

wishes them success and some new type. Realizing The Courier's need of a new dress, the editor regrets the more to see a new idea in old clothes—it is unbiblical, but there may be reasons for it in Omaha as in Lincoln. The editors seem to have ability. The quality we all strive for and which is so far away and by most of us unattainable, vaguely known as distinction, is not altogether lacking. The cover is in rouge et noir. She who wrote Paderewski at Lincoln has surely taken the course in visualization at the university. "For three quarters of an hour we were swallowed up in a most fearful crowd, just moving ahead by inches. I had a squashy, fat man behind me and a woman with a terrible fur cape in front of me; my mouth and nose were full of hair and I couldn't get my hands up to relieve the situation. Every once in a while it would come over me that I was in Lincoln having my life squeezed out in the cause of Art, and that would brace me for a few more mouthfuls of fur.

At last the crowd parted and we were fairly shot thro' the door and landed high and dry in the lobby.

A few minutes past nine Paderewski walked upon the stage. He has the most remarkable, compelling personality I ever felt. He make me think of Bagheera, Kipling's black panther. His physique is fine and he has a courtly, graceful bearing; there is a peculiar charm about his head, as everybody knows.

The first part of the program was marred by the most irritating and blasphemous noises. It was inconceivable how they were all perpetrated. Poor Paderewski had no chance at all. I could feel him becoming more enraged at every interruption. The sounds seemed to give him positive physical pain. When the radiator began to thump, his cup of bitterness was full. He relieved his feelings by a most vicious preliminary bang and a glare of outraged feeling.

His pedaling is unique. I never saw anything that approached it. His feet are nearly as active as an organist's. At times he strikes from the thigh, lifting his whole leg. This is particularly noticeable when he gets into a part with lots of dash and swing. He makes the rhythm in this startling way.

The Stotsenburg Fund.

Previously reported.....101.00
Comptroller Charles G. Dawes... 5.00
Mr. John Witter, late corporal Co.
G, First Nebraska Volunteers.. 5.00

Poverty.

Fair my estate at morn to see,
I had at eve the selfsame store;
Yet fate that day had beggared me,
Since hope could I count mine no more.
—Arlo Bates, in March Century.

The Same Combination.

"Winter and summer women's interests are always the same," said Bellingham to Frisbie.

"Specify, please."

"In the winter she is interested in beaux and boas, and in the summer her interest centers in beaux and bows."—Town Topics.

That Was the Secret.

Hewitt—I don't see how you manage to stand off your creditors so well.

Jewett—I have a dog that knows his business.—Town Topics.

"Do you think doctors ought to help an incurable patient to die?"

"If he can't die without medical assistance, yes."—Detroit Journal.

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

After their long absence the Kendals appeared here in a play, novel in plot and refreshingly simple and wholesome in sentiment. All the people in this play are persons whom one could ask to dine at one's house, yet they are not stupid; none of the episodes of the play are within the province of the police courts, yet the play is not dull. On the whole it is rather invigorating to see respectability get in a few innings occasionally. "The Elder Miss Blossom" is by no means a remarkable comedy, though it has fallen into excellent hands. The dialogue is not unusually good, and the first act is certainly a trifle slow. But one thing, the play unblushingly possesses sentiment, and it tells a quite pathetic story about people who are ordinarily good, and ordinarily attractive and makes it interesting. It is its humanity, not its cleverness, that saves "The Elder Miss Blossom." The story of the play concerns itself with a noted explorer, who on the night before his departure for the Cannibal islands meets a pretty girl of seventeen at a ball and falls head over heels in love with her, after the crazy manner of advanced bachelors. The girl's name is "Sylvia Blossom," but the young lady had borrowed her aunt's lace handkerchief for the ball, and the mouchoir was marked "Dorothy." When the enamored explorer, whom Mr. Kendal portrays with exquisite humor, started for the man-eating isles, he wrote a hasty proposal of marriage to the Miss in short skirts who had shattered his ascetic ideals in a dance or two. He directs the missive to "Miss Dorothy Blossom," and is accepted by the mature aunt on his caption and he never knows the difference, sailing for the tropics engaged to one woman and believing himself loved by her younger brother's daughter.

On his return to England he finds the elder Miss Blossom waiting for him, her wedding clothes ready, her home full of wedding presents, the village church decorated. The scene in which the distracted man deceives her is the scene in which both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal do their best work. It is a cruel sort of situation even in a play. The woman's self-respect is so completely broken, the loneliness and hunger of her heart, the wealth of love that lay hidden in this calm, thin, English spinster are too pitifully laid bare. It is like an Indian summer lured into roses and second buddings and grossly betrayed into winter. The woman's humiliation and dejection at losing again and for the last time that illusive love dream that had always fled from her, are peculiarly within the scope of Mrs. Kendal's delightful and discriminating art. Always more refined than brilliant in her work, she makes this cruel study in heartache noble as well as pathetic. When her lover, who has never loved her, leaves her alone, the idiotic young rector begins to practice on the wedding chimes. The theatricalness of the incident may be overlooked for the acting which accompanies it when Mrs. Kendal rushes to the windows and closes them and holds her hands over her ears to shut out the hateful sound. Incidentally, I should like to see Minnie Maddern Fiske play "The Elder Miss Blossom." The comparison would give one food for thought.

Mr. Kendal has always been, in my opinion, quite as excellent a player as his wife, though less ambitious. His comedy in the first scene with the younger Miss Blossom was delicious.

