

kings' serial story of Ellen Brewster have been completed. The psychological part is auto-biographical. Every woman who reads the story can testify to the genuineness of the revelations of the soul-life of a child. Miss Wilkins could not tell it so if she had only read it, nor would the heart leap so when she tells the sacred secrets of our own childhood. A seer looks backward as well as forward, and looks backward through clear and unobstructed medium at an age when the material affairs of life engage the whole attention of man. More than the forecast is the retrospect, and of all the story-tellers who recall to us the trance and adventure of childhood, I think Miss Wilkins is the most faithful and universal witness. Occasionally a child weeps disconsolately and will not tell why, or he laughs and nobody knows the joke. If he were willing he could not explain, so wide is the gulf fixed between him and those who have left his world. Occasionally an occult in some incommunicable way recrosses the gulf, returns and immediately, before the experience is dulled, relates it. When the boy is a youth his dreams are done. As ineffectually as the believer in transmigration, who seeks to remember his former shape, the uninspired adolescent seeks to reopen the door which has just been closed upon him. Miss Wilkins has groped her way back and her travel notes are especially interesting to those who have been trying for a long time to remember the way to the fairest land they have ever known, whose meadows, forests and magnificent architecture they have no picture of and which ever tantalize. Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," occurs here:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,  
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God, who is our home.  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy;  
But he perceives the light,  
and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy:  
The youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is nature's priest;  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At last the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

#### An Orchestra.

Commercially we are in the midst of one of the most fruitful states in the union; hygienically Nebraska is the healthiest of states. The yield of rye, wheat, corn, oats, alfalfa, hay and beets, is increasing yearly. As a wealth-producing state Nebraska is among the first three, and far be it from me to disparage its advantages. As a state of summer residence it is, however, undesirable. There are two natural objects especially designed to mitigate the heat and depression of summer: a mountain and a large body of water. Neither the mountain nor the water are within cooling distance of Lincoln. In the summertime the citizens of Nebraska must gasp without relief through days scorched by blasts from the Kansas plains which are hotter than Nebraska prairies. There are no casinos, there are no parks to speak of because there is not water enough to keep the grass from burning yellow. A few play golf, fewer play tennis and some of the most persistent seekers after recreation play croquet. A disproportionately large

number of people keep a horse and "buggy." If the horse goes fast enough the family he pulls is momentarily cooled. There is even a dearth of flowers in this unfortunate land, and when flowers desert the summer it is indeed forlorn. In enumerating the advantages of a summer residence in Lincoln the absence of mosquitoes and the uniformly cool nights should not be omitted, for they atone for much.

For the last two seasons the Hagenow orchestra has given bi-weekly, open-air concerts, which rich and poor have attended by the thousands. They have been the sole public effort made to entertain the people. But they did not pay. A few public-spirited citizens contributed generously to the concerts, but those who enjoyed them the most and attended in the largest numbers paid nothing at all. The director of the orchestra is not a rich man but he has spent his life here trying to organize a creditable orchestra and he has succeeded. At the recent tournament in St. Paul, the Hagenow orchestra took first prize over twelve competing bands from very much larger cities. Now the credit of organizing and maintaining this orchestra is due entirely to Mr. Hagenow. Courageously, and with a musician's pathetic patience, year after year he has canvassed Lincoln for subscriptions to his concerts, with indifferent financial results. In municipal celebrations, for charity, for patriotism, this musical conductor has donated his services to the city. If the value of his donations to this and that good object were computed it would be discovered that out of all the citizens of Lincoln this man has given the most to the public. The occasions he helps us to celebrate, civic, military, religious, carnival,—what dreary functions they would be without this band. The citizens owe him a debt, a large debt which only a few have ever recognized. The concerts which Mr. Hagenow proposed to give this summer in the auditorium have not been a success. The people who flocked in such large numbers to the open air concerts refused to patronize those where only twenty-five cents admission was charged. The discouragement of a life's unappreciated effort is bitter. For this one bit of sweetness and light mitigating the glare of midsummer Mr. Hagenow should at least receive a fair wage. It has been proposed to place contribution boxes throughout the city, so that those who approve of the open-air concerts may assist to reestablish them. The dance numbers were added to the regular concert in order to increase the attendance. On account of the immorality the dances were supposed to encourage, Mr. Hagenow was urged to leave them out of his program, and he complied. Having gained their point, very properly many of those who disapproved of the dancing, desire to aid in making the open air concerts a success. If on next Tuesday the director should conclude to have a concert on the capitol grounds the people who come will be asked to contribute something to very faithful musicians. The audience under the sky should contribute both for the pleasure of that occasion, of many others, and on account of the public service Mr. Hagenow has so long, so faithfully, and so ably performed.

