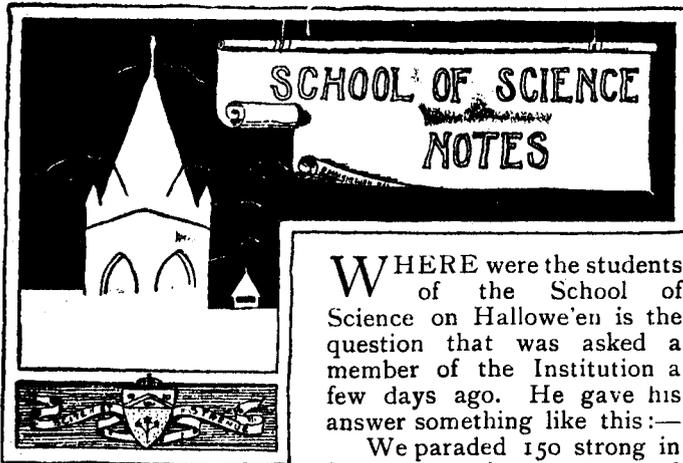


HALLOWE'EN.



WHERE were the students of the School of Science on Hallowe'en is the question that was asked a member of the Institution a few days ago. He gave his answer something like this:—

We paraded 150 strong in front of the school at 6.30 and marched, two abreast, to the Princess Theatre. The ladies were given right of way through our lines, while the gentlemen were forced to take to the road. The commands "Canes up" and "Hats off" were passed along quite frequently, while our victims would pass through, covered with smiles and blushes.

At the theatre we occupied the central part of the gallery and a lower box. A wire was stretched from the box to the gallery and fastened with a pulley at the upper end. The time until the curtain rose was occupied in giving College yells, the School joining in with the University in giving the Varsity yell. The play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" written by Shakespeare, was presented by the Students of Toronto, the S. P. S. being represented by C. H. Boehmer, who took the part of Philostrate, Master of the Revels. After the first act an effigy of Paul Kruger appeared from under a seat and was placed in a very conspicuous position on the railing of the gallery. He wore a dress coat, silk hat, kid gloves, overalls and top-boots, his long sandy whiskers hid the rope that encircled his neck. "Hang him!" "hang him!" was the cry from every corner of the house. It took but a minute and all was over. The body hung in mid air on the wire about twenty-five feet above the people in the orchestra, while the students sang, "There's a place where Paul Kruger's bound to go." One of the Dents, thinking that his peculiar form of torture should also be applied, suggested that he should be cut down and his teeth drawn. This struck a very responsive cord, for a dozen hands were at once applied and Paul soon lay at the mercy of the Dents. But Osgoode objected to this action of the Dents and declared it was against the law. They immediately started in to rescue the old man, but in the struggle which followed the body was torn to pieces.

The sudden disappearance of the S.P.S. students from the front of the theatre was noticed by many of the Varsity students, who expected them to swell their ranks. But we had a very important duty to perform in the neighborhood of the Armouries. The first gun fired in Toronto since the war began was to have Paul Kruger tied to the mouth of it. About three pounds of gunpowder and a long fuse were procured and rammed well home, and at 12 o'clock a match was applied. The report which followed spoilt many a person's night rest.

"Where did you go then?" said the stranger, who asked the question which caused this lengthy explanation. "Home of course," was the reply. "Then you were not with the party which took down my fence and laid it across the car tracks."

Everyone turn out to the Engineering Society meeting next Wednesday.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY.

SIR,—No student of University College can read the article in *Saturday Night*, of last week, dealing with our Hallowe'en celebration, without deep regret; not indeed because the voice of *Saturday Night* carries with it any special authority; rather because these articles are an admirable sample of the blame which has of late been generously bestowed upon us. It is evident that *Saturday Night* had been advising the public to see our production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and for that we are very grateful. It is evident also that *Saturday Night* was much disappointed by the conduct of the students during the progress of the play. The dramatic reporter perhaps exaggerates the blame which can be laid upon all the students, but he is certainly justified in his condemnation of the boorishness of some of the men from Osgoode and the Dental School. It is of "Don's" article, however, that we wish to complain. He does not deign to separate the guilty from the innocent, but includes all the students present in his unjust criticism. His telling words fall like hammer blows upon the anvil: "They—the performers—knew that it was no ordinary audience that they were to play before—but collegians—students—scholars." We must admire the telling effect, did we not feel the untruth of the generality. "Don" is evidently carried away by his inspiration. He asks where are we to get intelligent audiences if the *presumably* educated students of the universities are *incapable of appreciating* Shakespeare and Mendelssohn. We trust that after our years of hard work we have become more than "*presumably* educated" and that we can appreciate, to some extent, choice music and the highest drama. "Don" ends his condemnation by some very effective sentences, beautiful models of the keenest, most delicate satire. "Next year it might be well for the students' club to provide something that would jump with the Hallowe'en mood of the students, such as Uncle Tom's Cabin played in extravagant burlesque by a male cast, all college boys. . . . The audience could put on old clothes and write their names and addresses on their cuffs for identification." We should request "Don" to use his satire in touching upon some more serious ills of our day.—"Nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces quadrivio?"—to think just a little before he writes; to find out the facts of the case before he again assails us.

But "Don's" article is so far useful in that it shows that the blame for the ill feeling which exists here between town and gown, and has been particularly evident of late, must rest primarily with the citizens of Toronto. In nearly every case where some injury has been done by individual students, for whose ignorance we cannot be held responsible, we, the whole student-body of the University of Toronto, have been included by our critics in a sweeping condemnation. As a result the students have come to the conclusion—perhaps unjust, but perfectly natural—that we "may as well have the game as the blame." may as well have the fun when, in any case, the condemnation is sure to follow. In this way the friction has arisen. There cannot be a doubt but that unjust criticism has caused this spirit which is now in some cases disposed to disregard the feelings of the citizen. Even on the afternoon of our march with the Transvaal contingent we were greeted by the crowds with such pleasant remarks as "Here come the crazy students," "They are trying to get the credit for themselves," etc. Very rarely would one hear an expression of praise for our participation in the parade. In exactly the same way the papers, more particularly the sporting columns, attack us. We manifest, I hope, in our games, a sportsmanlike spirit; but rarely do we get credit