

A Day at the Women's Residence

MY room-mate was certainly a disturbing element that morning. The breakfast bell had only partially aroused me, and I should have quickly fallen back to sleep if she had not persisted in frantic endeavors to prevent me, and, as her hurried preparations had by this time assumed the nature of a small cyclone, I was forced to rise if only to save a few of my possessions from utter confusion. Naturally I was late for breakfast, but it was too usual an occurrence to excite remark, besides was I not a senior? It was evident there were nine o'clock lectures that day, but quite regardless of such minor matters, I leisurely finished my meal and then returned to my room to write letters.

The house was very quiet until about noon, when the girls began returning from college, and made their presence heard, if not felt, in every room and corridor. Woman is naturally a social creature, so I could not be blamed for the strong inclination I felt to leave "Angel's Rest"—as my room was placarded on the door—and join the group in the adjoining "Home of the Friendless," where such interesting topics seemed under discussion. I found the occupants in various graceful attitudes about the room (the supply of chairs was not equal to the demand), arguing over the all-absorbing question of the time, the annual elections of the Women's Literary Society. As a state of quite unnecessary warmth had by this time been reached, I was relieved to hear the bell just then ring for lunch, which was a signal for the girls to unite once more in a common purpose.

At meals strict attention was given to the proper training of the freshettes who had to politely look after the wants of the seniors and take turn about in saying grace. Anyone caught smiling in the perfor-