

The Daily Nebraskan

Vol. IX. No. 91.

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, LINCOLN, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910.

Price 5 Cents.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

DAYS OF THE KIOTE RECALLED

The era of creative literary enthusiasm which prevailed here in the university, between 1893 and 1901—the year when the Kiote died—took its rise in the enthusiasm of one young English teacher—Herbert Bates, now head of the English department of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. So say all three of the people now connected with our school who still cherish a vivid remembrance of the journalistic perils and pleasures of those days. "Mr. Bates," says Dr. Louise Pound, "could get good work—individual work—out of almost any one, often those who had seemed to have no special talent."

Under his direct inspiration the first literary periodical ever published at Nebraska took form—The Nebraska Literary Magazine, a quarterly. Its first number, thick and severely respectable looking, came out in May 1895. The subscription price was fixed at \$1.00 a year or 25 cents per copy. Just four issues in all came out, and then the venture fell of its own weight. The undertaking was too expensive.

A Good Thing on the Whole.
Professor Alexander of the philosophy department, who was one of the staff of the abortive magazine, believes that without it the more successful Kiote would never have existed. "The attempt showed us, at least, what we could do and what we ought to do. The quarterly form of periodical was not adapted to the English Club nor to the university reading public. But some excellent work was done that gave us courage, later, to carry on a less ambitious magazine."

Undergraduates, faculty members, prominent Lincoln people and alumni all contributed to the magazine. Here are a few titles picked up from the various numbers:

"In Days to Come," Herbert Bates.
"A Night at Greenway Court," Willa Cather.

Poem, Keene Abbott.
"On the Use of Accent," Jay Amos Barrett.

"Shakespeare's Comedy of the Tempest," Prof. L. A. Sherman.
"My Mistress" (Poem), H. B. Alexander.

"A Few Suggestions," Wm. J. Bryan.
"Whence Came that Sigh in the Forest?" (from the Ewedish), Prof. A. H. Edgren.

"How Elsie and I Went Botanizing," Annette Abbott.
"Christ Is Walking" (Poem), Wm. Reed Dunroy.

The Genesis of the Kiote.
Professor Clark Fisher Ansley proved a worthy successor to Professor Bates in the work of encouraging literary expression among undergraduates. Miss Flora Bullock, '98, now teacher of English in the agricultural college, gives the following account of the birth of Nebraska's second magazine:

"We planned it in Professor Ansley's composition seminar, in the fall of 1897. Almost all of us were members of the English Club. We were quite carried away with the Phillistine style of journalism at that time, and the 'lingo' of the Kiote was from the first colored by Elbert Hubbard."

It was Professor Ansley who suggested the name, "The Kiote," and it was he who contributed frequently and aided in the editing of the plucky little magazine, until he finally severed his connection with Nebraska. The first number appeared in February, 1898, and for three years monthly copies continued to appear. The periodical fluctuation of the subscription price from one dollar to fifty cents and back again, seemed to make no difference with the thickness or quality of

the product. Here are two sample pages of contents taken from issues of two different years:

"The Name of Kuchenberger," Louise Pound.

"Spain," Jas. Andrew Sargent.
"The White Glory," Keene Abbott.
"Dawn in Egypt," H. B. Alexander.
"A Belated Convention," Lucy Garrison Green.

Sundry Little Yelps.

Verse, Edwin Ford Piper.

"The Nerve of Corny Johnson," Harry Graves Shedd.

"Clouds," Eva Mary McCune.

"On Defeat," Marcus W. St. Albans.

Sundry Little Yelps.

Fame Attained by the Kiote.

"Yelps" was the name applied to a sort of contributor's club introduced by H. B. Alexander, the editor of the first four numbers. During the year 1899, when the Kiote was in the height of its glory, the very impudence and refreshing youthful audacity of some of the yelps attracted the attention of several staid and conservative periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic ocean. The London Academy reprinted one or two of them in its pages, a tribute which caused the Kiote's editor to remark casually in the next issue that "the Kiote and the London Academy were becoming quite chummy." That the British editor had a sense of humor may be gathered from a comment made later, "The ingenious Nebraska magazine, the Kiote, grows in merit if not in modesty."

The Literary World of Boston was quite as generous with its commendation:

"The Kiote" is much more civilized than its name would suggest. It is youthful, exuberant, ambitious, and its life will probably be a merry one. But in the meantime it presents artistically verse that is worth reading, an occasional bit, of prose that recommends its editor."

Hamlin Garland, Fred Remington and Mark Twain sent good humored notes of encouragement to the hardy young magazine, and Wm. Dean Howells contributed this:

"If you happen to see Miss Jennie Fox, who wrote 'A Soldier's Sister' in the Kiote, I wish you would tell her what a clean simple direct piece of work I think it is. I do not think it could have been done better."

