

## The COLLEGE GIRL

MISS P. A. MAGEE, Superintending Editor



An attempt is now being made to revive the wearing of the old pin of the Women's Literary Society, which for some years past has been rather neglected.

The pin originated in the fall of '95, when Miss Jessie White was President of the Women's Literary Society. In that year there was a formal initiation of the freshettes, which took the form of a mock trial. One by one they were brought before the members of the Lit. Executive, who were seated at a long table, and they underwent a rigorous cross-examination.

Whether this process revealed great depths of innocence, meekness, gentleness and other qualities which are usually considered lamb-like, I know not, but certain it is that at the conclusion each freshette was given a tiny wooden shepherd's crook, which was painted red, and tied with green ribbon—doubtless a mark of special regard for the feelings of the recipient. This staff of knowledge was accompanied by a verse of poetry, containing sound advice, and thus equipped, the freshettes of '95 were considered as no longer defenceless against the snares of the world.

The winner in a guessing contest the same evening was presented with a silver pin, also in the form of a shepherd's crook, and this pin was then adopted as the device of the society.

Latterly little attention has been paid to the pins, but this year they are being again introduced. Numbers have been ordered in both gold and silver, and it is hoped that in spite of the numerous society pins and class pins which claim our admiration and our money, the pin of the Women's Literary Society may receive its full share of attention. To vivid, and perhaps rather fantastic imaginations, the symbol of the staff of knowledge may be suggestive, not only of privileges, but of responsibilities, in fact, a modified expression of the old French maxim, "Noblesse oblige."



### Reveries of a Sophomore

Until the Rubicon is passed we do not realize the gap that exists between the life of the first and the second year college girl. It is there—unspannable—until the freshette casts aside forever the

days of her novitiate and blossoms forth into the mingled activity and idealism of her second year. It was hard at first to realize that we were freshettes no longer; as sophomores, it was not easy to come into our own.

The life of the second year girl is replete with interests—trifles perhaps, but they make living beautiful and worth while. She puts her heart into her lectures, her literary society, her Y.W.C.A.; but she has time for fencing, for ground hockey, for the Glee Club. The multifarious college interests do not exclude others. Everything has a place, of necessity, and the second year girl is important with her many happy little cares. She is in the zenith of youthful vitality, of exuberant energy, of impartial enthusiasm. Life, to her, has a very bright outlook—is grand, glorious, gracious. The world is, to her, like fairy-land to the child, a realm of verdant possibility. The ardent activity of the passing day is merely the earnest of a greater force to be directed to the accomplishment of mightier ends, of a strength preparing to make itself felt when there is woman's work to do.

Allied with this intense vitality, and in truth giving birth to it is the sophomore's vast capacity for idealizing. She does not definitely or consciously idealize, but the great elements in the world to which she is just awakening envelope every thing in their glory. Accustomed objects assume an unwonted beauty; apparent trivialities reveal their inner meaning. For her, a chilly autumnal day when gloom seems omnipresent holds as much enchantment as the mellow sunlight of a summer; a ragged, weeping child inspires as much interest as a celebrity. It is universal life that casts its glow about her, but the pulsating activity is softened by her unprejudiced outlook. Life holds nothing of sordidness, of vice, of restriction. Hope goes hand in hand with Confidence. This halo of the sophomore's life, this glory that envelops everything, creates for the second year girl a world peculiar to herself wherein she not only plans the future, but also dreams vague dreams of the good and perfect gifts which await her in that happy, indefinite time to come.

The second year girl is decidedly sensitive to sympathy or censure. This trait is hidden possibly, but nevertheless it is vital. She is responsive to the slightest evidence of fellow-feeling; she shrinks before the scathing fire of misunderstanding. Her work, be it Moderns or Classics, Mathematics or Philosophy, is the heaven that reduces the entirety of the sophomore's life to something like a normal condition. Her course attracts her because it contains much that is interesting. She loves it for its own sake because it contributes to the general rounding out of her whole nature, to the perfect culmination of her self-education.

So the sophomore is a queer mingling of extremes, full of bounding, exuberant energy, yet withal susceptible to the many refining, beatifying influences of life. And, perhaps, under all the bravado, and the confidence and the hope, hidden deep away, is a feeling of which she herself is almost unconscious, a little shrinking of fear and wonder as she gazes on the woman's life opening out before her.

A. S. B., '07.