

A HOSPITAL FOR 2,200 YEARS

CHRISTIANS NOW DOING THE WORK BEGUN BY PAGANS.

The Temple of Esculapius Built by Romans on the Island of the Tiber Replaced by a Church, but the Sick Poor Resort to the Spot as They Did in the Old Days.

ROME, April 14.—On the island of the Tiber, among the followers of St. John of God, there is a brother, Fra Arsenico, who



STATUE OF ESCULAPIUS FROM VATICAN MUSEUM.

is a famous dentist and who charges no fee for his work. His only diploma is a large sack full of the teeth that he has pulled.

An American lady wintering in Rome asked a man who knows all about Rome, ancient and modern, to give her some information about the "dentist monk some-where in Rome who pulls teeth free," as her servant had a toothache and she, the lady, was not prepared to pay a dentist's bill, while it was a bother to have the maid about with a swollen face. The man directed her to the island once sacred to the worship of Esculapius and now the home of Christian priests who minister to the sick, gave her the name of Fra Arsenico and told her the story of the island—a story of temples and their sick worshippers, of worn-out slaves exposed and left to die there, of a charitable task begun by pagans, continued by Christians and carried on for twenty-two centuries—a curious story even for Rome.

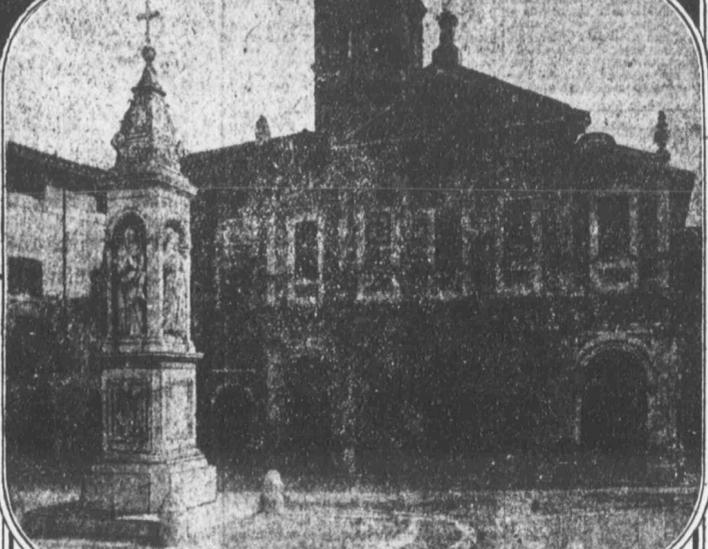
Many centuries ago when Rome was but a small village perched on the Palatine Hill, surrounded by woods and marshes and inhabited by a community of shepherds who grazed their flocks on the uplands of the Veia and the Oppian, there was down in the valley where flowed the river Tiber a spot among the reeds that grew on its banks where the waters of the stream rushed and gurgled as they broke against a low wild island. It was merely a strip of land in the middle of the river, across which the Etruscans gazed with surprise at the square fortifications of the new people who had founded a city high up on the opposite bank. It was almost covered over and hidden by the waters that surrounded it, unexplored and therefore unknown.

This island in the course of time acquired a legendary origin. It was said that when the Romans expelled the Tarquins and seized their goods the golden corn was cut from the fields of Mars and thrown into the river. The current carried it toward the insula erca, the blind island or sandbank. Here it stopped, and the sand and mud of the river were mixed with it until it rose above the stream and became an island, and the Insula Tiberina, or Island of the Tiber, was thus formed.

Livy and Plutarch and other ancient writers recount the legend, but modern critics have explained it away and they only connect the name of Tarquin with the Island of the Tiber inasmuch as under him Roman and Etruscan worship became united and from the Capitol they gradually spread down to the river.



THE ISLAND OF THE TIBER WITH ITS TWO BRIDGES INTACT.



BASILICA OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW WITH THE PILLAR THAT SUPPORTED THE OBELISK.

Ancus Marcius, fourth King of Rome, is said to have built a bridge of wooden piles—subleca, hence Pons Sublecius—between the Janiculum, which he fortified to check the incursions of the Etruscans, and the island. This was the first bridge across the Tiber and it was the bridge Horatius Cocles held against the hosts of Porsenna.

