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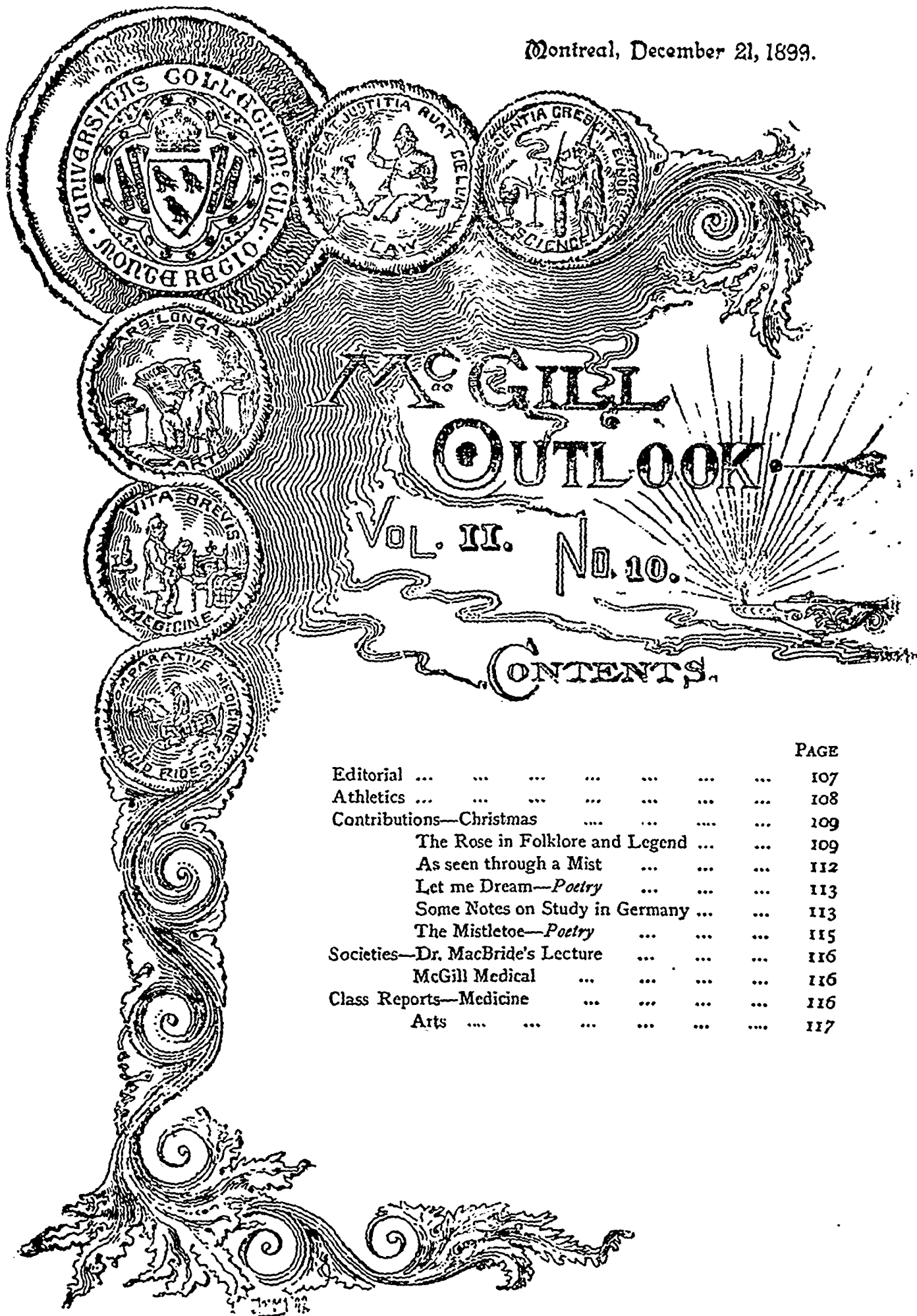
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Montreal, December 21, 1899.



MCGILL
OUTLOOK
 VOL. II. NO. 10.
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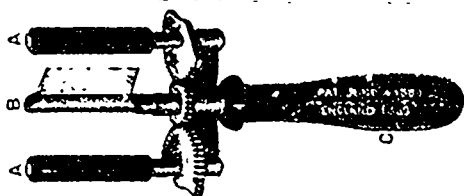
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McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 21, 1899.

No. 10

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Editorial.

THE OUTLOOK wishes its subscribers A Merry Christmas. The autumn term has come and gone—a startling fact when we think of it. The verdant Freshman returns home to enumerate to various admirers the wild times of College life. The Sophomore goes home determined *this* time to devote every morning to review. The Junior goes home for a few days, but intends returning a week early to do extra time—so he thinks. The Senior, with wisdom born of experience, leaves for home the night after closing and returns the night before opening lectures, and he intends to enjoy himself, for this will likely be his last Xmas vac.

Thus we shall ring out the eighteen hundreds and ring in the nineteen hundreds, returning in January, 1900, with resolutions such as New Years never gave us before, and with buoyant anticipations of the opening of another era.

A Merry Xmas
and
A Happy New Year.

THE fall term is at last ended, but few students realize that with the Christmas holidays almost one-half of the College year is gone. When this issue of the OUTLOOK reaches its readers the “melancholy days” of Christmas examinations will have passed by, and the majority of our students will be enjoying their—let us hope—well-earned vacation. In their struggle with examiners some will doubtless fall by the wayside, some will be disappointed, while others will glory in dearly-bought success. It should be a fitting time, then, for each to examine his condition and ascertain whether he is accomplishing all that is expected of him by his professors as well as by his friends.

The weeks of the fall term have been filled with incidents that will ever remain with us. These weeks, which have brought days of sadness to our University, have been, on the whole, profitable ones; the struggles, the triumphs, and even the defeats which have engaged the attention of the students, have been productive of

many good results, and must afford food for thought to every well-wisher of McGill. But the path of the present editors has been a rough and thorny one, and is in need of smoothing. The work of the fall term has been particularly heavy. We have been burdened with problems and labours far more irksome than can possibly be imagined by our subscribers, but the fruit of our labours has at times been criticised severely. Expressions of interest or of kindly criticism have always been welcomed, but it is difficult to accept with grace expressions apparently prompted by an unwillingness to help and a

corresponding willingness to criticise. During the remaining months of the session we will do our very best. Possibly we may fail in our endeavour to please all, but the OUTLOOK will endeavour at all times to respond to any mark of interest in its welfare.

Meanwhile, with every McGill student we sincerely trust that 1900 will be a profitable and successful year for our beloved Alma Mater.

THE first number of the OUTLOOK after the Holidays, will appear on the 11th of January, 1900.

Athletic Notes.

Mr. A. J. McKenzie has been elected Captain of Toronto University Football team for 1900.

* * *

During the twenty-four years of American Inter-collegiate Championship in Track and Field Athletics, Harvard has scored a total of 721 points; Yale, 519; Pennsylvania, 401; Columbia, 383, and Princeton, 297. Pennsylvania, however, is steadily gaining, and during the last three years scored 142 points to Harvard's 80 and Yale's 61.

* * *

During the recent football season fifteen Yale graduates were engaged in coaching football teams in different universities. In addition to this number over a dozen graduates went to Yale to assist the University coach. Hefelfinger, the old Yale hero, coached the California University team.

