

manner of conducting myself would be impossible. Of course I was nothing but an unsophisticated freshette, yet we all know that to a freshette although nothing would tempt her to acknowledge it, there are but two superior classes of beings, her class—herself included,—and the professors. I felt that a grave preoccupied air mingled with that of profound knowledge would be most suitable, and so well did I succeed in the imitation of my ideal that I am fully persuaded if my careful parents could have seen my first appearance in chapel they would never have recognized their child. I was very much interested in the first chapel service. I felt as I looked at the long line of august professors that they had need of me and I at once determined to do my utmost for them.

Among the college girls in the seminary my composed and mystical demeanor worked like a charm, and drew a host of admiring followers to my side. My opinion was respected and diligently sought. Even the seminary teacher who had charge of our corridor on one occasion asked me whether I objected to a violin room on one side, that of an elocution on the other, a piano room above and the temperature at 100 degrees. I was so pleased at this deference shown me by one so high in authority that I replied I thought it most charming, which reply I have no doubt raised me in her estimation. But retribution was at hand. One day I was quietly working in my room when the most agonizing cry of Fire! Fire! filled the air. I forgot my dignified composure and rushed out into the arms of the aforementioned teacher who was tranquilly crossing the corridor. "Oh," I gasped, "the building is on fire! Don't you hear those dreadful shrieks?" She gazed at me in wonder for a moment, and then replied, "I scarcely expected such panic from so self-contained a young lady. Those cries which you hear come from the elocution room next to yours." I was cut to the heart. I was deeply humiliated. I felt I had lowered myself in the estimation of the world which was more bitter to me than wormwood. I resolved never again to behave in so unbecoming a manner until I smelt the smoke and saw the flames. After this I never allowed myself to be disturbed by any of the strange noises which proceeded from that dreadful room. But one night, a month or so after this escapade, I say night because it was dark although it was about half-past six in the morning, I was awakened by the stifled whisper of "I'm mad! I'm mad!" I was paralyzed. My hair stood up straight two inches from the top of my head, and when I say two inches I know that I am speaking the truth, for as soon as I had sufficiently recovered I measured the distance with a tape measure. For two months my nerves had been in a state of unstable equilibrium and this latest shock together with the heat, for the temperature was being slowly yet steadily raised, seemed to permanently disorganize them. In a few weeks I went home for the Xmas holidays, a wreck of my former self. My parents were thrown into the wildest constern-