No iron was used in its original construction nor in subsequent repairs. Its memory lasted through the Middle Ages. In 1484 Pope Sixtus used the remains of its foundations of travertine to make cannon balls, and in 1577 the last traces of it were blown up to clear the bed of the river.

The bridge gave but small fame to the island, which remained uninhabited for several centuries, in fact until the year 291 B. C. Then pestilence raged in Rome and spread over all the city, with its narrow streets and high houses overcrowded with slaves, and for three long years the inhabitants died daily by hundreds.

So the Senate sent to Epidaurus to request that Esculapius, the tutelary god of that place, might come to avert the evil. The ambassadors returned with a sacred snake, the emblem of the god, which had found its own way into their ship and encoiled itself in the cabin. When they arrived in the Tiber, the snake glided from the ship and swam to the island disappearing there, and in consequence a temple was built on the island to the Greek god of medicine, whose worship was thus introduced into Rome.

The temple was called Asklepieia, and more than a sanctuary or a place of worship was a hospital where poor people who could not afford to pay the doctor to cure their maladies flocked and prayed and hoped that their health should be restored. Belief in the supernatural powers of the divinity and therefore in miracles then was as strong as it is still to-day in many parts of Italy.

The temple had a community of priests, who besides attending to the worship of the god ministered to the crowd of poor patients that came to be cured, and recommended remedies, baths and diets generally, which very often proved more successful than the intervention of the Greek god. The patients slept under the porticoes, and so great was their faith that they expected to be cured with the first light of dawn on the following morning.

The site of the temple was well adapted for a hospital, as it was outside the city walls and in an isolated position. It was patronized by the very poor, the freedmen who worked in the factories, the soldiers of the legions and the sailors from the galleys moored on the river.

There was a custom in Rome which contributed in keeping the porticoes of the Asklepieia crowded. The owners of slaves afflicted by incurable maladies and therefore worthless used to have them carried to the island and left there.

Originally the owner of a slave had the right to kill him when he had no further use for him, and before the temple of Esculapius was built on the island and his worship instituted in Rome, when a slave became ill beyond hope of recovery he was killed by his master. The priests of the Greek god acquired celebrity for curing the poor, and the god sometimes performed miracles, so that diseased slaves were no longer killed but sent to the Asklepieia, and in such numbers that the porticoes at times were full of them.

The Emperor Claudius abolished the custom and decreed that any slave abandoned or exposed should become a free man, and that any person who killed a diseased slave was guilty of the crime of murder. As a result the number of patients at the Asklepieia diminished. But the sadness of the place remained, and the grove of sacred trees that adorned the island, the shrines

to other gods which in time were erected close to the temple, the many votive offerings which were hung on the walls as testimony of the healing powers of the Greek god, and the shape given to the island, which was made to resemble a trident with an obelisk to serve the purpose of a mast, were not sufficient to change the aspect of the place, which was that of a hospital for poor people, a refuge of poor diseased humanity.

Several inscriptions in Greek have been found bearing evidence of cures obtained through intercessions to the god. Causus, the blind beggar, prostrated himself before the altar of the god and placed the five extended fingers of his right hand on it. He touched his eyes and recovered his sight.

Lucius, another beggar, who was unable to sleep owing to great pains in his side, was cured by placing ashes from the sacrifices offered on the affected side. The soldier Valerius Aprus recovered from his wounds by putting honey on them.

But if some were cured, many hoped and prayed, but died. When the day was over and the gates of the temple were closed for the night the crowd of patients, many of them almost stricken to death, all feverish and in pain, filled the porticoes and there waited for the dawn. The water of the river rushed and gurgled round the sides of the stone ship with its load of suffering humanity.

The night passed, and dawn, heralded by the crowing of the cocks kept in the sacred grove, appeared. The gates of the temple were opened, and those among the patients who were cured rushed in to offer sacrifices and thanks to the god, but many remained still in the porticoes until they were removed by the priests. The god had not cured them and they had died during the night.

