



MACDONALD

TIPS FROM A SENIOR.

My Dear Freshies:—

September the fifteenth! With what a variety of mingled feelings this day will be ushered into the world! But cheer up, little freshies; within the gates of Mac. Hall you will be welcomed by the smiling faces of the old girls. And now, here are a few kindly tips from one who knows.

When you enter your room you will probably, after registering the following on your cerebrum—bare floor, curtainless windows, iron cot, a mattress one and a half, or, if you are lucky, two inches in thickness, bare walls, etc.—begin to ruminate thusly, "So this is the cell I have been having day dreams about." Now right here we will place the first don't. Don't sit down on the cot and weep. Dig into your trunk. First of all put up your window curtains—there—that's better. Get out some photographs, stick them up where you can see them as you work and talk to them. Tell them into what a cosy little domicile you are going to transform this room. If some neighbour down the corridor thoughtlessly begins to hum, "Home Sweet Home," heave a book—a big book—Hutchinson if you possess him—in her direction and ask her to kindly change her repertoire to "Caro Mio Ben," or some other soulful little ditty that will not mean so much to you. When the lights suddenly blink out at ten thirty that first night you

will probably feel no inclination to sleep. In hushed voices you and your room-mate will talk about it until you are silenced by a gentle little "shush," at the door. Fear not, thou sleepless one. 'Tis but "The Senior's Lullaby," hushing you to silence and slumber. If this lullaby is repeated the second night, lie low for a few moments then complete your conversation in pianissimo tones. But alas! little freshie if "shush" comes again to your door on the third night, bid a fond farewell to fifty cents of your contingency fee.

If for the first week or two you prefer to be alone until you sum up the situation, don't exhibit a man's photograph on your dressing table. If you would like a few callers place one photo in a very prominent position—or if you would like a crowd exhibit half a dozen. Curiosity once killed a cat. It does not evince such fatal results with the Mac. Hall girls—merely causes "visitors' plague" which disease is cured when they have successfully sorted out father, brother, uncle and cousin from your museum and have at last discovered the one lucky man.

When you are quite settled and feel at home in your new surroundings take a night off to read the Doomsday Book containing the rules and regulations of Macdonald Hall. Read it from cover to cover. You will find it simple but interesting. After you have thoroughly perused this