

ally Henrietta. They sang "just too perfectly lovely," she said enthusiastically, and I felt that Daniel Webster could not have expressed it more convincingly if he had had an hour for it. (That is one thing I like about Henrietta—her vocabulary. When she is moved she rustles through the *Unabridged* like a cyclone through a dust-bin.) In the meantime the gleeful ones had relapsed into silence, and although they had been singing "Farewell! We Must Away," seemed reluctant to do so. An encore brought forth "Keemo-Kimo." Henrietta repeated her criticism. I thought so, too.

When Mr. McLennan, introduced by Pres. Loudon, arose to give his Inaugural Address, she turned to me for information. "Mr. J. C. McLennan," said I. "Oh, I know," she replied cheerfully, "he discovered the X rays." "Discovered them?" I said reprovingly. "Invented them, Henrietta." She was visibly embarrassed. "Did I say 'discovered'?" she replied blushing. "I meant 'invented,' of course." (Henrietta, let me say, looks stunning when she blushes.)

Mr. McLennan, it would appear, did not see her. At least, if he did, he went right ahead with his address. He thanked the strangers there present for their kindness in cultivating the social proclivities of their student friends; dilated upon the beauty of the University buildings and the emptiness of the University purse. The institution was a live one. He himself had seen a great development in it—and he was "still a young man." ("And a very nice young man," said Henrietta. I refused to commit myself.) He well remembered his first day at the University; how he had approached it by the eastern entrance (from the wilderness of the old Queen's Park.) And what had he found there? A voice in the gallery: "The Bursar's office"—a reply which was apparently satisfactory; for leaving the matter there, Mr. McLennan, borne away on the tempest of a prophetic afflatus, carried his audience with him through the peroration of one of the wisest addresses delivered to the members of the Literary Society in many years. (Henrietta thought so, too.)

When Mr. Sandwell arose to read his essay I told her to prepare for one of the treats of the evening. She prepared, but the gentlemen in the gallery fell foul of the reader's accent, as usual, and we were only able to catch, here and there, a few sentences of the paper, as they were tossed out to us from the general uproar. "But what we do hear," said Henrietta, "is worth hearing" (I agreed with Henrietta. I generally do.) "Women," read Mr. Sandwell, "are more sentimental than men." "I wonder how he learned that," mused Hen., lost in admiration. "He is a very close student," said I. There were cries of "Help," and renewed disturbance in the gallery. At last Mr. Sandwell sat down, amid a whirlwind of applause, after enduring, with great good nature, a very ragged reception indeed. "Those little boys upstairs," said Henrietta, "should be heartily ashamed of themselves." "Henrietta," said I, impressively, "some of them would not have much to be ashamed of."

The Banjo and Guitar Club, being called upon to lay the tempest, responded with their usual kindness. Their two selections were listened to in a profound and welcome silence. I heard a neighbor remark that they seemed weak in guitars. I forgot to ask Henrietta about it. She was applauding wildly. So was the remainder of the audience.

And now Mr. Inkster came forth with Robert Burns in his hand. He had elected to read the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and did so with a genuine feeling and expression. Henrietta was "touched to tears." I told her not to be a goose—that Mr. Inkster was "only pretending." Of course she was angry at being called a goose. She began to make eyes at a Freshman who was sitting beside her. I didn't care—much. I listened to Mr. Inkster, and was consoled. He met with somewhat better treatment than his predecessor. I was wondering if someone told those boys in the gallery what Henrietta had said.

She was getting along famously with her Freshman, but when President Loudon announced the distribution of the Athletic and Tennis prizes she relented a little. "Am I a goose?" she inquired, loftily. "Well," I replied, "you're a goose to —." "Thank you," she interrupted, "that will do," and dropped her handkerchief upon the floor. That Freshman picked it up for her. She smiled and thanked him. He grinned like a gargoyle. I turned away in disgust. When I looked again they were talking—especially Henrietta. I hate Freshmen.

I remember very little about the prizes. I was watching that naughty-naught. There seemed to be some trouble at the platform about bows, and one successful athlete was warned (by the Gallery) not to put his prizes in the Bursar's vault. Then the Debate opened, but Henrietta was still talking.

Mr. McNeece announced his subject as a "burning question," and proceeded to turn upon it the torrent of his eloquence. His delivery was loud and rapid; his argument mainly illustrative of the workings of the national spirit in modern Europe. But he shattered his voice, and in the agonies of his oratory clung desperately to the desk. His speech was well received, as it deserved to be. (Henrietta was still talking.)

Mr. Tasker, for the negative, began his reply in a very peculiar and sepulchral voice. The gallery resounded with groans and lamentations. An S. P. S. man began to weep aloud in the bitterness of his grief. But the orator remained unmoved, and when he finally achieved a hearing, succeeded in making the cleverest speech of the debate. I nudged Henrietta, but she took no notice, and I relapsed into melancholy.

Mr. J. S. Muldrew plunged me deeper into the slough of despond. His manner was hypochondriac; but I heard a neighbor say that he had won the debate for the affirmative. I noticed Henrietta looking at me out of the corner of her eye. I pretended to be intensely interested in Mr. Muldrew.

When Mr. Watt arose she relented again. "Who is that?" she asked coldly. "Casey Watt," I grunted. "Casey is—Short for Cassiodorus." "Is that his Christian name?" she asked sweetly. "No, his Pagan name," I retorted. Henrietta stared at me. I felt better. She turned again to her Freshman. Mr. Watt, meanwhile, had been scoring points for the negative. His address was fluent and ready. I watched him sleepily. Mr. McNeece's final declamation also failed to arouse me. He threw up his hands and retreated. President Loudon decided for the affirmative. I never moved.

"Well," said Henrietta, at last, "do you intend to remain here all night?"

"Henrietta," said I, "you are more than twelve years of age?"

"Indeed?" she snapped.

"Yes," I retorted, "and therefore altogether too old to flirt with Freshmen."

Henrietta and I do not speak now. I don't care—much. O'H.

Varsity appears a day earlier this week on account of Thanksgiving Day (Thursday) in order that all its readers may get their copies before going home.

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A grad. in Arts stole a march the other day on the Athletic Association, in the absence of their constitutional lawyer, when he argued his case to obtain the undergraduate rates for membership in that institution, on the ground that he was still an undergraduate in law, not having yet obtained an LL.B. The Secretary could not see his way out, so allowed the upholder of the constitution to come in. Who could he be? "The child is father to the man."