

Chose of Other Days

LETTER FROM SYRIA.

Dear Nebraskan:

A few more impressions of my journey if your readers will bear with me.

The cathedrals of England are one of the great attractions to tourists. Every one I visited had many sight-seers even in bad weather. And this is not surprising, for in them is embodied in permanent form the product of the skill of her sons in past ages. In them is reflected, too, much of her past history.

Wealth untold has been expended on them. The richly carved oak in the chairs, fine altars and glorious stained glass windows were lavished, but at the expense usually of the poor people of the diocese or the vicinity, though now and then a rich man would erect one in the hope of thus winning his soul's salvation.

One has mingled feelings of awe and wonder as he enters these tombs of the dead—for most of them are such. One imagines the dead coming forth from their stone tombs and sarcophagi in the large niches in the walls; or along the aisles; or from below the marble slabs inscribed with the virtues and glories of the departed, and long forgotten. Many of these are still legible—if you haven't forgotten the Latin "cum clauses" Professor Barber so faithfully tried to drill into your hard pate. Usually a musty odor pervades the atmosphere of these ancient edifices, but this is more than offset by the wonderful beauty of the art glass windows which shower down upon you a brilliant floods of colors, displaying exquisite pictures, representing biblical scenes and personages.

A most interesting sight in the old refectory in Chester cathedral was a stallcase and pulpit of stone, carved out of the wall of the room, where pious monks used to read the scriptures to their fellows eating below. This, to keep their minds intent on pure thoughts during the meal! It is in a good state of preservation.

The choir in Chester cathedral is very large and finished in oak richly carved. It must have been the work of many years' labor. Every seat is a work of art. I know so little about architecture that I will not venture to describe such features.

An interesting sight at Chester was the old wall which still remains. It encircles the city and is in good preservation, being used as a highway. I stood on the spot whence King Charles received his defeat years ago. (It costs money, however, to get such "privileges." Never leave your hand out of your pocket if you wish to see the sights. You will be "held up" for your last penny—especially in Italy or Turkey.)

Stratford-on-Avon is a pretty little English town, but not very different from many others, save in historic interest as the place of Shakespeare's birth. The reputed Shakespeare house is well preserved by a society organized for that purpose. Its fireplaces are huge affairs and the walls and ceilings are built of great solid timbers, many of them as sound as when put in, though some have been removed, and others clearly show the tooth-marks of time.

There is an interesting collection of MSS. and early editions of the immortal's works. Very little of the original furniture remains. Some portraits are on the walls. Most interesting to me were the names of Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle scratched by those worthies themselves, on one of the window panes, at the time of their visit to this shrine years ago.

There is an old church in the town where Shakespeare and his wife lie buried. They are interred beneath the floor; and stone slabs upon which are inscribed in old English letters their names, mark the places. This was the only church to which I had to pay admission, though others on the Continent made charges for special privileges.

Ann Hathaway's cottage is about a mile out of town. It is a quaint dwelling, large and in good condition. Much of the furniture and many dishes of Ann's time, at least, still remain. A wooden bench near one of the huge fireplaces is pointed out as the place where "Willie" used to sit when wooing Ann. I sat in his place—just to

get some inspiration, and experience(?) If his ghost, like a mad Nemesis, is pursuing me, in wild rage at my audacity, I have not yet suffered ill at its hands.

I may say these houses look much as the pictures we see at home represent them. The latter are photographic reproductions, and of course accurate. This is, in fact, true in general of all noted places of interest that I have seen.

To my mind, Burn's birthplace is more romantic in appearance than Shakespeare's, though both show touches of the artificial since becoming sources of revenue. The road leading from Burn's cottage to the "auld brig" and passing the "auld kirk" where Tam O'Shanter witnessed the dance on the night of his wild ride, and the country through which it passes are most picturesque. Nor does the "Avon" compare in beauty with the "Doon." Possibly a Scot is prejudiced, but even were the Doon the more beautiful now, it might have been the very reverse one and two or more centuries ago. A few decades sometimes change the whole face of a countryside.

