

The Hotel Framontano is placed on the rocky shore at an elevation of 200 feet sheer above the waters of the bay. The view from our windows was superb. To the left a glorious sunset, the sun fast descending behind an imposing rocky promontory. Directly in front of us is Vesuvius, with volumes of smoke pouring out of the crater, which is about 4,000 feet above the sea, seen very distinctly in the clear atmosphere. To the right lay the town of Sorrento, clean and picturesque, and the carriage road skirting the mountain side, over which we drove in a roomy landau early the next morning ten miles to Castellamare. This is said to be one of the finest drives in the world, and some were enthusiastic enough to say of it "worth crossing the ocean to see, if for nothing else."

From Castellamare we proceeded to Pompei, and spent the remainder of a busy day in inspecting the ruins of the ancient city.

(To be Continued)

COLLEGE IDOLS SHATTERED.

ARE you an old practitioner? If so, these words are not for you. Your years of experience have long since torn down the rules by which you were to diagnose disease. You have a cynical smile for the text book with its symptoms, one, two, three. No, it is to the graduating class and to the youthful medical men I would speak, for they will feel, perhaps already have felt, the inevitable shock when their pet rules for diagnosis are dashed to pieces at their feet.

I suppose we all leave college propped up with the idea that to diagnose a "case" all we have to do is to get a few of the main symptoms, open a book and find the others. And, the treatment. How plainly it is set forth. What wondrous qualities are given to drugs by Mitchell Bruce. Calumba, the prince of tonics, wends its gentle way from pole to pole, a tonic in the mouth, a tonic in the colon, an anthelmintic, antiseptic disinfectant and stomachic. And calomel! We who have tried thee respect thee, thou canst stir us to the very depths.