

Chose of Other Days

From Sam Anderson.

Dear Nebraskan:

The British trains make excellent time, on the runs, but are very slowly handled at stations. The equipment is good, though the cars on the average are inferior to ours. The road beds are excellent. Tickets are taken at the depots, the collectors going to every one of the four or six compartments of each car, entailing much loss of time. The doors open on the sides, except in the vestibuled trains, which make only through runs.

It was dark when I reached London, and I made haste to find my hotel, near Bedford Place. Next morning saw me trying to decipher the signs on those awful vehicles—the busses—in dreadful efforts to get somewhere, in three days.

London is a great conglomeration of many small towns. The old city is not more than a mile square, but the lines of demarkation are not visible now to the untrained eyes of visitors. The vast number of buildings are four or five stories higher. There are very few sky scrapers. Here and there are to be seen magnificent public buildings or churches. Now and then a public square, surrounded by an iron fence, and dotted with monuments, or a grassy sward, with "keep off the grass" signs in plain sight.

Of course I saw Westminster Abbey. It is a magnificent edifice, Gothic, I think, with its two towers piercing the skies. I wandered about in it trying to read epitaphs and inscriptions until wearied. However, I found the tombs of the old royal personages, Longfellow's and Lowell's Memorials, and the tombs and marble busts of Gladstone, Livingstone, Darwin, Tennyson, and hosts of others.

Across the street are the Houses of Parliament. I only got a glimpse of these, but saw the great hall where Charles I was tried for his life. Most interesting, since we had been studying a phase of that period in Dr. Jones' classes last semester.

The Tower of London is grim and solid looking, but far from beautiful. The most interesting things to me were the collections of Medieval armor, and the crown jewels. These latter are dazzling to the eye, of course, and represent fabulous wealth. The crown, sceptres and royal plates were all enclosed in a great steel cage surrounded by guards, and are kept there except on great occasions.

I also saw the Bank of England, walked through it at a 2:40 gait, lest the numerous policemen should suspect I was a bank robber. Thence to St. Paul's. It would be useless for me to attempt a description, save to say it is grand and large. The dome is an important feature, and is not unlike that of the capitol at Washington. Many of England's noted dead are interred within its walls. I attended divine service there on Sunday but could make out little more than the sound of the speaker's voice and most of the people were similarly affected.

London has numerous transportation systems, but all are unsatisfactory. The bus is a miserable substitute for our electric trolley lines and the present subways and undergrounds are not very desirable owing to the unwholesome atmosphere pervading them. If Mr. Yerkes can give London fast, clean, and easy transportation facilities with his new system, he will double the fortune he made in Chicago.

After a short stay I took a flying trip to Naples in order to catch the French steamer for Beirut, but even the week's time gave opportunities to see considerable at some points. Crossing the channel was dreadful. At first I feared I was going to die of seasickness, but in a short time I cared not whether it was death or life, I felt so miserable. The trip only lasted three hours, but it was far worse than all my seventeen days on the Atlantic and Mediterranean combined. But on reaching Ostend and getting some hot coffee our spirits revived and we went on through Belgium rejoicing.

The first stop was Stuttgart, where a night was spent with our old friend, Carl Meier, Nebraska '99. Carl was in excellent health and spirits, and is diligently pursuing his studies in history

for the doctor's degree. He had just finished a semester's work at Heidelberg, and was touring in Germany, sight-seeing by day and absorbing Baedeker by night. He came the next thing to hugging me when we met at the station. My hand also was nearly wrung off, but it has recovered its normal condition. Carl has grown a beard a la France, and has lost his reputation in neither the United States nor the University of Nebraska. He pilled me with questions about the "Uni," and especially the department of history and its professors until the "we sma hours." Next day we parted after a tour of that beautiful city.

