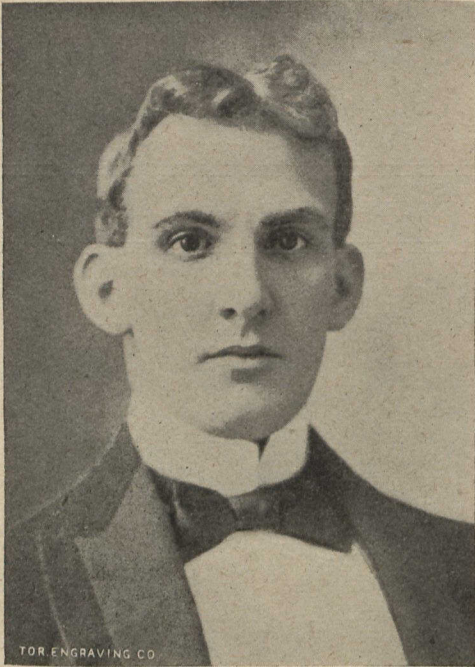


Hall making very effective decorations. Two of the other boxes belonged to the committee who so successfully



MR. ROBERT E. CUMMINGS.

managed the evening's entertainment and the others respectively to the Faculty, Meds, S.P.S. and Dents.

The Medical and Dental students tried to make things interesting before the beginning of the programme by giving their yells alternately at intervals of about two minutes. A gentleman sitting in the front row among the Dental students would arise and, holding up a sign to urge on his prospective fellow practitioners, would begin to tell the audience from what college he came and what degree he expected to get, and, with him as leader, the men of the garnet and blue evolved much sound. When one choir (not of angels) had quieted down, the leader of the other would get up and by dint of waving his arms and stick wildly about got a considerable amount of noise out of the medical men. Then the old slogan of the S.P.S. came echoing down from the "gods," and incited even the Osgoode men to yell. One of their number got down a flag and, a few of the others joining in, said a short prayer, the words of which (except the last "Osgoode") were inaudible. After shouting "Osgoode," which seemed to take the place of "Amen," the pious ones collapsed, and it was some time before they could summon up courage to try it again. When they did so it was sure to be at a time when the medical gentleman with the stick was on his legs, and it must be confessed that in amount of noise the right side of the gallery usually beat the left.

It was noticeable that the University yell always originated from the "gods" and was rather faintly taken up by the men down stairs, who did not seem to realize that they were University undergraduates as well as doctors and dentists *in prospectu*.

On the pandemonium of yells, calls, toots of horns, and noise in general, broke in the whistle of Mr. Geo. Black, the president of the Glee Club, who thus announced his intention of commencing the musical programme. Order was difficult to secure, and when the house was as yet only comparatively quiet, Mr. Love began to "hang out" (this is the only truthful expression under the circumstances) the verse of "A Hot Time." He also began to sing it, but the Glee Club apparently heard neither

piano or voice, and as Mr. Love was not down on the programme for a solo, he soon stopped singing. Mr. Black then shouted to him to play the chorus, and it is supposed that the Glee Club sang. At all events the rest of the house did so very heartily. After another unsuccessful attempt to begin the verse had been made, the house suggested that the Glee Club should stand. In this position they did very well, and, with the assistance of everybody else in the chorus, made the song at last a success. "The Maple Leaf" followed, and the succeeding interval of a few minutes before the curtain rose was filled by a lesson in manners to some gentlemen who were uncautious enough to venture on the floor of the house without uncovering. On the other hand a venerable old gentleman who did uncover was informed in song that there *was* no hair, there was *no* hair, there was no *hair*, on the top of his head, and then rather illogically told that there was a place where his hair ought to go.

The house became quieter when the curtain went up, and, though the opening lines could not be spoken for some minutes, the Residence bell, which made its first appearance at this time, soon procured quiet. The gallantry of the students was shown by the reception they gave the ladies of the company who were not allowed to hear themselves speak for some time. Quiet, however, was again restored until Mr. Cummings came on. He was received with a burst of applause which showed how much his work in Toronto is appreciated. After this, very good order was maintained throughout, the occasional interruptions being in almost every case legitimate.

#### THE PLAY.

The play was "Captain Swift," which one of the morning dailies called a "society melodrama." This name is hardly a just one, for there are very few situations in the play which can truly be called melodramatic. It was more fairly, as the play-bill put it, a "romance" and an excellent one, though there were in some places what seemed to be crudities in the play writing and in others the action dragged slightly. Though tragic in its ending



MISS BLANCHE DOUGLAS.

and to some extent throughout, the pathos was well relieved by bright flashes of humor. The greater part of this was