

The College Girl

PROF. GEDDES ON COLLEGE RESIDENCES.

Professor Geddes gave a talk on February sixth in the theatre of the Chemical building, on the subject of "College Residences."

In Edinburgh several students' houses have been formed by taking a few flats at a time and furnishing them simply, the students living together in groups of seven to twenty. Many students after graduation continue to live in these quarters. Edinburgh has many professional men, a class that every capital has at its source to a greater or less extent. The University has many of them as professors extraordinary, "employing them in the present instead of L.L.D.-ing them in their old age." The greatest faculty in Edinburgh University is that of medicine: the reason is that in this system the "extra-mural" system is fully developed: the University uses 200 city doctors, and gives a good example of the possible co-operation of city and university.

The lecturer emphasized the fact that everyone concerned with higher education belongs, in a sense, to the faculty of the university.

There are about 300 women attending college in Edinburgh. Some have homes in the city. So far there has been no great demand for college residences for them. There are two at present, Muir Hall, made out of a dilapidated building, and Masson Hall, built in memory of Professor Masson, who did good service in the battle for the higher education of women. There are difficulties in the successful establishment of a residence system: over-regulation is bad, so is no regulation. But nothing is gained by delay; make your experiments and your mistakes, and soon the experimental stage is over.

Just as women have adapted themselves to the business world so they have adapted themselves to the university; they have taken brilliant degrees at London, Berlin and Chicago, and done valuable work in special research in many universities. They have studied literature and philosophy in Scottish universities and carried off the palm in Classics and Mathematics at Oxford and Cambridge. "In fact," said the lecturer, "they have justified their existence (in the university) on every level."

Prof. Geddes says woman is endeavoring to grasp all sides of University ideals as men cannot; that the actual work of men is in specializing and developing, and the woman's part to form all into a living whole.

The lecturer expressed his belief that the sort of education men are receiving is not ideal for women. In talking it over after the lecture he readily acknowledged that, in his opinion, it falls equally short of the ideal for men.

"AND THE YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS."

After all, what may we fairly expect of a University? The education any University can give is only a factor in life and *everything* that trains the mind is of value. The student's tastes and tendencies are formed before the University gets him; he is one of a great mass and his rights as an individual are limited by those of others. The springs of learning rise for him: let him drink deep, but let him remember that those who have drunk deepest have not always been the wisest men. For all the wisest know that there is a heart as well as a head, that they are of equal importance in work for the world, and that we starve either at our peril.

What may we fairly expect of a University? That it will remove in four years all the false ideals of our lives

and give us true ones? That it will arm us at all points and make us beings of many-sided sympathies? That it will achieve for us the great ideal of life in making us reach "all the perfection of which we are capable"? Ah, no; that is the work of life—of a long life spent in undaunted and untiring pursuit of our old ideal through all the mazes of the world that is. Some glimpse of that perfection the University should give to all her sons, some hint of the ways toward that far-off ideal, and the strong eyes shall see farthest, and the quickears shall hear most clearly the vision for those who can see and the message for those who can hear.

ANNA W. BALLARD, '00.

School of Practical Science

There was once a jolly civil man who came into our room,
He thought to beard the lion in his den.
He had a collar on like a circle round the moon,
And not such a one has he had on since then.
And we tapped him then and there, and he put up quite a fight,
But what could one poor civil do against our forty's might?
He tried to break away, but we leaned against the door,
'Twas then he thought that we were right and he would "beard"
no more.

On Friday evening last the *Toronto News* published a most outrageous report of a supposititious war at the School. Had such a preposterous event occurred, which it did not, it could not have lasted more than 10 seconds (the *News* states two hours), for our learned and energetic principal would have put a stop to it at once. But the *News* never considers anything like that. Having very nearly finished, we hope, misrepresenting our Lower Canadian brethren, calling them disloyal to their Queen, it will now doubtless malign the students of the School of Practical Science, classing them as low-down brutal brawlers, as ungentlemanly and disloyal as the *News* itself.

And yet it is a wonderful paper. It does seem to know everything, and more. We hope it will publish the correct view of the Creation, for surely it will not accept the prosaic one given in Genesis. It knows more about the School, too, than we do; and there is nothing prosaic about our life there, according to it. It says the Sophomores and some unnamed Civil Engineers had a war on Thursday last with terrible results in bruises and blood and torn clothes. We Sophomores were hard at work at lectures in the Electrical Laboratory and our Draughting room during the hours named. But the *News* says we were fighting then,—and doubtless the *News* knows. It knows the Third Year Civils were not attending their lecture on the Theory of Construction. It knows the First Year Civils were not at theirs on Chemistry. And yet the Professors confidently affirm that they were at those lectures. We wonder the *News* did not state that the Riot Act had been read. Indeed, were it any other paper, we would consider it worth our while to ask it to retract.

"You see I'm trying to get some sensible idea into your head."

"There! That is the I."

"Why you are away ahead of the class, and of me, too! That is a mathematical discovery."

"Nothing but a yoke of oxen could pull that X out."

One would think we were Royal Dents to hear the 2nd Year Mechanicals ask: "Have you handed in your Teeth yet?"

"Now a good telescope will often show that what appeared to be a single star is really two." So will a "good" night at the club.