

est and most liberal form, with the feeling that we were equally, if not more, important, than the men who never did anything without the co-operation of the girls.

We come to University and what do we find? An atmosphere of the barest toleration, in many cases not even courteous toleration.

To be sure, we have the same lectures as the men. That is a right which cannot very well be denied us, but in every other respect, I repeat, we are barely tolerated. There is not a society in the College which is open alike to men and women, save the Modern Language Club and the other clubs of that nature. Even the Historical Association, which has been so recently founded, and which would certainly be of as much benefit to the woman student as the man, is barred to women.

The average Varsity man undoubtedly and uncontestedly looks down on the average Varsity woman. He seems to have a "can any good come out of Nazareth" attitude towards her, an attitude as unjust as foolish.

He enters college, quite prepared to accept the woman student, as he has always accepted the girl in the collegiate, but he is quickly gotten out of this state of mind by the men of the senior years who pool-poo the idea of his having anything to do with the Varsity woman, and assures him that she is simply "impossible." The freshman, being young and innocent, accepts that view of the case and helps to swell the vast majority of men who are "opposed to co-education."

And why? Said one man, "Oh, well, because the women make the men less vigorous and manly!" This remarkable statement was found to mean that there were fewer "scraps" and free fights than of yore. But if all the scraps are to be marked by the disgusting and revolting details of the last one, it is perhaps as well that they are not quite so frequent.

Said another, "I hate this pink tea business" (meaning the class receptions). One wonders whether the "pink tea business" is not better than the "wet dinners" indulged in by the men. Moreover, stupid as the class receptions may be, they afford to the minority who want to meet the women students, their only opportunity for doing so.

You find, almost invariably, that it is the fraternity men who are strongest in their denunciation of "co-eds." This may be because they, as a rule, know so many Toronto people that to know the woman student is not a necessity to them, and moreover, the social life of their fraternity houses quite satisfies that side of their natures.

On the other hand, there are dozens of men who come down here and, for various reasons, do not join fraternities. They live in that bane of all students, masculine and feminine, the boarding house. They know very few or no Toronto people, and they have no opportunity of indulging their taste for social life, save by meeting the woman student.

Again, the society man says, "I don't believe in the higher education of women. Woman's sphere is the home, and who wants a wife who knows more about comic sections, Greek verbs and German declensions than she does about housekeeping?"

I remember an old man who used to stop me on the street, shake his head over me and say, "Still keeping up that university course? Don't you know that no one will ever marry you if you graduate from Varsity? Young men don't like girls who know more than they do."

If I were a young man, I should prefer to marry a Varsity graduate, particularly if I were a graduate of Varsity myself.

First, because I would be sure that she married me because she wanted me and not for a home, meals and clothes, all of which she would be perfectly able to procure for herself.

Secondly, no woman of brains could go through a Varsity course without being so broadened in views and ideas that she would be intellectually a companion and, mentally a joy.

Thirdly, housework is a thing that any woman of brains can acquire and master in a very short time and, anyway, I venture to say, that there are very few Varsity women students who cannot cook, sew, darn and iron with the most brainless doll who ever went through boarding school.

Yes, I am opposed to co-education, because it is not CO-education. The women have not anything like equal advantages with the men. Were I a feminine Andrew Carnegie I should build and endow a woman's university in Toronto, where we would have an adequately equipped gymnasium, a woman's residence, the very best of advantages, and where we should escape this intolerable atmosphere of sufferance.

Meantime, those of us who have not the \$1,000 a year necessary to attend one of the big American universities for women and who believe in "Canada for the Canadians" anyway, will continue to sigh for a manless Eden, and will remain in the humiliating position of "Co-eds."

One of Them.



To the Editor of Varsity:

In a recent issue I had occasion to criticize two subordinate statements made by Critic in regard to the Year Book, but the general tendency of his remarks seem to me to be very much to the point.

There is one suggestion in particular which should command the interest of every undergraduate, and that is with reference to the formation of a "permanent organization, composed of representatives of every year in all our colleges," to undertake the publication of the Year Book. As matters stand at present, a committee, chosen from the fourth year only, is appointed early in the spring term, and that committee has in its charge the production of the book for the following year. It is composed only of prospective seniors and these have never had the most insignificant part in preparing any former volume. As a consequence, their ignorance is one overcome only by the practical experience which they so lightly and innocently are about to enjoy.

The committee then proceeds to elect the Editor and Business Manager, with necessarily very little thought of the capabilities of the victims, and the unfortunate choices have then to proceed to the discovery of the misery in store for them.

If a permanent committee were formed, some practical knowledge of the work would already