

and adorn the walls in long rows, one above the other to the number of several hundred. That the traditions of the corps are perpetuated is amply evidenced by the hosts of presents yearly sent to the association by its elders; by the enthusiasm with which meetings of the alumni are attended, and by the influence which the association wields even outside of university life.

When it is considered that the emperor himself, Bismarck, and nearly all the influential men at court and elsewhere in political circles have at one time or another been members of this organization, it may readily be understood to what extent the corps influence is felt.

To this is attributed in large measure the maintainence of duelling among the students, for though contrary to the written laws of the country it is as common to-day as ever before, so that on the usual Tuesday and Saturday mornings between the hours of 7 and 2, ten or more duels may be completed.

As a member amusingly remarked, it was scarcely to be expected that the chief of police, himself a corps student of by gone days, would infringe on what is considered their most sacred rites and customs.

A few years ago when Bismarck was returning home to Friedrichsröhe from a political journey, his way lay through Gottingen, his old college home, and the abode of his own corps brothers Hannoverana. Orders were given to stop the train at Gottingen for half an hour in order that he might have a few words with his younger brothers of the corps, and while thousands of people thronged to hear him make some prospective political speech, they were dismayed to find his words were for the mere handful of twenty young students to whom were given the seat of honor opposite to the grand old man's private car.

Doubtless to many readers the story of German student life is an old one, and yet it is surprising to see how seldom in the German universities the foreigners become really intimate with the corps student, the pleasantest of all their class and the ones from whom one may see more pleasant phases of this interesting mode of life than from any other I know of. To congregate among one's own nationality is but

human, and to become forthwith a member of the ubiquitous Anglo-American Colony on the continent may perhaps be advisable, but in so doing one is more than likely to miss some of the pleasantest features of European existence and thus not acquaint himself with habits and customs which can never be acquired from books.

C. F. M.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S SEVEN SEAS.

Those who have read and raved about Kipling's poems and ballads, those who have read without raving and those who have raved without reading, have now a further opportunity to pursue their several lines of appreciation in his "Seven Seas," and the accompanying addition to the life and history of Tommy Atkins. We are glad to have Tommy presented to us again. Kipling's name calls him before us and Kipling's ballads would not seem complete if his favorite hero did not appear somewhere. But we must keep Mr. Atkins till a later hour, and meantime confine our attention to the "Seven Seas;" the name which Kipling has chosen is one which will properly include all the varied scenes he has herein set forth. The book is dedicated to Bombay, and begins with a poem of dedication but really opens with the "Song of the English," "A Song of Broken Interludes," or a series of short ballads dealing with England and England's. "The Coastwise Lights" and their care over England's ships opens the song, followed by the "Song of the Dead" when having called on all to hear the voices of our dead from the north, south, east or west he tells how our forefathers have fought all odds, content if only their

"Sons might follow after by the bones on the way."

The thought of our sailor dead is, however, more strong and stirring:—

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strained our best to the weeds unrest
To the shark and the shearing gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!