

Ladies' Column.

Madam Editor:

HERE are just a few things that I want to say about last Saturday's football match, and I send them to your column, because I am confident that all the ladies will agree with me.

I have heard it called good, plucky, hard fought, in fact numerous complimentary epithets have been used. Now, I am the last person in the world to make unkind criticisms, but I can't agree with all this. Why, in the first place, look at the uniforms. I dislike to use strong language, but they were, well to put it mildly, exceedingly dingy. What was worse, the wearers did not seem to take the slightest pains to keep them clean. They scrimmaged (I think that is the right word) the ball just wherever they happened to be, instead of taking it to a dry place, as they might easily have done, for there were several dry places on the field. They did not even take the ordinary trouble to appear with clean faces, but got themselves daubed with mud, and one man actually had mud on his hair.

Moreover, I have been shocked to find no notice whatever taken of another feature of the game. How could all the girls quietly look on without a protest at the treatment given to the old gentleman who was playing? I could not see him distinctly myself, but I heard him called "grand-pa," and was told that he was being treated most disrespectfully and cruelly by younger men.

Surely we can not endure this. I call upon you, Madam Editor, by that reverence for age which I hope we all possess (though I own I doubt whether it is largely cultivated at Queen's) to use the influence your column possesses to put all this down. I am sure you will only be voicing the sentiments of the girls if you do so.

FRESHETTE.

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We did not intend making any comment here on the football match, knowing that it would be fully discussed elsewhere. But the letter printed above seems to require some comment. We are rather in doubt as to whether it is intended as a joke, or whether a senior has been playing on some poor "freshette's" feelings. If the latter, we are glad to be able to relieve their mind. We have been credibly informed that the "old man" is quite able to keep up with the youngest of them. As for the un-aesthetic garb, every stain on those suits is a thing to boast of, not to hide.

No one in the College is prouder of the victory than we girls; proud of our team, proud of the familiar uniforms,

"Soiled as they are by the battle and the rain,"

proud of our own fortitude in enduring the bitter cold to be spectators. As we picked our way to the gate through that soft slimy sea of mud, we could one and all have sung with the greatest enthusiasm,

"Here's to good old Queen's, drink her down!"

It is strange, is it not, how much more important a victory like this seems when it is on our own side than when any one else has achieved it? And yet, such is the way of life. Even to the most unselfish of us, our own successes and defeats, and troubles and joys have an importance greater than those of our fellowmen combined, and often we think,—

But who ever heard of a woman being philosophical! Let us drop down to our ordinary level again and remark that we are glad to hear the goddess of music resume her sway beneath our roof. It is certainly significant that this event has been almost simultaneous with the return of "the saints that dwell in Divinity Hall," yet we cannot give them all the credit, for there are others among us almost as musical as they. However that may be, we girls are thoroughly enjoying the change. It is old, but advance is being made even in that line.

'02 has a year-song, which, if it does contain the peculiarly freshman-like line,

"What would Queen's do without you?"

is yet a step in the right direction. "You're so good, Geordie," *et al*, are having such a run as to grow rather monotonous, but on the other hand a delightful song, so old as to be new, has been revived of late. We refer, of course, to the "Ninety-nine blue (or is it beer?) bottles a-hanging on the wall."

We hope that some poet will rise soon and give us three good rousing new songs, but if this cannot be, in the name of all that is musical let us at least go on singing the old.

LEVANA NOTES.

The first regular meeting of the Levana Society was held Wednesday, October 12th. After various matters of business had been attended to, a good programme was given. The President extended a hearty welcome to all, to the new members as well as to the old, and clearly pointed out that it was the duty of every girl in the college to support this society both by paying the fee, and taking an active part in its meetings.

A regular meeting of the society was held on Oct. 26th. It was decided to have an "At Home" on Thanksgiving day. After the regular business had been disposed of an excellent programme was given. It is quite gratifying to see an increased attendance.

At the meeting held on November 9th, Miss Storey was elected Prophetess-Historian.