

## THE COLLEGE GIRL

MISS J. A. NIELSON, Superintending Editress.



There is about an election something of particular interest and charm for the human mind. Whether it is because of the passion for excitement, which is apt to seize upon us all at times, whether the love of competition so characteristic of our race, or whether some other deeper cause, it is impossible to determine. Certain it is, however, that an election has some peculiar element of attraction for the average person. This is in no small degree true of the college girl. There are few events that arouse more interest and afford more pleasure to the women students of our college than do the annual elections of the Women's Literary Society. It is, moreover, a serious interest. The majority of our college girls take their responsibilities seriously. Our elections are conducted in a sober and businesslike spirit that forbids the presence or even the suggestion of the "bribery and corruption" that frequently characterize the election proceeding of larger and graver bodies. Let any man who doubts this accept the true account of one who watched with an eager and critical eye the elections of the Women's Lit on Saturday evening.

To anyone who, like the present writer, has not been in the habit of attending the meetings of the Lit, there is about these elections a curious and delightful freshness. They are unlike all other elections. Their keynote is good-natured jollity. The necessary preliminary business meeting is enlivened by conversation and candy. There is present nothing of the greediness and rancor that sometimes mar the pleasure of an election meeting. Rival candidates dip unconcernedly into the same box of bonbons or salted peanuts, and the deadliest rivals may bury their envious claim in a chocolate cream.

Business over, preparations were made for casting the ballots. The floor was cleared of superfluous chairs; the vice-president (acting as president for the evening), and the recording secretary on the platform, prepared for work, the latter being equipped with the voters' list, and the scrutineers began to distribute the ballots to the voters. The latter were scattered about the room, dancing to the accompaniment of the indefatigable pianists, or gathered in interested little groups discussing the comparative merits and attractions of the various candidates. The votes were cast for one office at a time, the names of the candidates being written on the blackboard. After a sufficient interval, Madam President would rise, rap vigorously on the table, and as soon as she could make herself heard above the music of the human voice divine, demand: "Are all the votes in for —?" The voters passed in single file between the platform and an extemporized railing formed by the backs of chairs. As each girl handed in her ballot her name was called by the poll clerk, Madam President, and the vote was recorded by the recording secretary. No opportunity was given for stuffing the ballot box or falsifying the records

of the poll book. A considerable number of the offices had been filled by acclamation; others had to be voted on twice or even three times. As the results were obtained, the names of the unsuccessful candidates were rubbed off the blackboard. Each winner was greeted with hearty applause, whether of rejoicing with the victorious or of triumph over the vanquished, let the spirit of truth alone decide. We hope that the favors were distributed with justice, even though we may say with Thackeray, "Thank heaven, I never thought so ill of women as to suppose them to be just."

Another feature of the evening was the exhibition of the new University pin. A limited number of these pins have been ordered, and it was proposed that two should be purchased by the girls of the third and fourth years to serve as samples for those who did not have the opportunity of seeing the pin that evening. Doubtless more will be heard of this from another source.

After the elections and amusements had been concluded the girls formed a circle joining hands, and sang "Auld Lang Syne." In this there was an element of sadness, for it was the first of a series of good-byes for the popular graduating class. After "God Save the King," the society disbanded, the girls all setting out for home at an early hour, in which respect the Women's Lit always sets an excellent example.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

Hon. President—Miss Grant McDonald.

President—Miss Mabel Davis.

Vice-President—Miss Margaret Scott.

Fourth Year Representative—Miss Ketcheson.

Treasurer—Miss Lyon.

Recording Secretary—Miss Kate McDonald.

Third Year Representative—Miss Adie.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Best.

Second Year Representative—Miss McEntee.

Varsity Board—Fourth Year, Miss Magee; Third Year, Miss E. M. McKay.

In spite of the fact that we are in Lent, no one seems to have been sobered down these last two weeks, indeed an extra burst of gaiety seems to have filled the air. Doubtless it is due to the little foretaste of spring we are having, when instead of having to brace ourselves against nipping winds and shunning them when we can, we eagerly woo the "balmy breath of spring" that plays about us now. It makes us even feel poetical.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Squair gave a dinner to the students in the Fourth Year Moderns and Pass and to a number of professors and their wives. The guests assembled at 7.30 in the Faculty Union, where some time was spent in lively conversation, to judge by the volume of one's own voice, used to make oneself heard while waiting until the pancakes and the various other denominations should have vacated the dining hall. Wise youths viewed the place beforehand to see who their future partner should be, but the maidens were kept in suspense and speculation.

The dining hall looked very gay and festive lit up by many lights, by flowers, by pretty gowns, by smiles, and the genial faces of the host and hostess. All went merry as a marriage bell, and after each course each individual expression became more benign.

At the end of the dinner Professor VanderSmitten arose and voiced the sentiments of the guests regarding the kindness of Mr. Squair. After they had all sung "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the host replied, and said that they need not think they were getting away yet, as he had some limelight pictures to show. This was not