The worship of Esculapius ended with

the advent of Christianity. A holy man, St. Emigdius, is said to have destroyed the temple of the Greek god as well as the shrines of Jupiter Lycaonius, of Faunus and of Semo-Sanus. In later imperial times the island was used as a prison, and Arvandus, Prefect of Gaul, was immured here in 468 A. D.

Churches and convents were built on the island. Otho III. founded the Basilica of Saint Adalbert on the site of a still earlier church, and Gelasius II. rechristened this church in 1218 and gave it the name of St. Bartholomew, which it still bears. The body of the saint was brought from Beneventum and placed here.

Opposite this church is the Hospital of St. John of God, also called Benefratelli, under the care of a confraternity of brethren who nurse the sick and continue traditions of the priests of Esculapius. The island is thus still dedicated to the spirit of healing.

In 1654 the whole island was converted into a hospital for those stricken with the plague. A small garden, probably all that remains of the sacred grove of pagan times, is now used as a morgue.

Fragments of the ancient temple are still to be seen, although the island has been nearly modernized and altered. Six years ago when the new embankment of the river was being built the *ajiazas* or pits of the main temple were found filled with discarded ex-votos: arms, hands, feet, breasts, modelled in terra cotta.

There are still the two bridges that connected the island with the banks of the Tiber. One, the ancient Pons Fabricius, built of stone in the place of the old wooden one in 62 B. C. by L. Fabricius, has two arches and a small flood arch in the central pier. It is now called Ponte Quattro Capli (Bridges of the Four Heads), from two herms of Janus which still adorn its parapet, and it is still intact, having withstood the vicissitudes of nearly 2,000 years.

The other, now called Ponte St. Bartholomew, originally built by Lucius Cestius in B. C. 46, and restored by the Emperors Valentinian, Valens and Gratian, was pulled down by the municipal authorities in 1889 and rebuilt with the exception of the central arch, which is still the ancient one.

In the centre of the piazza, in front of the Church of San Bartolomeo, where once stood the obelisk that formed the mast of the island, there is now a pillar with four niches adorned with the statues of St. Bartholomew, St. Paulinus of Nola, St. Francis and St. John of God, four humble men who spent their lives in works of charity, ministering to the sick. They have taken the place of the Greek god Esculapius, just as the Franciscan monks and the followers of St. John of God have taken the place and are still doing the work of the pagan priests.

The Italian Government has seized the monasteries, which are now divided into tenement houses, but a narrow strip of land has been left to the monks, and here they have a small hospital of seventy beds, where they devote themselves entirely to the care of the sick poor, some twelve hundred of whom pass through the hospital every year, besides the many cases relieved in the reception rooms.

Such is the Island of the Tiber to-day. Sick slaves are no longer exposed and left to die here, but every lady living in Rome will send her servant girl to the hospital in case of need.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. D. E. Van Dorp Verdam, daughter-in-law of Mrs. A. E. Van Dorp, former president of the National Council of Women of the Netherlands, has been put in charge of the first seaside sanitarium founded in Holland. This institution was opened in the early part of April by Queen Emma, mother of Queen Wilhelmina. It is for children suffering from tuberculosis and was founded by the Anti-Tuberculosis Society of Rotterdam. Mrs. Van Dorp Verdam is the first woman physician to be put in charge of a hospital in Holland.

It is related that in passing through her husband's library recently the attention of the Empress of Japan was attracted by a peculiar looking machine. On learning that it was a typewriter and having it explained to her, she became interested and began to hit the keys. Now it is said she does a good deal of correspondence for the Emperor.

It is further reported that Queen Alexandra of England, Queen Maude of Portugal are all fond of using the typewriter in corresponding with their intimates. It is probable that all of them put together do not use the machine as much as Sarah Bernhardt, the actress of Rumania, who rattles off her poems and stories on a typewriter.

Miss Ruth Durant Evans of South Carolina will receive her degree from the Chattanooga University of Law early in June and a few days later her license to practise at the Chattanooga bar. She is reported to stand at the head of a class of 160, although the only girl in the class. She comes from a family that has produced several distinguished lawyers and her power of oratory is said to be remarkable. It is probable that she will devote herself to office work and make a specialty of advising women.

