

evening was spent in hailing newcomers, calling upon neighbors, and comparing uniforms. The spirit of adventure, geniality, and comradeship prevailed everywhere. We all had a very jolly time.

The next morning our work began, and incidentally, we discovered what it felt like to be stared at by all and sundry, in the most impersonal and obvious way. Even the cats stopped to look. But a splendid lecture from Dr. Creelman stiffened our backs again, and elevated our chins, and made us feel that we would not be as ridiculous as we evidently appeared. He prepared us for the worst, and at the same time gave us fresh courage to face it. In the next twenty-four hours, we were initiated into the mysteries of making a garden, testing milk for fat, and putting those complex cream separators together. The latter were as fascinating as Japanese puzzles, and quite as exasperating. It was all very novel and interesting. And the joy of feeling unhampered by skirts or high heels, and breathing clean fresh air, was positively exalting. I felt as irresponsible and energetic as a small boy.

I shall never forget my first experience in milking. The cow was a Jersey, and her name was Reverencia, which suggested to me that she was a gentle, quiet, well-disposed creature, whose soul might possibly have migrated from the body of some gentle nun of Chaucer's times. Nevertheless, I felt

my heart pounding as I advanced toward her with a pail and stool in either trembling hand, and shakily seated myself. I pulled and squeezed with no results, in spite of repeated demonstrations. Finally, in my desperation, I extracted a thin stream. I never was more excited, and I renewed the attack with greater energy, and consequent success. I leaned my head against Reverencia's flank in exhaustion, and thanksgiving. Then a strange thing happened. My nose and forehead suddenly tingled as if a thousand hailstones had been flung against them. When I looked up, Reverencia's great eyes were contemplating me with scornful impatience—and her tail was still swinging. I got "enough for my porridge," as one of the dairymen said, during the next twenty minutes. Reverencia and I understand each other much better now. One of our class, who never milked a cow before coming here, can now get fifteen pounds in ten minutes. Milking looked so easy!

Altogether we have had a splendid time during the last three weeks, ploughing, hoeing, milking, gardening, pruning, feeding stock, etc. We wish it were beginning all over again. Everyone has been so kind and good-natured, and that has made the work so much the more interesting. Besides there is the advantage of satisfying one's conscience in trying to do the obvious thing, when a world-wide famine threatens.

