

AT THE CONVERSAT.

(Being extracts from the diary of Jones '14.)

8.40—Arrive at Y. M. C. A. Presented to about twenty girls of varying sizes and shades.

8.45—Go downstairs to Hall. Find I have to talk on "Any old thing" to my partner. Find she is a strong settlement worker. In response to her questions I answered that only mission I knew was the one on Coté Street. Promised to take her there; must try to get out of it.

8.55—Couldn't find my partner, but had a fine time with girl on the committee. Knew she was on the committee for she told me so and anyway she wore McGill ribbon. Something good in these things after all.

9.05—Find my next partner. Fluffy girl with bad attack of giggles. Subject was "debates." Didn't know anything about debates, but made excellent time on the question of the Fancy Skating Club. Must join that. Really these Conversats have their good points.

9.20—Large overpowering partner. Asked me was I in favour of women suffrage. I said I thought it was rot and if I was a judge I would give them two years with hard labour. Partner got very warm and said women were martyrs. As I have a sociable disposition, I agreed with her. Very glad when whistle blew. These conversats not all they're cracked up to be.

9.35—Very fair little girl, looks sleepy and demure, but I doubt it. Asked me if I could give her a word to rhyme with "fuss." Said she was writing a poem for the Martlet and had to have it by Sunday. Said I never read poems and thought Martlet was rotten, but would look out for hers. Girl grinned and thanked me very sweetly. Feel she is laughing at me. I may be a Freshman but I know things.

9.50—Fluffy girl again—seems to be a general run of them. Says she takes music. Asked me if I was a Freshman and whether I came from the West. Said no, and she said I was no good. Hate the superior airs these western people give themselves. Subject was football. She didn't know much about it and we talked about afternoon tea, which she seemed to be strong on.

10.10—Only three more numbers. Thank goodness! Subject was Tin Gods. Gushy partner who said the Tin Gods were sweetest ever. Didn't know anything about them, but felt obliged to agree. Tired of these conversats.

10.25—Turned out of the room. Hear they are getting supper ready. Three hearty hips! Feel very hungry, may be something in these Conversats after all.

10.45—Supper at last. Fat, jolly little girl. Seems fond of cake. Beastly sandwiches but I ate a plateful. Saw girl home and bade her good-night very tenderly. Wonder if I really like her, or if it is due to the coffee. Will see to-morrow. Glad I went anyway. Me for bed.