

'97 Conversazione.

Now that we are no longer in McGill, and feel that in some way we are cut off from that joyous college life, which seemed such a satisfactory life, we are fond of recalling college scenes and going over carefully each detail of them. We forget how we had to plan our work in order to take in all the college gaieties, and we remember only the pleasure which they afforded us. Occupying a conspicuous place among our memory pictures is the Arts Conversazione of '97.

We had had no conversazione for two years, and by some it was feared that one might not prove an entire success, that it might even be tiresome. As though any meeting of the brilliant students of '97, '98, '99 or '00 *could* possibly be tiresome. Surely the doubters had forgotten that students of the faculties of Law and Science would probably attend and perhaps one or two from Medicine; and who does not remember the ready wit of Law and the gallantry of Science as displayed in those good old days. In spite of the varied opinions held as to the desirability of having the Conversazione, the minority gave way most gracefully and better still, worked with a will to make the evening a success.

Committees met and planned. Subscriptions were granted. The Decoration Committee spared themselves neither time nor labour in obtaining draperies, pictures, divans and plants, wherewith they transformed the studious aspect of the "Old Library" and Molson Hall into an aspect of gaiety; and the tasteful decorations made a bright setting for the merry crowd

which gathered in the evening. Passing through corridors, festooned with bright bunting, the guests were ushered into Molson Hall where they were received by Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Moyse, Principal Peterson and Dr. Johnson; and soon the buzz of conversation told that introductions were the fashion, and that programmes were filling up. With Professor Moyse, as chairman, a programme of music was given, both vocal and instrumental. The items of the programme were interspersed with promenades, and many college friendships might be traced to this evening.

Supper in the Library was followed by an informal dance, professors and students alike apparently oblivious of any problems harder to solve than the intricacies of the lancers, or any more weighty calculation than that of finding a space in which to waltz. It was with many regrets that we were at last obliged to separate; but though the clock had been carefully concealed by the '97 banner, still the National Anthem told us that the evening was over, and warned those who would fain appear brilliant at the nine o'clock lecture next morning, that they would better first seek a little repose.

A delightful evening it had proved surely, and a stimulus to genuine college spirit. Among our college souvenirs, the little red and white programmes hold an honoured place, and serve as the starting point for many a train of thought which carries us back to our Alma Mater and the days when we too were students and a part of "Old McGill."