



ENTRANCE TO STUDENTS' PRISON, HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

The jaunty students, with their semi-military uniform and scarlet pill-box cap with broad, gold band, through the narrow streets, seem to own the sidewalk and run the town. They are often marked by a great scar of a sabre-slash of some recent duel, or still more conspicuous sticking-plaster on their cheeks.

The old building, which dates from 1711-15, has been restored and beautified for the university's five-hundredth anniversary, the wide halls laid with costly tile, and a magnificent new Aula, or convocation hall, constructed. Finely-painted symbolic figures of Law, Theology, Medicine, and Philosophy, look down from the ceiling. The raised dais for civic and other functionaries, and the carved stalls for the professors, create a very imposing effect. Its scientific laboratory and staff have special reputation. We met two of these

learned professors eight hundred miles up the Nile, who cordially invited the strictly prohibitionist Canadian to share their refreshments of lager and something stronger.

The point of chief interest, however, is not the magnificent Aula or spacious lecture-rooms, but three dingy chambers up under the roof. The good *haus-frau* took me up the narrow stairs into three dismal and shabby-looking cells known as the *Carcer* or students' prison. It is rather a jolly imprisonment which the refractory students enjoy—that is the only word which can describe it. A portrait gallery of the former occupants of the prison presents the youthful faces of some of the most distinguished men of Germany, among them that of the great Chancellor, Prince Bismarck.

Many students consider it an essential item in their college curriculum to have tasted the joys and