

Ontario Normal College Monthly

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, FEBRUARY, 1899.

The Literary and Scientific Society.

BETWEEN the first and second meetings of the Literary and Scientific Society for this term, a curious mass meeting was called. The subject was a rendering of the battle of the gods and the giants. Apollo got up and twangled his bow mightily. And then Typhon, a snake-like portent, reared his head in hideous majesty and blasted with his breath. The prototype of Ther-sites broke in upon the din and the fight was abruptly called off. The advantage remained with the giants, but if Minerva had raised her spear the sun would not have lowered on a discomfiture of the immortals.

On January 20th the Society assembled mainly to elect officers for the term. At 2 10 p.m. the amphitheatre was packed. Some had to choose between sitting in the windows or on the floor. Men not yet out of the clammy grip of sickness tottered to the polls and stayed through hours of suspense in a hot room to hear the verdict of the urn. Some of the ladies might have been brought in the ambulance. President Martin looked well after a week of argument with the humming hope of Hamilton. At the arrival of Mr. Burnham just in time to vote, a slight sensation passed through the crowd. Of the scrutineers "Alec" Smith has experience and reputation. G. F. Smith is conscientious. Mr. Staples is as prominent as any single man in the college.

While they were counting ballots the Society did its best to kill time. Mr. Hinch and Mr. Langford fought about the class photograph. Mr. Hinch wanted an expression on the

matter. This is a tender point with the Society. Mr. Langford found himself in a minority of about 175 on his motion. Then they wanted Mr. Merritt to sing a song, and help the Society to "look pleasant." Failing him they attacked Mr. Rowland. He had a story but not a song. The pianist had already resigned. Mr. Martin received a note which he was pressed to communicate to the Society. Mr. Carson moved an adjournment eight times on various pretexts, but the Society was inflexible. No one said anything about obstruction. When Mr. Hinch talked conversazione, he was followed by Mr. Watt in a thrilling speech that woke up the half prostrate forms in the front rows. Then the resourceful Hinch called for the college yell. Mr. Meiklejohn washed his hands of everything connected with it. Mr. Menger had his doubts. Finally the editors taught a first lesson on Mr. McKinley's masterpiece. It was "a complete failure from a pedagogic standpoint." Mr. Wethey, the Last of the Patrons, declared his politics. Just before the election returns were announced, Miss Gahan swept lightly up on the platform. Afraid of being taken for a graduate, she stated her position clearly. Then she not only criticized the various *faux pas* incidental to true genius, but struck a vein of earnest exhortation for the future which sounded like the first note of warning of the coming catastrophe in a well constructed tragedy.

Faces paled amid the applause that followed, while the sun's last rays glanced feebly across the top of the room, playing on the blinds with a sort of shuddering smile. Doom was in the air, flapping her