

MR. GAHAN DENIES.

Editor VARSITY:—

In view of the letter from a junior which appeared in the last issue of VARSITY, I beg leave to state that I did not lead Mr. Biggar to suppose that he had my support for the spring editorship, nor did I ever canvass this junior in any way for Mr. Gunn; that I never claimed that VARSITY was the private venture of the business manager and the two editors; and finally that, as editor, I had full power to alter, rewrite and insert what punctuation-marks I pleased in any *reports* submitted for publication, in exactly the same way as any city editor may change the reports that he receives.

I have the honor to remain, Sir,

Very truly yours,

BURRIS GAHAN.

CLIQUE AND CLIQUES.

Editor VARSITY:—

The following letter, received by me some time ago, will show to all interested that if there be a clique from a "western provincial town"—in which I am presumably included—at work in the college affairs there is also another clique at work, and in justice to the Seniors whom Mr. Alexander, a junior, attacked in such a bitter and personal way, I desire to publish this letter:

120 Huron St.,

Toronto, Jan. 24th, 1898

MY DEAR ESLIE,—

You are probably aware that an Athletic election is impending in our year. We propose to run the following ticket (though you needn't say much about it):

Alexander Macdougall.

Eric N. Armour

Thomas A. Russell.

I append a list of men for whose votes we depend entirely upon yourself. I trust we may count on your support.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

P.S.—I shall want to see you shortly re the Lit elections

Enclosed with this letter was a list of five of my personal friends, and my instructions from "headquarters" were:

"Find out:

(1) How many will vote the whole ticket?

(2) How many will vote it in part, and for whom?"

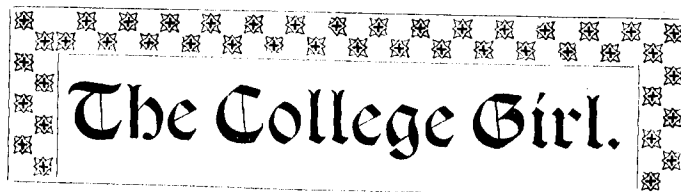
I am at a loss to know to whom the "we" in the above document refers, unless from the personnel of the ticket one might conclude that one member of the ticket and the writer of the letter above, who come from an eastern city and who belong to two different Greek Letter Societies, have in their wisdom effected a combination of forces for political purposes. How far they will succeed remains to be seen.

I do not publish this letter out of animus toward any of the gentlemen concerned, but they have posed as purists and haters of cliques long enough, and it is now time that they appear as they are.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Yours very truly,

ESLIE CARTER.



It is very interesting for a Toronto University girl to meet with a woman who has enjoyed the pleasures of a College Residence life. It makes one long for the time when our University will have a Residence for its women students. For, such an institution, it seems to me, if it were established on sufficiently broad lines, would solve many of the difficulties which lie in the way of the realization of the ideal higher education of our Canadian women.

I was talking with a graduate of Westfield College a few days ago, and from her I got a glimpse of an English university girl's life in Residence, which was to me so bright and interesting that I thought some of the Women's Residence friends would also find it interesting.

But first to explain the situation of Westfield College and its position among other colleges—for I believe it is only about eight years old, and, comparatively speaking, not very well known. The college is very prettily situated in North Hampstead, one of the suburbs of London. It is affiliated with the London University, and its graduates receive a London University degree, which is considered about equal to the degree of B.A. conferred by Toronto University. Westfield is entirely a resident college, no girl under eighteen years is allowed to enter; and the average age of the students is rather above that age. The maximum number of students is never allowed to exceed fifty.

The college is beautifully laid out, the main building being devoted to convocation, chapel, and lecture halls, while the wings are set apart for the residence. Each girl has a good sized study and bedroom opening into each other, both of which are well lighted, and heated by cozy little fire-places. Individual tastes soon transform these into fascinating little dens—delightful retreats to which my graduate friend looks back with longing. The dining hall is large, bright and airy, and the drawing rooms, which are free to all, are most tastefully and daintily furnished.

The students are comparatively unrestricted, except, of course, by the personal influence and opinions of the seniors. The tone of the *Westfield College Magazine* shows a bright, healthful womanliness—a charming picture of the woman of the coming generation.

Their entertainments are very humorous, and many of them are decidedly original. But the most popular seems to be the little "cocoa parties" in the girl's rooms, where a few congenial spirits meet together to have a cozy chat over their cocoa cups.

The out-door life of the students is one of the features of the college. Physical exercise and sports are encouraged in every way. The grounds are laid out in three tennis courts, a great hockey field and bicycle track. The matches played against rival schools are most enthusiastically supported, and the champion players are the heroines of the college, the admired and respected of all the students. Not the least enjoyable part of their out-door life is in the fire brigade; and the tales of their daring deeds are enough to thrill the heart of any girl who does not tremble at the sound of the cry "Fire! Fire!"

From Miss Maynard, the principal, whose extensive travels have served to broaden a mind already splendidly educated, to the youngest "innocent" in her first year, every one seems influenced with the same spirit of liberality in thought and action which fine minds always have about