* * *

The report of the Treasurer of Pennsylvania University Athletic Association shows a total deficit of twelve thousand dollars. Football receipts amounted to over forty thousand dollars.

* * *

It has been recommended by the Committee on Olympian Games at the Paris Exposition that the games be held in the middle of July, just after the English Championships.

A great deal of *trash* material has been wasted at our football games.—*Ex.*

* * *

Benedict, half-back of the Nebraska University team, in a recent football game, made the great record of four goals from the field, scoring in this way 20 points for his team.

* * *

The Freshman crews of the "Big Five" have reported for daily practice and examination. Cornell seems to have the largest as well as the heaviest squad.

* * *

The suggestion has been made at Cornell to present every Varsity football player with a small gold football as a memento of the Princeton victory.

* * *

One hundred and three candidates for the Harvard baseball team reported for Fall practice. This is the greatest number that has even responded to the call for men.

* * *

The Inter-class and Inter-Faculty Hockey matches will be played immediately after the holidays. Science at present holds the Faculty trophy, but it is probable that each of the Faculty teams will work hard to win it this season.

Contributions.

CHRISTMAS.

It hath come unto our lives again, the holy Christmas time,
 With all its blessed sympathies, its memories sublime;
 It hath come unto our spirits,—let us joyful greet it now,
 With kindly thoughts in every heart, and peace on every
 [brow ;
 It hath come unto our hearths and homes—let no harsh
 [feeling be
 Allowed to mingle with its sweet and cheerful harmony.

It hath come to swell the choral hymn—to wreath the
 [shrine with flowers,
 And crown with deeper love and faith devotion's solemn
 [hours ;
 To fill each heart with gentle thoughts, to make each voice
 [to sing
 In sweeter strains the deathless praise of Heaven's eternal
 [King.
 Whose children they shall ever be, and chosen people still,
 Whose lives the christian virtues show of mercy and
 [good will.

It hath come to make the household hearths more cheerful
 [still, and bright,
 With many a dear familiar face, and many a smile of light ;
 To make kind hands in friendship clasp, and kindly voices
 [greet
 When friends and neighbours round the board in glad re
 [union meet,
 And joyous glance and love respond to words of Christmas
 [cheer,
 In home or hall of rich or poor, of peasant or of peer.

It hath come with rest from care and toil, with harmless
 [revelry,
 With gladsome games of children, with the lighted Christ-
 mas tree,
 The festal speech, the mirthful song, the laughs, the joyous
 [call,
 To join the merry dancers in the flower-wreath'ed halls,
 And the kindly kiss that welcomes, after separation's pain,
 From desk and school long absent ones to Yuletide glee
 [again.

Yet 'tis not in such scenes as these—though these awhile
 [may calm,
 The weary mind finds happiness, finds soothing rest and
 [balm ;
 Ah no! for these no lasting joy can to the mind impart,
 And bitter falls the laugh of mirth upon the sorrowing
 [heart,
 And festal light a deeper gloom upon the aching head,
 When memory mourns the cold, the changed, the absent,
 [for the dead

No, not in these, but in the joy which cometh from above,
 The joy that's shown in gentle deeds of mercy and of love ;
 The tender pity, shedding balm o'er hearts and homes of
 [woe,
 Offering the fellowship of Heaven to all who mourn below ;
 The faith that trusts, the charity that works or thinks no
 [ill ;
 The friendship that, in trial's hour clings firmer, fonder
 [still ;
 This is true joy, true Christmas joy, joy that shall never
 [cease,
 Where all is love and harmony, and all is joy and peace.
 H. M.

THE ROSE IN FOLKLORE AND LEGEND.

To write of the folklore of all the flowers would fill a large volume, and in this paper only one will be taken up—the Rose—which, of all flowers, has been the favorite in legend and fancy.

In the origin of its name Rose is the Latin *rosa*, a word of which the parallel is found in most modern languages of Europe from Greek *rodos*, which meant "red." The Latin *rosa* appears to be a foreign word introduced to replace a more ancient name for the bush, *rubus* (as "Rose" replaced the older word "hip" in English), and, like the Greek word, expressive of a red color. The Rose cultivated in ancient times must have been of a crimson species, to judge from the myths of its having sprung from the blood of Adonis when wounded while hunting. According to another myth the Rose was originally white till Cupid upset a cup of nectar on it.

" 'Tis said as Cupid danced among the gods, he down the
 nectar flung,
 Which, on the white Rose being shed, made it forever
 after red."

Another says that it was made red by the blood of Venus falling on it from the wound made by Cupid's dart, as Spencer says:

" White as the native Rose before the change
 Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress."

Carey has beautifully expressed the Christian tradition of the same thing in the lines:

" As erst in Eden's blissful bowers,
 Young Eve surveys her countless flowers,
 An opening Rose of purest white
 She marked with eye that beamed delight.
 Its leaves she kissed and straight it drew
 From Beauty's lip the vermeil hue."

That there were Roses in Eden we have the authority of Milton:

" High in Paradise
 By the four rivers the first Roses blew."

Saints Ambrose and Basil tells us that there it had nothing to detract from its virtues, and Milton describes the garden as being stored with:

" Flowers of every hue and *without thorn* the Rose."

The Turks believe that the Red Rose sprang from the blood of Mohammed. They also have a tradition accounting for the origin of the white and yellow varieties. When the Prophet was travelling from earth to Paradise, the drops of sweat that fell to the earth from His forehead sprang up White Roses, but the drops of sweat that fell from Al Barak, the animal on which he rode, gave rise to yellow ones.

According to Christian tradition the origin of the Rose was "when a holy maiden of Bethlehem, blamed with wrong and slandered, was doomed to death by fire, she made her prayers to Our Lord that He would save her as she was not guilty of that sin,

whereupon the fire was suddenly quenched and the burning brands became Red Roses, and the brands that were not kindled became White Roses full of Roses." This is given by Soathey in his "Miracle of the Roses," in which he makes the stake spring forth and bud:

"And yet more miracles, the stake,
Branches and buds, and spreading its green leaves,
Embowers and canopies the innocent maid,
Who there stands glorified; and Roses, then
First seen on earth since Paradise was lost,
Profusely blossom around her, white and red
In all their rich variety of hues."

In common with the Lily, the Rose, chiefly the White, appears as an emblem of the Virgin. It is first directly connected with her in the story of the Assumption, a story not generally accepted till the beginning of the fifth century, although it dates apparently from the second. This asserts that when the Apostles, on the third day after her interment, visited the tomb in which they had laid the mother of Our Lord, they found it open and filled with a growth of Roses and white Lilies. The Rose was especially recognized as an emblem of the Virgin when St. Dominic instituted the devotion of the rosary with direct reference to St. Mary. By him the prayers appear to have been symbolized as Roses.

There is no other flower, nor has there ever been one, that so universally and constantly represents one idea—Love—as the Rose. The Red Rose is the emblem of true affection, while a Rose-leaf expresses that the recipient may still hope on. Berkeley, in his "Utopia," describes lovers declaring their passion by presenting to the fair beloved a Rosebud just beginning to open. If the lady accepted and wore the bud she was supposed to favor his pretensions. As time increased the lover's affection he followed up the first present by that of a half-blown Rose, which was again succeeded by one full-blown. If the lady wore this last she was considered as engaged for life.

