

ward. On reaching McGregor street, the column turned eastward and passed through to the Trafalgar Institute. The men drew up before the building, and after giving the McGill yell, sang "Merrily we roll along," the verse being slightly altered by substituting "Get up ladies, we're coming to see you now." for the usual words.

This was the last act in the drama, and the men wended their way homeward, feeling that they had had the most enjoyable tramp on record.

ARTS '95.

A COLLEGE GIRL IN ENGLAND

To compare Lady Margaret Hall to an American College of the same standing needs a greater knowledge of the women's colleges on your side of the Atlantic than I possess; therefore I must content myself with giving as well as I can a description of our life at Lady Margaret Hall, leaving aside any attempt at comparison.

In Oxford there are at present four Halls for women students: Somerville, Lady Margaret, St. Hugh's and St. Hilda's; the last named was opened this year, and is generally spoken of as the finishing school for Cheltenham College. These Halls were the outcome of the formation of the Association for the Education of Women, and although all women attending lectures given by the University of Oxford must be members of the Association, they need not reside in any of the Halls, as the number of out-students testifies. To become a member of the Association is most simple: one has a short interview with the Secretary and pays a small fee. This entitles you to go to any lecture given by the Association or by the University, but, provided you have not already passed some equivalent examination, before you will be admitted to your final schools, you must pass the Women's Preliminary Examination. If you are in residence in one of the Halls, this must be done in your first year, or else there is every chance of your being sent down. It will be seen by this that we are members of the Women's Association only and not of the University. This excludes us from degrees and, as we view it, the calamity of having to wear the most hideous undergraduate gown. There is a movement on foot to persuade the authorities to give us the degree of B.A. Doubtless they would do that willingly, but pertinacious women would be apt to regard that degree simply as a stepping-stone to higher things, and demand the coveted degree of M.A., which means that the possessor has a right to have a finger in every University pie. Imagine the feelings of the grave reverend dons if a woman M.A. arose in Council and suggested some improvement which meant distinct progress! So it rests at present that we win the honor but not the decoration.

The women undergraduates go to the College lectures. As a general rule, we sit at the don's table on the dais (for you must understand that college lectures are delivered in the dining Hall of the College), while the men sit at the ordinary long tables lower down. It

is a distinct pleasure to go to lectures in these grand old halls, hung with portraits of rectors or principals and patrons, many of them quite mediæval, reaching back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Our course of study is conducted on the same lines as the men's. We have our tutors and coaches, write our essays and do our collections with the best of them. The tutor is a peculiar feature in English university life; perhaps I had better explain his function. Every one going in for honors has a tutor. You are handed over to him, and he supervises your course of study, either coaching you himself or sending you to some other coach, who perhaps is better up in your subject. It is a great comfort to have one, for if your class turns out lower than he gave you reason to expect, the most natural thing in the world is to blame him. Unfortunately, there are certain coaches employed by the Association, and the Secretary in setting your course of work usually puts you down for one of them, giving you no choice in the matter.

All the Halls meet at lectures, and naturally there is a good deal of rivalry. Somerville is our rival, I fear, and to our shame be it, they beat us in the schools, while we only retaliate by victories in the field, if one can call tennis and hockey the field. Lady Margaret Hall goes in a good deal for those two games, and certainly plays wonderfully well. We have matches between the two Halls, two a term,—a challenge and a return match. It may appear strange, but Somerville seems to care more for her defeats in the games than her victories in the schools. Rather unreasonable to expect both brains and muscle.

The two Halls are associated in a debating society, held alternately every fortnight at the two Halls. The subject of debate varies from "Books and Travel contrasted as a means of Education" to the "Right of women to serve on Juries." The range of subject is certainly wide, and supposed to suit all speakers. In connection with this debating society we have another at L.M.H. called "Sharp Practice," at which one has to speak on any given subject at a moment's notice, no time being given for preparation. I do not know if Somerville has a similar society, though that is a name much too dignified for our meeting. To cement the union with Somerville and the other Halls, an inter-collegiate magazine is being started, the editors to be chosen alternately every term from the two Halls. The first number of the *Chameleon* has not yet appeared. It is so called on account of its changing its color so often: yellow and white (Lady Margaret Hall) one term; blue and red (Somerville Hall) next, and I think two shades of green (St. Hugh's) comes in somehow.

Besides the sharp practice meeting we have as many meetings as there are days in the week. We have on Friday evening, between dinner and chapel, a sewing meeting, from whence are turned out garments for "the settlement," a kind of female Loynbee Hall, in London. The place of a Y.W.C.A. is taken at the Hall by Miss Wordsworth's Wednesday evening lectures, which we are all expected to attend.