

everything that works. Under these conditions how can there be a town and gown? Gown is the offspring of town. He works in Town's restaurants, milks his cows, carries Town's horses and his own brains at the same time. Town is the employer, the aristocrat and Gown will find it difficult to complete his education if Town withdraws his patronage. So it behooves him to keep a civil tongue in his head and show Town gentle manners.

The last number of the Nebraska Literary Magazine, published quarterly by the English club of the state university, has arrived. It is a magazine about as thick but wider than Harper's Monthly. Printed on heavy paper with wide margins the mechanical appearance is worthy of its literary excellence. The frontispiece is a good likeness of Mrs. A. W. Field, who contributes an article on women's clubs. The ignorant and prejudiced can not claim the excuse of such adjectives since the appearance of Mrs. Bryan's and Mrs. Field's article on women's clubs unless they count ignorance and prejudice more dear than twenty-five cents—the price of the book. In "A Word About Clubs," Mrs. Field gives the history of women's clubs and their formation and federation in this state and confederation with other states. She does not use a superfluous word but proceeds from the first word to the last—only two pages—in the logical development of her subject. It is only when I read over the sentence whose meaning must be grubbed for that I appreciate the directness, simplicity and cleverness of Mrs. Field's and Mrs. Bryan's articles. A large idea frequently succeeds in throwing the youthful mind that wrestles with it as in the poem on page 143 called Day Dreams. Those who try to get a vision of what the young man is wrestling with see only dust and the champion's bleeding nose.

It is a matter of regret that Mrs. Field does not sign her own name to her article and leave off the "Mrs." Mr. Field has nothing to do with "A Word About Clubs." I heard Mrs. Field talk in her university days long before Mr. Field's oratorical ability was so well known and May Fairfield was selected then as now when the school wanted a representative. When a married or un married woman signs her name to a check or to any kind of a literary production she does so as an individual. It is as absurd for her to put Mrs. or Miss before it or, in the case of a married woman to use her husband's initials, as it would be for a man to write Mr. J. A. Brown a hundred times a day when it is necessary for him to sign his influential name. There are a number of women in this town who sign checks and productions daily and it is about time they learned to give the Missus a rest.

Mrs. Bryan has accomplished what she advises other women to, in her essay on "Stumbling Blocks." This woman with an invalid mother and father and three little children to care for has by hoarding her minutes done as much reading since she was married as before when her eyes were fascinated by the number and vistas of the paths a maiden sees. She puts the case of a club woman the centre of a home which she never neglects who has a hunger for intellectual food which if not partially satisfied will weaken her for service at home and she shows how she can learn and think by using her spare moments. It is the best statement of the case, its difficulties and its treatment, that I ever read. It is autobiographical and proves as the mathematicians say. It ought to be printed in tract form and every club woman in the state should have a copy. As a corrective of careless and futile thought it is better than the pamphlet called "Every Man His Own University or the Way to Get Even With Time."

There are five poems in the magazine. Three of which deserve notice, or perhaps it is more accurate to say they are going to get it. It is remarkable how students with a literary taste, generally quite correct, will drop into poetry. I think youth intoxicates them. They see something before them that looks easy to fly in. In reality they are standing on the brink of an abyss—They leap up but their wings do not work and they fall thousands and thousands of feet. When they come to they are dazed. They do not know what hit them in what seemed like a flight but was to others' vision a drop. Professor Edgren's translation from the Swedish "Whence Came That Sigh in the Forest?" has the quaintness and the sympathy with children of Hans Anderson's "Bilder-Buchohne Bilder," as well as the slight awkwardness and foreignness of a literal translation.

"Day Dreams" by John Cupp Lowe has a phrase-beauty but lacks coherence. The charm of phrases like "foggy vales" and "music world" remains in the mind as Tennyson's do by their poetic completeness. But here is the poem:

Some vague day dreams will haunt the misty morn
Of life, like ghosts that stalk in foggy vales
Before the chastening sun has kissed away
The low-hung clouds, and perfect day is born.
The sailor's wife dreams of incoming sails,
When landward blows the gale; and well she may,
For that which starts the child's fantastic dream,
And makes the boys chase idle butterflies,
Has kindled in her heart some dormant coals
That blazed in other days, when Love's sweet theme
Attuned the music world with their two souls
That sailed the seas beneath the virgin skies:
Each fruitless day she strains her failing sight,
And looks, and longs, and dreams again at night.

From the fifth line slightly paraphrased the poem reads: The sailor's wife dreams of incoming sails, when landward blows the gale; for the same thing which starts the child's fantastic dream and makes boys chase idle butterflies (what is it?) has kindled in her heart some dormant coals, that blazed in other days when Love's theme used their two souls (hers and her husband's probably, husband not specifically designated) to put in tune the music world. While the two souls were keying the world they were sailing the seas beneath virgin skies: (To return to the sleeping Mrs. Sailor.) Each day she strains her failing sight and looks and longs, and dreams again at night. From the ninth line the imagery is squandered. Age and want are needed to teach Mr. Lowe temperance. A time may come when his felicitous phrasing will have a better setting. Mr. Bixby can drive Pegasus four abreast and hold one foot in his hand and never fall off till he gets ready but he has been in the ring a long time and the horses know his whip hand.


Miss Prey's poem of the word dream that in Anglo Saxon meant joy is satisfactory. She has given her poem the abrupt movement of Beowulf. It is ingenious but hints of a joyless pessimism that modern university life seems to encourage.

The stories, of which there are eight, are delightful. Three of them: "How John Found His Harness Strap," "Whitley's Wife" and "The Vigilante" are full of local color and good enough to be printed in any of the monthly magazines. Mr. Newbranch's story of "How John Found His Harness Strap" presents the hardest and dreariest side of the Swedish character. The story is founded on fact and Mr. Newbranch tells it with his accustomed directness,

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power and sadness. These North European people look at the world through colored glasses because the sun on the snow dazzles their eyes. They lack a sense of distance. Something is wrong with the perspective. Ibsen's dramas are subjective, influenced too much by the hard conditions of life in a country where the Winters are twice as long as the Summers. A long residence in English green and daffodil fields would affect Ibsen's philosophy as surely as Nebraska's sun flowers will change Mr. Newbranch's hereditary views and acquired philosophy or way of looking at things. It is all a question of environment the authors of Norway, Denmark and Sweden present the horrors of life Provence sings and dances. For the completeness of literature we need them both but let me be a Provençal.

"Veni, Vidi" has the fascination of the correct solution of a puzzle. It proves that a character can be fully presented by the use of environment alone.

Professor Edgren's philological article "Evolution by Metaphor as Illustrated by Sanskrit and English," is a simple statement of an abstruse subject. It is foxy of the Professor, though, to make his subject seem so simple. He flatters his readers by making them think they might do it themselves. Whereas philology requires more judgment and learning to the square inch than any other science.

The miscellany under the heading "Shavings from Several Shops" is a caudex or a sip of Cognac after a banquet.

S. B. H.



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