In England it was customary at one time to plant Roses on the graves of lovers. To explain why the Rose was chosen to fill these offices, the reasons may be found in the legend of Venus and Adonis, where the Red Rose got its color from the blood of Adonis and the White from the tears shed by Venus over his death.

Since flowers in general, and Roses in particular were sacred to Venus, to the Graces and to Love, Roses were commonly used as chaplets at weddings. This was especially a custom in the Greek Church, and we read of it also as an ancient French custom.

Silence as emblematic of the white rose is explained by the fact that a rose was carved in the centre of the dining-room of the ancients. As all things spoken in the freedom of social intercourse were held sacred; "sub rosa" or "under the rose" became a proverbial expression for secrecy.

"The rose is Venus' pride; the archer boy
Gave to Harpocrates his mother's flower,
What time fond lovers told the tender joy,
To guard with sacred secrecy the hour.
Hence, o'er his festive board the host uplung
Love's flower of silence, to remind each guest
When wine to amorous sallies loosed each tongue
Under the rose what passed must never be expressed."

While the rose in the language of flowers is expressive of the tender passion in the language of symbols, being the fairest of flowers and fading soon, it is a well known emblem of mortality and human frailty. A story in this connection comes from Persia, the land of roses. Sâde, the famous Persian poet, was born a slave, but yet had noble aspirations and poetic fire and genius. One day he came into the presence of his master bearing a beautiful rose. He advanced, and presenting the flower to his lord said, "Master, do good to thy servant whilst yet thou hast the power, for the season of power is often as transient as the duration of this flower." These words, partly expressed in the poetic language of flowers, so touched the heart of his master that he gave Sâde his liberty at once, and had the joy of seeing him become famous as a writer of noble verse.

The white Rose when withered is still taken as an emblem of what is transient and fleeting. Among the Romans the rose was a favorite flower for strewing graves. So religiously was this practice observed that reference to it was often annexed as a codicil to their wills, as appears by an old inscription at Milan, by which it is ordered that Roses are to be strewn on the graves.

In parts of England it is customary to plant a rose bush on a grave, and in Wales a red rose is appropriated to the grave of persons distinguished for goodness, and especially for benevolence of character.

Among the Greeks all sorts of purple and white flowers were thought acceptable to the dead. The Rose was peculiarly grateful and was more largely used than some other flowers under the superstitious belief that it protected the remains. One poet writes of it:

"And after death its odors shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead."

From this use of the Rose it is to be expected that there should be bad omens connected with it somewhere.

In Germany it is believed that if one throws a rose into an open grave he will waste away and die in the year. To dream of white flowers is a prognostication of death, and for a white Rose to burst unexpectedly into bloom, as in the autumn, is a sign of death in the nearest house, or of an epidemic the following year. It is very unlucky to let a Rose fall. This is a very widespread superstition. The Turk feels sure that some evil will follow when he sees a rose leaf fall to the ground, and many people pay particular attention to the flowers and leaves that are decaying, picking them carefully off to prevent their falling. In England is the same superstition as the following anecdote shows. The lady to whom the portent happened was murdered the same night at the entrance to the theatre:

"When the carriage was announced and she was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis happened to make some remark on the beautiful Rose that Miss Ray was wearing. Just as the words were uttered the flower fell to the ground. She immediately stooped to regain it, but as she picked it up the red leaves scattered themselves on the carpet and the stalk alone remained in her hand. The poor girl, who

had been depressed in spirits before, was evidently affected by this incident and said in a slightly faltering voice. 'I trust I am not to consider this as an evil omen!' But soon rallying she expressed to Mrs. Lewis in a cheerful tone her hope that they would meet again after the theatre—a hope, alas! which it was decreed should not be realized."

A gentleman whom I knew had a full blown Rose given him. As he was putting it into his buttonhole it fell to pieces and the leaves scattered on the ground. He picked up two, and, having put them apart, he placed his hat over them and then jumped over his hat, twice backwards and forwards. He did this, he said, so that he might not have bad luck all day.

Among the Greeks, if a Rose grew on a grave, it augured the happiness of the departed.

"May flowers grow on this newly-built tomb, not the dried-up bramble or the red flower loved by goats, but Violets and Marjoram and the Narcissus growing in water, and around thee may all Roses grow," one Greek poet says.

In an old work, published in 1596, called "A Rich Storehouse for the Diseased," among things good for the brain is "to smell the savour of red Roses and wash the temples with the water of Red roses distilled," but we are told that "it is ill for the brain to smell a white Rose and much late walking abroad."

The Rose being the flower of Venus and the emblem of love, has naturally been used as a love charm, though not to the extent of some others. The Moss Rose, in years gone-by, was plucked in Midsummer's Eve for love divination.

"The Moss Rose, that at fall of dew,
Ere eve its duskier curtain drew,
Was freshly gathered from its stem,
She values as the ruby gem,
And, guarded from the piercing air
With all an anxious lover's care,
She bids it, for her shepherd's sake
Awake the new year's frolic wake
When faded in its altered hue,
She reads—the rustic is untrue!
But if its leaves the crimson paint
Her sick'ning hopes no longer faint,
The Rose upon her bosom worn
She meets him at the peep of morn."

In some parts of Germany, too, the damsel with several lovers divines which will be true by means of the Rose. She takes some Rose leaves and names one for each of her lovers. She then casts them into water, the leaf that is the last to sink is that of the suitor who will become her husband.

The Rose used to be regarded as under the special protection of elves, dwarfs and fairies who were ruled by the lord of the Rose garden. The name of this king was Laurin.

"Four portals to the garden lead, and when the gates
were closed
No living wight dare touch a Rose, 'gainst his strict
command opposed.
Who o'er could break the golden gates, or cut the
silken cord
Soon for his pride would leave to pledge a foot and hand;
Thus Laurin, King of Dwarfs, rules within his land.

From Persia comes a curious tradition connecting the Rose and the Nightingale. According to Persian

folk-lore, whenever a Rose is plucked, the Nightingale utters a plaintive cry because it cannot bear to see the object of its love injured. It is said to hover round the bush in spring time till, overpowered by its sweetness, it falls senseless to the ground. The Rose is supposed to burst forth from its bud at the opening song of its lover, the nightingale; thus the Venus of flowers and the Apollo of birds are associated in the most poetic fashion that sentiment could devise. You may place a handful of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, say the Persian poets, and yet he wishes not, in his constant and faithful heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved Rose.

"Though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the Nightingale
If there his darling Rose is not?"

The Persian poet Attar relates a legend that all the birds once appeared before Solomon and complained that they were unable to sleep from the nightly wailings of the nightingale. The bird when questioned as to the truth of this statement, replied that his love for the rose was the cause of his grief. Thackeray has given a pleasing rendering of this legend:

"Under the boughs I sat and listened, still
I could not have my fill,
"How comes" I said "such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill."
"Once I was dumb," then did the bird disclose,
"But looked upon the Rose,
And in the garden where the loved one grows
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

The Rose is associated with an ancient charm once universal in Germany against bleeding from the nose. There are various versions of this charm, in the different parts of the country, though the form differs little. One may be given which is said to be used in Swabia. "On our Lord's grave spring three Roses—the first is Hope, the second Patience, the third God's will—Obek, Wäbek, Täbek, Blood I pray you be still.

