

precincts with secular teaching. I am sure that we of the Language department could write chapters on the "casualties" of a disadvantageous situation. How often were our meditations upon the simplicity of the adjective declension rudely interrupted by the thundering roll of the great organ as it pealed forth a Gloria! The dim religious light (for only through stained glass did the few rays of light which penetrates to this part of the building, reach us) lent a glamour to elementary German, which succeeding classes have missed. Were ever classes interrupted by so many different kinds of music? I recall an occasion when the second bass of the Institute Glee Club, tossing back the Hyperion curl, which seemingly has neither waxed nor waned during these four years, boldly and courageously attacked a slippery verb; suddenly the soprano shriek of a budding prima donna rent the air as well as his grip upon the verb, and we realized that we were next door to the department of Music. Then we moved three doors south. This brought us near the court, which was the favorite stand of that peripatetic instrument, the street piano, and many an adjective was declined forcibly to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye," while "Sweet Marie" lost her bloom and sweetness and "Annie Rooney" became a detested female. I have often wondered at the native strength of the love of music manifested by the above mentioned second bass, which could withstand the "endless battery, the measured malice of music," that so constantly assailed our ears. Finally, owing to increasing demands for more room and the persistent efforts of Prof. Monin in behalf of his department, several of the flats were fitted out for class rooms and the Languages were invited to come under the roof of the Institute building. It was but a half loaf after all, that was offered us, for Prof. Monin and Miss Wright taught their respective classes in every room except the library and laboratories, while the German class was literally received under the roof, for the museum on the fifth floor served us as a class room. According to the language of Greece, museums were the homes of the muses. I am not sure that the muses are graciously inclined to the study of Elementary German, and according to the Greek acceptance of the word we were probably out of place there; but on the other hand, if the true significance of the word "museum" is best brought to our apprehension by an allusion to the ages which preceded its origin, when our ancestors were in the midst of those great migrations which peopled Europe, it was fitting that we who had been in a constant state of migration should finally find a permanent abode in a museum. What an incongruous environment! How often did the wandering glances of students illustrate Prof. Huxley's description of a museum as a "consultative library of objects," for they were generally "consulting" the South African collection of deadly weapons and feminine adornments when I fain would have them consult German prose. The prophetic eye of the class artist would linger lovingly on the huge nugget of gold, the size of which would put to shame the most exaggerated find of the Klondike; difficult indeed did he find the readjustment of his golden dreams to the realities of the modal auxiliary. Then there was that grotesque piece of furniture, the chair made of huge horns, which Dr. Gunsaulus invariably pointed out to the visitor as the "German Chair." After two years of varied experience and wanderings we finally settled down in conventional and orthodox quarters. But I shall always remember with peculiar gratitude the students who braved the winter's cold and the summer's heat on their way from the Institute to the mission building and the later classes who patiently submitted to the appellation of "German Freaks," given to them during their sojourn in the museum.

Very cordially yours,

Rosa C. Lang.