so appropriate, and it now seemed very plain. Suddenly she felt sick. “I should never have come,” she thought. “They were crazy to invite me. I should have known that this whole thing would be a flop because I’m a flop. These girls have got looks, dates, and the ability to be charming. And what have I got? Just what have I got?” She wanted to run from the room. The scene began to whirl around her, and she felt like Alice in Wonderland falling down the rabbit’s hole.

Then a thought struck her. “You haven’t done your homework.” Suddenly she knew the answer to all the questions in her mind, and the answer made her feel miles above the pretty faces about her. She wondered what they would reflect in thirty years. With a strange, confident smile, she picked up her gloves and beckoned to Jane.

Pat Nelson, secretary of Q.T., and rated number one on the male “hot canary” list, was having one of the hardest times in her seventeen year-old career on the social scene. Her pretty mouth was set in a pout and a piece of her hair kept falling in her eyes. “I don’t care,” she wailed. “We’ve got to take her. My mother made me rush her because her mother is a friend of Mom’s. Now she’s making me get her in Q.T.”

Storms of angry protest arose from all sides. A statuesque blond with a poodle haircut, the president of Q.T., rose to say, “Well, I say to blackball her! She is a square. She doesn’t even have a decent bank account or a car.” Others mumbled assent to the blond’s decree.

Tears welled up in Pat’s blue eyes. “Please take her, girls. For me.”

The president sighed. “All right. Let’s take a vote. All in favor of admitting Virginia Hansen to membership say ‘aye.’”

The membership unenthusiastically complied, and the still sniffing Pat was delegated to notify the new member of her honor. She consulted the register and dialed the number as the club went on with discussion of the rushees. In a short time Pat was back from making her phone call, with a puzzled expression on her face.

“That’s funny,” she said, looking at the president. “She says she won’t join.”

Coeducation Will Probably Never Be Co-

Paul C. Denny

That women do not have an equal position with men in educational circles and equal consideration in the curriculum of our colleges and universities, that women professors are far in the minority, that feminine leadership in coeducational life is usually subordinate to that of the men students, are obvious facts. But is the
field of education the only place where this is true? And is it, after all, so serious and deplorable a situation? Do the women themselves clamor as a united group for reform?

Let us consider other fields of achievement. Has a woman ever been president or chairman of the board of such corporations as General Motors, U. S. Steel, American T. and T.? In fact, has a woman ever tried to qualify for such a position? Are many women equipped by nature to stand up under the responsibilities and strain of competing in a man’s world? True, in every generation, there will be a few women like Vivian Kellems of Stonington, Connecticut, who heads her own successful manufacturing company, who crusades against federal tax laws, lectures all over the country, and takes part in politics as successfully as any man. But women like Mrs. Kellems are unusual; and, significantly, although many members of her sex may admire her, even secretly envy her, how many of them are willing to give up the security and the pleasant prerogatives of the usual woman’s life to battle the world as a man does?

Since the beginning of time, the variation between masculine and feminine psychology has existed, and it probably will exist until the end of time. Men have been scholars, warriors, leaders, protectors, and providers. Many of them have stood in the spotlight of success, praised and admired; but, just outside the rays of the spotlight, there has often been a woman who planned, inspired, and motivated this success and who was quite content to have achieved her goal by the devious and subtle means of feminine influence rather than by the bold, obvious attack which a man employs.

No, coeducation is not co-; but, until human nature itself changes, until women become less of women and more of men, until they, themselves, become dissatisfied with their place in the social system and rise in a united crusade to change it, education is likely to retain its masculine perspective, its masculine dominance.

A popular advertisement that often appears in magazines and papers states in various ingenious ways, “Never underestimate the power of a woman!” If women as a whole ever insisted upon true coeducation, such a thing would probably evolve. A woman might become president of Harvard or of the United States of America; a woman might head the Stock Exchange; a woman might lead the A. F. of L. or the C. I. O. But would women be happier? I do not think so. It is still, on the surface, a man’s world. Let coeducation stay much as it is today, with its male presidents and football captains, its aura of masculine superiority. Let the few women who resent this find what happiness they can by attempting to meet men on their own terms; but let the rest of the world jog along as it has done for so long, skillfully and unobtrusively dominated by women who so often know by intuition what men can learn only by hard work and bitter experience.