Among the Romans at their feasts, Roses were largely used. Fabulous sums were spent to have them at all seasons. In the time of the Republic the people had their cups of Falerian wine swimming with blooms. Nero at his banquetings showered rose water upon his guests from a hole in the ceiling, and from nets stretched above the table fell a constant shower of rose leaves upon the guests. On such occasions, the ground was also covered with the leaves and garlands of flowers adorned the brows and meshes of the banqueters. It is said that when Cleopatra entertained Antony she had Roses covering the ground to the depth of over one foot.

The proverbial "bed of Roses" is not altogether a fiction. The Roses of the Garden of the Nile were unequalled, and from their leaves mattresses were made for people of rank to recline upon. Among the Greeks there was a story told against the Sybarites, the inhabitants of Sybaris, a town in South Italy noted for its luxurious living. One of them complained that he had been unable to sleep all night. The reason he assigned was that one of

the Rose-leaves on which he slept had become folded under him and so made a hard lump.

The place of the Rose in English history is familiar to all, but even here there may be stories not so well known. One tradition says that a Rose appeared miraculously in the centre of King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester, and some antiquaries would deduce from this source its adoption as the emblem of England.

A more probable derivation is from the badges of the Plantagenet princes. The Red Rose was chosen as the device of his house by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward the III., while his brother Edmund, Duke of York, assumed the White Rose. Years afterwards in the Wars of the Roses these emblems came into greater prominence. The opening scene may well be cited from "Henry VI." A party of rival nobles have been arguing in the castle-garden. A young Yorkist says:

"Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a White Rose with me."

Somerset answers:

"Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer
But dare maintain the party of the truth
Pluck a Red Rose off this thorn with me."

The war, after many bloody years, was at last terminated, and peace restored by the marriage of Henry Richmond of Lancaster with Elizabeth of York. There is a tradition that when Henry's marriage united the contending houses, a Rose with white and red flowers first blossomed, intimating the fact that the two opposing forces were now blended. The tradition says that there was growing in a certain monastery in Wilkshire one particular Rose-bush, which, during the troubles of the land, to the amazement of the beholders, had borne at once Roses red and Roses white. About the time of the marriage of Henry and Elizabeth all its flowers bloomed forth with petals of red and white mixed in stripes. People came from all the country round to see the wonder, and hailed it as a joyful omen of future peace and harmony.

The prominence given to the Rose during those troublesome times without a doubt led to its being taken as the flower emblem of England. A gift of Roses to any one English-born is regarded as a very graceful tribute and pleasing reminder of the land of his birth.

In later English and Scottish history the White Rose came to be used as a Jacobite badge, and was regularly worn on the tenth of June, the anniversary of the birthday of the Old Pretender by his adherents. From this custom, June tenth was long known as "White Rose Day." Some say that the White Rose was so used because his adherents could only render him assistance "sub-rosa" or secretly. This idea seems very far fetched, and the custom could probably be traced to some less fanciful cause.

If an attempt were made to enter the region of poetic literature, and even allude to the various ways

in which attributes of the Rose, real and fanciful, have been applied, a large volume could be written. Sufficient to say that probably no single flower has a wider poetical and metaphorical usage. The classics of all languages are full of Roses.

This brief study well serves to show somewhat of the wide and genuine popularity in which the Rose has been held at all times and among many peoples.

W. G. M.

AS SEEN THROUGH A MIST.

There seemed to be a great vastness all about me, a space which had been hitherto unknown. All was silent—shrouded in a greyish gloom, objects loomed up vast in size, undistinguishable. I gazed about seeking my whereabouts, and found I was not in the land of mortals, but that I was walking in the larger air above.

"How camest thou hither?" saith I to myself, "art thou departed to thy ancestors, and is this a kind of limbo?"

As I spake thus aloud, I saw a form approaching. He came to my side, seeming large and commanding because of the dimness, and yet I felt no awe, no shrinking, for his tones were gentle as he spake.

"Thou art not in the realms of man" he saith, "but thou mayest see the myriads of thy fellow-creatures, as they pass to and fro on the earth beneath. Behold, now thou appearest that proud city, Montreal. That small mount at thy feet—ah! they are proud of that, these Montrealers, for Toronto has no mountain. And yonder, seest thou the R. V. H. and there is McGill University.

"Stay but a little," pleaded I, "stay thy steps, I entreat, whilst I view these fine grounds, and these buildings so grand. But, friendly one, what manner of creatures are those who pitchest thus on the wet grass. Seest thou! in yonder open space, they blaze with many colors crimson and blue and white. They lock their arms in deadly embrace, they waver, and fall to the earth, with their heads downward, and there they lie a struggling mass. What may these be I pray?"

"They are football players, and McGill is being beaten again" quoth he sadly, and I, perceiving the subject was painful, forbore, and turned my eyes to the other beings I saw here and there.

"Who is this?" questioned I, "who cometh nearer and nearer. His form is tall, his step quick and short, his eye dark and dreamy. He looketh as if he saw the grey dawn break and he hath a learned air, too. Nothing of the bold and courageous, but rather of the modest and retiring."

"He is a poet, but will not be crowned by fame because of his verse."

"And yonder cometh one with jolly round face and dark glancing eye. He is not tall, nor hath he the look of great wisdom, but he hath content in his countenance. Seest thou, how he smileth as he boweth to the lady?"

"He is a philosopher, but an admirer of that sex of whom the ancients said 'They are evil, flee from them.'"

"And this youth who cometh with his encouraging smile and his look of 'knowing it all,' he hath

a worn countenance too, and what doth he say 'How much work have you got done? Wish I could plug like you?' What meaneth he?"

"He is a professional examination passer, and one who believes in encouraging the professors."

"Who is he that goeth yonder, clad in grey and with ponderous tread. His head is down-bent, and his dark eyes glance furtively and suspiciously from side to side. Doth he fear personal reference that he looketh so?"

"He is a classical scholar, who feareth rebuke, who hateth labor, and who loveth the theatre."

"Here is another, tall and dark, his step hasty, his manner distraught. He hath a greyish book in his hand, and doth he mutter? Hath he a mind unbalanced, or is it a way they have at McGill?"

"He always knoweth the calendar, and quoteth chapter and verse. He objecteth ever, and when he will improve is unknown."

"And one cometh with uneven step from that large building at our feet. He swayeth slightly as he goeth. With shaven face and gold-rimmed spectacles, he seemeth to view life grimly, but even as he looketh so a smile cometh to his spare features, and he is almost youthful."

"He is a genial soul who dearly loveth a joke, and when he smileth, it may be at the recollection of his wit which illustrated his demonstration of Zoology."

"Now one followeth with judicial step, a right onward movement indifferent alike to criticism and praise. He ploddeh onward, short and stern, dark haired and ruddy of complexion. He graspeth a book firmly and he speaketh."

"Yea, he talketh eternally, and never knoweth when to leave one in peace."

"And a youth goeth yonder. He hath character in his gait. With wide free step he seemeth to hurry over the ground. Haste marks him. His hair, his eyes, the dark fringe on his lip, all marked with the haste of one who hurrieth and careth not."

"He is a Natural Science student, who ever seeketh knowledge in all about him, and who thinketh his future is in journalism."

"And near him is a youth with a hoppity-hoppity step. He claspeth great books, his manner is that of one who seeth not the dull cares of earth. His eye is vacant and dull. He studieth often and much, and his knowledge seemeth great."

"Genius he is, and ever will be, quietly and silently he loseth himself and he wandereth alone always."