Annie Murphy, aged 11, is being congratulated in Boston for her bravery in rescuing a three-year-old neighbor from kidnappers. Three men were carrying the child off, and Annie, attracted by his cries, ran up and demanded of the men what they were doing with him.

The men told her that he had run away and they were taking him back to his mother, who lived in the next street. Knowing that the child did not live in the next street, Annie very promptly attacked them, making so strenuous a fight and yelling so lustily for help that the kidnappers dropped the boy and fled.

When asked by the police where she learned to use her fists so effectively Annie explained that she had been fighting boys all her life for telling her that being a girl she was neither as strong nor as brave as a boy. Now, her chief satisfaction in saving the child is that there were numerous big boys in the street, none of whom dared to come up and help her fight the men.

Miss Bellville, the official timekeeper of London, is said to earn \$2,500 a year by peddling the time of day once a week. The post of timekeeper has been in her family since 1835. In that year her father, who was assistant to the Astronomer Royal, hit upon the idea of taking the time around to the principal watchmakers and correcting their chronometers.

At his death his widow obtained the privilege of having her chronometer corrected at the Greenwich Observatory whenever she liked. She peddled time until 1862, when at the age of 82 she retired and her daughter stepped into her shoes.

Every Monday morning Miss Bellville goes to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich and gets from the keeper an official document stating that her chronometer differs from the mean time by so many seconds and tenths of seconds. This favor is granted to no other person in England. Armed with this official paper, Miss Bellville visits her customers, about forty in number, and corrects their time in accordance with the official chronometer. From her forty customers the rest of London gets its time.

Miss Blanche B. McHale of St. Louis has been appointed to succeed her brother as assistant city weigher. She is said to be the first woman in the country to hold such an office. Her appointment was made by Mayor Wells in compliance with the request of her brother, who just before his death expressed the wish that his sister might be allowed to fill his shoes. She is 33 years of age, and is a native of St. Louis, Mo., and is a graduate of a college.

Miss Jane Brownlee, the public school teacher of Toledo who originated a new system of teaching children ethics, has agreed to give a series of talks before the women's clubs and teachers' associations all over the United States, from New England to the Pacific Coast, explaining her system. The demand for these lectures has been so great that Miss Brownlee has been forced to give up her place in the Tanager School in Toledo in order to devote her entire time to the work.

Miss Brownlee began her teaching of ethics by saying: "Children, I have discovered that each of you has a little servant who will go with you through life, and will do just what you tell him to." This pleases the children. They have to obey everybody and are delighted to hear of some one who must obey them. Then Miss Brownlee explains that this servant is the body. One by one the needs and duties of the body are brought out by answers from the children themselves.

The next day she tells them that they have a second servant, the mind. This servant is trained in the same way, and the third day she tells them about the real child to whom these two servants owe obedience. After impressing it on them that this real child cannot grow up as he should in an unhealthy body or with an undeveloped mind, she takes up the virtues, devoting a month to each virtue: September, kindness; October, cleanliness; November, obedience; December, self-control; January, courtesy and cheerfulness; February, work; March, honor; April, honesty, truthfulness and clean language; May and June, manners, and review of the year.

According to Miss Brownlee the children like to begin with kindness because it is an active virtue and they can see and report results for themselves. In her system they devote the first week to practicing kindness on their parents, the second on their teachers, the third on their sisters and brothers and playmates, while the fourth is devoted to teaching them kindness to animals.

ENGLISH TURF TRAGEDY.

Owner's Sudden Death Just as His Horse Won a Great Race.

From the Westminster Gazette. The death of St. Simon, perhaps the greatest racehorse of his generation, recalls an almost forgotten tragedy of the turf. Half an hour before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1883 Prince Bathurst, who bred St. Simon and who was one of the most popular racing men of any time, was talking with Lord Cadogan in the luncheon room of the Jockey Club and at Newmarket when he suddenly died and fell.

