

It was during that first year that, liking the looks of the boys in the Technical College and wanting to know them better, we one evening changed the library from its business-like aspect to a more home-like one and asked them to come. Each was also privileged to bring a friend of the gentler sex. One still hears echoes from that evening.

During the second winter we got into the habit of meeting, late on Friday afternoons, in the tiny music room at the mission. That was a "blizzard" winter, and we never failed to have one on Friday afternoon, but all the jollier were the times we had inside, when the Glee Club woke the echoes with their songs, and many a friendship started or grew over the little cups of tea.

Some of our visitors were of a suspicious nature, or from some other cause, became very inquisitive as to the way the tea was made and made frequent trips to the little room used as a pantry, where the girls took turns at superintending. Others, not alone, explored the mysterious, shadowy corners of the chapel.

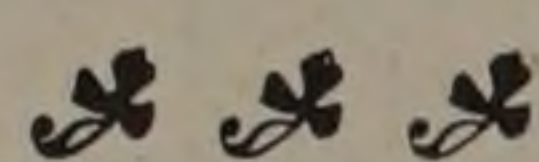
Ours is a steady round of life in the library, occasionally enlivened by some incident, as when, one day, a stout countrywoman came in and asked in stentorian tones, "Vill you please gif me a catalog so I find out how mooch it cost when a boy learn someding?"

If anyone asks for Lord Bacon's "Lights of History," you must know instantly that the book wanted is Lord's "Beacon Lights of History," or if it is "Beside the Bramble Bush" that is called for you must go at once and get "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and take care that there is no lurking smile on your lips when you hand it to them.

Occasionally, too, there comes a letter from some unknown person asking for a position in the library, the only stated qualification being that she is "fond of reading," or "likes the aroma of a library," or is "a widow with six small children."

If they be as they say, "fond of reading," my advice to them is to beware of library positions, as leisure time is there an unknown quantity.

Jessie S. Van Vleet



ARMOUR
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
CHICAGO

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 15, 1898.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Since receiving your request for a letter giving some personal experiences during the early days of the Institute, I have sought to concentrate my mind upon the events of the first two years. In trying to "recombine the wandering images, to snatch them from forgetfulness," and shape and mould them into some kind of literary form, I have had but indifferent success. But the most treacherous memory must retain a vivid impression of the opening day of Armour Institute. Who could forget that noisy, eager crowd of nine hundred applicants which filled the large auditorium and galleries, while many hung over the railings, all clamoring for admission? The hushed silence and awe that came over that vast multitude as Dr. Gunsaulus raised his hand invoking a blessing upon this undertaking. Then came the separation of the sheep and the goats. Many had come in answer to the call, but not all could be chosen. Mr. Armour and Dr. Gunsaulus had counted upon three hundred applicants and here were thrice that number. Then the edict went forth that some of the departments must hold their classes in the mission building. Like a great mother hen the "magnificent five-story fire-proof building," as the year book says, spread its wings and gathered beneath them the departments of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, Literature and the Domestic Arts, but had no room for the languages; they must seek admission within the holy walls of the Sunday school rooms in the mission building. Accordingly Prof. Monin took possession of the rooms under the organ lofts. Miss Wright gave a classic atmosphere to the teacher's room, while I with my German brood wandered from Sunday school room to Sunday school room, profaning those hallowed