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LITERARY.

A writer in Scribner's complains that American authors are not producing anything that will live; that our contemporary literature is lacking in those characteristics that would give it permanency. He attributes this partly to the craze for local coloring, for minuteness of characterization, and for analysis indulged in too much as a pastime, so to speak. The sort of analysis that may faithfully represent a thing without giving it a lasting interest or value. There is a great deal of this done in the name of art, and it is art. But it is too often art applied merely for the purpose of amusing and tickling the fancy. This is not unworthy in itself, but it may become ineffective and even monotonous when carried to extremes. What might have been a virtue has perhaps become a fault in our literature through immoderate use. What might have served to set off something more profound, though possibly less attractive on the surface, and to give variety to our literature by taking its proper place therein begins to predominate almost to the exclusion of anything deeper. The writing that might have been used as a means of conveying thought or fancy in a way to impress us with what the thought or fancy contains of interest or value to us, or others, has become too much an end in itself. The style may be perfection, the descriptions faultless as to detail, the whole a picture that we may believe or may know to be true to life, but if there is nothing behind all this to appeal to anything but our sense of outward form and symmetry the impression will indeed be a fleeting one. But who is to blame? The author who writes, or the public who reads? To a certain extent writers will be governed by the prevailing tastes of their readers. Most of them have a desire to be popular. If they write solely for profit, from choice or necessity, they will not put anything on the market that is not likely to meet the popular demand. If people had none but the best books to read, in time they would probably not desire any others. But as long as they are supplied with inferior books there is small chance of

educating their tastes up to the point where they will reject the inferior ones in favor of the better. We are too easy to please.

LAW NOTES.

The monotony of regular class work is now relieved by the Moot court sessions, which are becoming very interesting.

Professor of Real Property: Suppose a cyclone should destroy part of a house occupied by a tenant, was the tenant obliged to repair? Law Student: I am not certain, but I think they had no cyclones at common law.

The expediency of the policy of the A. P. A. was settled last Saturday evening by the debate between the Union Boys' Debating Club and the Maxwell Club; but there seems to be a difference of opinion as to how it was settled.

Messrs. Hayward and Dillon for plaintiff, and Messrs. Williams and Brown for the defendant, carried on a very interesting and closely contested case Moot Court February 28. A compromise verdict in favor of the plaintiff was rendered by the jury. The question on which the case turned was one involving the principal of *damnum absque injuria*.

Some people have an idea that lawyers are a disturbing element in a community, and that they stir up litigation. Now this is not true to any great extent, and should not be true at all. It is becoming more and more the custom to retain the services of a lawyer so as to be able to keep out of the courts. The practice of accepting annual retainers becomes more common every year. No prudent business man now thinks of taking any important step without first consulting a lawyer; and he is thereby saved the vexation and expense which so often arises from not understanding his rights and liabilities. A great deal of the litigation now carried on grows out of mistakes which the advice of a lawyer would have avoided.

Ice boating is a favorite amusement at the University of Wisconsin. Races between rival boats seem to cause considerable excitement, and a University regatta was talked of.

LOCAL.

This is my little story
Of the boy that went to class,
He didn't go for glory
He only went to pass.

When quizzed at recitation
He never, never cared,
His only occupation
Was to answer "not prepared."

He died and went to heaven
St. Peter at him glared,
Then cried in accents severe
Young man, you're "not prepared."

Now, this little story has a moral,
So take it unto you,
Lest you with Peter quarrel
Your lessons thorough do.
—H. H. E.

Miss Fifer, after an illness of three weeks, is again able to attend her classes.

W. H. Forsythe is the orator of the evening at the Delian society this evening.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon will entertain next Friday evening at the home of Mr. Pace.

The Palladian skating club spent a very enjoyable afternoon at the Beach last Saturday.

The Misses Redford, Miss Burris and Mr. Allam joined the Palladian society on last Friday evening.

Only two weeks remain in which to prepare matter for the Sombrero. All matter must be in by March 15th.

Miss Simpson, who was the guest of Miss Wilder for the past two weeks, has returned to her home at Kansas City.

The State Oratorical Contest takes place next Saturday at the Lansing. Prospects are good for the Uni. Unless all signs fail Mr. McMullen will be an easy winner.

The Mandolin club is said to have broken the camera the first time they had their pictures taken. The second attempt was more successful, a stronger machine being used.

Instead of the usual program, the Palladians will debate the incoming tax question in society this evening. The great interest manifested, as well as the careful preparation on both sides, insure a lively debate.

Photographs are the order of the day. Every organization in school is trying to get a suitable group for the Annual, and the Junior and Senior Classes are having individual pictures taken. Consequently everybody is trying to look pleasant.

The Haydon Art Club met in Chapel on Tuesday evening. Will Owen Jones delivered a paper. Miss Cather, who was to have spoken on "English and German Homes," was unable to appear on account of illness.

The tennis courts seem to be the wettest place on the campus. Tennis enthusiasts wander out of the west door of University Hall and look sadly at the black swamp bisected by two or three posts and then go away in sorrow.

The spring appointments are being anxiously awaited by the battallion. There are several offices to be filled. The noble Senior who is still drilling in the ranks has his mind filled with visions of shoulder straps and braided coats.

It is said that we don't get any vacation at Easter on account of the extra holiday at Charter Day. Some are objecting, but most students are quite willing to work pretty steadily after the numerous breaks caused by vacations and examinations.

The State University gets the vice presidency of the State Oratorical association this year. There are as yet no candidates in the field. Candidates for float delegate to Indianapolis promise to be as thick as huckleberries but are rather reluctant to show their colors.

Hats and overshoes continue to be appropriated with the usual alacrity by careless or dishonest people. Harry Frank even bemoans the loss of his overcoat. This can hardly be attributed to oversight on the part of the person who took it.

Misses Paddock and McDowell entertained at the Conservatory of Music last evening. Dancing was the amusement of the evening. Cards were also provided for those who did not dance. A large number of guests were present. A delightful time is reported by all.

Each company in the battallion is putting in an extra hour's drill each day for a week. Company B drilled at one o'clock, Company C drills this week at seven every evening, Companies A and D will drill next week and the week after. The effect of this extra work is noticed immediately.