He was carried to Weatherby's office and doctors were summoned; but the Prince was beyond all human aid, and just before the bell rang for the race for which his colt, Galliard, brother of St. Simon, was first favorite he breathed his last. A few minutes later the clear blue sky rang with cheers and shouts as the horses came thundering along, which rose into a roar as Galliard won by a head; while behind the drawn blinds of Weatherby's office Galliard's owner, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this moment, was lying dead. It was owing to the death of his owner that Galliard's great son could not run in the Derby of 1884, which he would almost certainly have won.

MUSSELS BETTER KNOWN

A REAL SPRING DELICACY, BUT LONG NEGLECTED HERE.

The Poor Man's Oyster in Season—Delicious Ways in Which the French Cook Them—They Are Cheap and Plentiful and Something of a Beauty Food as Well.

A charming French actress, interviewed in Paris a few weeks ago, was asked to what diet she restricted herself in order to preserve her daintiness of complexion and form. She smiled delightfully and said: "I really have no fixed rule except that I eat exactly what I please and do not feel that I must go through a course of dishes at every meal. Last night, for instance, after the theatre when my maid and I reached home we ate between us a hundred mussels freshly roasted and served with lemon and butter as the only sauce."

Mussels, while not listed among the beauty making foods, are pronounced to be better than the interminable meat diet that is the rule with so many American women. Nature, or perhaps it is Neptune, sends them at their best in May when soft shell crabs, strawberries, shad and dandelion salads make the heart glad.

Many people are only reminded that these things are on the market stalls by seeing their names on restaurant bills of fare, for in a great many homes steaks and chops are persevered in all the year through, in July as December. Politics, business and fashion continue to occupy the attention, and potatoes taste the same as fresh asparagus to the person so engrossed.

In France the changes in the season are waited for because they bring new delicacies to the table and the coming of the mussel is a variable event. This shellfish is esteemed by the French as a dish of such exquisite natural flavor that they even serve it with lemon juice and butter instead of one of their hundred and one sauces.

In this country mussels were never popular until recent years. They were always very cheap and were never rated in favor as comparable with the oyster, though of recent years the mussel has fallen from its high estate as a delicate morsel. It is practically the only way in which they were known on the American table. For years there was a prejudice against them on the ground that they were poisonous when raw. As with crabs, lobsters and some other fish there are filaments or mucus as it is called in the mussel which must be removed. This precaution taken the mussel is unobjectionable.

The French restaurants and some of the older hotels, notably the Everett House, made mussels popular as a luncheon dish some ten or a dozen years ago, and since then they have steadily risen in favor and have their esteemed place on club menus and at dinners where dishes out of the ordinary are sought.

Reynolds, who wrote the "Almanach des Gourmands," called them the oysters of the poor. In fact their cheapness is probably one reason why they have never been highly thought of in this country. Mussels can never be objected to on the ground that they are difficult to prepare, for while they may be elaborately garnished they are also very good when merely roasted in hot ashes or, failing that, in an ordinary oven.

The small ones are by far the most delicate and the washing of the shells must be thorough so that all grit and sand are removed. After that there are many delicious ways in which they can be cooked, forming a charming relief from the regular winter menus.

At the Everett House they are cooked in a manner very similar to that in which clams are prepared when they are named à la casino on the bill of fare. The mussels are baked in their shell, each fish being packed in small bits of bacon, chopped onions or chives, parsley powdered and lemon juice. Melted butter was added at the table. The French shellfish is not cooked in the ordinary selected American mussel done in this way and cooked just the proper time.

Another method, which has the merit of being drier for those who do not like rich dishes, is to cook the mussels with one sliced onion, a small bunch of parsley and one pint of French white wine, seasoned with pepper and salt.

The shells open after the pan has been on the fire for a few minutes. Then the fish are removed from the shells and cleared thoroughly, then cut in halves. The liquor is strained free of the shells and mixed with a white sauce. The ordinary selected American mussel done in this way and cooked just the proper time.

Silver shells are filled with this mixture and covered over with grated bread crumbs and butter, then browned in the oven. The shells are arranged each on a folded napkin placed over a hot dish and garnished with parsley or watercress. Another method is to fill the shells with a lump of butter and the mussels added with one spoonful of chopped parsley.

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Over this half a cup of water is poured and the whole boiled for a few minutes. Then the whole into a dish and garnished with the juice of a lemon. Use parsley and sliced lemon as a garnish.

