

OBSERVATIONS

BY SARAH B. HARRIS

The Scotch-Irish

The Scotch-Irish or the Scot in North Britain, North Ireland and North America, by Charles A. Hanna, has just been issued by the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. The work is in two volumes with copious notes, several maps and a remarkably accurate and exhaustive index.

Mr. Hanna was formerly the vice president of the First National bank of this city, and he is now a bank examiner in New York city. The leisure that the average man spends at his club when his recording angel has nothing whatever to do but make zero marks in the Book, Mr. Hanna has spent examining records and documents from which history is written. The two volumes he has finally written are introductory to a series of historical studies to be published hereafter relating to the early Scotch-Irish settlements in America.

The author states in the preface that because of the ignorance, or as he more considerately terms it, "the lack of acquaintance of many native-born Americans with the details of Scottish history," he has found it necessary to incorporate a primer of Scotch history with this history of the Scotch-Irish. It is unsatisfactory to begin in the middle of any subject. Mr. Hanna has, therefore, begun, not with the dawn of Scottish history, but far enough back so that his readers can comprehend the permanent elements of Scotch character and the reasons why there were so few intermarriages between the Scotch who settled in Ulster and the Irish natives. The term Scotch-Irish does not mean creoles of Irish and Scotch blood, but the Scotch men and women who settled in Ireland and their descendants.

According to Mr. Hanna these descendants possess the earth now. In literature, science, war, invention, exploration, statesmanship and theology the Scotch and their descendants crowd the fields to the embarrassment of other races. They claim Shakspeare, who was born near the forest of Arden, close to the border line between England and Wales. "The people of the west of England today," according to Mr. Hanna, "are probably as much Celtic as Teutonic and there are at least no better grounds for claiming their greatest genius as a Saxon than for assuming that he may have been a Briton. He is as likely to have been the one as the other; though if the truth could be known he had probably an infusion of the blood and spirit of both. Of the second greatest poet of Britain, there is vastly more reason for believing him of purely Celtic extraction than for the assertion that Shakspeare's genius was wholly Teutonic. It is possible, however, that Burns, also was of mixed descent. Rare Ben Johnson, likewise, although himself born in England, was the grandson of an Annandale Scotchman."

The Scot is canny and his existence is and has been a blessing to the world, but he has never lost anything because he failed to claim it. A further review of this book will appear in this department of the Courier after the editor has read the scholarly volumes contributed by Mr. Hanna to American history.

* * *

The President's Son

Everybody sympathized with the president and Mrs. Roosevelt when their oldest son was sick, because the moment a man is elected president of the United States, to all Americans he becomes an object of affection and reverence. He represents the nation, and every member of his family; his mother, his wife, his sons, his daughters, share in the affection bestowed upon him. It is not snobbery, it is not selfishness, it has no connection with

personal advantage, this love for the president and his family. It is patriotism. In the president we revere America incarnate. Every honor laid upon the president is an honor to each one of us. We are sorry for the other boys who are ill and who cry out in delirium for a drink of water. If it chance to be our neighbor's boy or our friend's we are very sorry. But everybody hopes that the president's boy will get well. Everybody looks first in the morning paper to see how he is. Not that the dear lad is better or cleverer or any dearer to his father and mother than thousands of other boys sick of a fever in this country, but he is the president's son and as we love the sturdy, honest, brave man, whom many of us have never seen, we hope for the recovery of his oldest son. The levelers who deprecate the universal sympathy which has been expressed for the president and his family fail to consider that the sympathy and hope are a part of that patriotism that beats in the pulses of the American people and of that humanity that instantly responds to suffering whenever the American visualizes the sufferer. The thousands of other sick boys we do not see, we know of them only in general, and general truths never make a convert. Even God had to become human and take the name and aspect of a man before his creatures could sympathize with him and love him.

* * *

Protection

Miss Stone has not yet been returned to her family. America is a rich and powerful country, but it seems to be certain that Americans must love their country for its own sake and rid their minds of an impression that the government will protect American citizens traveling in foreign countries. When we are captured by brigands of one of the weakest countries, America is impotent to force our release. The Bulgarian government which European powers ignore defies the United States with safety. No English, French, or German woman has been captured by pirates. Not even an Italian or Spanish female has been molested. Reprisal on the part of any one of these governments would be immediate. Why did the discriminating pirates select an American victim. Is it because they knew that this country was given to parleying and would negotiate, dicker, and palaver, and finally pay the money after exposure had done its work on the poor missionary?

We send any kind of a man as minister to foreign countries; a man who knows no language but his own, and with no knowledge of international relations or business does as well as another; anything to oblige a senator. Many ministers are inadequate to the duties they are supposed to perform, and their salaries being less than those paid representatives of the smallest and least considered European nations, it is not surprising that the peoples of the earth think Americans a mean-spirited, humble nation. Americans have just as much respect for costume, mansions, horses, and state coaches as an Italian or Englishman or German, but we underestimate the effect of these decorations of existence upon foreigners, and our ambassadors make a mean appearance abroad. Consequently, when bandits cast about for a woman whom it is safe to abduct, they do not take a Russian or French or Turk or Prussian, but they take an American. And the sequence has justified their judgment.

