

ing of undergraduates, there is a rather amusing story told which illustrates a very frequent mistake made by the unwary woman "fresher." When attending lectures the men are supposed to wear their caps and gowns. To the latter they submit, whilst actually at lectures, but rather than wear the former they go, for the most part, hatless. The story goes that a new woman student went into Blackwell's—the well-known Oxford book-shop—and having selected the books she required, went up to a young man who was standing in the shop, and, handing him the books, said: "Can I take these?" "Yes, if you are quick enough," came the ready answer, and the girl fled, hoping that she might never meet that undergraduate again!

During the winter terms, four to ten p. m. are the most sociable hours of the day—the hours at which respectively tea and cocoa parties are usually given. At Somerville it is the fashion for the second and third year students to ask the "freshers" to tea or cocoa with them during their first term, and the following term the "freshers" return the compliment. Given a cheerful hostess, a cosy room and brightly burning fire, the newcomer begins to feel that after all college is a very pleasant place, and that her fellow-students, her seniors though they be, are in no way the eccentric and hostile beings whom they appeared to be at first sight.

For those who do not want the trouble of preparing tea in their own rooms there is always tea in the Common Room, where each one helps herself. Very terrible is the ordeal of Common Room tea during the first few days, when everything seems strange, and when the senior student is a person whom one only admires from a safe distance! . It is said that on one occasion, when Somerville boasted a senior student whose exterior was as terrifying as her heart was kind, a fresher screwed up her courage, and, entering the Common Room went

timidly to the tea-table and proceeded to pour herself out a cup of tea. Suddenly from the fireplace came the stern voice of the senior student: "The fresher tea is in the other teapot," it said. The nervous fresher dropped the cup she was holding and rushed from the room. The senior student turned to a friend. I only meant," she said wearily, "that the other tea was more newly made."

There is never any lack of entertainment in college for those who have time for frivolity. On Saturday evenings there is almost always dancing in the gymnasium, and the various college societies furnish ample amusement for all one's spare time. There is a Women's Intercollegiate Debating Society, which meets once a fortnight to discuss serious subjects, but perhaps rather more popular in Somerville is the sharp practice which takes place every Friday evening after dinner, and at which anyone whose name is drawn may be called upon to speak on any subject whatever—from "The superiority of the chauffeur over the handsome cab-driver" to "Are we, as a nation, unsociable at breakfast-time?" At these debates it is not required of the speaker that she could keep to the subject if only she can speak fluently, and avoid those fearful pauses—alas! only too frequent—when ideas seem to run completely dry. The slightest suggestion of a joke is met with hearty laughter by the audience, and the wittiest speakers are naturally the most popular. A debate once took place on the vagaries of fashion, and one speaker expressed her opinion that the mode of dress of a nation was indicative of its mode of thought. "I take it, madam," said she, "that if the nation wears hobble skirts it may be said to hobble." Another student leapt indignantly to her feet: "Madam," she protested, "I think that the last speaker is laboring under a misapprehension. I understand that those who wear hobble skirts advance by leaps and bounds."