

# THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

SHE must always be sweet, or she could never be a graduate. The four years she has spent in nibbling little bites from the apple of knowledge must make her so sweet that she can be distinguished from all others. For there is no girl quite like the graduate. That precious bit of sheepskin she carries off on commencement night is proof positive that she has learned all that there is to know in fudge-making Greek, Latin and the manufacturing of a delicious, midnight Welsh rarebit. Four long years, how fast they sped by! How well she remembers the time she placed sticky fly-paper by the matron's door, then raised the burglar alarm at three o'clock in the morning! How her sides shook with honest college girl laughter, underneath her nightie, when the good matron had toddled back to extricate herself from the sticky adherent! Oh, there is no girl quite like the college girl. What enthusiasm, what breeziness, what freedom from care! She is equally at home, wielding a tennis racquet, sipping afternoon tea at the home of the President, or tugging at a mysterious concoction of cheese and elasticity. The wandering peanut vendor dreads his itinerary past the college campus, for he has a vivid recollection of the time his cart was seized and all the roasted delicacies carried off in Sophomoric triumph. But that was the day when the Invincible Seven whipped the Brilliant Basketeers, a day long to be remembered among basketball devotees, and the Brilliant Basketeer who had wagered a breakfast during chapel hour, that her side would win, bravely paid her bet with a two-dollar bill pilfered from Big Brother's vest pocket which swayed indolently on a fence post in front of the football field. Big Brother was half-back in the Varsity team.

Truly the advantages of a college education are as ilimitable as the little jinky rinks in the college girl's room. Fond parents, who worry lest the strain of the last few weeks cause nervous breakdown or elargitis capitis, would worry sorely, could they get one peep into the dear girl's regime, the last year. For she realizes that it is her one last chance for doing the "stunts" the three years previous have taught her, and so redoubles her efforts to make the most of what time remains. Balls, dinners, tennis tournaments, the inevitable chafing-dish affairs crowd themselves together in such a heap on her ethical culture catalogue that poor old Kant and Green and all the rest of them have to find a place toward the last cover. Problems rack her brain, the solution of which require numerous midnight consultations over a dish of fudge, and special meetings of the Dressmaker's Design Society, over a cup of clove tea in the Minerva tea-rooms in Bacchus Hall. Long hours of sleepless nights are spent with her *consoeurs*, the consultation being aided by several little shrieks and subdued giggles, as one of the *soeurs* executes a wondrous imitation of Pavlova in the Dance of the Goddess of Styx. The parent, fonder than ever, as time for the final stretch approaches, writes cooing words of cheer and sympathy, and encloses an extra green-back as a brainstorm panacea, whereupon ensues a whoop of joy on the part of the ruddy recipient, and a celebration is held that night in the room of the Royal Duchess of the Omega Delta Psi. Only the "bunch" are invited to enjoy the celebration for the Omega Delta Psi is a very exclusive sorority, to which only the very select are eligible. The eligibility depends on the proposed member's exclusive taste in dress, her ability to concoct numerous delicacies on the chafing-dish, and her all-round adaptability to the environment of the hob-nobs. In short, she must be a good fellow with all the Fraternities, must never offend one of them in thought, word or deed, and must be prepared to snub every fellow who does not wear a frat pin. To such exclusive circles, every good college girl aspires, and to the maintenance of such organiza-

tions many of the crisp parental dollars go flitting. There is such prestige at the time of commencement, in being able to display a mysterious appearing pin on the left side of the wisdom gown! How the visiting speakers must envy the Sorority girls! One of them, perchance, was a staunch member of a frat in the old days when his horizon was bounded by the frat house and football field, but finding, by accident one day, that there were as many good fellows who were barbs, as frat members, he decided to give back his pin and become a barb, too. Of course, he was shunned by the "bunch" but he managed to exist without them, and now casts a whimsical eye toward the group of girls wearing the turquoise-centred pins, and thinks of the time when he was obliged to swear eternal allegiance to a narrow code, under the flicker of two faint candles, in the attic of the frat house. He wonders if that group of charming young things went through similar initiations to his own, with, of course, the delicacy which should make the Sorority initiation more refined than the fraternity. He thinks of the escapades of his own daughter at college, of the midnight

prowlings up and down the halls of the wierd white-sheeted figures who hovered around the most wooded part of the campus, of the funeral-pyre, built ready for any who violated the sacred constitution, of the thousand and one little bits of girlish nonsense, all so vitally a part of that most sacred of all organizations, the college sorority.

Ay, truly, the girl graduate is sweet, brimful of all the sweetness of four years' association with the greatest minds in all history, the most favoured recipes of all college lore, the breeziest retinue of associates procurable in two continents. She emerges from this haven at the end of those four years, a chic bit of sweetness, before which stretches the four roads of the big world, armed with an infinite knowledge of codes and constitutions, and filled with the enthusiasm bred from a life of health-jaunts over a broad campus, or bout over a tennis net or basketball field.

The enthusiasm redoubles itself on the night of final leave-taking, the knowledge effervesces, and the same health tints glow more ruddy hue than ever, as she clasps that coveted bit of parchment for which she has spent the four best years of her whole

life. She has not thought which of the four roads will find her straying along its greenness. How could she find time for such a bit of superfluous wondering? What with the graduation dinner, the tennis tournaments, the class poem and history which she had to write, the valedictory, the final midnight spread, and all the et ceteras which go to make up the finale, she is almost at a loss to know what to think.

So here's to the sweet girl graduate and her infinite wealth of optimism, her joys, her laughter, her ambitions!

\* \* \*

## Spring Magic!

When the ground seems all a-glimmer,  
Far and near;  
When the mountains, softer, dimmer,  
Change their brown to green-gray shimmer,  
Spring is here.

When the ice breaks on the river,  
Swinging clear;  
When the floe shakes with a quiver,  
And the drift wakes, all a-shiver,  
Spring is here.

When the streamlet slips its shackles  
Without fear,  
And its gleaming ice-band tackles;  
When the teeming reed-bed crackles,  
Spring is here.

—Ruby Baughman, in *Metropolitan*.



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