

hair to. In fact, she's dead sensible and she knows just how much interest to take in the matter of Mabel Harris, and never asks foolish questions, such as some old maids are full of. But then Dorothy isn't what you would call an old maid. She says she didn't marry because she had a sense of humor and always would laugh when a man was in the middle of a proposal. So the proposal was never more than a half-way measure. Dorothy seemed unusually quiet that night last week, although I've noticed that a grate fire often makes you inclined to silence.

"What's the matter?" I said, at last; "you haven't lost that new servant, have you?"

"No—Jane is a good girl. She says she is willing to learn and she started out cheerfully over a pathway of broken china. She can break more things in less time than any one else I know. But I am not worrying about her. In fact, I'm just beginning to realize that my life in more than half over. I wish it had been the fashion for girls to go to the 'Varsity when I was young—the modern girl has such a chance to develop herself."

"To make a guy of yourself, you mean." This was an old subject and Dorothy had a kind of delight in going over the old grounds.

"But you must admit that the girls hold their own."

"Their own being the course in Moderns and the imagination of a few Freshies."

"There's one thing I'd like to know," said Dorothy, "do you think the professors would rather have the girls away from 'Varsity? What do they think of co-education down in the bottom of their hearts?"

"Think of professors having hearts!"

"I'm serious, my dear boy."

"Well, I think the professors would rejoice if the lecture rooms were rid of petticoats. 'Varsity for mere men' would fill a long-felt want. Of course, it sounds brutal to say it, but the general feeling is that co-education is boring to men and hardening for women. There's been ever so much talk lately about 'Varsity not having a proper college spirit—about the lack of enthusiasm for the University among the students. It may be true—but how can a crowd of fellows have the proper university spirit when they are eternally confronted by dear young girls who want to have pink teas?"

"You are a dangerous woman-hater for such a very young man."

"I'm not a woman-hater, at all. It's the men who think most highly of women who object to the co-education scheme."

"But suppose a woman wants the higher education. What can she do?"

"I don't suppose she can do anything but go to 'Varsity. It is time for Canada to have a university for women. There'll be rebellion some day, just as there was in Kingston at the Medical College and the women will be given a little 'Varsity home of their own and told to stay in it and be happy ever after."

"But do all the boys feel as you do?"

"I wish you could hear them. The only boys who would say a word in favor of the female element in 'Varsity life are the 'Willies' who are just longing to be asked to teas and dances, but who look like thirty cents on the football field. Co-education isn't a good thing for men and it's a worse thing for women."

"That sounds like an advertisement turned upside down. I'm sure I've read it somewhere. Well, have

some coffee."

"You wouldn't have coffee like this," I said pensively, "if you'd been co-educated."

"I thought you liked it." Dorothy loves to have her coffee praised. Every woman, no matter how much sense she may have about some things, brightens up if she sees a compliment approaching.

"The coffee is the best yet, and you know it."

"Have another cup. But I wish you had broader views about the education of women, Teddie."

"I believe that every woman should study any subject she is interested in. Let her study Greek or comparative philology if its going to be any comfort to her to know about Plato and the members of the Argan family. But why can't these studious women flock together?"

"Do you think," said Dorothy, "that the girls go to 'Varsity for an education?"

"They're supposed to."

"Some of them are accused of going, purely for social reasons."

"I don't know what they come for. I only wish they'd go. Of course, it was prophesied that women would carry off all the honors and men would be left in the background. But while there have been a few brilliant women, most of them are mediocre students. It is about twenty years since women began to attend 'Varsity and there isn't one of them who has equalled the scholastic record of several men whom I could name. They are simply spoiling the social and the student life of the institution."

"You are a young heretic. Wait until your sisters want to go."

"They won't go, if I have anything to do with it. If it comes to that, let them go to the States and enter Smith College or Bryn Mawr."

"There is the question of expense."

"If a girl really wants an education she'll be willing to pay for it, or to coax her father to pay for it. But if she wants co-education, that, as Kipling says, is another story."

"You're an extremely prejudiced young man."

"I'm one of an army, Miss Dorothy, and my opinions are not based on any lack of respect for women. It's because I know how sweet and gentle and true a woman can be that I—"

"Ah!" There was a long silence, a piece of half-burnt coal dropped through the bars and Dorothy looked across the room where Mabel Harris' photograph stands in a silver frame. "Then what do you finally say of co-education?"

"I'll tell you what one of the professors called it—the White Man's Burden."

"Just one more cup of coffee," said Dorothy, sweetly.

SIMLA.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

L—O—V—E, the Alphabet;
And sighs, the punctuation;
Possessive pronouns mainly used,
In form of exclamation;
The persons, two—and quite enough;
The sounds, the purest labials;
And kisses, the conjunctions.

—Exchange.