

they are all up. Greetings and adieus are exchanged in the same breath and we pass into the territory of Uncle Samuel. The Kennebec lies peacefully sleeping in the moonlight as we slow up at Waterville, and with a blast from a fish-horn which had been purchased on the day of the Montreal-Ottawa College football match, awake the *Colby Echo*. Away we fly due west till Burlington lights are seen reflected from the waters of Champlain. The ex-man whom we find here proves himself utterly unworthy of the name of *Cynic*. In fact he is a jolly good fellow. Now then, all aboard for Troy, Syracuse and Rochester! and the *Polytechnic*, *University News* and *Campus* are each requested to spend the season merrily. Niagara Falls! calls our brakeman, or more properly, our look-out. What sort of reception shall we receive from the terrible *Index*? A stream of light is issuing from the sanctum as we enter, and the terrible editor rises from the "Table" his face beaming with good nature, and both hands outstretched in welcome. We return his friendly clasp with vigor and wish him a very Merry Christmas. On again ascending to the ship our course begins to assume a zig-zag direction (it's no use to insinuate that Christmas cheer has already begun to affect us, for what has that to do with the ship.) Viewed from our present height we can see all the spokes as they come out of the "Hub" and extend to the extremities of the universe. Alighting amid the classic shadows of "fair Harvard" we are soon in presence of "Lampy" and "the Ibis." "Have a cigarette?" "Thanks, Merry Xmas, good-bye." We stop for a moment beside the huge reservoir from which the *Tuftsian* drinks its wisdom and then just as the myriad lights of Gotham begin to appear in the distance we descend upon the home of the *Fordham Monthly*. Another zig-zag across Pennsylvania and we have offered our best wishes to the *Haverfordian* and *Penn Charter Magazine*. Georgetown comes next along our way and we greet the *College Journal*. Due south we sail to Richmond, the battle-worn city, which has given birth to the *Messenger* and *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. (We have here made a slight sacrifice of truth in order to round a period, for the *R. M. Monthly* although printed in Richmond hails from Ashland.) Thence we pass into North Carolina, stop-

ping at Chapel Hill where abides the *University Magazine*. Flying to the north-west we came to Morgantown W. Va., where we are received with open arms by the *Athenaeum*. Thence across into Kentucky to halt at Lexington and call upon the *University Tablet*. We are about to cross the street, but the *Tablet* informs us that the Hamilton girls will be enjoying their "beauty sleep" by this time. This reminds us that the hour is growing late and we have a considerable distance yet to go. The waters of the Ohio being passed we arrive at Jacksonville, Ill. The *College Rambler* exchange editor is found sitting in that identical "Easy Chair," with his feet in that identical position. He has fallen asleep while reading the last OWL, and we do not disturb his slumbers. Another zig-zag, this time to the north-east, towards Kankakee. "Hollo, St. Viateur's! How are you? A word for your private ear. The meaning of *doppel-ganger* is—" The explanation is perfectly satisfactory, and we part with a hearty hand-shake. The prow of our ship is turned to the south-west and we are passing over the state of Ohio. Our brethren of the collegiate quill in Wooster, Delaware, Oberlin and Berea are seen and greeted. Now we start for Indiana, and interview the *Earlhamite* who promises us to try to induce Gen. Harrison not to annex Canada. Mississippi's muddy tide and Missouri's rolling waters are behind us and we are in Nebraska. A light brighter than our own electric lamps, shines meteor-like in the sky. It is the *Bellevue Star*. This friendly orb directs us to go south if we wish to meet the *Ottawa Campus*. In a twinkling we have arrived at the spot and have exchanged greetings with our western friend who is surprised to find us so far from home at the late hour of the evening. Now we shift our course for the west, no more stoppages till we reach the Pacific. In the heart of Colorado the giant form of Pike's Peak uprises before us, to pass it we must ascend 12,000 feet and the change of temperature is severe. Quickly speeds our air-ship across Utah and Nevada, and we are in "the glorious climate of California." A pillar of fire shines before us as we near the ocean and we discover it to be the *Pacific Pharos*. Here we rest a few moments taking breath for our homeward flight, and explaining the circumstances of our coming to the astonished editors of