"A bespectacled youth turneth hither, with pleasant countenance, and grey of eye. His steps are confined. Alone he seemeth to be, yet athletic of form, and not shunned by his fellows, for his air is cheerful."

"He playeth football, and believeth in a great future for McGill."

I was about to point to a group of creatures who tore from a building to the left, as we stood, when I felt a rush of cold clear air, and turning saw my friend beckoning me to a door which leads into a clearer, purer atmosphere. Gladly I followed him, and the door shut with a soft click, and Montreal faded from my thoughts as I viewed the landscape there.

LET ME DREAM.

Let me dream the sweet, sweet dreamings
That come on a summer night,
While all the world a-sleeping lies
Beneath the calm moon's light.

Let me dream of precious memories,
Which shine like jewels rare,
When all the world lies sleeping
Wrapped round by slumber fair.

Let me dream, amid my dreamings,
Of the dear times past and dead,
While all the world a-sleeping lies,
And the stars shine overhead.

Let me gaze adown the vistas
Of the happy days, now flown;
When all the world lies sleeping
And I sit here alone.

Let me listen to the singing
From the land of Far-Away,
While all the world a-sleeping lies
At close of a summer day.

Let me look again, in fancy,
On the forms I loved the best—
When all the world lies sleeping
In the silent hours of rest.

Let me hearken to their voices
As they call, so soft and clear,
While all the world a-sleeping lies—
And none but dreamers hear!
* * * = * * * * *

O Stars, in Heaven above me,
Shine down on my dreamings fair—
For, though the world pass by me,
And there be few to care,

Bright visions yet shall cheer me,
Loved memories round me shine—
While all the world lies sleeping
And Dreamland still is mine!

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR.

SOME NOTES ON STUDY IN GERMANY.

Twenty-five years ago there were very limited opportunities for post-graduate studies in the universities of the United States. Courses were not organized, seminaries were almost unknown, and professors urged promising students to go to Germany to obtain the doctor's degree. The exclusiveness and expenses of the English universities, assisted by the necessity of learning the language in which so much of the Nineteenth Century scientific literature is written, drove the Americans to Germany rather than to their Mother Country. Perhaps political ill-feeling co-operated; after the Civil War England was not loved in the United States. At this time a regular *cursus honorum* was established, in which the German Ph.D. became the goal of ambition. Canadians fell generally into the American system. The Gilchrist Scholarship drew a few from the Maritime Provinces to Great Britain.

This *cursus honorum* exists still, but is followed with less rigour; for, in the meanwhile, generous donations from private individuals have established post-graduate courses on the German plan in most of the leading universities of America. As inducements for selecting these courses in preference to

going abroad for something better, Fellowships were offered to, and accepted by, the best undergraduates. The result has been an enormous increase in the number of men who study for seven years in the universities after matriculation, and a corresponding decrease in the number and calibre of those spending the last three of the seven in Germany. And just as the standard of matriculation has been gradually raised, so has the standard for Ph.D. advanced. The High Schools have taken a year or two from the work of the College, and the College a year or so from the work of the University. Universities such as Johns Hopkins and Clarke have attempted to free themselves from the College altogether, and everywhere a sharper line has been drawn between what is distinctively College and what University work. Consequently, at the present time it is regarded in informed circles as a moot point whether home or German post-graduate study is preferable. Advocates, indeed, are not wanting for Oxford and Cambridge, but the notion to which a Scotch acquaintance of mine gave expression when he called those places "sleepy hollows" is very general in the United States.

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As regards library facilities:—There is here an immense superiority for America. The marvel to an American is how the German student can get along at all. In Berlin there are two libraries with an abundance of books, but rarely are those published within the last twelve months to be found. The catalogues are ridiculously cumbersome. The reading-rooms are dark and comfortless. The Royal Library has a periodical room which is more convenient. The service is everywhere utterly inadequate, or else the system is miserable. The officials are extremely courteous. It is said that they are mostly old soldiers. They work from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m., and take at least two hours and oftener twenty to find whether a book ordered is to be had or not. If it is of any value, one can be tolerably sure that it is already lent out. For students of Ancient Philology the *Institut für Alterthumskunde*, to which admission can be obtained on payment of 5 mark, gives easiest access to the most needful books, but an American seminary collection is generally as complete as this, and can be supplemented by a private collection drawn by each student for his personal use from the general library. In this co-operation between the University library and the Seminary libraries the American system shows a marked superiority over the German. The *Institut für Alterthumskunde* has a card catalogue.

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The lecture system is entirely in vogue here. Teaching there is none. The professor comes and recites what he has written and shoots out again. The younger men sometimes illustrate their expositions by maps, etc., but generally such aids are dispensed with. There does not seem to be a lantern in any of the lecture rooms. Professor Kirchhoff uses in his Seminary on the Athenian inscriptions the collection published by Koehl. It does not seem to be remembered that the most to be obtained from an analysis of the printed page is knowledge of the assortment of type in a Berlin printing office.

That may be interesting, but it is not (pigraph) by Squeezes and plaster-casts are frequently mentioned by the professor, but never used. Professor Koehler's lectures on Alexander's conquests, though characterized by a most pains taking examination of the route taken by the Macedonian army, and of the details of the battles, sieges, etc., fail in effect because of the absence of maps. The same is true of Professor Hirschfeld's history of the Roman Empire. Professor Wilamowitz-Moellendorff complains now and then in a helpless kind of way of being unable to illustrate his lectures on Greek culture of the Fifth Century B.C. by the aid of the vase-paintings, sculptures, architecture, etc., but seems unable to better himself. This failure to use modern appliances for paedagogic purposes is a startling testimony for the impractical character of the people.

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An American professor generally teaches twice as many hours each week as a German lectures, and herein lies a superiority for the German system. In America the professor has too much to do to allow his lectures to vie in exact scholarship with those of his German brother. An American professor's first task is to teach; a German's to do research work, the fruits of which he communicates to his classes. In this work his whole interest is placed. He is very much in earnest about it. The agitation which ran through Germany, when the inscription was found at Larissa which showed a genitive singular in *-oi* as a survival of the Homeric oddity *-oio*, or the hubbub created by the recent proof that the Athena Nikè temple was ordered to be built between 460 and 446 B.C., may serve to indicate that a German's work is very close to his heart. The amusing life-long feuds which have arisen, such as that between Georg Curtius and Brugmann over the uniformity of phonetic law, or that between Johannes Schmidt and Osthoff over the discovery of the law for palatal in Sanskrit, show the intensity of this interest. Johannes Schmidt is lecturing this term on Latin Grammar. Vahlen is discussing Sophokle's Elektra, when he has not belaboring a brother worker, Kibel. Diels is concerned with Greek Religion and Mythology. Wilamowitz is perhaps the most brilliant philologist in Berlin. At times he is eloquent and he is always entertaining. His work for this semester is on the Attic Orators. Harnock is lecturing to an immense audience on the nature of Christianity. These lectures when presented are all as exact and as complete as they are when printed.

