

look, though how any girl can call it home as I heard a senior do today, is beyond me. At first I wondered how I would ever fill the long days but there is no doubt left now. The worry is—How will I get an extra minute?

The one thing that worries me most of all is the rules. Of course the calendar says "Every resident must comply with the rules and regulations" and believe me there is no opportunity to do anything else. Those rules are hung on the back of every door and there seems to be nothing you can do, but after careful reading we all found there were a few things left out and the others we could get around somehow. We get only one night out every week. What would you do if you got out only once. Of course it wouldn't make much difference now that "Blessed Jack" is in France. Say what do you think,—they guessed I was engaged and I've never worn my ring and never even brought out Dick's picture. It was hard not to tell for he is such a dear. He is in Belgium now and he says,—O! but I'm off the track I must tell you about the Hall. Last year there was no council and you could slide out through the laundry or fire escape or even boldly walk out the front door but now there are those unlucky thirteen who seem to bob up in every corner to keep things straight. The old girls say it is better than last year and from the stories they tell it must have been dreadful last spring.

The gong goes at all hours. It begins at a quarter to seven in the morning and there isn't a "Big Ben" on earth half as bad. At first we would jump right up and get nicely dressed but no one else did it so there is no use losing good sleep. Now we lie until about seven twenty-five then slip into a middy suit and make a wild rush for the dining room. Sometimes we get in but

often we just hear the click of the latch. You feel like breaking the latch but even if you did get in there is that fine to think about. "Your contingency has been charged fifty cents" and after all it isn't worth it.

After breakfast it takes all your time to finish dressing and get the room in respectable order in case Mrs. Fuller should be around to inspect it. For no one wants to come back at noon to find a ticket pinned on the door, "Please make bed before going to class" or "Please tidy room before two o'clock."

Roll call is at eight-thirty and everybody must be there. We have a hymn and prayers and then Miss Watson produces a pink ticket with some announcement and we "govern ourselves accordingly." After that classes until twelve but they are of no importance. There are several courses. Diamond Ringers, Homeseekers', Hopeless, as the housekeepers are called, but from the look of this year's class they have not given up all hope yet. Then there are the normals and associates.

Dinner is at twelve fifteen. Of course we get properly balanced meals. Even the very lankiest expand and Dr. Creelman says the girls have been known to gain a ton in one term. I'm at a table with mostly old girls. Four of them are seniors and they talk Institute all the time and Biology, Chemistry and Diatetics. They call us "Only Homemakers" with utmost disgust and seem to think us quite brainless. After dinner there are dozens of things to do,—write letters, attend meetings, do scraps of class work or sewing or go for a walk.

Most people think we do nothing here but cook, and perhaps a little sewing but I wish they could see the housepractice, laundry, horticulture, foods or sanitation classes, their eyes would be opened. Some of the girls