A college campus is a small world apart and complete. There is a cheerful despotism about it that could only belong to a community of youth, a calm laying down of its own laws of etiquette, of fitness, of dress—especially of dress. The girl who goes away to college ignorant of the canons of college chic will endure the misery of the uninitiated. Her trunkful of elaborate clothes will languish in the back of her closet, while their owner goes forth in search of the simplicity that is the soul of college chic. And, after simplicity, every garment that goes into the college trunk should be submitted to an acid test of suitability. For the novice inquiring about college clothes must listen with a doubting ear to the casual information—"Oh, we just wear sports things all the time at college. You don't have to worry about clothes there." The girl giving this advice forgets that her sports things will be selected with the acquired knowledge of the campus that the prospective college girl lacks. She forgets, too, what she instinctively knows, that an adequate wardrobe is exceedingly important. For a girl arrives at college with little to be judged by at first except her appearance. The clothes that she and her mother have selected form the background of the first impression she makes, and they are a part of the reputation she carries.