

cruelty of the negro. May be not, but they have daily proofs in the newspapers of the brutality and ferocity of the whites of the upper classes who set an example of ingenious torture to a race supposed not yet to have reached as high a stage of development. If the degeneration, which has surely set in, among the whites, continues, it will not be so very long before the negro, who is slowly developing will meet and pass these descendants of the nobility of England, Ireland and Wales.

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The Club Question.

The next meeting of the general federation of women's clubs will be held at Milwaukee next summer. As before, one question of great importance to the clubs and to the general federation will be discussed. Last year it was the ten cent per capita tax instead of the fixed sum which had been before assessed against large and small clubs alike. Some of the delegates to the Denver biennial thought that the meetings were large and unwieldy and that there were too many delegates of no special prominence taking part in the meeting. To most visitors the most impressive feature of the assembly was its size, the number of states represented, the good feeling and common purpose expressed, the laying aside of formalities, in short the unity and harmony of a thousand delegates and visitors, though they disagreed on the matter of officers and occasionally on matters of policy. The number of delegates and their connection with individual clubs, is the fact of greatest meaning in the federation. If the biennial were made up of a few women appointed by the officers of the state federations, the meetings would diminish in interest immediately. The democratic basis of the present system of representation is also its principle argument of permanency. To elect or appoint delegates to the biennial from the state federations is to place another institution between the biennial and the clubs. When the biennial gets too large for Denver and Milwaukee there is Chicago and New York. Most of the important cities of the United States are building auditoriums whose capacity is still very far ahead of the biennial delegates.

What the Worcester delegates thought was an unwieldy meeting the Nebraska delegates thought a most impressive assembly of intelligent aspiring women with a purpose in meeting together in such numbers and from so many parts of the country, as yet unexpressed, but which fewer numbers and a less complete representation would certainly and eventually defeat.

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Democratic Man Worship.

Republicanism just now means a vigorous and patriotic prosecution of the war in the Philippines tending towards its speedy conclusion and a loyal though not slavish and hypnotized support of the administration. The last many republicans do not believe in, but the policy has become a fixed principle in the party. It is much more difficult to define democratic doctrine. It is idle to deny that free silver is losing strength as a democratic tenet. Democracy is divided about protection nor has it taken any decided position in regard to trusts. The party, however, is more united on the subject of Mr. Bryan and Bryanism than upon any other and as it has since the days of Thomas Jefferson been content to follow and worship mere men the uncertainty as to what some of the principles of democracy are and the wide difference of opinion regarding others, will not affect the nomination of Mr. Bryan next year. Just remember for how long a time Mr. Tilden was the democratic party. He succeeded with a hiatus which General Hancock did not fill, by Mr. Cleveland, who of

his egotism cut himself off from his party. Mr. Bryan has succeeded to the man worship which is an unvarying quality in the party. If Mr. Bryan had not absorbed it, it would have been someone else. But inasmuch as he has succeeded to the legacy, the permanent democratic investment in fealty and adoration, it is not in the power of Tammany or of New York democrats, or of disgusted anti-Göebel democrats, or of Chicago scrappers, to dispossess him.

THE MISSOURI.

I.

Between low banks of ragged clay
The rapid river takes its way.

Its heavy, tawny waters flow
As if their road they did not know:

Swirl off in loops, spread out in lakes,
Whose sandy shoals trail sluggish wakes.

They gnaw away the tumbling banks,
Mow down their leafy willow ranks;

They dwindle, till the dust blows round
Where fishes swam and men were drowned;

Then flood the bottoms miles away,
Fence, barn and house, their scattered prey;

But yet, far back, the hills remain,
Which all their wanderings restrain.

II.

O mighty river, we may see
Our new democracy in thee.

No Rhine art thou, by cliffs beset,
With castles on each parapet;

No Thames, of placid, even tide,
With grass lawns edging either side;

But strong, and turbid, and perplexed,
By frequent whirls and eddies vexed—

At times an overwhelming fall
Of brute destruction,—yet through all

Large wealth bestowing grain and woods
Upspringing where once swept by floods.

And so we know, whate'er thy force,
God's hills will hold thee to his course.

—Cameron Mann, in *August Century*.

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"Mrs. Smith is to marry Brown on Friday."

"She isn't divorced, yet."

"Then how can she fix the day?"

"Well Brown has fixed the judge."

"Fizzletop says that he and his wife both think alike."

"Yes, but his wife thinks first."

Clubleigh—I saw the sun rise this morning.

Sportleigh—Great Scott! What delayed it?

"You don't think he'd marry me for my money, do you?"

"Oh I don't know, he might do worse."

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

It seems that it is still possible to write a novel of Scotland which is not kail-yard fiction. I believe Hamlin Garland is credited with once saying that the time had come when a man could take a sod house and a sunflower and make literature. Recently much literature has been made of a stout Scotch dialect, a bit of heather, a funeral and a parson or two. The parson and the heather were sometimes, though seldom omitted, but the dialect and the funeral, never! The sameness and the dreariness of their inventions has begun to pall on the world. Is there nothing but funerals in Scotland, pray? Are people never born, or do they never get married there? Is the entire population composed of ministers—"little" or big—and have the Scotch got a corner on death and are they running the mortality of the world to suit themselves? Yet there was a time when a certain cheerful gentleman, one Robert Louis Stevenson, wrote tales of the highland and the heather, when a tale from Scotland brought other tidings than those of woe and another message than one from the grave, when stories came to us from Scotland full of high doings by land and sea, and of gallant gentlemen who were not above being merry sometimes and who could talk of something beside their "kirk" and their prayers, stories with the ring of swords in them and stout hearts and high hopes and the faith of "Charley over the water." Ah! those were indeed the days "when the wind was blowing bonny in the North Country!"

