

large quantity of the canned meat had maggots in it, and that the "fresh meat" was covered with a slime, had an offensive smell and a nauseous taste. This is all and more than General Miles complained of to the reporters and the only charge now made by hostile newspapers is that he should have laid the matter before the bureau which was responsible for it. That the general would not have been heeded and that such charges would only have increased the activity of the Washington cabal against him is proven by the results of the two investigations. The results of the inquiry will eventually produce a better organized commissary department and a more business like method of dealing with butchers, who, as a class, need watching, as every housekeeper knows. That the packers deal in thousands of hogs, beeves and sheep, and the family butcher only in dozens, does not appear to have any especial bearing on the case. The wholesale and retail dealer in meat is neither better nor worse than the rest of us when confronted with large profits and it is the duty of the United States agents to inspect their purchases.

In accepting a contract to keep meat fresh in the Cuban climate seventy-two hours, or nearly three days after it left the refrigerator, the packers relied upon the process. The fulfillment of such a contract in a warm, moist climate is surrounded with appalling difficulties and the packers adopted the only expedient possible in the absence of refrigerating conveniences. They sent for the inventor to come to Chicago and tried his process before accepting it. Not being able to try the Cuban climate and being satisfied that the curing process was effective in Chicago, they allowed the inventor to subject the meat to his process and shipped it to the United States army in Cuba. The department asked an impossibility and I cannot see that the packers are to be blamed for resorting to what they hoped would keep the meat eatable if not palatable. Anyway, it was a choice between no meat at all or preserved meat. The responsibility for the canned meat is another question.

President Eliot of Harvard college in introducing General Miles to the audience assembled under the auspices of the Harvard Republican club said to the students:

"It is not because General Miles is a doctor of laws of Harvard university that you have come to this place today. It is because you would like to see a man who has many times faced mortal peril for his country. Many of the men who enlisted from this university last spring did so partly because they wished to see what that experience was like. But after all, this ability to keep one's head and to look after the needs of ones self and others in moments of mortal peril is something that many men can cultivate. Cowardice is rare in our race. There is, however, a higher kind of courage, which, at the expense of calumny and obloquy, seeks fearlessly to make known the truth. And this is the sort of courage which General Miles has shown during the last four months."

Mother Maturin is the name of a novel written by Rudyard Kipling in India when the newspaper publishers were in the habit of calling him "a clever young pup," or "a smart youth." In 1886 he had three hundred and fifty foolscap pages of its manuscript—which means much in his neat writing, though it was not so small in those days as it is now—lying at the bottom of a bruised tin tea box. It has not been published, though his youthful dreams of distinction were founded on the effects of this book. In regard to it he wrote to a friend:

"Let us depart our several ways in amity. You to Fleet street (where I shall come when I die if I'm good)

and I to my own place, where I find heat, and smells of oil, and spices, and puffs of temple incense, and sweat, and darkness, and dirt, and lust, and cruelty, and—above all—things wonderful and fascinating innumerable. Give me time, give me seven years and three added to them and abide the publication of "Mother Maturin."

Thomas Edwin Smith, a former resident of Lincoln, has written a book entitled, Political Truth. The 194 pages are divided into twenty three chapters and the chapters are composed of epigrammatic paragraphs containing much in little. Under the heading "Politicians" Mr Smith says, among other things: "Few political schemers of ability, scheme for the welfare of the masses. Nothing, not even conscience, will stand in the path of the experienced and ambitious manipulator. The person having the faculty to outwit the majority can flaunt defiance in the face of corporate power. Most manipulators are as blind to individual personality as justice is supposed to be. However they have a keener eye to money. A political idol invariably permits himself to be spoiled. An expert wire puller's support usually comes high, but it is worth any reasonable price. All public dictator's will soon or late be known as "dead uns," and there is no escape. Some people in politics have become great through no fault of their own. When a man in politics is the most powerful he is in the greatest danger."

The shrewdness and truth of the epigrams are apparent to the politician and to those acquainted with the politician and his ways.

Mr. Smith collected the experiences which he has crystallized in Political Truth in Lincoln. To the practical and the actual politician the book is of great value in supplementing and confirming experience. As a commentary on human nature it is not what may be termed stimulating and encouraging. The chapters are headed, As To Politicians, Candidates, Office Holders, Courts and Lawyers, The People in Politics, Corporations in Politics, Saloon Men in Politics, Women in Politics, Police in Politics, As to Churches, Taxpayers, Newspapers in Politics, In Relation to Labor, Concerning Stump Speeches, Concerning Conventions, Primaries, Party Bolters, Assessors, Corporation Tools, Appointive Officers, Concerning the Lobby, and the Blessed in Politics.

It is too late to call Mr. Bryan's attention to the account of the Lord's supper given in Matthew XXVI, 20-25:

"Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve. And as they did eat he said, Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. * * * Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said."

Mr. Bryan said: "What the Lord's supper is to a Christian, a Jeffersonian banquet is to a democrat; and a good Christian would object to the presence of an infidel at the supper." But Judas, the silver man, was suffered to eat at the table with his Lord and while betraying him he reached out for the sop.

ASPIRATION.

Upon the breast of some
vile scum-clothed pool
Pure lilies lift their cups
of lustrous white;
They struggle through the
death-engendering slime
To bath their stainless petals
in the light.

—William Reed Dunroy.

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THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

To Edmond Rostand:
"What strange and apt affinities to vex
Our souls do terms of trades diverse disclose;
If Archer won the Derby by two necks,
Certes you've won the laurel by a nose."
—George Seibel.

