

At the beginning of the year we promised our readers that they should as far as possible be spared any petty quarrelling and squabbling in our pages. We have tried to keep our word. All our contemporary's insulting personal remarks we have ignored and treated with the contemptuous silence which they deserved, but when the *Nebraskan* comes out and attacks the one great principle which must underlie all earnest and serious college journalism, it is time for us to "address a few remarks." The literary editor of the *Nebraskan* thinks that college fiction should be confined to little college stories and that general fiction is out of place in college journalism. The gentleman is just forty years behind the times. The *Nebraskan* has been giving the world a steady course of "Harvard, Yale and Kansas." They might try their own doctrine awhile and see what is the leading feature of all the best college papers in the east. If the *Nebraskan* can't get these papers in their exchanges we will be happy to lend them any of ours. To say that fiction is absolutely necessary to all good college journalism is a waste of breath, it is a fact that is recognized everywhere. It is true from mere principles of fair play if from nothing else, there is in every college a literary element which needs cultivation and training, and it has just as much right to employ the college paper and be represented by it as has the athletic element of the school.

The *Nebraskan* itself has not always followed the path of virtue it now recommends, there was a day when it published stories, ah, the world has not yet forgot! But since it has become financially and mentally unable to keep up to the standard of a self-respecting and a respected semi-monthly, it seems to wish to drag all the rest of the world to the depths to which it has sunk. When the *Nebraskan* began its career it claimed to be the successor to the *Lasso*; if so it had good traditions behind it and a fair field before it, yet it began to sink in its first issue and ever since it has continued its

descent, sounding depth after depth of emptiness and rapidness. This is all we have to say of the *Nebraskan*, there is little left of it of which to speak, and the law of the survival of the fittest will soon settle its destiny.

As to the *Nebraskan's* remarks on HESPERIAN stories, we would simply say that we can take the prize story in this issue and compare it with any college fiction in the country and feel flattered at the result. We can say the same thing of other stories that we have published and are at liberty to say so as very few of them have been the work of the editors themselves.

A great authority has said, "*Every man his own seer and poet*, is the end of culture and the consummation of society." We believe this with all our heart. We may not be able to make any man a great author, but if we can encourage him to write himself out and read the truth that is in his own soul, we shall have given this paper a right to exist. We believe that literature is so great and grand an art, so infinitely above all other arts, that even if one never takes a master's degree, its apprenticeship is worth its labor and its cost.

A valuable acquisition to the library is a set of the *Oratores Graeci* edited by Reiske and published in Leipsic in 1771. The books are in twenty volumes and are bound in the original pigskin and the edges are heavily gilded. Dr. Lees bought the set for seventy-five dollars in a second hand London book store. The books were once owned by some man of title, and on the fly-leaves is still the coat of arms and the words "Syston Parr." The text is in Latin and the whole appearance of the books is such that it makes one feel quite learned just to handle them, though on very close acquaintance it will be found that they have that indescribably musty odor that learning and Latin usually have.

Fine Christmas box goods at Sutton & Hollowbush's, confectioners.