I had an impression once that Oxford was a "perfect dream"—an ideal place for quiet meditation and deep study, but such an impression was a false one, though I think none the less of her as an institution of learning, capable of conferring the highest degrees on her sons (not on her daughters, for, though admitting women to study, no degrees are granted them, but only "certificates!" Surely in some respects Oxford does not stand for progress).

Oxford university is composed of a large number of colleges, mostly in too close proximity to each other. All that we entered had quadrangles formed by imposing, ivy-clad stone buildings, no longer white, but almost black and much worn by the weather of centuries. Each college has its own library and chapel. The absence of trees was noticeable and very little grass was visible. Some was found in a few of the quadrangles, but often there was none. The bareness of the place made one wish to get away. Merton college was an exception.

The town is crowded upon the buildings of the colleges, on all sides, I think, but one. There are no beautiful campuses surrounding them as in many of our similar institutions in America. The Thames not far away is a modest little stream at Oxford, though it is a mighty river at London.

The students of Oxford have rooms and suites in the college buildings. I took a peep at some, where, by the way, electricity was just being introduced; and found them well furnished and comfortable, though not lighted enough because of the small windows—relics, too, of the past. Some meals are served in the rooms of the students. Others in a large common room in strict accordance with Oxford's ancient traditions.

Taking leave of Oxford after a peep at her art gallery and one of her libraries—I mean one of the common ones, for I just missed Bodleian, since it closed too early—I took an express train for London.

SAM ANDERSON, '03.
Beirut, Syria, Dec. 15, 1903.

Secretary Ringer of the Y. M. C. A. has received a souvenir card from Mr. C. M. Heck, who was a fellow in physics here last year, and is now studying in Berlin, Germany. The card is in the shape of a beer-mug and is inscribed with the following verse:
Here's to Nebraska once again,
Here's to all Nebraska men,
Here's to her girls I can't forget,
Here's to your Christmas, dry or wet.

A university club was recently organized at South Bend, Wash., with a good membership. Walter Frederick Meier, University of Nebraska, '03, was elected president; Mildred Stanford, Stanford university, vice-president, and Benjamin B. Heuston, University of Minnesota, secretary-treasurer.

Miss Sylvia I. Finlay, '03, will begin work January 11 in the schools at Long Beach, Wash.

C. A. Sather, law '03, is practicing at Bellingham, Wash.

The Oliver Theatre

F. C. ZEHRUNG, and O. T. CRAWFORD, Mgrs. Phone 354. Cor. P and 13th

"The Handsomest Theatre in the West."

**HENRY W. SAVAGE OFFERS
GEORGE ADE'S**

SULTAN "Theres a Cherry in It"

"IT IS A SCREAM" OF SULU

MUSIC BY ALFRED G. WALTHAL

Pretty Girls, Catchy Songs and Fine Productions. Full New York Cast of Favorites.

PRICES—MATINEE—50c, 75c \$1.00.

EVENING 50c, 75c, \$1.00, and \$1.50

**The University of Chicago
Professional Schools**

**Medicine Theology
Law and Education**

Each has a special Circular of Information which will be sent on application. Each will be in session during the **Summer Quarter** (June 17—September 3). The courses in Medicine are given in connection with the work of Rush Medical College.

The University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois

Santa Barbara

That quaint old mission town is not only one of the most lovely seaside resorts of California, but also one of the most interesting places in the world. Here, hundreds of years ago, Christianity was first preached to the American Indians by the Spanish friars. The old missions are still there, and are visited every season by thousands of tourists who travel over the



**UNION PACIFIC
"The Overland Route"**

because it is the best and quickest line to that noted place.

Via Omaha it is 16 hours quicker to San Francisco than any other line.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED TRAINS DAILY

Full information furnished on application to

E. B. SLOSSON, Gen. Agt.