

too; his—" but here my nerves gave way and I bounced upon the group with sudden wrath.

"If you must talk about such disgusting things," I said, hotly, "please don't do it where less hardened people can hear you. You have put me nearly into a fit with your cat's brains and dog's hearts." They all glared at me till a quaint "hear, hear," from a wise old Professor, who was the admired of all three, made them subside and presently take themselves and their gruesome reminiscences afar off. I don't know whether it was more masculine and repulsive and sad to see the fair little Russ of Munich smoke her cigarette than to hear these young girls calmly talking like second year medical students, but I think *no*.

Among other kinds of fun, I had a good deal of fun listening to two parrots, one in the steerage and one in the second cabin, who were bitter foes, though as far as I know they had never seen each other. It was too comical to hear our nearest neighbor, who happened to be the second cabin bird, call in its nasal twang, "*Johannah*," and straightway to hear the steerage bird scream back defiantly, "*Emmah*," and after several repetitions of these remarks, increasing in loudness and shrillness, to watch for the disgusted ultimatum of our bird (as we called it, because we could hear it the most distinctly), which was always as follows, "Oh, damn!" And then it would subside into mutterings and croakings, until in a moment of absent mindedness it would scream for its far away mistress and be jeered at anew by the steerage parrot, until it relapsed once more into profanity and subsequent sulks. I enjoyed on both trips the sail along the English Channel, where one could see, with sudden remembrance of happy holidays in other years, the white cliffs of Dover and the high banks of Devon, and the rocky points of Cornwall; and many were the travellers' tales told those Sundays, going and coming, while we sat and gazed upon those green and grey banks, the sandy strip of the Isle of Wight, or the landing and tiny buildings of Folkstone. And we had a laugh at the disapprobation of our sailors when they saw the Sunday services posted up "There will be dirty weather to-morrow," they growled, and the queerest thing was that the dirty weather came, with rain and cold. When I found my room mates were two Vassar College teachers, I grew pale in anticipation of the way I should be laid low in my grammar and humiliated in my terms of speech. But they were music teachers, and one had a fair voice, and sang with sweetness and power; and though she had occasionally to make a