

to Cologne. Here, indeed, was picturesque scenery. The low foothills were covered with beautiful vineyards; the high cliffs were adorned by the ruins of the castles of the robber barons. This is a region rich in legend, there being a legend for each castle. We stopped at Bonn to visit Beethoven's birthplace, and also at Cologne to view the magnificent cathedral, a piece of delicate lace-work in stone.

One summer was spent in the Austrian Tyrol in a peasant village, Haldensee bei Tannheim. Professor Krause always spent his summers there and once in a while took a few pupils with him who desired to study through the summer months. We had to take rooms with the cleanest of the peasants, but took our own cook along. Our provisions came through by stage coach from Innsbruck, thus affording us appetizing food. It would have been impossible to eat the peasant fare.

An amusing experience of the summer occurred when one of the American girls washed her hair and stepped outside to dry it in the sun. All the women of the village gathered around in amazement, seeking information as to why she had done it, for they had never heard of any one's doing such a thing!

Another interesting experience of the summer happened when Professor Krause told us we must walk over to the neighboring village of Tannheim to view the dedication of a monument. The monument was to be unveiled by Prinz ———, (I do not recall his name,) a nephew of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. In the way of being a celebrity, Professor Krause was next to the visiting royalty. After they had become acquainted, we were introduced to the Prince. He was a dashing, handsome young fellow, quite the story book type. I often think of the three strata of society represented that day. The Prince was as far above us socially

as we were above the peasants.

Student days were over at last. What a change it was to return to America! I was back from fairy land to the land of reality with its roise, hurry, and confusion.

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The Hill Church

MARION SWANN

Approaching the main traveled road, we turned a corner and saw, over the hill, the white shiningness of the country church. It nestled cosily in a slight hollow, gleaming brightly against the somber background of a cemetery so old that the whiteness and blackness of polished stones had merged into a general greyness, highlighted by two or three new white stones. We rapidly drew near, watching the picture enlarge. Soon the white bell tower stood out from the square of the building. The tall, pointed glass windows gave promise of beauty as they reflected long rays of setting sun. Stepping out of the car amid dark green of evergreens, we passed through the amazing whiteness of the doorway into the shining golden glow of a small painted vestibule, and then into a small auditorium. Gleaming furniture converged toward a platform. The beautiful seriousness of Hofman's "Head of Christ" held our eyes across the carved wood of pulpit and communion table. The rose, gold, and purple of the formal design of stained glass windows cast a glorious glow over worshipper's spirits and physical properties. Small but perfect, the quiet calmness, mel-low goldness, and warm friendliness of this temple attract. Here is found rest.