Richard Mansfield has been with us in Cyrano de Bergerac, the play of the end-of-the-century. A while ago the world on this side of the water knew very little of the play; two years ago few of us had ever heard M. Rostand's name. Today his name and play are on every one's lips. He found his welcome ready for him. The world had waited a long time for M. Rostand, so long that many people declared that he would not come at all, that the rhymed play was a thing of the past, that poetry and the stage were forever divorced, and that the romantic drama was dead in France as elsewhere. It seemed for a time as though the shadow of Therese Raquin would forever brood over the French theatre, as though Dumas' menage a trois would furnish themes for the plays of all time, and that in the woman with a past lay the future of the drama. It took but a poet and a play to change all this. M. Rostand did more than write a great acting play, he aroused a dormant sentiment, turned the tide of popular taste, made the world some years younger and a little happier.

Certainly M. Rostand was most opportune in the day of his coming. The literature of unbelief had fortified itself behind the footlights, its chieftains bore down upon us from the south and from the north: Dumas and Zola in France, Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptman and Maeterlinck in the north, and Pinero in England. With what a gloomy company had they peopled the stage, with what consummate art had they diagnosed the diseases of the human soul and laid bare the wounds of the heart! When by any chance Romance crept into any of these grim dramas, it was an imprisoned spirit, like the wild ducks in Ibsen's play, shut up in a dark garret where the sun never shown and the winds never blew, wounded and a captive among the dry, dusty pine trees and the stupid hens. If the note of poetry ever sounded at all, it was the terrible music of Hauptmann's sunken bell, sunk deep in the morass of wretchedness and crime and doubt. The stage had become more forbidding than the pulpit of the Reformation. It was the Iron Age of the theatre. Then one fine morning when the larks were in tune, over came this "Cyrano" from France, with the invincible sword in his hand and a wonderful song on his lips and a chivalrous passion on his heart. But to us his name was Romance, come back from the fabulous fields after half a century, and we turned to him with one accord and cried like Roxane that we could love him "ugly, disfigured, grotesque," that the whole tired world was listening for that song, hungry for that passion. Strange, too, that the noblest and purest and most hopeful play of the century should come from France—from Paris. A very just rebuke to Anglo-Saxon bigotry. No wonder that Sarcey, after watching a whole lifetime for this play, wrote:

"What joy! At last we are going to get out of the Scandinavian fogs, rid of psychological detail and brutal realism. The glad sun of old Gaul shines again after a long night. This thrills the heart; it warms our blood!"

Yes, the Latin blood, the "sun of old Gaul," that shone in Hugo and Maupassant and Dandet, it has come again, bringing joy not only to M. Sarcey and that favored land, but to every humble

lover of the incomparable literary art of France.

And this Edmond Rostand, this "great man of thirty," born on April fool's day, who, young, rich, handsome, with the most beautiful wife in Paris, finds it worth while to "scorn delights and live laborious days, what of him? Four or five years ago a singer sent me a copy of his first play, "La Princesse Lointaine," from Paris. I wrote a lengthy review of it, I believe for the State Journal. The piece was played by Mme. Bernhardt and failed because it was a poem and not a play. Coquelin first met him in Bernhardt's atelier and pledged himself to play any part that this young man should write for him. As he remarked afterward, he had never hoped to be able to make such a promise. The actor himself has related what a life this furious young genius led him. For weeks he would disappear entirely and Coquelin would hear nothing of him. When one met Madame Rostand and sought information from her, she would say only, with a despairing gesture, "He writes—in the day, in the night. He writes; that is all." Poor Mme. Rostand. Then some morning he would burst in upon Coquelin before the actor was out of bed and begin declaiming his verses, reading a scene he had just completed. Coquelin, catching his enthusiasm, would leap out of bed and wrapping himself in his bath robe, seize the poker and begin to rehearse. He would commit the scene and begin working out all his "points," and then next week this devil of a Rostand would dash in to tell him that the scene would not do at all, that he had torn it up and written another. "But," said Coquelin, "I could afford to be patient, for I had been waiting for that fellow thirty years."

I think France may fairly say of him as Zola said of Maupassant: "He is one of our own, a Latin of good, clear, solid head, a maker of beautiful sentences shining like gold, pure as the diamond. A child of the great writers of France, a ray from the good sun that fecundates our soil, ripens our vines and corn."

The more conservative critics, the few voices worth listening to in the chorus of cheap and meaningless adulation that followed the American production of the play, were not unqualified in their praise of it. They stated, truly enough, that it is in essence melo-drama, a play of situations rather than of character; melo-drama picturesquely placed, felicitously presented, speaking in verse the like of which has not been written these last five-and-twenty years, but still melo drama, depending upon external embellishments for its greatest effects. The characters do not develop with the action of the play. Of "Cyrano" himself we know nothing new after the third act, and "Roxane" has not character enough to be greatly developed at any time. Out of the host of minor personages, few of them have individualities sufficiently marked to be at all memorable. This is a play with a very long cast, but there are few people in it. "Cyrano's" friend "Le Bret," for instance, is scarcely a character at all, but a mere device to draw out the hero's confidences, while in Shakespeare's play to which this one has been compared, "Romeo's" confidant, "Mercutio," is as complete and vivid a character as "Romeo" himself. "Juliet's" nurse will ever remain one of the most delightful and veritable of comedy characters, whereas "Roxane's" duenna is a mere shadowy convenience. Certainly the insipid "De Guiche," though he speaks twice as many lines, cannot be for a moment compared with the fiery "Tybalt." Even "the noble County Paris," who is as wooden a man as Shakespeare ever made, has more of the breath of life in him than most of Rostand's gentlemen,