cise, provided the latter is regulated by certain well-known laws. Injurious effects resulting from hard work are almost always traceable to neglect of obvious precautions.

In the *Contemporary*, Sir John Lubbock has a poor paper on the "Pleasure of Reading," and winds up with a futile attempt to make a list of one hundred best books, which is much like trying to make a list of one hundred best dinners for all palates. Prof. Geffcken finishes his valuable paper on "Contemporary Life and Thought in Germany"; and Frederic Harrison, the redoubtable Positivist, writes on the "Radical Programme."

The *Quarterly Review* for January contains an elaborate article on the new translation of Don Quixote, the great book of Spain. It is satisfactory to those who never found themselves growing enthusiastic over the earlier English translations, to know that not one of the seven that have been before made is at all adequate, and that Smollett’s "is worse than unsatisfactory; it is a burlesque." In Mr. Ormsby’s we have for the first time an adequate reproduction. "He has lived among the Spanish peasantry. He has looked into their ventas, and made personal acquaintance with many a provincial inn-keeper, and many a Maritores, and many a Sancho Panza. He has learned their vernacular phrases. He has made himself at home in the exact society in which Don Quixote moved," and probably in out-of-the-way parts of Spain; and the greater part of Spain is out-of-the-way; the society is not much changed since the time of Cervantes.

Spain, fallen from her high estate, and now, through the combined influences of bigotry and bad government, is one of the most backward of European nations; yet she is still a wonderfully interesting country, and one that has always had a special interest for Americans. The best history of Spanish literature is by a Bostonian, Mr. Ticknor, and one of the best of Spanish libraries in the world is the one bequeathed by him to our city library. Washington Irving wrote the lives of "Columbus and his Companions," and the picturesque "Conquest of Granada." Prescott’s books are all on Spanish subjects, and some of the best travels in Spain have been written by Americans, though no one quite so good as that remarkable book, George Borrow’s "Bible in Spain."

The *Quarterly* has a paper on the "House of Condé," and an account of England’s new acquisition in the East, "Burmah, Past and Present."

The *Edinburgh* for January contains a paper on England, Afghanistan, and Russia, which no one will fail to read who is interested in following the slow but steady progress of Russia eastward into Asia, or who has made acquaintance with desert life and Turcoman tribes and dare-devil adventures, in the exciting book of MacGahan, the newspaper correspondent, or in Capt. Burnaby’s "Ride to Khiva."

The *Edinburgh* also has a paper recounting the vain attempts of the French to colonize or conquer Madagascar, that great island of which we know so little. There is a paper on Victor Hugo, and one more on Sir Henry Maine’s "Popular Government," of which the reviewer says: "By a fortunate coincidence, at the very time when the British nation was in the act of accomplishing the largest experiment of popular government which has ever been tried in the United Kingdom, a book issued from the press which deserves to rank with the best and wisest productions of English political literature." This is the conservative liberal view.

W. P. A.

COMMUNICATIONS.

*The editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.*

EDITOR OF TECH:—I read with considerable interest the editorial, in your issue of March 4th, relating to athletics and our gymnasium. I agree with you on the whole, but I do not think that you have hit upon the correct solution of "why the students do not patronize the gymnasium more." Some three weeks ago I went down to the gymnasium, and attempted to take a bath after exercising. I followed the printed instructions posted over the shower-bath, and waited patiently for five minutes to obtain the right degree of temperature, and finally, in disgust, resorted to a bucket of water and a sponge. I also noticed that in order to keep their feet clean, some of the fellows had to make a flying leap from the bathing-room on to the bench in the dressing-room. In my opinion it is in the bathing appliances that all the trouble lies, and the sooner the Corporation provides a decent place to bathe in, the sooner will the "instructors be gratified by the students’ clearer brain, and the nation by the far-reaching inheritance of health."

Yours truly, s. s.

A grate thing — The furnace.