A Magazine Worth Looking At.

Every Nebraskan reader the next time he has a few leisure moments, ought to go down into the State Historical Society rooms and ask to see the files of the Kiote. Editors and business managers alike prided themselves on the unique appearance of the issues. The remark of one magazine that the Kiote presented artistically verse that was worth reading, was true, and the same style was observed in title, page, contents page, and stories and editorials. Schuyler Miller and George Shedd, business managers during 1899 and 1900 and frequent contributors as well, were the most enterprising and successful business managers the magazine ever had. They "boomed" it in season and out of season. By 1900 a Kiote Publishing Society had been formed, which out bound volumes of the Kiote in a very artistic form at a reasonable price, and further published, in small and exclusive quantities, "The Kiote Books," including "A Gallery of Farmer Girls," (verse) by Schuyler W. Miller, and "Miniatures," essays by George Shedd. These volumes seem to have found a ready sale.

CONTENTMENT.

Reprint from "The Kiote."

A woman's touch upon my hand,
A child's tired head upon my breast,
The dull of sunset all aglow
Along the prairies in the west.

—George C. Shedd.

Your car fare would pay for a nice lunch at the Boston Lunch. Why go home?

* The second literary issue of *
* "The Daily Nebraskan" under *
* the supervision of the English *
* Club. *

THE PINK FEATHER BOA

The sharp wind stung Daisy McMahon's cheeks as she hurried along the street. It bit the tips of her ears, which were not protected by her immense pompadour. It nipped her thinly-shod feet. But Daisy did not mind. She wore her covert coat as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb. She tripped along as lightly on her French heels as though her feet were perfectly comfortable.

What if she had been standing behind a counter since eight o'clock that morning, trying her best to be polite to crabbed old ladies? What if she did have to walk three miles before she reached the dingy room that she called home? Daisy was not tired, she couldn't be tired, for tonight was the Oneeda Club dance, and Daisy was to lead the grand march.

Her thoughts were on this dance as she hurried along past rows and rows of grimy looking houses. She thought of the joy and music of the dance. She thought of her dress, a brand new one (if she thought of the breakfasts she had been forced to miss, in order to get the dress, she dismissed the subject from her mind.) She thought of her new gloves, and her new shoes, and most of all she thought of her pink feather boa. She thought of this as she took the key from her purse, and unlocked the door of the house in which she lived. She thought of it as she walked up the two dark flights of stairs which led to her room.

It was more than a feather boa to Daisy; it was a sort of a wishing mantle, a fairy wrap, which changed her from a careworn shop girl to a beautiful woman. The very thought of it brought visions of silk and satin gowns, of carriages and balls and handsome admirers; and when she put it around her neck, and felt its soft warmth, she was transformed to another world. She was no longer the Daisy McMahon who "rang in" as No. 32 every morning at eight, and "rang out" every night at six. She was not the Daisy McMahon who spoke in a sharp voice to her sister workers, and called loudly for "Cash," "Cash!" She was the Daisy McMahon whom everybody loved, whose father was kind and good, and whose mother was sweet and beautiful. She was the Daisy McMahon whose fingers were covered with beautiful rings, and whose gowns were the most beautiful in the world.

She dressed for the party with great care, looking into the small cracked mirror above the washstand all the while. When she had finished she drew on her gloves, put the pink feather boa about her neck, and went downstairs to the shabby little parlor.

"Gee, Daisy, but you're a peach! You sure look fine tonight," said her escort as he entered the room. He was a clerk in an uptown hotel, so he felt that he was a competent judge of beauty.

Daisy smiled. She had not heard his remark. She had only seen an admiring glance from a friend of the other Daisy McMahon's. She had heard his low-toned admiration.

They waited on a street corner for a car. Daisy played with the soft erds of the pink feather boa, and dreamed she was driving to the ball in a carriage. His companions shuffled his feet, and complained that his gloves were too tight.

When they arrived, the girls in the dressing room crowded about Daisy to admire her dress. She smiled again and drew the magic boa more closely about her throat.

"Ain't she the queer one?" whispered a girl in a flaming red silk to her neighbor. "She's sure the haughty

queen! They's a change come over her since she's been moved up to the silk counter."

When they led the grand march she walked with the dignity of a queen, and when she handed the gentlemen their programs she did it as though she was bestowing a royal favor. When she danced she held her head high. Her eyes were very bright and her cheeks were as pink as the feather boa.

"Have you had a good time, Daisy?" said her companion as he left her at her door. "I've had a grand time. Can I come down Sunday afternoon?"

"I've had a splendid time; I'll be at home Sunday," she said.

