

stories would fill volumes. When one thinks of the possibilities this historic region holds, it is surprising that so little has been done toward giving it a distinctive literature of its own. It is so entirely different from any other portion of our country, and so unique in all its characteristics that it deserves a better representation. Justice has not yet been done it.

We do not mean to say that the South has had no good writers, but that they have failed to win for it the permanent place it should have in American literature. Geo. W. Cable has done much for one southern state. In "The Grandissimes," and "Old Creole Days," he has pictured to us that part of Louisiana which is so like a strip of the Old World. Its people and their peculiarities are faithfully and conscientiously, but withal charmingly, portrayed. "The Grandissimes" deals with the social aspect at the beginning of the century, and is largely a study of race peculiarities. Being in close touch with this people, and having as he did abundant opportunities to observe their virtues and their deficiencies, Cable has been enabled to do them justice. It is such men that the South needs. It has its Augusta Evans Wilson, with her somewhat highly colored romances, its Thomas Nelson Page and its Edgar Allen Poe, but it wants a Hawthorne, an Emerson, and a Longfellow.

Ginn & Co. have our thanks for a copy of Prof. Sherman's "Analytics of Literature." After Prof. Peterson's article published in the NEWS and later in the HESPERIAN, a review of the contents would be entirely superfluous. A discussion of the book from a more general, philosophical point of view is, I fear, a little beyond me.

College students, and American college students in particular, are noted for their self-confidence. We probably have all heard of that Harvard boy who didn't think much of the Book of Proverbs. It was, he said, only a collection of disjointed sentences. The writer of this cannot be a typical American student. The idea of praising Prof. Sherman's

work persistently recalls the story of the Yankee who thoughtfully remarked that "he guessed the Almighty was about right." Prof. Sherman would be about as much moved by the approval of the NEBRASKAN, as the Creator was by this expression of New England sentiment. But, on the other hand, our disapproval would be equally effectual, so there is no real cause for reticence.

To say that "Analytics of Literature" reads like a novel, might be a doubtful compliment. There are "novels and novels." Taking the phrase in its usually accepted meaning, it is entirely applicable. Indeed, it is long since a novel has fallen into the hands of the writer which was as enjoyable. A gentle remonstrance was registered in our last issue against text books which made a course in mining engineering necessary to be able to dig out the thought. This text book hardly has to be read. It almost reads itself.

It might be expected that a man who has put as much study as Prof. Sherman on the art of expressing thought, should write readable English. There is, however, more than simple good writing in this book. As he says in his chapter on "Themes," mere form of expression is a secondary consideration in writing. The actual thought is the important thing. It is the essentially original and apparently correct theory of literature that make the book what it seems to me to be, a revelation in the manner of teaching that almost unteachable subject, literature.

Thoreau said that traveling was often more a hindrance than a benefit, as far as the acquiring of knowledge was concerned. He could, he said, learn more in a ten mile walk than in a thousand mile journey by rail. I am rather inclined to disagree with him. It was not so much that he could learn new things in his walk as that he could place his already acquired knowledge in a new light. The case is somewhat the same when an enthusiastic geologist picks up a piece of paving stone and reads from it the story of the creation. What a man gets out of a thing depends very much on what he already has