



# THE COLLEGE GIRL

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## THE WOMEN'S "LIT" RECEPTION

The reception of the Women's Literary Society to the faculty and friends has always been a source of interest to undergraduates, because of its proverbial uncertainty. The senior after three years of "College Life" thinks she knows just what to expect in her fourth year. Even before an affair she can give the College Girl a convincing report of it, with detailed information on the music, the toilettes, the conversation, and even (this is "sub rosa") the partners. Only the Women's Literary Society shows a love of change, and in its receptions exhibits that variety which is the very spice of life.

To tell the truth, the Women's Lit. is not to blame for ignoring precedent. There are many crags and quicksands to be passed before the spring reception becomes established on the firm basis of fact. In the first place, the girls have great difficulty in deciding among themselves what form of entertainment would please the greatest number. Shall it be an open meeting, or a dramatic exhibition or a promenade, or a dance, or any presentation and combination of these taken two or three at a time? Next, the choice of the majority must be ratified by the University Council. Unfortunately, the professors and women students do not always see eye to eye on the subject of entertainments, and a disagreement is disastrous for the reception.

For the past three years, however, the successive Executives have managed to steer safely between Scylla and Charybdis, and their entertainments have been a pleasure to themselves and to their guests.

In our first year, there was a Saturday evening promenade. First came a reception of the progressive conversation type in East Hall, during which we filled our programmes for the promenade in West Hall. The only hitch in the proceedings arose from the religious zeal of the orchestra. Alarmed lest circumstances should make them break the Fourth Commandment, they started to work early and were well on with their performance in West Hall before anyone realized their presence. Thus at the end of what we thought was the seventh promenade, we were amazed and dismayed to hear the strains of "God Save the King." For the rest of the evening there was a general mix-up, and it was only a few fortunate ones who managed to find their partners for the last number and escort them safely home.

The next year, the Committee was evidently anxious to please everybody, for the reception combined a concert, in which both the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club took part, a dance and a promenade. Those of us in the Glee Club will remember the unselfish pleasure we felt when we saw our friends filling their programmes at the lower end of the Hall, while we sang soulfully, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." The dance which followed, is still remembered as the "best ever."

Last year, the Literary Society tried a new plan. As there were rumors that the Council disapproved of late hours for boys and girls, the Committee announced an afternoon dance. The idea proved so popular that the halls were quite inadequate for the throng of dancers. It is reported that for once the men were as much perplexed as their sisters to decide the old question, "What shall I wear?" We know of one man who changed his attire three times. When he at last arrived it was after six o'clock, so that the dress suit (which was his final decision) was quite *comme il faut*.

What will the Woman's Literary Society do this spring? As we said before, this is the one affair about which no senior will prophesy. We can only repeat the quotation of one of our professors, "Tempus fugit--Time will tell."



## THE NOUGHTY EIGHTS DISPORT THEMSELVES ON ICE

The evening of January 29th saw assembled at "big" Victoria Rink that portion of the '08 girls and men who are efficient on skates. The evening was a perfect one, you may remember—clear and frosty in the brilliance of the full moon, with a galaxy of stars.

A rendezvous was chosen, where, between bands, the skaters rested a few moments. But when ice and music are both at their best, who would waste either? Certainly not the enthusiastic skaters of '08. With apologies to Wordsworth, I might quote:

" . . . All shod with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice. . . ."

And not a voice was idle."

The open part of the rink was most popular with our skaters, the inside being too crowded to admit of the highest proficiency in skating. Outside, the band music was not so clearly discernible, but with such a sky above, and such command of imagination as the class of '08 possesses, who shall aver we could not hear the music of the spheres?

It had been determined that we should leave the rink at a quarter of ten. But when the time came, came with it in pleading unison, the cry: "Just one more band!" After the next band, therefore, we reluctantly pulled off our skates, and, with that "flat-footed feeling" that possesses one's feet for the few minutes succeeding a two hours' skate, we trudged merrily over to Queen's Hall.

Here we were met by our gracious hostess, the Dean, and the other girls of '08 who had not