

Chose of Other Days

From Sam Anderson.

S. S. Saghalian, Oct. 1, 1903.

Dear Nebraskan—Perhaps the saloon of a steamship pitching slightly and vibrating from end to end with the heavy strokes of her great engines; within sight and hearing of chattering French women and Mohammedans chanting the Koran, are not the most inspiring environment for the writing of a letter, but we will make the attempt notwithstanding, regardless of consequences.

Our trip across the Atlantic was uneventful save for the payment of a small tribute to Neptune one day, thus acknowledging his supremacy. A pleasant feature of the voyage was that of making new friends among kindred spirits on board, which made the passage mutually more enjoyable. In fact, I found new friends in many places in my travels, though one must use care in trusting such with one's ducats, lest one come to grief. This from other's experiences, however, not mine.

For many years I had dreamed of visiting "bonnie" Scotland, the "land of the thistle and heather," and at last my dream was realized. Scotland is beautiful. Her great hills, clad in waving purple heather; her deep and wild glens through which flow streams of crystal water; her beautiful lakes, especially Lakes Lomond and Katrine, their blue waters reflecting the shadows of the high surrounding hills and rocky islets, immortalized by Walter Scott; all these are pictures of nature which shall always be thought of with delight and never forgotten while memory lasts.

Scotland's cities are interesting. Glasgow is a great, dirty, city, its claim to notoriety being chiefly commercial, though its cathedral and university are well known. The university buildings, the finest in Scotland, are built of red stone in the form of a square, of course, for all British universities and colleges have quadrangles within. It is early English style, and is very imposing, on the banks of the Kelvin.

In Glasgow there were two things which impressed me most strongly. The first was the prevalence of the one-horsed cart for heavy hauling. The horses were usually large Clydesdales, capable of drawing enormous loads with ease. Most of Glasgow's, and in fact Scotland's, street hauling is done in this way, as I afterwards learned.

The second fact which made a deep impression was the great gulf which separates the middle from the lowest classes, for there seems to be no class between these two. Everywhere I went in Glasgow—for it was as noticeable in the richer as in the poorer sections—poor degraded men and women and ragged, dirty children were to be found. These seemed to be even more pitiable and miserable than most cases of similar class in Chicago and New York, which I have observed. And I think the reason is not far to seek. It is the greater prevalence of the drinking habit among the Scottish women of that class. In America many women drink beer. But in Scotland it is whisky. And the latter seems to drag down the poor creatures more quickly and to an even lower state of degradation than the former.

On the other hand, it seems to me the country Scotch are on a higher intellectual plane than the most of our country people—at least in the west. It is surprising to see what a knowledge of affairs, of English literature, and of religious questions many of the "smaller farmers" and shepherds display. They are thinkers, many of them, though they may not always express their thoughts in grammatical English. And as to the matter of being thrifty and economical, and of providing for home and family, they certainly are equal to their American brothers, though their opportunities for material prosperity are not so ample.

The Scottish kirk has been so often and accurately described that it would not be worth while for me to try to describe it. Suffice it to say that "Ian MacLaren," master of character-painting as he is, does not always do justice to the sincerity of the Scottish churchgoer. Some go to the kirk, as in America, from purely secular or

pecuniary motives, but many others go to worship God out of the depths of their sincerest hearts, no doubt.

The Scottish minister wears a gown usually in the pulpit. Nor does he mingle with the people before or after service as many of our ministers do, but either passes out of the pulpit while the audience remains seated or remains in his seat until the people have departed.

Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen. It has a fine natural location, wide streets, buildings of classic style and of fine stone, parks, castle, palace and cathedrals and churches are of more or less historic interest.

The university is a very old institution and some of its buildings are very old also. Here again we find a quadrangle. The fine new assembly hall has just been completed. Their library room is not so large as ours, i. e., the library room for academic students, but each college has its own, e. g., medicine, law, etc. However, it is rich in portraits, sculpture and other works of art.

