

A GIRL'S DAY AT QUEEN'S.

BY A STUDENT.

It is whispered in college circles that when the two pioneers of women's higher education in Queen's, first clicked their high-heeled shoes



along the corridors that hitherto had known masculine tread alone, they were waited upon by a delegation of enquirers and catechised as follows: "Can you sew on buttons?" "Can you make good bread?" "Can you do all kinds of housework?" etc. The sterner sex evidently considered that, until these accomplishments were mastered, women's place was at least, not at Queen's. That the catechised were able to give satisfactory answers we infer from the fact that they continued their studies in peace, and demonstrated the ability of their sex to hold their own in the educational arena, one of them carrying off the gold medal. They have been succeeded by large numbers of Canada's fairest and most clever women, who have come from all over the Dominion, from British Columbia in the far west to Nova Scotia in the east, and even our American cousins occasionally cross the border for a course in Queen's.

That the trite saying, "There is no royal road to learning!" holds good at Queen's, a glance at the curriculum suffices to prove. Every day, from eight o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the evening, the professors in Arts, Theology and Medicine are busy with their classes,—even Saturday, that holiday for most students, brings its work in the shape of a junior Latin class, known in student vernacular as "The Grind."

One day's work of a girl in the freshman year—1900, otherwise known as the "Naughty Naughts"—may be of interest to the readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. This particular girl is pursuing a special course in English which necessitates attendance upon seventeen lectures a week, the subjects taken up being junior and senior history, junior, senior, and honor English including Anglo-Saxon.

The first lecture of this course for to-day (Wednesday) is at ten a.m. A brisk walk down Gordon and Union streets, in company with our student, brings us to the foot-ball campus, across which we hasten, in daring disregard of the notice to trespassers, past the new gymnasium, the School of Mining and science hall, on the right, and medical hall on the left, to the back entrance by which the majority of the students enter.

Up the broad flight of stairs branching right and left, from the first landing of which a bust of the late Dr. Williamson looks down from its pedestal, we pass to the girls' waiting-room where outdoor wraps are doffed and the red-bound black gown is donned, and our student is ready for work. The tinkle of electric bells gives the signal for action and we join the group of students in the English room, with its lovely view of the St. Lawrence and the islands.

The professor, Rev. G. Ferguson, is at his desk, and for a moment every head is bowed, as he invokes the blessing of the Source of all knowledge upon the exercises of the day. A kind and genial gentleman is the professor, whose locks have grown silvery in the service of his Master and of Queen's. His extensive travels in the Holy Lands and on the continent of Europe, enable him by many a word-picture to brighten what to some at least would otherwise be an uninteresting study, that of mediæval history. Flying pens transfer the lecture to the various notebooks for future reference. The bell tinkles, writing ceases, and we bid adieu to the English room for a few hours.

At this season of the year the probability is that the next two hours will be spent in the

round-topped building at the Union street entrance that bears the alluring sign, "Kingston Skating Rink."

Two o'clock in the afternoon finds us in the Junior Philosophy room on the first floor, where the Senior English class meets, having overflowed the class-room upstairs. While we await the arrival of the professor our ears will probably be charmed (?) by the deep voices of the male students singing such familiar college songs as "Litoria," "Michael Roy," etc., or Queen's University's own particular song,

"On the old Ontario strand, my boys,
Where Queen's forevermore shall stand,
Has she not stood, since the time of the flood,
On the old Ontario strand."

Woe unto the bashful girl who chances to be a little late, for she is certain to be treated to a full chorus of "Hop along, sister Mary," accompanied by a steady tramping of feet, until she sinks into her seat with something of the same feeling with which the Indians hailed Alabama.

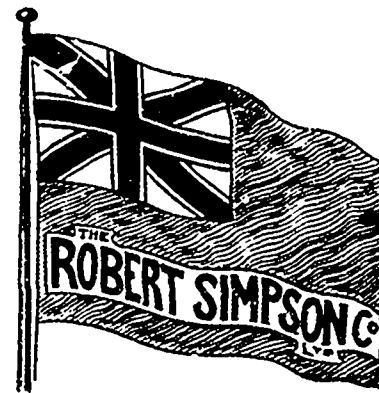
But a familiar tread is heard, and silence reigns as Professor Cappon passes down the room to his desk. The professor is a firmly-built muscular Scotchman, with the unmistakable stamp of a man thoroughly at home in the realm of books. With a rather cool reserve of manner that keeps even the most presuming at a distance, he has yet a personal magnetism, which, combined with his perfect mastery of his subject, makes it an undeniable pleasure to sit at the feet of this Gamaliel of Queen's. From the study of Shakespeare's play "King Richard III.," the class has passed on to the study of the development of English poetry in general, the subject for this afternoon being the origin and development of the sonnet, which the professor handles in his usual masterly way, his rapidly given ideas requiring a swift pen and a retentive memory on the part of the student in order to get satisfactory notes.

The honor English lecture that follows is delivered in the English room, and this afternoon, consists of a criticism of Emerson's "Literary Ethics."

The students of this class were witnesses one afternoon to an amusing incident, which proved that the professor can enjoy a joke at his own expense. As it is but natural to suppose, it is extremely unpleasant to have the students entering the class-room after the lecture has begun, and on this particular day the professor had been especially annoyed by it. Finally he expressed his displeasure in good round terms, when, in the middle of his speech, "ting-a-ling" went the electric bell—he had begun his lecture ahead of time. The shout of laughter and stamping of feet that followed was apparently enjoyed by no one more than by the professor himself.

Once a fortnight the next hour is taken up by the Lavana, the girls' branch of the Alma Mater Society. The Lavana is now under the leadership of the vice-president, the president having gone to brighten a Methodist parsonage with her presence.

From five to six o'clock as many of the girls as feel so inclined, receive instructions in physical culture and military drill, from Sergt. Major Morgans of the Royal Military College. The club-swinging, wand exercises and marching, besides giving ease and grace of carriage, healthfully develop the muscles and also the appetite, which makes the order to dismiss a welcome one. After tea, study, receptions, or religious services will usually finish the day of a girl in Queen's.



The...
Old
And the
New

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