As the supper of the French actress suggests, a delicious oyster or mussel, served as the principal dish of a breakfast or luncheon with brown bread and butter and maybe a green salad and French dressing as the only accompaniment. It does not accompany the oyster, but the ordinary selected American mussel done in this way and cooked just the proper time.

Physicians as a rule despise mussels, but if they are very hungry they handle them with a good deal of gusto. They eat them from the shell with butter. If mussels were not so plentiful and cheap in America we would probably anxiously wait the coming of the foreign steamer that brings the oyster, subject to inquiries of price which are not to be compared with those of our own country.

PUFFS, BRAIDS AND CURLS

THE FASHIONABLE COIFFURE NOW TAKES IN THE HAT.

A Special Chest Required to Perfume and to Hold the Modish Settings of the Hair—The Up to Date Head Flat and the Face Oval in Outline—Shampoos.

It makes no difference what kind of hat you wear; if your hair isn't right the effect will be spoiled. A hair chest is the latest thing for keeping the hair in condition. It is made to stand upon the bureau and contains compartments, each one of which has its quantity of precious hair.

To make a hair chest you can take a hat box and stand it upon one side, with the open end toward you. In it fit boxes that will slide in and out as though they were bureau drawers. Cover the outside with cretonne to match your dressing room. Then screw little knobs into the front of the boxes so that they can be pulled in and out, and your chest is complete.

The inner part of the hair chest is perfumed, and this means that your hair, when you take it out, will be rich with sweet odors. You can perfume according to your taste. The subtle Spanish essences are considered desirable. Still, one does sniff a great deal of rose attar these days.

One of the drawers in the hair chest is devoted to curls. There are short dancing curls which must be adjusted just over one ear. There is the single curl, half as long as your finger, which is fastened to a hairpin and is tucked in here or there as the coiffure may demand.

right kind of hair. Hair dressing must set off your hat and frame your face.

The hollow spot at the side of your hat is no longer filled with a rose. In its place there is a big fat double puff fastened to the hat. When the hat is put on the double puff is adroitly pulled out in such a way that it trims the side of the hat.

The up to date shape of the head is flat, with the flat side toward the front. This may not be an adequate description. A hairdresser says it is with the broad side front. The puffs are pinned on at each side of the face to make a broad effect.

Strange to say, the dressing of the hair broadly across the face does not widen the countenance. It has indeed the opposite effect, for the dressing of the hair in puffs and waves at the temples merely accentuates the expression and brings out the spirituality of the face.

The face of fashionable shape is oval and everything is done to bring out the contour. The neck is dressed high, and the top of the stock is wired invisibly to bring it up under the ears and behind them. The hair is piled moderately high, but is broadened at the ears and sides of the head until it is wonderful in its proportions.

In the hair chest there should be one of the new double braids. The hair is braided in such a manner that there is no beginning. The foundation of the braid is utterly hidden.

The trick is worked by separating the hair at the stump into six strands. Three strands are braided in one direction and three are braided in the other. The result is one long braid with loose hair at each end.

along the front. At the back, rather low upon the neck, was a so-called coronet braid. It was heavy and it was adjusted as flatly as possible to accommodate three fat puffs which were set just above it.

It is very important that your own hair match your ready to wear hair in tone. This can only be assured by giving both sets of hair the same treatment.

It is worth while, when you are brushing your own hair at night, to bestow a brush or two upon your braid. If the braid is long and dull looking it should have just a drop of some glossy substance to make it shine. There are many lotions that come for this purpose.

The shampoo of the puffs and braids is also important. Most women forget that their adopted hair, like their own, should be washed, dried, ventilated and perfumed just as though it grew upon your own head. It needs the same care as the growing hair. The fact that it has been cut off does not mean that it does not need care.

Bows of ribbon are worn in all sorts of places. The latest thing is to tie a bow that it looks as though it were the strings of your hat. The French milliners are very cunning in this matter.

They take a three inch taffeta ribbon and run it under the braid. They bring it down to the back of the neck, where they tie it in a broad bow. When the hat is put on it looks as though the ribbon bow were part of the trimming of the hat.

