

Our Contributors.

The Meaning of Caps and Gowns.

At most college functions, and particularly so during commencement festivities, the academic cap and gown are in constant evidence. Undergraduates and newly fledged bachelors, proud of their right to the distinctive garb, visiting alumni glad thus to link arms once again with a vanished past, the august faculty body, and those of the official guests whose scholastic attainments entitle them to the privilege, all don the flowing robe, and top it with the quaint and tasseled mortar board.

Some persons may call this peculiar attire a piece of antiquated flummery, but even they admit that the sombre robes, relieved here and there by the brilliance of the hood linings, and of the many hued velvet facings, lend beauty as well as dignity to the assemblage gathered upon the platform.

The casual glance notes little, if any, difference in the appearance of the various gowns, but the initiated eye can tell instantly not only the exact degree of scholarship attained by the wearer, but also the faculty of learning that awarded it, and the university where it was obtained. There are other distinguishing points, but the main ones may be summed up as follows:

Matriculation at the college entitles the student to wear a gown and a mortar board of black woolen material, usually serge. When he wins his bachelor's degree he may attach a hood three feet long to his gown, made of the same woolen stuff, and lined with the colors of his *Alma Mater*. When the bachelor attains the master's degree or the doctorate, he is entitled to a silken gown and hood, the latter four feet long. The doctorate entitles him also to wear a panel, outlined with his college colors, beneath his hood and to exchange the black tassel on his mortar board for one of gold.

Even the sleeve changes with the value of the degree. The open pointed sleeve of the bachelor's gown is closed for the master, and the doctor wears a round one trimmed with bars of velvet.

The doctor's degree being the highest in the gift of a university, his attire is the most distinguished in appearance. He may, if he choose, adorn his gown with velvet facings, black, or of the color that indicates the special faculty which recommended him for the degree. White stands for the school of arts and letters; blue for philosophy; scarlet for theology; purple for law; yellow for science; and green for medicine.

Understanding these distinctions, the visitor at a college function, watching the long procession of notables file to their places upon the platform, can recognize at a glance the degree attained by each, the faculty that recommended him for it, and the university that conferred it. Occasionally he may err in the last point, for a man officially connected with a college courteously displays its colors in his hood, instead of those of his own *Alma Mater*—The Epworth Herald.

Whoever prays most, helps most.—
William Goodell.

A Celtic Review.

Such is the designation of a Review the first number of which has recently been published. No unkindness is done to all previous Reviews or magazines which had to do with Celtic literature when it is said that the Celtic Review promises to excel them all, and that if it is liberally supported as it ought to be and as it doubtless will be, it will render very important services indeed to the cause of Gaelic and of Celtic literature generally. It is truthfully remarked in the preface that "the importance of Celtic studies is being realized more and more, not only by specialists but by the reading and cultured public. In philology the study of Celtic languages is of first rate importance. In the history of Great Britain and Ireland and the early history of much of the European continent * * * the study of the Celtic literature of the past opens a wide field of investigation as yet comparatively untouched."

The appearance of the first number of the Celtic Review is very attractive. The type is clear and large and the paper is of a superior quality. The consulting editor is Professor McKinnon of the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. The Acting Editor is Miss E. C. Carmichael, a lady who has already gained for herself an eminent place among the Celtic scholars of Scotland. The Review is published by Norman McLeod, 25 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh.

Several articles by the foremost Celtic scholars of the day appear in this the first issue of the Review. In the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, are several Celtic manuscripts which have not yet been deciphered. They must contain much useful information regarding the doings of the almost forgotten past. Prof. McKinnon has an article on the Glenmaran Manuscript, a manuscript which has a curious history and which cannot fail to be very interesting now that it appears in an intelligible attire. Mr. Watson, who is an authority on Highland Place-names, has an article dealing with the Topography of the North of Scotland. Those who are acquainted with Robertson's able and instructive book on the Gaelic Topography of Scotland are aware that Topography has much to do with determining many difficult questions regarding the early settlement of Scotland. There is a Gaelic article by Malcolm McFarlane. There is an article by the famous Irish scholar, Dr. Hyde. Mr. Nutt is well known for his great devotion to folk lore. He has an able article on the Critical Study of Gaelic Literature. In his Spirit of the Times Donald MacEacharn shows that he is a close student of the trend of modern thought, and that he can express in vigorous Celtic the leading incidents of our day.

To the Review are appended references to books of interest that have recently made appearance. Mr. Nicholas, Bodley's Librarian in the University of Oxford, has in recent years brought great ability and learning to bear in deciphering Ogam manuscripts that have to do with the Picts. The Highlander * * * is indeed in the vast majority of cases simply the modern Pict and his language modern Pictish."

Lucid reviews of other books that have to do with Celtic literature are given. It is

happily quite evident that the Editors of the Review have been successful in enlisting the prominent Celtic scholars of the day on their side in conducting the Review. It will be gratifying to find that at home and abroad numerous Gaels and friends of Celtic literature will extend this generous assistance to the Celtic Review. It is to be published quarterly, the price per annum is \$1.95. Cannot several readers of the Presbyterian become subscribers and obtain their copy from the publisher, Mr. Norman McLeod, 25 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh? Cornwall Neil MacN'sh.

Collector's Luck.

A professor at the University of Pennsylvania relates the remarkable experience of a lady of his acquaintance, who is a book collector. While in Holland three or four years ago, she picked up a fine old quarto edition of Shakespeare, which was sold to her at a ridiculously low price because one volume of the set was missing. Two years afterward the lady chanced to be in an old bookshop out in Ohio, when her eyes fell on a familiar looking book on the shelf. Taking it down she discovered the missing volume of her Holland purchase, the fly-leaf with the identical signature.

All collectors have bits of such experience at times, and it is a joyful thing to have such tales to tell the envious or emulative collector who visits us. "Collector's Luck" should form the title of a fine lot of fragmentary reminiscences of our finds and pick ups. Big fish or little the play is exciting and the thrill of successful landing is the same. Come one and all and swap yarns of your longest chase, your last worm that caught the biggest fish, or even sing of the glories of the one that got away or took another's hook before your nose. Let us, in these long summer days when there are few current doings to record, fill the time with tales of by-gone prowess.

We have fished for such small fry, ourselves, that we have little to tell of our own catches. But it was good fun in its little way that day we missed the ferry and poked about a West Forty-Second street junk shop waiting for the next. We could feel something alive in that old box of bottles and broken plates, and presently drew forth a disreputably dirty but entirely genuine Wedgewood bowl with Flaxman cameos, with one long crack across the bottom. The sleepy junk man said no one would buy it, "Cause you can't put nothin' hot in it, you know," and it cost us just fifteen cents.

In a Broadway furniture auction shop window we saw some books one day, and followed the trail. It was a ten volume, half morocco Century Dictionary, latest issue, sold at one hundred and fifty dollars; and it came to us for fifteen. The man in charge called our attention to "them red books over there," and presently a complete Thistle Stevenson was ours for ten dollars. We acted first and questioned afterwards, and the tale we were told was this. A man whose hobby had been books, found another hobby in another man's wife. Having spent all his money on her, when it suddenly became advisable to depart for Europe he picked up his furniture and books and flung them away for the price of a voyage. What does a furniture auctioneer know about