

## The College Girl

This past week we have had in our midst a woman great and good,—a woman who wherever she goes, a woman who holds the love and reverence of good women the wide world over, and, withal, a woman truly gracious and womanly. To see the skill and tact with which Miss Willard performed the difficult duties of chairman at last Saturday's meeting was enough to stagger the most determined opposition any of us may have to seeing women take an active part in public life. This opposition comes, I think, mainly from the idea that when a woman does enter into public life she loses that gentleness, that womanliness which is, and always will be, woman's chief charm—we say she becomes masculine. That this is so in many cases is only too true, but that it is not of necessity so, any one who has listened, as I have, to Miss Willard, Miss Slack, and Miss Greenwood must acknowledge. No matter what path in life we college girls look forward to, we may well long to possess the charm of personality that belongs to these womanly women. And in my mind has arisen the thought that this opposition to women in public life, in which I confess a considerable personal share, is, in the face of women like these, doomed to perish. But Rome was not built in one day, and, it may be, only coming generations will see this realized.

Miss Willard's message to students, the one thought she wished to give specially to us, is so potent, so pregnant with meaning, and yet so concise that I want to quote it here, "Character is habit crystallized," and as we all repeated it after her its full meaning came home to us with renewed force. "*Character is habit crystallized.*"

There has come to hand this week from the publishers, Briggs & Co., a book interesting to us college girls, because written by one of our number. "Beth Woodburn," by Maud Pettit, a member of class '98. Entirely apart from this, however, the book is interesting for its own merits. The story is a very simple one, the plot not being at all complicated, and it is told in a simple, direct fashion that suits it well, while there is the absence of a great deal of that fine writing which is apt to be a characteristic of the first book of a young writer. The characters for the most part are well depicted and developed, and very interesting. For us, who are college people, I suspect the book will have even more interest than for the outside world, for since we know the scenes, events, and people so well, we can read much more into the little bits of Varsity that appear. The inevitable effect of the four years of college life in broadening and developing our intellect and sympathies is well brought out, and, if the picture is not as full and complete as some enthusiastic lovers of Varsity might wish, it is none the less true and charming. Miss Pettit is to be heartily congratulated on this her first book, which completely justifies the predictions which have been made of her as one of the brightest young writers of our country.

The first regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held on Saturday evening, October 23rd. The president, Miss Grace Hunter, and Miss D. F. Wright, the rec.-sec., occupied seats on the platform. It was gratifying that so many members of the class of 1901

made a point of being present at the first meeting. May their enthusiasm stand the test of the numerous Saturday night attractions that develop as the year advances.

Possibly, a remark made by one of the sophomores at the close of the meeting on Saturday, may not be amiss just here. "Oh, yes," said she, "I am coming to every meeting; I did not appear at all last year, and I am sorry for it now." Since its establishment this society has been a growing power in the College, and it is the business of every woman in the undergraduate body to do her part toward making this year the best one yet.

There were a few items of business to be attended to before the regular programme, first of all being the postponed elections for treasurer of the Society, and first year councillor. For the first office Miss Watt was unanimously chosen; Miss Hutchison being the successful candidate for the second.

Communications were read from the secretary of the Women's Enfranchisement Association, and from the W.C.T.U., inviting the college girls to be present at two very interesting meetings on Monday. Another was read from Miss M. Northway, resigning her position as business manager of *Sesame*. This was reluctantly accepted, but as the work involved is somewhat stupendous it was suggested that perhaps one of the graduates, taking into consideration the fact that she has no May examination guillotine hanging over her head, might undertake the task. Miss M. Ard. MacKenzie, B.A., kindly consented to take the responsibility for this year.

As there are a few copies of *Sesame* left from last year, it was decided that one should be given to each member of the class of 1901, that some copies be sent to American colleges for exchange, and that the remainder be sent to the "Aberdeen Society" for distribution in the North-West. A new, and what I am sure is going to prove a very interesting feature of each meeting, is the establishment of an editors' box in connection with *Sesame*. Into this box, which will be provided with a lock and key—not a combination—the modest genuises in our midst may drop their maiden efforts and be discovered, that is, their genius may be discovered, not their identity.

Miss Grant MacDonald, editor in-chief of *Sesame*, read four very bright sketches sent in last week, two of which were decidedly of local interest, judging by the applause. Miss Crane, of '98, gave a very catching instrumental solo, which was enthusiastically encored.

Miss Grace Hunter, the popular president, was enthusiastically received, when she gave the annual speech from the throne, so to speak. Her paper was bright and thoroughly enjoyable.

Miss Rumball, of '98, sang "A Cradle Song," by Trumbull, and in response to repeated encores gave "Why should we say Good-bye?" Miss Burgess, of '99, read a portion of John Kendrick Bangs' clever sketch "A Houseboat on the Styx." Miss Lepatnikoff, sister of our Miss P. Lepatnikoff, of '99, delighted everyone with her two solos. Her voice is rich and resonant, and was a great treat to us all.

The meeting closed with "God Save the Queen."

At the meeting of the Y.W.C.A. on Wednesday afternoon the members of that society enjoyed the privilege of an address from Miss Rouse, a graduate of Girton College, Cambridge. In spite of the inclement weather many were present, among whom were Mrs. Loudon and Mrs. Fraser, ex-honorary president of the society. A meeting of their year, doubtless prevented many of the first year from attending. The minutes having been read and approved, several new members were proposed. Miss Alexander, '99, was elected recording secretary in the stead of Miss McArthur, who did not return to college this year. Miss