#### Literature.

As it is taught in the university of Nebraska, literature is a matter of signs and symbols. Every ambitious student who graduates from this university is furnished with a recipe for making short stories, and

is taught that careful attention to the recipe alone is essential to the production of a good composition. Successful stories are analyzed and divided into "a," "b" and "c" "effects." Under such a system absurd conclusions are reached by credulous students. One of the best known theses produced by a student in this department states, after a careful comparative analysis of emotional "effects" in Dumas' Camille and Little Red Riding-hood, that the former had only fifteen more emotional "effects" than the Mother Goose ditty. Red Riding-hood has therefore never occupied its proper literary rank. The number of books issued by university students as soon as they have thoroughly memorized the recipe is remarkable. Their monotonous machine-made contents are not creditable to the department in the university which graduated them and encouraged them to make books.

Professor Sherman is at the head of the department of English in the university. He is a thoroughly amiable gentleman, respected by all who know him. His scholarship is impeccable, but a number of years ago he made a discovery and like other inventors and discoverers his own device fills the horizon and obscures his view of the rest of the world. So completely is the field of literature excluded from the view of the students in the department of literature in the Nebraska university, that they are graduated without catching one glimpse of the whole extensive field. They spend their time studying "effects" and acquiring faith in themselves as creators of literature. Special students of literature leave the department with little knowledge of the subject. They have studied the "Analytics of Literature" as Christian Scientists study "Science and Health" and as Mahomet is greater than the Creator. Among the students of literature who have been graduated by this university I know of not one who has accomplished anything whatever in literature who does not count the years spent in studying "effects" a loss of time. The world is large, but all inventions must succeed or fail there, removed from the hypnotic influence of the inventor. Men of letters speak with regret and ridicule of the system in which the Nebraska students are instructed. A student of literature who enters Harvard or Columbia from the Nebraska university is quite likely, unless he has read outside the course, to be appalled by what he does not know after he has accomplished reading and research which he should have finished in his freshman year, when he was counting words instead, and he is apt to regard his wasted time with regret. It is unfortunate that in criticizing a man's invention one seems to be criticizing the man himself, which is far from the purpose of this review. Professor Sherman's "The Analytics of Literature" is a valuable contribution to the economics of criticism and an aid to the understanding of dramatic literature especially; but as an entire substitute for a literary course it is a most unfortunate exchange for the students of English.

Within this department an alphabet unlike any known terminology has been developed. It is another language, but the students who learn it are not able to communicate, by means of it, with any one who has not taken the course. It is like a secret society whose ritual consists of long formulas difficult to learn, and whose secrets are therefore forever safe. In permitting the entire absorption of the English department by this unique system, the regents

should satisfy themselves, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the students gain more than they lose by the substitution of "Analytics" for literature. The students who attend this university are straitened for time and money. For most of them the two, three or four years they spend here is the only lengthened opportunity they will ever have to acquire a knowledge of literature—the strained treasure of centuries.—They should not be deprived of it without weighty reason.

#### Pennsylvania.

It is a far cry from Master William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia and the god-father of Pennsylvania, to Senator Matthew S. Quay, the present boss of the state. Nebraska has come under boss rule much quicker. State control of Pennsylvania cities made it possible for the Quay ring to give away street railway franchises valued at more than two million and a half dollars. As soon as he heard of the impudent street railway grant authorized by an act of the legislature Mr. John Wanamaker offered Mayor Ashebridge of Philadelphia for the city, two million and a half dollars for the Philadelphia franchises, but his offer was not accepted. The dominance of such a boss as Quay means a direct money loss to the state which harbors and supports him. The insult to liberty and self respect does not seem to amount to much but the time will never come when people can be robbed and not resent it. Pennsylvania is the sport of states, Philadelphia has lost two million and a half dollars and will lose much more than that, because the mayor is a creature of Quay's and appoints men to city offices not because they are capable of doing the duties for which they are paid, but because they are friends of Quay's. The city must be served by ignorant, incapable servants because it acknowledges a boss. A boss is an Eastern sovereign the West cannot afford. A boss steals the highways, city officials, and distributes the contents of the treasury to illegitimate claimants. The little premature boss we have out here is revengeful and petty—but he has learned the bosses' first lesson that all the offices must be distributed by him.

#### IN SUMMER-TIME.

EMILY GUIWITS.  
(For The Courier.)

A summer blue in the heavens;  
A summer warmth in the air;  
We two alone together—  
Wandering here and there—  
Roaming the meadow over,  
Looking for four leafed clover.

Dear love, with hair of golden,  
With eyes of gentian blue,  
You looked at the fresh, green clover,  
I only looked at you!  
Roaming the meadow over,  
Looking for four leafed clover.

The summer fast is passing;  
The shadows longer grow;  
But my heart is true, my dearie,  
As in the days so long ago  
Roaming the meadow over,  
Looking for four-leafed clover.

#### Ups and Downs of the Gay Soubrette.

CRESCENDO.	DIMINUENDO.
One trunk.	Takes in boarders.
Two trunks.	Mortgages house.
Diamond ring.	Back to flat.
A bank account.	Then to apartment.
A trip abroad.	Overdraws bank account.
An apartment.	Pawns jewels.
A flat.	Two trunks.
A house.	One trunk.

—Town Topics.