

the president ran the college, so that we made friends at once, and have remained staunch and true to each other ever since.

We wandered next to the president's house, which our new friend and genial informer pointed out to us. After a very pleasant call on the president and family, we set out under his protection to that ideally ideal place called Chip Hall. Shall we ever forget that first glimpse. It was wet outside, but there was more dampness within. Paint, green both in color and texture confronted us. It was on the doors and on the floor. Our guide did not inform us that the hall had been newly painted until we had transferred considerable of the mixture to our best Sunday suits. We forgave him when he assured us that the Hall had been fixed over especially for our benefit. The former classes had torn out doors and windows, burned chairs and tables, but a renovated hall awaited us with \$7000.00 improvements, including hot water and new silverware. We followed the President around with great alacrity and enjoyment. He showed us the new commodes, the new mirrors which would do credit to a young lady's boudoir. When our rooms had been selected and he was about to depart, someone gasped: "Where are the beds?" Our anticipated misery was entirely eliminated by his affable assurance that the beds long delayed by the railroad would surely reach us soon, and we slept on the floor for four solid weeks, perfectly satisfied with our lot and happy as rats in a garret.

Our first class meeting was held on the opening day of college. Holding it so early the Sophomores had no time to take knowledge of our ways. Flour was high that year anyway and up in the Southwest corner we felt perfectly secure. Stenderson guarded the door while Neily made the motions. We appointed our class officers by means of the pronouns "him," "her," and "you." Some said that we chose our first officers through our aesthetic taste only, as Mr. Hutchinson had the honor of being our first President. The ones who by chance, however, received the appointments carried on the business of the class during the first term to the satisfaction of all.

Then came the hour for registering at the office. It was a most august assembly. The desk, the big book in which our names were written one after another reminded us of things beyond this life, and a momentary hush fell upon us all. We were then for the first time impressed with the importance of college life. After our names had