The end of the play is an Indian summer touch that the playwrights

may well be proud of. The explorer marries off his infant charge to the curate, and as for himself, he takes the elder Miss Blossom, for in the moment of her grief and humiliation she threw off her reserve, and he saw the rich heart of her and the greatness of what she had to give.

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Miss Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" has just been completed in the Atlantic and issued in book form.

At last an historical novel worth having and holding. Since the days of Hawthorne attempts to utilize American history in fiction have, for the most part, miscarried. Historical novels we have had in generous measure, but they have been histories without accuracy and romances without romance. Recently Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has so vulgarized history and so caricatured human nature that it takes some courage to set out upon the reading of a novel that has anything to do with the history of the colonies. One has not traveled very far with Miss Johnston, however, before he discovers that he has quite another sort of authorship to consider, and a work which must be taken seriously. Miss Johnston displays again the qualities that stood out so prominently in her former novel, "The Prisoners of Hope," an illuminative imagination and a deep vein of sensitive romanticism. The historical novel is the field for which she is peculiarly and eminently fitted. In no other department of letters is a heated imagination more necessary, and nowhere is it more rare. In these deplorable days when Knighthood is in Flower to the tune of half a million copies, and when novels of the same literary fibre as "Molly Bawn" and "Red as a Rose is She" are tricked out in crinoline and powdered hair and odd-bodikins—whatever those may be—and sent forth heralds of the revival of Romance, it is a pleasant experience to encounter such a novel as Miss Johnston's bearing the stamp of a superior mentality and of an individuality strong enough to do freshly and well what has been done often and badly.

Because Miss Johnston does not sink history into the slough of sentimentality I do not mean to say that she has written an historical commentary. If she has "read up" she has the grace not to show it, and she has spared us her cross references.

The history of Colonial Virginia is peculiarly rich in romantic suggestion. The state was settled by gentlemen, men of birth and education with a thirst for adventure and, many of them, with the wanderlust in their blood. Unlike their New England neighbors they were not reformers and had no mind to take the color out of life by an ascetic morality or to reduce existence into a grey uniformity of exacting social codes. They lived for this world and were not averse to pleasure. They were of the element which had made the picturesqueness of English history under Elizabeth. Some of them had left romantic pasts behind them, and a romantic disposition is like a bad reputation; a man may leave a good deal of it wherever he goes, but he always takes more of it with him. To such a likely source Miss Johnston has gone for her material. For the persons of her drama she has selected a Captain of the Low Country wars, a ward of James I who had fled the court to escape a distasteful marriage and come in disguise into the Virginia Wilderness, the king's favorite, "Lord Carnel," as handsome and dissolute a villain as heart could wish, John Rolfe, and a giant of a play actor who had turned preacher but who still sang Master Shakspeare's songs on sunny days in summer. To how much historical accuracy Miss Johnston may lay claim I cannot say. But certainly she has a

kind of spiritual verity, a faculty of making other times and other conditions stand forth in their beautiful perspective, of calling back forgotten tragedies across the years like the strains of distant music. She has the instinct of contrast, the feeling for color, the sense of values that goes to make up the true romantic novelist. What a stroke of art it is to bring "Lord Carnel," with his Venetian goblets and cloth of gold, his Italian physician and courtiers ways and the king's favor like a visible nimbus about his handsome head into this stern, dark Virginia wilderness. There is something about Miss Johnston's way of dealing with these "old, unhappy, far off things" that minds me not a little of Charles Kingsley and bids me turn to "Westward Ho!" again. Her use of the physical features of Virginia is a source of perpetual charm throughout the book. There is a high quality of imagination about it that at times is almost lyric. Miss Johnston's Indians are less like those of the tobaccoists than any that I have previously encountered in fiction. Indeed I can think of no other novel since Cooper in which the Glorious Red man has been lifted much above the Old Sleuth series. The heroine of the tale is worthy her setting, picturesque enough to grace any romance or turn the head of any captain, though she seldom condescends to step out of her canvas and one feels her presence most when she is silent and seen only through Captain Percy's eyes. As for Miss Johnston's hero, I suppose he is the sort of man that women would have peopled the world with, though I have a sad conviction that such a one never fought and lived and loved in the old Virginia colony, and I think he acquits himself best and is more of a man when he is away from his lady and in the forest with "Diccon." Miss Johnston has succeeded better with the men whom she cherished less, "Diccon" and the inimitable Master Sparrow, preacher and play actor, and even with that attractive villain, "Lord Carnel." In deceiving them some of the virtues she has given them a more than compensating humanity and blood that we know the color of. Certainly Miss Johnston has struck a new note in American fiction, remote and plaintive and sweet, and from her voyagings into the past she has brought a richer cargo than all the plate and cloth of gold and Venice glasses of my Lord Carnel's ship.

The Too Sure Presidential Faction.

Mr. William M. Reedy, editor of the St. Louis Mirror, a democrat, and one of the cleverest and most interesting writers in this country, says of the present political situation:

"The republican party, or, at least the greater part of it, which may be known as the presidential faction, is too sure of the result of next November's election. As one who cannot consistently support Mr. Bryan, I may say that the friends of the president are in grave danger of underestimating opposition. With silver put out of the way by the gold standard legislation, with no prospect of a silver majority in the senate for many years, Mr. Bryan, paradoxical though it seems, may be stronger this year than four years ago. The disaffection of republican tariff reformers with the Porto Rican bill is very great. Resentment against the project of levying tariff against our own territory is general and bitter, especially as the president surrendered his free trade views as to the island, at the demand of the protected industries. Ruling our possessions outside and above and beyond the constitution is something which strikes all thinking persons as genuine imperialism, and a practical repudiation, not only of the constitution