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HALLOWE'EN.

HALLOWE'EN has come and gone. The undergraduates have had their last opportunity for this year of monopolizing a theatre, serenading the ladies' schools, burning Trinity men in effigy, ringing fire-alarms, and generally harassing the guardians of the city's peace and good order. These last, however, had little to do on Saturday, perhaps because they have been so vigilant in former years. There were no unsightly sheds to destroy, no obnoxious fences to pull down, and the ingenuity of the students no longer runs to putting a match to cannon. It is not to be supposed, however, that this signalizes any falling off in spirit. It is merely that that spirit has been directed into different channels from those in which it used to run ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. Nothing heartier or more full of innocent fun and mischief could well be imagined than the demeanor of the undergraduates last Saturday. May there be many more such Hallowe'ens in future, and if our sons' fun differs from ours, let us not on that account boast, as some of our

students commenced to gather in the gloom which surrounded University College building, and when word



MR. RALPH E. CUMMINGS.

fathers do, of what tremendous fellows we were when we were at University.

At about 6.30 on Saturday evening, the first of the



MISS HELEN BYRON.

was given to line up in twos, several hundred boys, with waving college colors, fog-horns, etc. (not to mention yells from lungs of extraordinary power), walked out on to College Street, east to Yonge, and then taking complete possession of the west side-walk, marched in perfect order southwards, to the great confusion of the luckless maidens who were caught on the side-walk and obliged to run the gauntlet, amidst the cheers and doffed hats of the boys. When King Street was reached, the procession turned west, and soon arrived at the Princess Theatre, where, with a mighty rush which well-nigh equalled the charge of the Gordon Highlanders, the students took possession of the "gods."

At half-past seven last Saturday night the gallery of the Princess Theatre was already fairly well filled. The programme was not to begin for some time, so an opportunity was given to look about and admire. The theatre was very pretty indeed, and those who had the decorations under their care are much to be congratulated on the result of their efforts. Bunting was everywhere, the seats occupied by the students of the various faculties being marked by bunting of the proper colors draped about the pillars and railing. But the chief thoughts of the decorators had been given to the boxes, and these were certainly triumphs of the art. Those occupied by Residence and Osgoode were perhaps the most striking, the sign of the residence men and the flags of Osgoode