

LITERARY.

Truly the American is a many sided individual, and by nothing is this fact better illustrated than by what he has written. If there is anything he has least not attempted to write about, we have yet to hear of it. And the beauty of it is that he usually knows whereof he speaks. Science, religion, politics, history, philosophy, the arts, toward all these he has directed his attention, and shall it be said that he has neglected fiction? A glance through the catalogue of any general library would convince the most unenlightened that the American has bestowed a great deal of effort on fiction. They say we have no American novel.

Perhaps not, but can you wonder at it when you think of the manifold phases of life in this country. We have some national traits, to be sure, but who would attempt to portray in one or two or three characters all that is distinctive in Americans?

However, there are probably few aspects of the life of any part of our country that have not been depicted in a more or less skillful manner. Where civilization is, there we find the novelist, and if he can go a little ahead of civilization and unearth something of which civilization has never heard, so much the better for the novelist. His pictures will then have the chance of originality, and people enjoy something new. If there was no room for art in novel writing, if it was a mere matter of a few more or less truthful descriptions of scenes and persons, we fear the field would be a great deal more overrun than it is at present. When, in the process of time, the good becomes separated from the bad, and what is really worthy of a position in the front rank of American literature is placed there to the exclusion of what is not, we shall have America well depicted. Meanwhile our literature grows apace, and may the sifting process be thoroughly accomplished.

EXCHANGES.

Thomas Stanford of Melbourne, Australia, gives it out as his intention to double the legacy of \$300,000, left him by his brother, Senator Stanford, and donate this amount to Stanford University for the endowment of a library. He has already presented the Art Department of that rich and fortunate College with his entire art collection, valued at \$60,000. Which goes

to prove that "whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance.

We are in receipt of a monthly from New Hampshire College, at Dover, with a name fearfully and wonderfully made—the *Enaichsee*. The even tenor—perhaps we should say bas—of its way is interrupted by a flash of genius from the pen of some youth inspired by the Muse, who feelingly says:

"Darkabus nightibus
No lightorum
Climibus gatepost
Breechibus torum."

The following ballad, clipped from the Harvard *Lampoon*, is the best thing of its kind that has yet come to the notice of this highly frascoed exchange column:

Oh, Wing Tee Wee
Was a sweet Chinese,
And she lived in the town of Tac.
Her eyes were blue,
And her curling cue
Hung dangling down her back,
And she fell in love with gay Win Sil
When he wrote his love on a laundry bill.

And oh, Tim Told,
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed in a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee,
But his valiant heart had sunk.
So he drowned his blues in fickle fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.

So bold Tim Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid in the town of Tac,
And sweet Wing Tee Wee
Eloped to sea,
And never more came back;
For in fair China the maids are fair,
And the maids are false, as everywhere.

The Northwestern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, composed of the Northwestern and the State Universities of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, has passed in it its checks and is no more. Lack of financial success is given as the cause.

Florida Excursions.

Via the Missouri Pacific route on January 16, 1894—Southernland Florida, where flowers bloom in January, more prolific than here in June. Climate can't be excelled in the wide, wide world. For full particulars call on Phil Daniels, C. T. & P. A., 1201 O street, Lincoln, Neb.

Harvest Excursions.

Via the Missouri Pacific. On the second Tuesdays in December, 1893, January, February, March, April and May, 1894, the Missouri Pacific will sell round trip tickets to all stations in Texas with final limit to return in thirty days from date of sale. Stop overs are allowed in Arkansas, Texas and Oklahoma, New Mexico and Indian Territory. Come and take a trip to the south. Phil Daniels, C. T. A., 1201 O street.

If you want to keep posted on the the news of the Uni read THE NEBRASKAN.

When first I cum to college I'd a wild desire for knowledge,
And I 'lowed in history I'd carve my name.
I'd jist beat them city fellers, with their gaiters and umbrellers,
And I'd roost upon the piunycle of fame.
Though I studied six hours nightly, the professors hinted slightly
That it struck them that my intellect was small.
And I flunked w.th such persistence that I needed the assistance
Of a pony, if I ever passed at all.

When they said my brain was muddy, I 'lowed it was hard study
That pulled my average below the line.
An' I thought it would be wise if I took some exercise,
So, I think, sez I, in football I will shine.
We'd no more 'n got in line, when a feller kicked my spine,
And a couple other fellers grabbed my knees.
An' they were so 'fraid they'd lose 'em that they pranced upon my bosom,
And they tried to pull my hair out by degrees.

Wal, I took a girl at last, to a supper by the class,
But some second preps they up and cut my hair,
Till, b' gum, my hat won't fit me, and then they come and twit me
Till I get so all-fired mad I'd like to swear.
Now a college is all right for a feller who aint bright,
But people such as me it's apt to spoil.
You can talk about your larnin', but it don't come up to farmin',
So I reckon I'll go back and till the soil.

The classical Sophomores of Beloit College gave their annual Greek tragedy last Friday night. The play was Antigone, and the translation was made by the students themselves. The Chicago papers praised the performance highly. But just wait until our own Greek students give Antigone in the original Greek, false beards and sandals.

Look for the Charter Day issue of THE NEBRASKAN.

CHAS. B GREGORY

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