* * *

A Satirist

No one has ever accused Mark Twain of plagiarism. There are many forms of plagiarism, and there are a hundred times as many persons watching for symptoms and ready to shadow the

first prominent and promising case. But Mark Twain is unique. His stories and disquisitions have a peculiar flavor that is never acquired by imitation of someone else. He is not a statesman and he is not a sage. Neither is he a scholar. His observations have frequently the concentrated wisdom of the sage, the philosopher, and the statesman. Contrariwise when he talks seriously of public questions he is puerile, illogical, impractical. Like the king's fool in his cap and bells and with his bauble in his hands he can hit ancient, feeble institutions a whack that makes them reel. But dress him in armor, give him a spear and set him on a war-horse, and he is futile and twice the fool he is in cap and bells.

Cervantes gave the final blow to knight errantry. Don Quixote showed the Castilians that the world had found out that the knight's armor was made of tin pans, that they tilted at windmills, and after that their armor was of only decorative use in baronial halls or as relics in museums.

Mark Twain is a satirist of social customs and pretensions, of institutions outworn and left high and dry on the beach, but still considered sea-worthy by the public who must have somebody point to the open seams in the hull and the decayed decks before the rottenness of the hulk is apparent. Mark Twain began with the old pilgrims who in "Innocence Abroad" wept copiously at all the sights of the Holy Land. Pretension and cant in religion, society, and business have staggered under the stout blows he has struck them. He has done a service to his century and to his country of inestimable importance. His essay on the futilities and dishonest pretensions of Christian Science healers states the case against the delusion succinctly and unforgettably. A long-winded argument, however flawless, makes no strong impression on the mind. Mark Twain lays bare the truth so that one sees it himself without the intervention of the demonstrator, and what the eyes have seen and the mind has registered is hard to dislodge.

In a current magazine Mr. Clemens tells an altogether modern detective story, that is, the satire is modern. "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story" deals with the acute detective myth. The author ignores all the rules and literary conventions that he has heard of and can thus consciously avoid, but his story is very interesting and luminous. Mr. Clemens is an old man and when he leaves America for the only better country no one can take his place.

Since the records began there have been only four great satirists, and see how far apart they are: Juvenal was born about a hundred years before the first century. Sixteen hundred and fifty years later Cervantes and Rabelais were born, and a hundred years later Dean Swift opened his eyes on an existence which he hated perhaps as much as any of our brethren. Horace, Voltaire, Butler, Pope, and Lowell are not exclusively satirists, or, more exactly, their satirical work is not their most important contribution to literature and to the influence of their own times.

In American literature there is nothing else like Mark Twain's work. Around him there is a wide, bare space, separating him from all other writers. The most superficial student of our literature knows Mark Twain and his work and recognizes the fact that although he has founded no school he has had more to do with compounding the quality of what is known as American humour than any one else. There is no other humour or satire that has this flavor or the tang of it. The flavor is not in the style, for Mr. Clemens has none; it is in what he says and its directness, its need of being said, its applicability and timeliness.

In the story the sheriff of a western mining town has just released a man whom a mob had begun to burn alive.

"You're a nice lot—now ain't you?" he said. "Just about eligible to travel with this bilk here—Shadbelly Higgins—this loud-mouthed sneak that shoots people in the back and calls himself a desperado. If there's anything I do particularly despise, it's a lynching

Miss Lippincott Studio, Room 65
Brownell Block
Lessons in Drawing, Painting,
Pyrography, Wood Carving, Im-
proved China Kiln, China deco-
rated or fired.
Studio open Monday, Tuesday,
Thursday, and Friday afternoons
2 to 5 o'clock. Saturday mornings 9 to 12.

DR. BENJ. F. BAILEY,
Residence, Sanatorium. Tel. 617.
At office, 2 to 4, and Sundays, 12 to 1 p. m.
DR. MAY L. FLANAGAN,
Residence, 621 So. 11th. Tel. 969.
At office, 10 to 12 a. m.; 4 to 6 p. m.
Sundays, 4 to 4:30 p. m.
Office, Zehring Block, 141 So. 12th. Tel. 618.

LOUIS N. WENTE, D. D. S.,
OFFICE, ROOMS 26, 27, 1, BROWNELL
BLOCK,
137 South Eleventh street,
Telephone, Office, 530.

J. R. HAGGARD, M. D.,
LINCOLN, NEB.
Office, 1100 O street—Rooms 212, 213, 214,
Richards Block; Telephone 535.
Residence, 1310 G street; Telephone K984

M. B. KETCHUM, M. D., Phar. D.
Practice limited to EYE, EAR, NOSE,
THROAT, CATARRH, AND FITTING
SPECTACLES. Phone 848.
Hours, 9 to 5; Sunday, 1 to 2:30.
Rooms 313-314 Third Floor Richards
Block, Lincoln, Neb.

... THE ...
First National Bank
OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Capital, \$200,000.00
Surplus and Profits, 54,255.08
Deposits, 2,480,252.18

S. H. BURNHAM, President.
A. J. SAWYER, Vice-President.
H. S. FREEMAN, Cashier.
H. B. EVANS, Ass't Cashier.
FRANK PARKS, Ass't Cashier.

United States Depository



MATTHEWS
PIANOS

For DURABILITY of tone and action, are warranted equal to any piano manufactured.

The intelligent piano buyer does not ask how LONG a piano has been made, but how WELL it is made. Not how much its maker spends in advertising his piano, but how much does he spend in making his piano?

The best of everything that enters into the construction of the finest piano from a musical standpoint is used in the construction of the Matthews.

Matthews
Piano Co.

General Western Agents,
Warerooms 1120 O Street, Lincoln