

The old regime was changed slightly. Instead of giving a dinner to the whole Faculty a luncheon was given to the Professors' wives and the Faculty ladies. Dr. Creelman admitted that he felt rather ill-protected being the only male representative present. It was not really he who felt the need of protectors—it was his voice. One deep, bass voice among forty sopranos sounds very lonely indeed.

The luncheon was served at one o'clock on Monday, May 28th. The classroom was transformed into a fairy land of pink tulips and pale yellow daffodils. Pink tissue paper tulips shaded the lights. Those blackboards! the old bugbear when transforming a classroom into a dining-room! But this year the girls completed their education at Mac. by covering these

blackboards with wall paper of a quiet hue over which they placed green branches.

The menu was both dainty and substantial:

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| Cream of Tomato Soup | Croutons |
| Ramequin of Chicken | Rolls |
| Asparagus Salad | Wonder Wafers |
| Rhubarb Sherbet | Sponge Drops |
| Mints | Coffee |
| | Salted Nuts |

Dr. Creelman congratulated the girls on the splendid luncheon prepared and served by them. He then introduced the speaker, Mrs. VanKonghuet, who is an active worker for our returned soldiers. Mrs. Van-Konghuet spoke of her work in a most interesting way and told the girls of various branches of Red Cross work open to them after graduation from Macdonald Institute.



There was a young man from the city,
Who said, "What a beautiful kitty!"
It wasn't a cat.

He didn't know that.
They burned all his clothes what a pity.

Notice appearing in a Minnesota newspaper: "I have been instructed by the village council to enforce the ordinance against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalk."

A Freshman stood on the burning deck
But as far as he could learn,
He stood in perfect safety,
For he was too green to burn.

A boy hates soap and water until he discovers her.

Butcher.—"Come John, be lively; break the bones of Mrs. Jones' chops and put Mr. Smiths' ribs in the basket for him."

John, (briskly).—"All right sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphy's legs."

Sproule.—"Well S——, what are you going to be doing this afternoon?"
S——.—"Oh, nothing much, I guess."

Sproule.—"I see, no change from the usual program, eh?"