FIRST DAY AT LINDENWOOD

September 15—

I have just been carried over from the infirmary, and having been refreshed by crackers and tunafish, I shall attempt to set down in my record book the events which have marked the passage of my first day at Lindenwood.

I was always of a retiring nature and it was an unkind stroke of Fate which precipitated me to-day at the front of a building called Jubilee, with all my bags and baggage piled around me, and with my head full of anything but what I should do next.

A tall girl with light curly hair and a saucy nose stood at the foot of the steps calling in a loud voice, "Guide books—tell everyone where to go and what to do, for a dollar and fifty cents!" I realized that the price of the book was what was needed and a half and not where to go and what to do, and although I thought this a terrible amount, I understood my predicament and bought a book.

"She bit hard Delta," was the remark of a dark-haired girl standing on the step. This girl's voice was deep as a man's, and I was surprised to hear the one she called Delta return, "They all do, Happy." It was a very funny name for the dark-haired one for she looked sober as a judge.

This was no time for reflections though, and clutching the book frantically to my heart and dragging my bags with me, I set out for Roemer Hall, where I knew I must enroll. I finally arrived at Roemer, but had not the slightest idea what to do. However, in the hall was a sign that said, "SEE MR. MOTLEY, SEE THE REGISTRAR, SEE THE LIBRARY, SEE THE DEAN."

With feverish hands and throbbing brain I tried to locate these in my guide book but it was useless, and not knowing what else to do I joined a line waiting in front of a door. I did not know what I was waiting for, but stood for two hours until I was almost next to the door, and was gathering my courage for entrance when a bell rang, and everyone said "Lunch," and made a tearing leap for the door. Not knowing where lunch was I sat down to wait some more.

After an hour girls began to come back and I summoned up courage to ask one what to do. "Do you know what you're going to take?" I hadn't figured on "taking" anything so I said timidly, "No." "See the Dean," she said, "that line over there is waiting for her." I thanked her and she muttered something about green, but she could not have meant me for I had nothing green on. Highly elated at having found what I was to do and where to do it, I placed myself at the end of the line. Moments dragged pitifully. Someone pushed against me, another stepped on my toe, the girl in front jabbed me with her elbow, but all of the time the line was diminishing and every minute brought me nearer the hoped-for sanctuary of the Dean's room. At last I had arrived. I summoned my last vestige of quickly-ebbing strength and asked sweetly, "What do I take?"

"Have you paid your bills yet?" was the question thrust at me. "No," I said, and my breath came in gasps. "See Mr. Motley first," she said, smiling at me.

It was then that things went black. The chairs rose up to greet me, and, gasping and choking, I welcomed their hard resistance, and then knew no more. The little girl who brought me back tonight said for me not to worry for tomorrow I could enroll in Lindenwood.

—"Butler"