The hair should be abundantly dressed, but the forehead must not be hidden. The hair is worn back from the face. It is a mistake to have just one pompadour. A woman must adjust her hair to her hat. With a wide brimmed hat the hair must be dressed wide, and there must be a mass of puffs at each side of the face. The inner side of the hat is skillfully trimmed with hair. The effect is that of a well coiffured woman with a hat that just fits the coiffure.

take off one's hat. It is better to draw the net over the back hair, only leaving the front to look as natural as possible. A marcel waving iron, a round scalloping iron and a pair of small tongs will give the finishing touches in case a woman does not have her own hairdresser.

There is a new shampoo for the woman who likes to be right at the top notch of everything. This is a mild shampoo which merely wets the hair and takes out the dust. It is really a hair rinse.

The head is spread with a soapy lather. But there is no massage of the scalp. The bath hose is now adjusted to the faucet and the water is tested until it is just the right temperature. The head is sprayed until the soap is washed out. The whole thing must be done within five minutes.

The dust and street grime and the dinginess of the country roads are rinsed out of the locks quickly and easily. This sort of shampoo does not injure the scalp, and can be used as often as once a week. It leaves just enough oil in the hair to be comfortable.

Puffs and braids have done a great deal toward driving the beached heads out of the world. Yellow puffs are unbecoming and a yellow braid is coppery. The yellow dancing curls are impossible; they look green in the sunlight. The woman who bleached her hair must let it turn black.

CENTENARY OF ST. CYR.

French Military School Collecting Material for a Golden Book.

The request for information regarding the later life of several graduates of the French military school of St. Cyr, recently published in THE SUN, was sent out in connection with the celebration of the centenary of the founding of the school. It was on June 7, 1808, that the eagles of Napoleon's army, colors flying and drums beating, marched into the house of St. Cyr, where Madame de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV, had 22 years previously started a boarding school for girls.

A committee has been formed with Gen. Maximilian E. E. Barry, vice-president of the Friendly Society of Pupils of St. Cyr, as chairman, to arrange for the celebration of the day. As a permanent memorial it is proposed to issue a Golden Book of the graduates. These include five Marshals

of France, 1,100 Generals and about 50,000 officers of all ranks.

The records of these cover practically the whole field of French military glory. Nine Generals of Division, graduates of St. Cyr, have been killed on the field of battle—three in the Crimea, one in the Italian campaign and five in the Franco-German war. Twenty-seven Brigadier-Generals and innumerable officers of lower grade died on the field of honor.

That the traditions of the school have not lapsed even in the deaths of two young officers in the present struggle in Morocco. In a hot fight at Dar Ksibat on February 4, Lieut. Ricard, a cavalry officer just two years out of the school, had his horse killed under him by an Arab bullet.

One of his men started to dismount and give him his horse. Though it was certain death, he refused to accept the sacrifice. His men were outnumbered and forced to retreat. He took a position behind a rock and fought until he was overpowered and cut to pieces.

Lieut. Pol Boulhaut was entrapped in a ravine at Ber-Rabet and cut off from his men. He fought with his sword until he was killed. His body was found pierced again and again with bayonets.

The school usually has from 700 to 800 pupils and graduates about 400 officers annually. It is now run on lines resembling those of West Point, but in its early days the training was rough and the discipline extremely severe.

It is a tradition that if a loaf was thrown at the wall it stuck there. On this rough diet the lads worked hard all day. They started at 4:30 A. M. and were at drills and studies till 7 P. M. when they turned to and swept their dormitories and made up their beds. The least infraction of rule brought a punishment which usually consisted in standing at attention for several hours in heavy marching order in an open courtyard, regardless of heat or cold, rain or snow.

There was plenty of hazing. The lad who completed the first 2,000 was thrown out of a window the moment he entered. When 3,000 was reached the unlucky man had to be guarded for weeks to save him from violence.

Duels were frequent. Fourteen lads were killed and more than 100 wounded in the first five years.

Napoleon I. gave the school the flag which is still carried on state occasions at the head of the battalion. The inscription on it is: "They learn to conquer."