramatic Society,

which produced "Richelieu" this week at Brantford, Guelph and Galt.

The familiar and jovial face of Don Ross, '98, is again seen in the corridors. Don has spent several months surveying in British Columbia, and looks as if the West had agreed well with him.

The Modern Language Club will begin its work for the term next Monday afternoon, with an English meeting. Miss Henry, '98, is to read a paper on Browning, and Mr. W. Rea, '99, on Byron.

"Biddy" Barr was renewing acquaintances around Varsity this week on his way to Ridley College, St Catharines, and Clemmie Keys stayed over a few days en route to the Ontario Normal College, Hamilton.

Mr. A. A. Lawson, who will be remembered by many undergraduates in Science, has just received his degree of B.Sc. from the University of California, and is now demonstrator of Biology in the laboratory of Prof. Setchell.

Freshman year—"The Comedy of Errors.

Sophomore year—"Much Ado About Nothing.

Junior year—"As You Like It.

Senior year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Mr. G. W. Ross, '99, the energetic manager of the Intermediate Rugby team, Champions of Canada, has had published a very dainty little souvenir for presentation to the members of his team. The cover of the little book is white, tied with blue ribbon, and lettered in gold. Inside there appears, besides a group picture of the team, a very complete record of the work of the three Varsity teams, with

names of players, dates of games, scores, etc. Former champions of Ontario and Canada are also given, and a table is added giving interesting statistics of the different men of Varsity II. Altogether the souvenir reflects great credit on the enterprize and generosity of the hustling manager of the Intermediate Champions.

SATURDAY PUBLIC LECTURES.

JANUARY 15TH.

PROFESSOR BAKER—"The Science of the Ancient Greeks," at 3 p.m., in Students' Union Hall.

JANUARY 22ND.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER—"Novels: their Origin and Use," at 3 p.m., in Students' Union Hall.

JANUARY 29TH.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON—"Palestine," at 3 p.m., in Biological Building.

FEBRUARY 5TH.

MR. J. B. TYRRELL—"The Possible Resources of the Barren Lands of Canada," at 3 p.m., in Biological Building.

FEBRUARY 12TH.

MR. G. A. REID, R.C.A.—"Mural Decoration," at 3 p.m., in the Chemical Building.

FEBRUARY 19TH.

PROFESSOR McCURDY—"Our Debt to the East," at 3 p.m., in Students' Union Hall.

FEBRUARY 26TH.

PROFESSOR RAMSAY WRIGHT—"The Life of the Great Lakes," at 3 p.m., in Biological Building.

* With illustrations.

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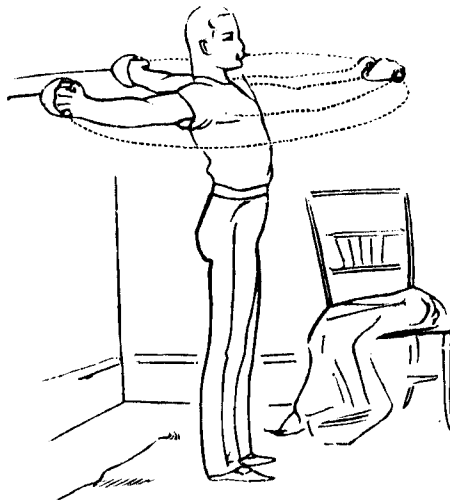


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