Well, since I have read Mr. John Buchan's "A Lost Lady of Old Years," I have almost fancied that those good old days, or some like unto them, might come again. At any rate this is the first book I have read that I have felt like comparing with the incomparable romances of Mr. Stevenson, and indeed I feel myself almost a traitor while I do it. Mr. John Buchan is not unknown to fame. Certain people about the world have had their eye on him ever since the publication of a highly meritorious novel "John Burnet of Barnes," reviewed in these columns last winter. But "A Lost Lady of Old Years" shows a long stride to the forward. It is more dramatic, more direct, the author has struck a better balance between atmosphere and action, and above all he has gained immensely in the massing of his material and the mastery of form. This is one story to which one does a gross injustice to attempt to give ever an analysis, for the plot and the style here are inseparable, and the style is a living thing, not to be dissected in cold blood. Master "Francis Birkenshaw" was the scape-grace son of an old house, reared by a common enough mother in the glorious Edinburgh of the early years of the last century, a frequenter of taverns and a boon companion of low persons of both sexes, yet with little vice in him beyond the natural fire of youth, and living his loose life chiefly because it was the only sort he knew. Thus he played roughly enough at life until he met Lady Margaret Murray, one of the cleverest and most beautiful ladies of the old years, a staunch Jacobite and a prime mover in the Prince's cause. It was she, none too scrupulous in her own living, as rumor had it, who roused the latent idealism in Master Francis and made a man of him, a sad, grave, gray man, for none are born anew without tasting of sorrow. She sent him on a dangerous political errand into the North, and the pages which tell of his wanderings among the highlands are so redolent of

the heather and wild, black hills, so full of the roar of mountain torrents, so drenched with the driving rains, that they recall the wanderings of "David Balfour" himself. After the battle of Culloden, where the Prince's cause was lost "Lady Margaret's" husband turned traitor and was taken to London, and my Lady and Francis followed him thither; and there, worn out by so many of the tricks of fortune and infinitely touched by her cavalier's loyalty and devotion, my Lady besought him to accept her love and to flee with her to begin the world over again. But the noble suggestion of a woman's beauty, quite irrespective of her own nobility, had wrought its own miracle, and she had made of "Francis" a better man than it was in her to be a woman. "A year ago he had been a boy, now he felt himself an aging, broken man, driven in a curb along the stony path of virtue, a man passionate yet austere, with a cold, scrupulous heart and a head the prey of every vagrant fancy, a man of great capacities, truly, but scarcely a man to live pleasantly, at ease with himself and the world." And Mr. Buchan could scarcely have summed up better the character of the Scotchman and the Covenanter. So the poor Lady of old years broke her heart against this cold, scrupulous austerity of the Scot, as other foolish ladies of other years have done so many a time, and he sent her off to a French convent, where many years afterward she slept in the convent yard with the white Jacobite roses, which in happier days she had worn on her breast, growing over her, and the words *Pro Sua Patria* cut on her tomb. As for "Master Francis," he went back to Dyart and became a Provost of the burg and devoted himself to the petty humdrum duties of life that call for a valor greater than that which he displayed on the field of Culloden, and grew harder and colder and better, and his greatest achievement in life was to introduce a valuable reform into the town pumping system. And that was the gallant Francis, who once set out from Edinburgh town to conquer the world, to seduce every beautiful woman and cross swords with every brave gentleman in Christendom. Solife mocks us at the end and pleasure will have none of us, and we are good in spite of ourselves. It is a sad, gray ending that Mr. Buchan has given his book, and a brave and artistic and noble one. This Mr. Buchan seems, indeed, to be a man to whom we may look with hope. He is impregnated with the spirit of the true romance, not the pseudo romance which animates Mr. Max Pemberton and Robert Chambers and, too frequently, Mr. Anthony Hope. He is no mere constructor of situations, he deals not in catchwords nor cheap sentiment. There is a sort of elegant reserve about him. Moreover, his story, without sermonizing or setting down in black and white a moral purpose, has moral fiber, an element of strength which many young English writers are trying to get along without, and a sorry stagger they make of it. The book is written in a style intrinsically beautiful, a style fertile, rich, humorous, often quaint and at all times delicate reserved and touched by a certain reflective gentleness and melancholy not easy of description. A man must feel considerable of a fellow after he has written half a dozen pages of such prose as that. When Louis Stevenson died, he died without an heir and he left his kingdom desolate. Mr. John Buchan has more of that kingly blood in his veins than any of the romance writers unless it be Quiller-Couch.

A curious instance of a bad thing well done is Mr. E. A. Bennett's new novel "A Man From the North." It tells the single story of a young man who come