My next stop was Karlsruhe, a delightful city. I had to rack my brains to use German enough to get a dinner, but thanks to Professor Fossler I got sufficient to sustain life until Basle was reached. Suffice it to say it was the best meal I ate between Scotland and Beirut. Swell restaurants in London had greater variety, but for wholesomeness and real satisfaction of appetite, give me "ein gutes deutsches Mittagessen" everytime.

In Karlsruhe as in Stuttgart, the buildings are chiefly of stone—really artistic, four to six stories and very substantial. A uniformity of size and structure is very noticeable in these German cities, which is not usual in America, especially in New York and Chicago, where sky scrapers may frequently be seen beside buildings of a few stories, making the irregularity painfully apparent. The public buildings of the above German city are of white stone, surrounded by parks and drives. The trolley electric cars are here as well as in the Swiss and Italian cities. Basle and Lucerne are much like the German cities in aspect—fine streets lined with beautiful and substantial buildings. This is more especially true of Basle, as Lucerne is crowded in between the base of the mountains and the lake, though the latter has many magnificent hotels. The old bridge across an arm of the blue waters of Lucerne is quaint. The pictures Longfellow describes are becoming obliterated and are fast fading. The lion carved in the side of the mountain is still to be seen. It is wonderful.

Of course the Alps are grand. The Swiss mountains and lakes are very similar to those of the Scottish highlands. The former are on a larger scale, but the Alps lack the beauty which the green and the purple heather gives.

From Lucerne through the famous St. Gothard tunnel (9 mile long), we went to Milan, Italy, to see the cathedral and L. de Vinci's famous picture. Never have I seen such a profusion of sculpture as that in, or rather on, the Milan cathedral. Some one has truly described its roof as a "forest of statues." Over three thousand adorn its roof. I shall never forget the impression received as I gazed down upon them from one of the pinnacles above.

Milan is a city of art, fine buildings and broad and elegantly paved streets. It contrasts most strongly with Rome and Naples in the seeming prosperity and culture of its citizens, and in its business push and enterprise.

Rome is wonderful—more wonderful in its past, however, than its present.

St. Peter's surpasses all the edifices I have ever seen, taking it all in all. Its great colonnades, its vast dome, commanding the surrounding country; its internal magnificence in sculpture and paintings; its columns; its fine altars and mosaics; all these made me speechless in wonder. I was ready to pay homage to the genius of Michael Angelo as one of the world's greatest.

But "never a rose without a thorn." Surrounding this magnificent church are thousands of poor—very poor—people, struggling for existence. I see now that newspaper reports about bread riots in Italy are not all false. Yes, even in that magnificent church, a woman came asking for alms. Probably that was the place for her to do. No doubt of it, for there if anywhere she should receive help. But it seems to me that something was wrong, and I asked myself this question: "Would Christ were He here in person as He was nineteen centuries ago, sanction such expenditure of time and labor and wealth for such magnificence and allow pauperism to prevail so widespread

under the very shadow of those walls?" I will let you answer that question. Art is grand, and beautiful and noble, and inspiring, and has a place in the world, but if it is cultivated at the expense of the physical, social and moral and intellectual well-being of its supporters, there had better be less of it. However, I am not so pessimistic but to believe both compatible with each other.

SAMUEL ANDERSON, '03.
Dec. 30, 1903. Beirut, Syria.

Ernest Pollard, '93, of Nehawka, Neb., who is in charge of the State Horticultural society exposition exhibit at St. Louis, is visiting old friends at the University.

O. H. Timmerman, '04, who was

elected county surveyor of Richardson county in November, left yesterday for North Loup on official business. He expects to be back for examinations.

Evan T. Sage, '02, who has been principal of the Beatrice schools for the past year and a half, writes for his paper from Chicago.

Mr. Joseph F. Berggren, law '03, came down from Wahoo last Saturday and spent the greater part of this week in Lincoln looking up a case in realty in the state library and visiting his Phi Delta Phi brothers and other friends.

Lincoln Local Express, 11th and N. Tel. 787. Baggage hauled.

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