

fielder he has done excellent work in this department. He has, with Sewell, had charge of the cricket material.

H. L. Hoyles, '97, '98, has not improved in spite of most determined efforts. His fielding is still somewhat weak.

J. S. Gander, '98, as a bat, has not fulfilled the promise of the early part of the season, appearing to lose his hitting power. He seems to show a want of confidence in his defensive policy. His fielding on the contrary has improved.

J. T. Sewell, '98, was expected to do well but has failed persistently. He has however the makings of a good batsman, and should not despair. He has been of considerable service as change bowler, and with more experience should make a good slow bowler. He has kindly performed the duties of curator.

H. D. Gooderham, '98, is a very promising bowler, with good length and pace. Next year, when he is older and stronger, he ought to do some very good work. His batting is weak and he is apt to give up altogether at a ball that seems difficult.

S. C. Norsworthy, '98 is a good straight bat, but has deficient hitting power. This may develop next year. His fielding is very weak, but is much improved.

R. Duggan, '98, has a good defence and promises to develop some freer play next year. He is a good fielder, though not a sure catch.

M. H. Gander, '98, is stiff and ineffective with the bat, though he can hit a leg ball well. His fielding is superb, and this alone gained him a place on the Eleven.

F. S. Hobbs, '98, considering this is his first year he has done fairly well. He has a good eye and is strong, and next year will probably develop his latent scoring ability.

An Old Boy In Rome.

In a letter written to his father from the Grand Hotel du Quirinal, Rome, Italy, Arthur Allan, one of Ridley's old boys, goes on to say:

There are a great many more people staying here, and this house possesses, without doubt, the finest garden in Rome. It is simply beautiful with four or five fountains, in which innumerable gold fish swim, and which are completely overtopped with the

most magnificent palms I ever saw. They have an orchestra of eight pieces, which plays almost continuously from five in the afternoon until ten at night. The ordinary parts of the hotels here are not so expensive, most of them being from 12 to 15 lire a day, but they fairly rob you if you are foolish enough to take any extras. For instance, at the Grande Hotel, in Naples, you pay two lire for breakfast, which consists of rolls and coffee only. The first morning I was there they placed a very tempting fish in front of me, actually no larger than our perch. I was foolish enough to immediately reach for it, and it just cost me three lire extra for that puny little fish, which was nothing but bones. I thought, perhaps, they had caught the fish specially for me, but found afterwards that they always have them as a bait for "suckers." Everything over here is on the same scale, and a person has to understand the ways of the people pretty well or they rob you right and left.

The day after writing, three of us started on one of Cook's circular tours, taking one of their guides with us. We left in the morning for Capri, at least thirty of the people on the boat being passengers of the Aller. It was a beautiful day, but quite a big swell, so much so that some of the people who had not succumbed in the least on the way across, regretted ever going to Capri. We went direct to the Blue Grotto, but comparatively few of the passengers would venture in, as the waves completely covered the entrance every time they rolled up. I, you may be sure, was among the number that was going in, even if we had to swim, and some of them thought they literally had done that before they reached the boat again, for they were simply drenched. The Blue Grotto is in some ways quite a remarkable place, but I would think it rather strange if it were not blue inside, for the water all around the Bay of Naples, but particularly around Capri, is the prettiest blue you can imagine. When we first left Gibraltar, I, of course, looked for the color of the sea, for I had always heard of the Mediterranean blue, but before long I put it down entirely to the imagination of some fertile brain, and would have continued to do so had I not gone to Capri. The color cannot be imagined unless it is seen. It is just as different from the Atlantic as night is from day. At Capri we got a carriage and drove over to Anna Capri, which is a town built just over the mountain from the old town.