

CAMPAIGN FOR THE FIVE-DAY SCHOOL WEEK

VANITY THY NAME IS . . .

That "silken, sad uncertain rustling" is entirely too pronounced. Surely the library is not a fit place in which to show off, and this effort on the part of the girls to introduce their new clothes to the dazzled eyes of the eager and willing [boys in the library] is not to be commended.

Who would not be glad of one whole day in the week to call her own? One day free, to make a call on a town lady — a friend of mother's, to darn her stockings, to straighten out that "top drawer," to go skating or take a long walk. . . . And, 'tis not only the girls who need this day. Where is the boy who would not like to go hunting,

fishing or swimming perhaps on some other day than Sunday? . . .

Of course, 'tis against our religious principles to study on Sunday, but often it is either study on Sunday or 'flunk out' on Monday and one is about as uncomfortable as the other.

LACY BUT LIBERATED: A GLIMPSE OF

In her lacy, high-necked, wide-sleeved shirt-waist, the University coed of the early 1900s "added to the joy of mass meetings by her attendance and detracted from the dreariness of the library," says the Ought Eight Savitar. She was known as the Varsity Girl and admired for her loyalty, her modesty, her shining crown of silken hair . . . and occasionally at least, for her brains. Each year on Valentines Day, the coeds were allowed to take over the *Independent*, the student newspaper of the era, and to share their talents and views of the Campus with the boys. Some of their comments and stories from the 1906 and 1907 issues are herewith presented. Some seem quaint; others would draw cheers from the coed's liberated sisters of the Seventies. Here's to the Varsity Girl!

CLIPPINGS FROM READ HALL DIARIES

The Freshman's:

Sunday, Nov. 30. Got up at 8:50; got down to breakfast just one second after doors closed — another 20¢ gone! Had oysters, got two plates. Edith traded me hers if I would let her wear my beads to the dance Thursday night. Had a time 'till 10:30, then the usual mad rush for church; got to church in time to hear sermon — got awful sleepy. Dead hungry! got wing of chicken at dinner as usual, but just wait till I get to be a Senior and serve! Chocolate ice cream — we got the extra sauce at our table. Had two pieces of cake. Helen didn't like caramel cake. Studied all afternoon made fudge about three, got called down for cracking nuts. Salad for lunch. Mad rush for



Sunday magazine read third number of "The Great Secret." Had a caller, rooms so crowded had to sit on steps — gave him a good lecture for coming late. Gong rang two minutes too soon — hard luck! Talked in Eve's room til lights out — went to bed by candle light.

The Senior's:

Sunday, Nov. 30. Arose at seven o'clock; read twenty-third Psalm before breakfast. A beautiful day! Went to Sunday School and church, heard a learned and weighty sermon on "Foreordination and Predestination." After dinner read "Review of Reviews" and later took a delightful walk. In the evening wrote letters and read. So much noise in the Hall had to call down four different times. Retired at ten o'clock, but did not get to sleep. Silly Freshmen talking in corridors about their "beaux."

THANKS TO THE BOYS, THERE'S NO SEXISM HERE

For a long time past [40 years, to be exact], everything has been done to encourage girls to come here [to the University]. By the addition of women's parlors, by the building of a girls dormitory and bringing here a woman who helps the girls to procure suitable boarding places, thus doing away with much of the trouble they would otherwise have, the University has done its part towards helping along higher education for women of the state.

"But . . . a great deal depends on the attitude taken, and in this matter, we have the boys to thank. There is no display of snobishness and slighting references to the Co-eds as is found in many an Eastern University. There is nothing here to make a girl feel a hesitancy about urging her friends to choose our University in preference to some Girl's college.

BASKET BALL IN BLOOMERS

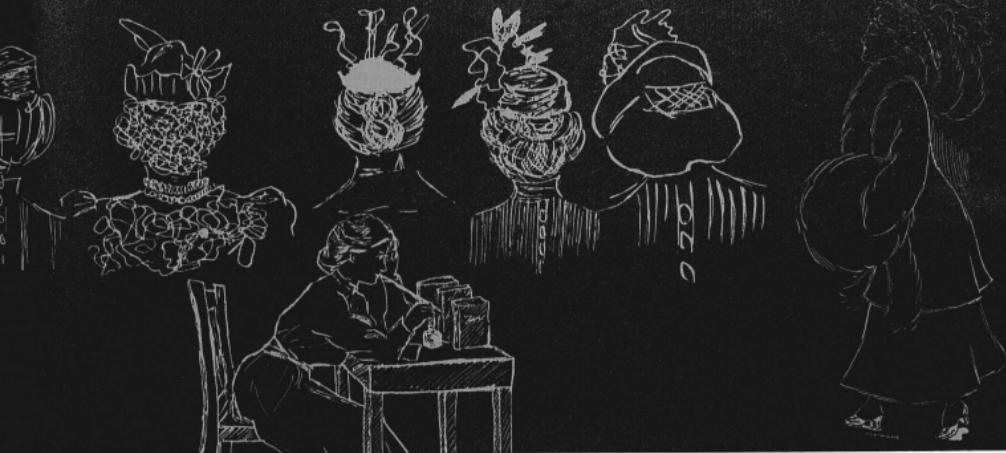
There seems to be a movement on foot now among some of the girls to keep the boys and faculty men away from the basket ball games. . . . This is foolishness. The [Athletic] Association needs the money. We feel too, from the eagerness the boys display, that it will be depriving them of pleasure. Besides we have an idea that the

girls take more interest and play better when they are present. . . . We go to their foot ball and base ball games and they are glad to have us. Why should we be so selfish as to keep them away from our basket ball games?