She took the ends of the pink boa in her hands and walked once more up the two dark flights of stairs which led to her room. When she stepped inside, she slipped the magic wrap from her shoulders. The illusion vanished. The other Daisy McMahon was there.

She saw the ugly little room, with its rickety furniture. She saw the cracked little mirror, and the battered soap dish. She was weak from fatigue, and she felt the sharp gnawing of hunger.

"O, gee," she cried, throwing herself full length on her hard bed, "I wish I was her. It ain't fair! It ain't fair!"

JESSIE BEGHTOL.

LONDON ROSES.

Reprinted from "April Twilights," by Willa Sibert Cather.

"Rowses, Rowses! Penny a bunch!" they tell you—
Slattern girls in Trafalgar, eager to sell you.

Roses, roses, red in the Kensington sun.

Holland Road, High Street, Bayswater, see you and smell you—

Roses of London town, red till the summer is done.

Roses, roses, locust and lilac, perfuming
West End, East End, wondrously budding and blooming

Out of the black earth, rubbed in a million hands,
Foot-trod, sweat-sour over and under, entombing

Highway of darkness, deep-gutted with iron bands.

"Rowses, rowses! Penny a bunch!" they tell you,

Ruddy blooms of corruption, see you and smell you,

Born of stale earth, fallowed with squalor and tears—

North shire, south shire, none are like these, I tell you,

Roses of London, perfumed with a thousand years.

AWAY OFF ANYWHERE

Away off anywhere I want to go,
Where sunshine lives and poplars grow,

And to the East
And to the West—

There is no thought of woe, and yet
No place to rest.

Back to childhood I want to go,
To pirate fleets and masked foe,

Or off to Greece
Or off to Rome—

I want to see and want to know all these—and yet
To come back home.

—Helen Mitchell.

The college girl is the type of the American girl, who, all over the civilized world, has made a reputation for herself as being well groomed and well tailored. And the average college girl does not wear great quantities of false hair, building it into porches or domes, and adorning it with ribbons and unnatural looking curls. The dresses her hair in an up-to-date fashion, but seldom to an extreme, allowing its gloss and beauty to be its only ornament.

"ODES ON THE GENERATIONS OF MAN"

By Hartley B. Alexander.

The Baker & Taylor company of New York have just published a book of poems by Professor Alexander of the Philosophy department of the university. The name given to the poems may deter some faint-hearted reader who fears to open a book dealing with so stupendous and Miltonic a theme. But let him once turn to the synopsis page and misgivings will give way to delight and eager interest. Here are given the initial lines of the nine divisions of the poems:

Prelude:

Earth! 'Twixt sky and sky wide spun.

Ode I:

In strange tropic forests he awoke.

Ode II:

Strange prayers ascending up to God.
Antiphonal Interlude.

O'er quiet prairies swept tumultuous winds.

The lines that follow equal these in suggestiveness and majesty. Throughout the book the poetry rises again and again to such a height of lofty and impassioned thought, carrying the reader with it whether he will or no, that a sensation half of rapture and half of dizziness seizes him, such as he might feel if caught up suddenly into the upper heaven and bidden to view from thence the world he had just left. I reproduce one or two such passages, taken almost at random:

"From the ancient East he came into the West,

In the dawn of his human life, in the days of his soul's unblinding;

"And out of the West to the East with the circling years,

And out of a blinded past into a Future blinding.

For the course of his star is set to ways beyond his finding."

"Earth, thou wert his Mother,

Who was conceived within thy fiery womb,

Ere time began,

And by thy laboring years brought forth

Unto the stalwart stature of a man—"

It is but a few years, comparatively speaking, since the doctrine of evolution set topsy-turvy the thinking of the world. It was only haltingly and with difficulty that men like Tennyson could incorporate the new truth into the conception of human life and human destiny that they had so long cherished. What room did this new explanation of man's historical development and the nature of his human life leave for ideal values, for the lofty faith and expectation of prophet and of poet? This book of Professor Alexander's is a new effort to answer the great question; not this time by pedantic argument, but by expression of the author's view of the universe in all its aspects, as it impresses his heart, soul, and brain. Evolution, with him, is no scientific doctrine, but vital truth, truth that, far from inhibiting poetic expression, inspires and even compels it. We can read the destiny that lies beyond earth's hours,

"But as we read aright
Writ in our mid-earth life the mighty geste

Of Nature, but as we guess the plan
That wrought the mind of man,

And gave him sight
Potent to gauge the pathways of the stars!"

A rich, moving and insistent music runs almost throughout the odes, deliberately obscured rather than revealed by the loose stanzaic structure of the verse, in many passages haunting and fascinating the reader all the more because it does not quite satisfy him. The two interludes, on the other hand, introduce a compelling
Continued on Page 2