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The students look very unpromising. Such a rough mob could be found nowhere in America. Beer may improve their health; it certainly spoils their looks. Their premature fleshiness offends our æsthetic sense. The *mensur* perhaps calls for pluck and encourages manliness, and a slashed cheek is potent in winning a maiden's favor. We may be glad, however, that a sport whose direct aim is to disfigure the face, has not crossed the water. There is an excess of manners about these fellows, but no amount of bowing and scraping and begging your pardon can redeem the lack of consideration with which I have seen lady students treated. Their table manners are vulgar, and the use of the knife to

the exclusion of the fork suggests a more peaceful origin for the scars which deform their faces. Every available moment between lectures is utilized for the purpose of munching bread and sausages or the remnant of a goose's leg which they have not had time to finish in the restaurant. This practice is very offensive to an American. There seems to be two classes of them, the brawling beer-drinking fellows, who belong to the fencing clubs, keep mistresses, and use their standing as students merely in order to be dissolute with respectability, and, on the other hand, the men with the mouse-colored hair and broad trousers, who have been so drilled in the gymnasias that the laxity of the University is permissible. These are they who have made Germany famous as a seat of learning.

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It costs no more to live in Berlin than in Montreal. The fees in the University approximate \$25 a semester. Fêtes planned on a scale which excludes the average student are suppressed by the authorities. Matriculation is no more difficult for a B.A. from America than for a graduate of the Gymnasias in Germany. It is characterized by a great deal of red-tape, and takes from each student part of four days. A passport is absolutely necessary. In exchange for this a student-card is received, which entitles the bearer to immunity from arrest by the police. The German student ordinarily studies for eight semesters. The semester, however, is really less than four months long. It begins nominally on the 17th of October and ends on the 15th of March, but the lectures rarely get started before the 1st of November, and two weeks of vacation are granted at Christmas. Migration is characteristic of the German universities, but I have been told that it is dying out, owing to the egotistical insistence by the professors who conduct the Ph.D. examinations, on the candidate knowing what they themselves have lectured about in the preceding eight semesters.

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The difficulties of learning the language are vastly over-estimated. One can very soon understand what is said. Two months of hard work among people who speak only German, even if preceded by no previous instruction, should suffice to enable one to attend the lectures in a university with profit. Of course it is a different task altogether to learn to speak German fluently. In a South-German university town accommodation in a respectable family, and treatment such as is unknown by boarders in America can be obtained very easily and very cheaply. A pocket Eng-Ger. and Ger-Eng dictionary and a grammar are essential. A place little frequented by English-speaking people is preferable. I found Freiburg in Breisgau suitable and beautiful beyond description. The German table is hard, even for such as have lived for half a dozen years in an American boarding-house. *Lernen essen ohne zu klagen* is the only remedy.

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The Germans, as a whole, are a less conventional people than we. They have less mock modesty, or,

if one prefers to view it so, less delicacy of feeling. Their style of living is different. "The Germans are a sausage-eating, beer-drinking folk." "Rest is the citizen's first duty," and "Who has had no *Rausch* is *kein braver Mann*,"—these sayings are lived up to. Beer is drunk in huge quantities, and *drunkenness*, not a fashionable kind of mild imbecility, but real vulgar drunkenness is a common result. Anyone who is willing to see can convince himself of this. Comfort is unknown; the people are too sparing for that. They shiver round their great ovens and seem to think it impossible to properly heat a room in winter time. Americans find the cold almost intolerable. They are a very painstaking people. I actually saw a woman second-raking an oat field with a hand rake. The builders of the Dome in Cologne or of the Cathedral in Freiburg possessed patience like to that of this woman, as do the men who dominate theological, philological and scientific thought in Germany at the present time. In scholarship *ratio et res ipsa* is the guiding principle. This leads to wholesale, cold-blooded emendations. It is stated that a German student of philology estimates himself on the basis of the number of "conjectures" he has made. How general this perverse ingenuity for bettering things is, is shown in the way the English official war reports are interpreted in the Berlin press. The ordinary German believes the interpretation and rejects the report. He discredits everything which is to the good of England. Jealousy of what seems to challenge the current belief in Germany's mental, artistic and material supremacy among the nations of the world is a dominant characteristic. Hence France is despised, England hated, and America both hated and despised. Meanwhile the Kaiser goes his own way, and in consequence public opinion, freed from the sobering influence of responsibility, is less intelligent than in England and the United States.

W. S. F.

THE MISTLETOE.

The hall with Christmas cheer is bright,
Tho' Winter' winds are bleak and cold
There's many a merry game to-night,
For youth and maid, for young and old,
The forest lends for their delight
The holly with its crimson glow,
And paler than the glistening snow,
The mistletoe, the mistletoe.

With mirth and glee the moments fleet,
Ah! who shall tell the secret bliss,
When 'neath that bough fond lovers meet—
The whispered vow, the stolen kiss,
Ah, tell me softly maiden sweet,
With cheeks that mock the holly's glow,
Who's now beneath the mistletoe?
Aha! I see; 'tis Cupid O!

Folio.

Societies.

DR. MACBRIDE'S LECTURE.

Dr. F. W. MacBride, Professor of Zoology, delivered a Lecture on "Evolution" in the Redpath Museum Saturday afternoon. The Lecture was very interesting and instructive and was illustrated by lantern slides. It was greatly appreciated by the students present.

MCGILL TO PLAY IN NEW YORK.

Arrangements have been completed with New York Rink managers, and the Hockey Team will play in New York on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights of this week. Their opponents will be the New York A. C. team, all New York team, and possibly Yale. Students taking holiday trips would do well to go to New York and cheer our team on to victory. Arrangements will be made by the management for reduced hotel rates if a sufficient number of students care to avail themselves of the opportunity. The team has not yet been chosen.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Medical Society was held on Friday evening, December 15th, when a large number of students assembled to hear Prof. James Stewart's address on "The Hand in Nervous Affections."

The address was a very practical and interesting one.

The Speaker in commencing emphasized the importance of the hand as an index of the state of the nervous system, second only to that of the face.

By means of stereopticon illustrations he showed the positions assumed by the hands of the patient in various nervous affections, and how its position and condition was indicative of the nature of the central or peripheral lesion.

At the conclusion of the address a very hearty vote of thanks was tendered the Speaker, which he acknowledged in a brief speech.

Class Reports.

MEDICINE.

1900.

The Balmoral Castle Hotel was the scene of a festive occasion on the eve of Thursday, the 14th, which will long be remembered by the men of the Class of 1900 Medicine.

As a result of a happy thought put forward by some of our more energetic classmates some days previous, a non-official meeting of the class was called, and Messrs. Chisholm, Patterson, Paintin and Gray were appointed to act as a Committee to collect funds and make the necessary arrangements for a dinner to be given in honor of our noble Football Team who, in our college course up to date, had so ably defended the Gun Cup.

The Committee men did quick and fast work. The individual members dipped deep down for the necessary shekels, and forthwith as the clock tolled eight wended their way to the "Castle which hath a pleasant seat." Soon the corridors and parlors were thronged with a goodly number of the would-be M. D.'s, and on the arrival of Dr. Gunn each man, with head erect and eye beaming with delight, marched in and took his seat at the festive board where in the words of the song: "He would merry, merry be, and on the morrow would be quite sober."

The different courses, as announced on the menu cards, were justly dealt with, and an occasional draught of nut brown ale indulged in,

and together with our old friend Sherry we soon landed at the port called Toasts. After listening to vocal selections from Messrs. Hazard and Patterson, accompanied by Mr. Doull, our President, Mr. McDonald, then rose, proclaiming "enough's a feast," and proposed a toast to the Queen, which was responded to in true British style with "God Save the Queen."

