

## THE COLLEGE GIRL



Stevenson remarks some place that—

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And at most times we are ready to agree with him. Still, there come times in the life of the College Girl when she wishes that there were fewer things in this university world. Besides the programme of lectures and studies, which seems long enough to monopolize all the energies of one poor mortal, a dozen other means of improvement and amusement demand her attention. She often begins a new week with the unhappy prospect of all sorts of extra labors, from papers to be read at departmental societies, to social functions which she "really can't miss," and often before Saturday night comes she feels that her burden is heavier than she can bear.

It is in matters of this kind that the student has a chance to show her wisdom. Realizing that she cannot do everything, and that she must limit some of her ambitions, from the desire to take a brilliant stand in two or three honor courses to the longing to attend every reception that presents itself, she tries to take a middle course between attempting too much and attempting too little. That the women-students, as a whole, are beginning to see that their efforts for all-round development may be carried too far, is evident. It was a sense of the folly of a reckless multiplication of societies and of work that put an end to the publication of *Sesame* and made the Glee Club a thing of the past.

It is but natural that we should strive to avoid the sad fate of the Tomtoddies, who became "all heads and no bodies," but we must not forget another extreme—the girl who finds herself immersed in the work of various college organizations, and only incidentally taking a course in Classics or Mathematics or Moderns.

Last week's Y.W.C.A. meeting was the regular monthly missionary meeting. Miss Macdonald, the leader of the missionary department, presided, and Miss Wilkie and Miss McCutcheon read two very interesting papers on Africa.

The last meeting of the Literary Society for the Michaelmas term was held on Saturday night. There was a real Christmas snow-storm for the occasion, but unfortunately it made the attendance rather smaller than usual. In all other respects the meeting was the most interesting and original one of this year. There was a short discussion with regard to the office of critic, and some announcements concerning the Women's Residence Association, notably, that in response to the circulars sent out, some eight hundred dollars had been received already. A piano solo by Miss Wilson and a violin solo by Miss Kitchen were enthusiastically encored. The dramatic performance of the evening was a scene from King Henry V. Miss J. G. Dickson represented that noble monarch, Miss Summers was the French princess, Katharine, and Miss Wilkie played the part of Alice, the

maid. This attempt at Shakesperian drama was so eminently successful that we all hope for a repetition of it in the near future.

The second part of the programme consisted of a debate on the subject "Resolved that athletics is a more essential part of college life than a literary society." Miss Archer supported the cause of the athletics and Miss May that of the Literary Society. The debate was then thrown open, a new method of procedure which proved very popular. Several animated speeches were made on both sides, and the question was discussed from every imaginable point of view. Miss Mason and Miss Weaver, two of our graduates kindly consented to act as judges, and after considerable deliberation they declared the debate a draw. Miss Robinson acted as critic.

## Chats With My Boys

By Margaret Sangster's Second Cousin.

*NOTE—Every youthful subscriber in distress of any old kind at all is invited to get advice from this column. Do not use more than two sides of the paper, and write everything legibly except the name, which may assume the form of the orthodox signature. We have an expert who can decipher it.*

*Sardonius*—Thank you so much for your pretty words to "Mosquito's Parade," but fear they would not look well enough in print for VARSITY. The editor doesn't appreciate rag-time. However, you might persuade the Glee Club to sing it, on their tour.

*Pink Tea*—I was so glad to hear from you again, dear Willie. Most assuredly, it is quite the proper thing to entertain in the manner you have named. I would advise you, however, since you can't keep exactly open house, to avoid publicity concerning your entertainments, so as to prevent ill-feeling among your friends. Carry a pocket-mirror and a comb, and then it will not matter if the boys do muss your hair. I like Scotch hymns, too, Willie. Let me hear from you again.

*J.R.B.*—Yes, Reg., your form of entertainment is also admirable, though quite different from Willie's. Your scheme of weekly theatre parties ought to bring you as much renown as the "patriotic concerts" brought the famous men of old.

*C.H.A.*—Don't you care even if the boys do call you "Bum Secretary," and the girls "Old Slow Poke." They're only sore because everybody can't get a rake-off from the group photos.

*"The Atom"*—So you checked McKinnon to a finish, and even knocked him down once. Well done, little man! But you must have been practising telepathy, for you really were at the other of the field when he fell. And you also wanted to fight the referee, time-keeper, linesman, and goal-umpire! Then surely you need no encouragement from me. Vale!

*E.W.M.*—I am afraid it is scarcely Christianlike to attend other people's receptions when you wouldn't receive them at yours, especially when you choose nothing but the best, after you go. But, I suppose it's like the hen in the riddle—"the higher the sooner."

*F.H.B.*—Your letter was very entertaining, Freddie, and I'm glad you are not sore about your defeat at the hands of the Juniors. You will no doubt make a good showing against St. Margaret's College. It ought to be a great game for corners and throw-ins. Watch McDiarmid's crooked work on the touch-lines, and be sure to get a generous time-keeper.