

Now let us see Dr. Sauveur's methods in 'operation. A bountiful repast is here served of English by Dr. Rolfe, French by Dr. Sauveur and others, Greek by Dr. Leotsakos, Latin, German, Italian and Spanish by numerous instructors. You may talk French at breakfast, attend a succession of classes in French from eight o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon, hearing nothing but French. You may then go home and talk French at dinner, afterwards join a class for conversation in French in the afternoon, and if you are a favoured one may be asked to join Dr. Sauveur's own conversation circle from four to five, then have French at tea. In the evening there is frequently a popular lecture in French or some other language. Then you are free to go home and have French nightmare for as long as you like—and longer. Part of this programme was in operation when the thermometer registered 96° in the shade. What a grand, what a noble thing is enthusiasm! A similar programme accompanies the other languages, though there is a little more French than anything else.

But come now into Dr. Sauveur's class-room. He is conducting a lesson in French on the words *fou*, fool, and *feu*, fire. The lesson is one found in Dr. Sauveur's book "Causeries avec mes Elèves." By adroit questioning, in French of course, he draws from the class the story of the young Harvard graduate, who undertook, armed with a French grammar and "L'Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe," to conduct a merchant from Boston to Europe. The graduate and the merchant arrive safely at Paris, and the young student, leaving his companion to rest in bed after the fatigue of the voyage, goes out to see Paris and air his French. As it is New Year's time and quite cold, the merchant asks him as he is preparing to depart to tell the master of the hotel not to let his fire go out. Unfortunately, though the young man's grammar gives the word *feu* and its meaning, it does not give the pronunciation. In passing out he says to the servant in the hall, "*Vous ne devez pas laisser sortir le fou de la chambre vingt-quatre.*" The servant replies, "*Savez tranquille, je suis vieux soldat, et le fou me passera sur le corps avant de sortir.*" And our graduate of the university proceeds on his way "to present his French to the Parisians." After a few hours the merchant rises and proceeds to leave his room; but, just as he opens the door, he encounters the hotel servant, who refuses to