

Apart from purely college amusements there are always good concerts in Oxford during term-time, and the theatre is by no means to be despised. Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, Galsworthy, Shakespeare, the Irish plays—one and all they have their turn, and the Oxford student is free to see them all and form her own opinion of them. And I think that for the most part she accepts what is best in them and rejects what is worst, and comes out unharmed from the conflicting tendencies of modern thought.

I am afraid that I can hardly claim to have described the life of a woman student in Oxford, but I have tried to give some idea of the atmosphere in which she lives, and if I have spoken more of her play than of her work it is because the two are so closely alied in educating her for her after life.

L. P. SCOTT.

### *She Was Playing (?)*

He:—"Shall I open the window?"

She:—"What for?"

He:—"Why-er- so you can get the air."

Small boy:

"'Arf a pound of yeller soap, please, and murver says will you please wrap it up in a good love story."—Sketch.

## *The Engineer.*

He sees a nice new roadway  
With its surface smooth and fine,  
With curbs all neat and sightly,  
And everything in line.  
Then he thinks, "Oh what a pity  
Such perfection should be there."  
So he sends a gang of diggers,  
And they pull it up with care.

They cut the stoney surface,  
And they dig the soil below;  
They fill it up and try again—  
In another place, you know.  
At last the roadway, once so smooth,  
With bumps is covered o'er;  
And then the gang comes back again  
And roots it up some more.

On lower Brock St., he declares,  
Of work there is no lack;  
So then he digs the street all up  
And, later, puts it back.  
Thus all the city is repaired,  
By methods he has learned,  
Until it may be truly said,  
He "leaves no stone unturned."

—M. A. K.



AN AUTUMN LEAF.