

THE COLLEGE GIRL

Edited by Miss J. M. Adie.

AN "AUSFLUG"

By Daisy P. Macdonald, ex-'06

We were all students of the summer course in Marburg University, Germany, and had purchased tickets for a walking excursion out into the country. By half-past one in the afternoon about sixty students had collected at the meeting-place previously arranged, and we separated into groups to walk up to the castle on the top of the hill.

It was very novel and interesting—this friendly group of people from all parts of the world. The talkative American was there, exercising his vocal organs in the German language, and amusing everyone by his witty remarks, and his skillful combination of a northern twang, a southern drawl, and very bad German. The Englishman had thawed somewhat out of his usual reticence, but found the change almost too much for him, and was in a continual state of surprise at finding himself "hail-fellow-well-met" with "foreigners." The Irishman insisted on speaking English to all who would listen to him, while the Scotchman, having lately been in Paris, had not yet accustomed his mind to the idea of learning German and insistently spoke French. Then there was the "burly" Russian, who spoke all languages well, the suave Italian who kept at the side of the pretty Welsh girl and made German seem a soft, beautiful language when he spoke. French, Swedes, Spaniards, Dutch and even East Indians were there, and all were highly delighted with one another.

We walked slowly up through the quaint little narrow streets with their old houses, on some of which were quite elaborate carvings, and the mottoes in verse that are so "echt Deutsch," as an English lady remarked. The castle proved to be even older and more dilapidated than the houses, and hardly more interesting, with the exception of a room full of old manuscripts upon which Professor Seehaussen made comments.

It was with some relief that we left the dingy old rooms and took our way down the side of the mountain opposite to the town. A delightful walk brought us to Marbach, where, entering the little inn, we were served with coffee and cakes. It was interesting to learn that the room we occupied was a favorite one for duels between the students of the university, and the dark stains on walls, floor and ceiling gave evidence of many a bloody encounter.

After refreshments, the tables were moved aside, music began, and with it dancing. Nearly all joined heartily in the German dances, and found them easy to learn and very enjoyable. Occasionally, however, a Russian would startle us by leading his partner down the room in a mad rush, stamping as they went, or all would turn to look with great interest at the American couples and applaud them heartily.

Outside in the gardens there were parties drinking beer and enjoying quiet conversations among themselves, while some of the students had collected to play games somewhat similar to cross-tag. Men and women of every age and nationality rushed about utterly unmindful of onlookers.

Evening came on all too soon, and with a pleasant walk home, one of the most enjoyable days I have ever spent came to an end.



THE JANUARY SCARE

By K. E. S.

At this season of the year there seems to be a malady prevalent among us undergraduates. It manifests itself by a remarkable tendency to work, by a period of self-reproach, an utter lack of courage to look into the future and a profound desire to borrow other people's notes.

It begins to show its first symptoms when, on our return from the Christmas holidays, the books are taken out of the trunk and placed upon the dusty shelves. We remember with what resolutions they went home with us and how they daily stared at us from some unfrequented corner of the room. We realize that we are now launched into the Easter term, that no longer Christmas is between us and the Days of Wrath. As soon as we are fairly unpacked we rush to the Library and sign for several books, sharpen our pencils and fill our pens anew while fears and noble aspirations contend within our hearts.

In pronounced cases this malady has been known to run from seven to ten days and even after recovery there have been known to be relapses. During the time that the fever rages, in our daily walk about the campus we point to the Convocation Hall which is progressing so surely and we whisper, "It is to be done for Convocation, see how quickly it is growing!" and it becomes a sort of automatic time-keeper marking relentlessly the flight of the days, while the busy figures swarming about it seem to typify the nervous and abiding energy which possesses us.

However, this disease is rarely fatal and never chronic, so at the end of a week or so we begin to improve, our courage returns, we cease to mortify the flesh to such an alarming extent, and before the results of the supplemental examinations are out we are on the high road to recovery from this our annual January Scare.



NOTES

Invitations have been issued by the Furnishing Committee of the Women's Residence for a reception to be given Saturday afternoon, January 27th, at Queen's Hall.

Cards are also out for a dance to be given by the Dean and Students' in residence on Friday evening, February 2nd.

Hockey prospects are anything but bright just at present, but the schedule of games in the Women's Athletic League is as follows:

January 20th—St. Hilda's vs. Victoria.

" 27th—Univ. College vs. St. Hilda's.

February 3rd—Victoria vs. Univ. College.

" 10th—Victoria vs. St. Hilda's.

" 17th—St. Hilda's vs. Univ. College.

" 24th—Univ. College vs. Victoria.

In each instance the games are to be played at the college first named, and they are to be governed by the Intercollegiate rules.

There was an unusually large number of the girls present at the Y.W.C.A. meeting last Tuesday to hear Miss Rankin's practical and interesting talk on the Nashville Conference.