But it is in the center of the city, amid the roar of a great city's activities. Its walls are covered with soot, and surrounding it on all sides are great business blocks or tenements—hardly my ideal of a university location. But notwithstanding this, it has produced great men and is doing so still—lights in the intellectual sphere.

Edinburgh is a city of wealth and "blue blood." Here the elite of Scotland live—millionaires and nobles. And here, too, is a center of great intellectual activity and culture which has caused this queen of Scottish cities to be called the Modern Athens.

I will not stop to tell you of my visits to Edinburgh castle, Holyrood palace, Scott's house or Greyfriars churchyard—all teeming with the memory of events of historic interest, but hasten on to say a few words about Aberdeen.

Aberdeen, a city of 160,000 people, is called the granite city because of the fact that it is built largely of granite—residences as well as business blocks, and public buildings. It is also an important seaport and fishing center.

Aberdeen, too, has a university. It is very old, especially King's College, which is beautifully situated in the suburbs.

Its chapel dates back to the eleventh or twelfth century. Its choir is a fine specimen of antique oak carving. The library is a long narrow room with shelves along the sides, but only a place to get books. None of these libraries have study desks like the University of Nebraska. Aberdeen's quadrangle is small, but they have a fine athletic field. So has Glasgow, but I saw none at Edinburgh. No doubt there is one in the suburbs.

Leaving Aberdeen, I visited the lovely region around Balmoral castle; thence to England through southern Scotland. More anon.

SAMUEL ANDERSON, '03.

Carrie Stetler, '03, is teaching at Falls City.

Ida Comstock, '03, is teaching at Hooper, Neb.

J. S. Ellis, '02, is teaching at Lake Preston, S. D.

Jean McLennan, '03, is teaching at Ravenna, Neb.

Florence Cook, '03, is teaching at Cedar Rapids, Neb.

Lee Jouvenal, '03, is working in a bank at Ainsworth.

Mabel Glover is teaching in the high school at Madison.

In a letter from Fred K. Nielson, '01, he expresses himself as very well satisfied with his position as coach of the Midland College football team. Mr. Nielson is a Senior law and went to Atchison, Kan., a few weeks ago on a leave of absence to coach the Midland team for the season, and so satisfactory has been his work that he has been asked to consider an offer of the same position next year.

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MILLER & PAINE

Christine Bednar, '03, is teaching in the Minden high school.

Sadie L. Fowler, '03, is teaching in the Auburn high school.

Willard Clapp, law '02, is attending Leland Stanford University.

Will Wallace, '03, is engaged in the banking business in Omaha.

Emma Meier, '03, is teaching in Niobrara in the high school.

Miss Griffith, '03, is teaching in the high school at Nelson, Neb.

Margaret Countryman is teaching in the schools at Weeping Water.

Carrie Bengston, '03, is principal of the schools at Lexington, Neb.

T. H. Elson, '03, is instructing in the Kearney Military Academy.

Laura Hartzell, '03, is teaching in the high school at David City.

Alice Brookings, '02, is teaching in the schools at Davenport, Wash.

C. K. Smith, ex-'06, is in the employ of the Burlington railroad as surveyor.

W. W. Jones, '01, is in the employ of the Armour Packing company at Omaha.

H. M. Benedict, '96, is an instructor in zoology and botany in the University of Cincinnati.

Mr. Harger, a former student of this University, is registered at the University of Chicago.

Bert Wilson, '96, is making a name as a rising young attorney on Wall street, New York City.

Ward Hildreth, '95, has lately been appointed manager of a large automobile factory in Chicago.

Miss Short, a last year's graduate student, is doing advanced work in quantitative chemistry, and is also assisting in the department.

J. A. Woodward, a former University student, is a candidate for election to the office of superintendent of instruction of Hamilton county.

F. C. Ratcliff, ex-'93, of Central City, visited with the editor of the Nebraskan yesterday.

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