

year and the athletes were defeated on all sides. But time presses. Look now within this building upon which we are, and ask any questions you will concerning the men in it."

Charon: "Tell me now, O Hermes, who is that man of large stature who is smiling so happily?"

Hermes: "That is the real President of this University—but, nay, I have told you wrongly, for even gods make mistakes at times. But he boasts himself to be some mighty man in this land. He is joyous because the Great King has lately given to his satrapy many golden daries wherewith to build a great palace. But aforetime he was very sullen of countenance. For he had made an electioneering trip to the lands that lie to the far west, but when the Senate elections were proclaimed, then all men knew that it had availed him little. And because of his deeds of darkness, and his evil ways, he is an abomination to both gods and men. But verily the Fates have decreed that his power shall soon pass to strangers. I got the tip from Clotho on the q. t."

Charon: "Seldom have I heard thee speak with such bitterness, O Hermes. But who is he who walks so proudly through the halls, seeing no one as he goes. Surely he must be some Governor or Satrap?"

Hermes: He is the ruler or Principal of this building. All his subjects who know him hold him in great reverence, but those who do not daily listen to his teaching bring many accusations against him, saying that he greatly esteems the old, and that he is the deadly foe of all new festivals among his people. But though he knows not how to deal tactfully with his subjects, yet he is withal as true a gentleman as ever went down to the market-place in Athens."

Charon: "Who is that man with the learned look and wearing those strange glasses before his eyes?"

Hermes: "That is Cudmore, O Charon, and he is indeed a wise one. All the lore of the ancients is his, for he knows it all. But he is also a great warrior, using wooden weapons with deadly effect. Yet it is in the contest of brains that he has greatest fame, for he has vanquished those who were before considered the most wise."

Charon: "Who is that bearded man who walks slowly through the lofty halls alone and wearing on his head the high and shiny headgear?"

Hermes: "That is the President, the king and ruler of all these buildings, and the men that inhabit them. And he is said to be a great man, but no one knows this surely for no one knows him. His subjects have no access to him. But why are you laughing?"

Charon: "I really cannot tell you, O Hermes. But I have just seen a man and I laughed without knowing why."

Hermes: "You laughed with reason, for that is McEvoy, and he is a jester by trade. And his study is to collect all his jests and publish them weekly, and all the people laugh loudly when they read his jests. And so funny is he that men laugh even before he utters his jokes."

Charon: "By Apollo, but I see a strange sight. Far down the lofty halls I see several women come, and their laughter fills the place. What do they here?"

Hermes: "That is another question that is beyond any power to answer. For no one knows

what they do here or why they do it. But I must not speak any more on this subject, for they are easily offended and they might do me an injury with the gods did I make them angry."

Charon: "Who are those grave and serious men who walk through the halls with downcast faces and reverend mien?"

Hermes: "Those are all professors, successors to Pythagoras and Plato and Socrates and Zeno, and many others. Some of them are utterly unworthy to be called their successors, but others are kind and wise and gentle and beloved by all."

Charon: "Who is that strange man who talks learnedly, making strange motions with his face?"

Hermes: "That is Iazenby, the silver-tongued Nestor of the second year. He is very wise and eloquent, and many youths are his disciples and eagerly repeat his words of wisdom to others. And that man who is in the centre of the floor is Hutton, whose duties are so many that they threaten to overwhelm him, for all the cares of his class are on his shoulders."

Charon: "I might ask many other questions of you about all the strange men I see, but time presses. It draws near night and the streets are crowded, and about this time of day many usually come to me who have been travelling on the Toronto Street Railway and I must be there to greet them. But I do not think that the life of man has become any happier. For instead of the good old punishment of impaling or drowning or strangling they nowadays deprive them of their money and make them write Supplementals, which punishment is more than those of old. And those among these men who are considered notable seem to me to be foolish. And their lives are hard and unrewarded and they struggle for unsubstantial prizes. I would that I could stay and see the funny side of their life for indeed there seems to be some happiness among them, but I must go. Some day if the gods below are kind I shall return again. Meanwhile I thank you for all your goodness to me. Farewell."

"Oudeis," '05.



Co-Education.

So much has been written, from the masculine point of view on the subject of co-education, that the Editor of Varsity has deigned to ask me, a mere "co-ed," to attempt to give some exposition of the feminine side of the question.

First and foremost, I must disclaim the responsibility of giving feminine opinion in general. This is merely my own private, personal opinion.

Secondly, I am as much opposed to co-education as it is operated, shall I say? at Toronto University as any man in the College can be, but not for the same reason.

To any woman of average education and social culture, the airs of the masculine undergraduate are simply insufferable.

Most of us have gone to public school and have been in the same form with boys all our lives. They have always taken us as a matter of course as we have taken them. We have had joint literary societies, joint glee clubs, mixed debates and, in short, have enjoyed co-education in its broad-