Our guests were then proposed by Mr. Patterson, and responded to by Messrs. Cartwright, Wilson and Todd.

Mr. Burnett in due time proposed a toast to Dr. Gunn, which was responded to by cheers and "He's a jolly good fellow."

Dr. Gunn then addressed the Football Team and members of the Class of 1900 in a most elegant manner, insilling into the heart of every man present the feeling of true fellowship one to another, and adding many strands to the cord that binds our noble professors to ourselves as students.

Messrs. McKee, Jones and Murray in well-chosen words proposed the toast to the Transvaal Contingent, doing all honor to our departed classmate, Horace Coates, now in the thick of the fight.

The ladies were then praised in high terms by Messrs. Coffin, Doull and Stephenson.

By this time Messrs. Hiebert and Armstrong, who were doing their best to propose Old McGill, were compelled to join in with the cry of Old McGill, which, going the round several times, was repeated by Old Lang Syne. Hands were clasped, the tables were surrounded, and the grand old time had an end.

RULES

BY T. WIGGLESWORTH SCRAGGS.

(Patient in M. G. H.)

" . . . No Spirituous Liquors are to be admitted. . . No Friend of a Patient shall remain in the Ward at night. . . "

RULES FOR PRIVATE WARDS.

When a man is lame and lonely
And compelled to lie in bed,
When the world seems dark and dreary
And he wishes he were dead ;
When his sleep is badly broken,
And this life is at its worst,
And his throat is nearly splitting
With a most delicious thirst,
He fain would soothe his sorrows
In the good old-fashioned way,
And, for a time, forget the strife
And torments of the day ;
And deem it rather pleasant
Lest he be called to die,
To once more drown his troubles
With a little Scotch or rye.
But this world is cold and wicked,
With its cares and strife and pain,
And even this small comfort
We are oft denied, 'tis plain ;
For, while some would seek to soothe you
In a kindly, friendly way,
Others think the only method
Is, bring moral force in play ;
And so, there have been printed,
In colors red and blue,
Some Terms and Regulations
And " Rules " for conduct, too ;
Which latter : tate concisely
In terms by no means slack,
Some helping hints for conduct
While you're flat upon your back ;
They point the way to goodness
In clauses but a few,
Warning in a single term
The drinks we must es-chew ;
And even go so far as hint,
In diction choice and rare,
That the world is vile and sinful
And sets a wicked snare
To drag us from the path of virtue
Down the road of sin and shame—
But why suspect that every one
Would be guilty of the same?—
But, nevertheless, as may be seen
That these precepts come to all,
They have been carefully framed in glass
And nailed upon the wall ;
And a lesson thus is kept before you,
For 'tis meant that in those days
When cruel mi-fortune has you down,
You, at least, must mend your ways
And live far, far above suspicion,
Taking as your guide in all
That " hyper-goody " code of morals
That is nailed upon the wall :
But tough old human nature,
Will always smile, the same as now,
Whenever it is preached at
By the " holier than thou."

ARTS.

1900.

And I laid me down and slept ; and as I slept I dreamed. The powers that he had resolved to present a Christmas tree to the Freshies. This was

manifestly unfair to the Seniors, who had no tree when they were Freshies, so it was decided to give them one too.

Christmas eve came at last, and a happy band of expectant little people gathered in the Kindergarten to receive the gifts so thoughtfully provided. There was some doubt about the proper thing to do next, so President Gr-r got up and remarked : " Well, what are we going to do about this thing." It was at length agreed that he act as Santa Claus, so he at once set to work, accompanying each presentation with a few well-chosen words.

There was something for every man ; even H-rs-fll was not forgotten ; he received a combination box containing a copy of " the Habitant " and a megaphone for drawing-room use. Tim was next called up and presented with an elegant pocket bible ; Tim's face became eloquent with grief. Captain Mack received the interesting game of " Parlour Pigskin," for use in the long winter evenings, put up in a handsomely lithographed box.

Guy cagerly stretched out his little hands for a catenary neatly done up in brown paper, and a small rubber dolly that squealed when you pressed her, while his little heart beat with pride on obtaining the degree of " chief and only Puzzle-putter in Honour Math." Jacobus was given a most desirable French briar, with blast-furnace attachment—warranted not to go out ; Jacobus immediately became greatly attached to the whole outfit.

The President's gift came next ; all eyes were riveted on it ; he carefully removed the wrappings and disclosed an amendment-to-the-amendment-to-the-motion for use in class meetings.

While C-ck was expressing great satisfaction over a dozen bottles care-destroyer, L-e and St-w-rt were being presented with a copy of " The Preacher's Ventriloquist and Conjuror," guaranteed to produce striking effects in the pulpit. Ref-d then accepted, with ominous silence, a tastefully bound volume of Spurgeon's sermons while C-ke carried off in triumph a portable sleeping machine for use in lectures. E-ls and F-rb-s each received a lovely aluminium hair brush, to be used once a day at least, and Cy was made happy with the Christmas number of the OUTLOOK.

There was an immense parcel for R-df-rd ; after tremendous exertion the President succeeded in lifting it off the tree ; it turned out to be a most ingenious contrivance for doing Greek proses ; to a lexicon was attached a species of typewriter, and on pressing the proper keys the words were recorded on a revolving drum ; R-df-rd hopes to attain great proficiency next term in driving this machine ; on the cover of the lexicon was a handsomely embossed monogram surrounded by the motto " He plugs best who plugs first and last." Cully received a nice hair cut put up in a hermetically sealed box ; while Korky, he of the black and furry caput, manifested great glee on being given a rattle and a tooth-brush.

Strange to say, there was nothing for Cr-w-ll ; it had been decided, after a long and hopeless search, that nothing could be found to interest him. For Fergy and W-dley there was a large barrel of bright and happy smiles, and a stick of candy ; and for—but just then the cat sneezed and I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

1901.

Men of '01.

The sad Xmas season has come, and your mournful scribe scribbles scratchingly but can ne'er produce a joke.

For in the sad vale of mechanics
The glum joyless juniors have heard
That the plucked will be destined to catch it
Where the razor ere shaves Kruger's beard

Naught but an epic can do justice to the gloom of the time—awake thou blooming lyre.

A song of two seasons or—the glen where the pinfeathers grow.

AUTUMN.

When September in its mellow beauty
Returns with its fruit and its frost,
When vacation has vanished entirely
And all we have learned has been lost,
We return to our fountain of knowledge
To dabble awhile neath its spray
And always put off till to-morrow
What really belongs in to-day,
For we're juniors this year, a step higher
That shows us last year was no loss,
It's the easiest year in the College,
And there's only two rivers to cross,
And why should we fear those dark rivers
Though their tide sweeps fierce and strong,
Though professors stir up their currents
When we show up our proses wrong,
For beyond their swirling waters
There lies a land of rest
Where the weary soul finds shelter
In the B. A. of the blest.

"Oh Xmas is far in the future
And April is farther yet,
What is the use of working to-day,
Work we will only forget?"
With words such as these the proud junior
Doth scoffingly, foolishly say
He prefers to perform on the morrow
The performance preferred for to-day,

REFRAIN.

