

Museum which had deteriorated into a "Ball Room," while the ante-chamber to the Sanctum Sanctorum Facultatis, of all dignified places in the world, had descended to the unfathomable depths of a "Ping-Pong" establishment.

The dancing began in earnest. The music had its usual effect and the dancers were soon racing around and again around, regardless of everyone and everything but themselves (and charity?). The usual varieties were all represented; the daring man whirled his partner recklessly in the most thickly populated spots in the room, mowing his way at first by the centrifugal effects he produced and later by the panic created by his approach. Cautious dancers were there hugging the outskirts of the room and invariably colliding with door handles and radiators,—in short, there was every variety, truly an apt illustration of antagonistic atomic movement in a heated body. From the picturesque point of view of an absolutely cool non-participant, however, the scene was ideal.

But not all of those assembled danced. No. III. lecture theatre, with all due respect and thanks to the Professor of Chemistry for the practiced and experienced manner in which he fascinated girls and men with the X-rays, was never more popular, than when it had relapsed into utter darkness, and the bump of locality and investigating powers developed by some were truly remarkable, even the pit leading into the pharmacological laboratory being discovered and occupied.

It was a glorious ball, a pleasure to witness, a keener pleasure to participate in, but the crowning success and the part least likely to be forgotten, was the realization of nearly two thousand dollars for the new Maternity Hospital.