BRAINS

There are always as many girls elected to Phi Beta Kappa as boys — oftentimes more, we have carried off as many prizes along other lines as our brothers and our numbers are increasing as rapidly as theirs.

THE VARSITY GIRL (Circa 1907)



.. TO A ROUGH NECK BOY

A college cap
No brains beneath.
A cigarette
Between the teeth.
A shapeless coat
And army shirt
A dowdy tie
Not lacking of dirt.
Some corduroy pants
And socks of red.
Is really impressive
To every Co-ed.

A LETTER FROM A LAWYER

The objection is frequently made that the woman in business unsexes herself; that she loses her womanly qualities and is not accorded by her business associates the respect that the woman in the home is given. A careful consideration of these criticisms will invariably disclose the fact that they are made by persons who have absolutely no knowledge of the conditions that they so learnedly discuss and so positively condemn. The woman in the practice of law will find that she has to deal and come in contact with a class of men who are unfailingly courteous in every instance.

. . . The law is a lucrative occupation for women . . . and they may successfully compete with men.

The common idea that you have to constantly combat prejudice and fight for every inch of recognition you obtain, is erroneous. At the present time, I know of no field where the outlook is any better, or of no one for whom the future looks any brighter, than for

the woman who adopts the law as her profession.

Gratia Evelyn Woodside, LL.B. '00

SNARLS OF A SOURED SPINSTER

Most men are merely brutes with brains — some haven't even the brains.

'Society's curled darlings' are nearly always knaves or fools; which of the two they are depends on the sex.

Some girls size a man up merely from his dancing ability; if he steps on their toes he's a "stick;" if he dances divinely he's a "perfect dear."

Some men demand that a woman have beauty, other require riches merely, none desire that she should possess brains.

The woman who lets her hair go straight because she says, 'Honesty is the best policy,' will die an old maid while the giggling girl armed with curling-iron and powder-puff will get married early.

OUR ADVISER OF WOMEN

Through the columns of their *Independent*, the University girls wish to send a capital letter "Thank You" to the Board of Curators for appointing Miss Breed as Adviser of Women. . . .

In the average "write-up" of one connected with the University, it is customary to

mention as of prime import the various letters that may be written after the name. As if degrees made the man! . . .

We are not belittling the titles; we would not have them otherwise; we are proud of them, and prouder for the culture they stand for. When we think of Miss Breed, however, we do not think of her degrees; rather do we remember her sympathy with girls — rich girls and with poor girls — with serious girls and with the happy-go-lucky sort — with

brilliant girls and those who are not so brilliant; we remember her quiet authority; we think of her just standard of right and wrong; we think of her as a lover of good music, good pictures, good books, and good people. We think of her, in short, as a woman whom we can love and trust.



THE COLUMBIA ELECTRIC LIGHT SYSTEM

A LETTER FROM HIS SISTER

Dear Old Jack:

It was awfully good of you to write me for advice in beginning your life at the University and I am very glad to do anything in my power for you. Of course, since I spent two whole years there, I know quite a great deal of how things are looked upon by the girls. One very important thing is to be popular. The fellows are easy. Just set 'em up a few and don't be too big a shark at billiards. . . . Girls, however, require more tactful handling. Appearances always count, especially with the college girls, and every swell fellow has one. Get into the Military department if possible. The girls do love those uniforms. But if there's no vacancy. . . . , invest immediately in a sweater

and corduroys — leather stitched, of course to show they're tailor-made — and wear them on every occasion. All the girls think they're so cunning.

As ever, your devoted

Beth.

ADVICE FROM AUNT PRUE

(The 'Dear Abby' of the girl's issue of *The Independent* was Aunt Prue, who gave freely of her advice.)

A man who giggles, chews gum and puts his feet on a woman's chair is not picturesque.

Men are like children — they must have their pouting days.

The favorite pose of the unimportant man is that woman is inferior.

Wear good clothes and a deceitful smile — and half of the battle is won. Wear old clothes and an honest frown and you have cooked your goose.

Only one thing can reach the heart of a malicious and envious woman. Nature has provided this. — It is Old Age.

It has come under my observation that the man who reflects on his partner's playing, is most apt to trump her ace.

Don't swear when your feet are tramped on. It's not good form.

A cheerful smile turneth away suspicion.

Don't chew gum in the library. If you must chew, go to your room, close the door, and look at yourself in the mirror.

Don't coo in the corridors with beaux.

Don't run away from your partner before the next gentleman appears. It may reflect on your early training.