Blow, blow drearily blow, whistle through wire and tree,
Over the snowy campus go—come down the mountain side
and blow,

Blow back my hours to me
The hours I wasted each autumn day,
The hours I spent in the Y. M. C. A.
The hours that have fled forever away,
Oh bring pack my hours to me

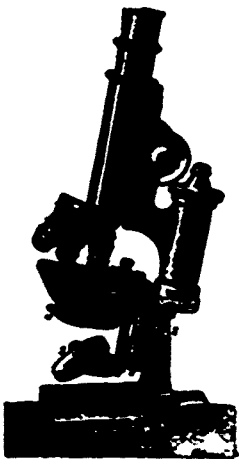
WINTER.

When winter sweeps down in December
With its gray gloom and shivering chill,
When the turkeys are plucked in the markets
And the students are plucked at McGill,
As we gaze through the ice-covered window,
As we gaze through the sleet-patterned pane
We vacantly "Wish to the D—l"
We could live the fall over again,
For we loafed when we should have been working,
We sloped when we should have been straight,
We see now the beastliness of it,
Now when we all know it's too late,
For the river grows broad when we meet it
And angry when gazed upon near,
And great jagged verbs cleave its current
And whirlpools of ablaut appear,
And Xmas will soon be the present,
And Xmas will soon be the past,
Our new year'll end with the old year,
Only last while December doth last.
"Oh Xmas is even upon us
And though April is far away
How can we hope for the future
If we are plucked to-day,"
So down in his innermost ego
Our junior at Xmas doth say
"It's a fool that hoards up for to-morrow
The evil that 's sent him to-day."

REFRAIN.

Plug, plug, wearily plug, plug from seven till two
Over Greek verbs so hardly dug, over the brutal
classics plug;
Plug in a verb or two,
Learn whatever Jebb may say,
Learn how a Roman watched a play,
Learn it all in one short day;
Oh bring back my hours to me.

Moral—If resolutions are pave-stones in Hades
It's a well warmed and streeeted abode
Where students by their sole endeavour
Might lay down a macadamized road.



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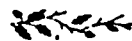
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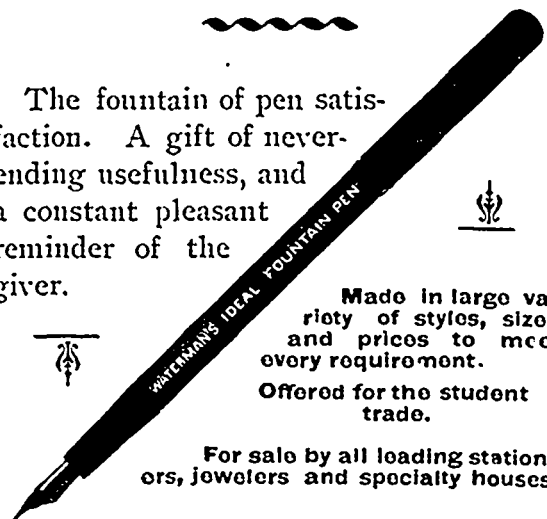
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THE PORT OF BOTTLES.

There is a dead spot in the Caribbean Sea that ought to be called the port of bottles. It lies very nearly midway between Cartagena, in Colombia, and Kingston, Jamaica. It is out of the steamer tracks, and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into the dead spot is apt to stay there unless driven out by some big storm, and will simply drift round and round, gathering seaweed and barnacles. An officer who is now in the service of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company thus describes his impressions of the spot:

"The last time I saw the place was in '95, when I was on board a 'trump' from Rio, that had changed its course a little to take up some rubber at a Central American port. While we were passing through we noticed a floating spar, and among a lot of rubbish attached to it was a peculiar-looking round object, bright red in color. We put off a boat to investigate, and it proved to be a patent buoy, which had been set adrift from a Florida light-house station in '93, and was part of a systematic attempt to ascertain the speed and direction of currents. Inside was an official memoranda, which was afterwards returned to the U. S. Navy Department with data of when and where found. But what is a good deal more interesting is the fact that while we were securing the buoy we discovered three bottles sticking in the drift, all covered with weeds and slime. One was empty, and the other two had papers inside. The first was

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a memoranda that the bottle had been dropped from a yacht off the Grand Cayman in, I think, the year 1892, and the other casks showed that it came from a ship bound for Monte Video, on what date I forget. In each case it was evidently the waim of some nice passenger, but it was a little odd that we should find the whole collection together. I noticed a lot of other driftwood in the dead spot, and I am confident that no end of bottles could be picked up from the place. Hundreds are dropped overboard every year, but very few escape being knocked to pieces unless they happen to find their way to some such a still place as I have described."

AN X-RAY NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

"Algernon," she said, looking at him from the corners of her eyes. "Yes, dearest," said the young man. "Does oo know," she murmured, "oo onest love hasn't any picture of oo?"

CHAPTER II.

It was two in the morning, all the world was sleeping—that is, all but the burglars and the milkman. Sunk in the embrace of his favorite chair, the young man was looking his past in the face.

"She loves me," he muttered hoarsely, and pulled off his shoes. "I see it now. She loves me, and, alas! I love her not. Yet I must break this tie that binds us. And how?"

The clock on the mantelpiece struck four. The young man raised his haggard face.

"I have it!" he cried. "Yes, I have it!" and excitedly throwing his shoes into the corner, he shook his fist hysterically at the bed-post.

CHAPTER III.

Gladys Gladislet sat in her boudoir, with a large square envelope in her hand.

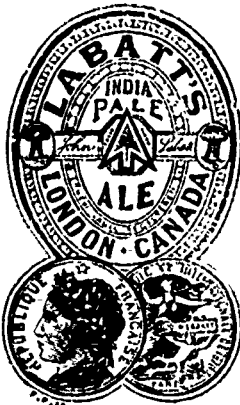
"his writing," she murmured (she always murmured, even when alone), "his own dear writing. And inside is his own dear picture—my Algernon's."

Almost reluctantly she broke the seal and drew out the card.

A smile was upon her lips as she cast her eyes upon it.

Then, with a mad cry, her head fell unconscious on her hand.

Yes, it was her Algernon's portrait—by the X-rays.



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AWAITING HIS CHARACTER.

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"What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is a speaking tube. It is a great convenience. We can converse with clerks on the first floor without the trouble of going downstairs."

"Can they hear what you say through that?" asked the visitor.

"Certainly; and they can reply in the same way."

"May I speak through it?"

"Certainly."

The visitor put his mouth to the tube and asked: "Are Tom Petersby's goods packed yet?"

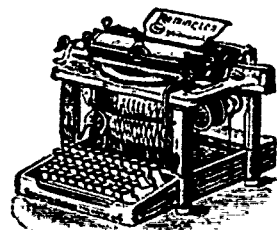
The people in the office below must have thought that it was somebody else speaking. A moment later the reply came back:

"No, we have not packed them yet; we are waiting for a telegram from town. We believe he is a slippery customer."

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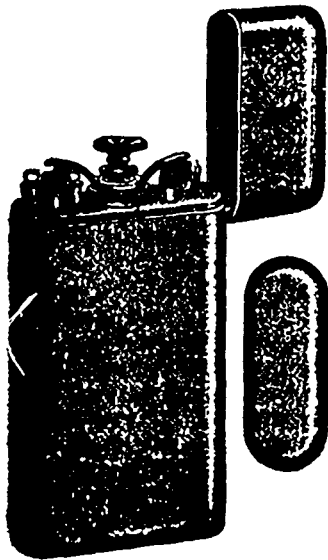
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