

atrocities, they can show it by agreeing upon a Russian superintendent in the Levant who shall represent England, Russia, France, Germany, Italy and Spain. These powers are of one mind concerning the Armenian cruelties, and only suspicion of each other keeps them from concerted action. If England voluntarily gives up the superintendency to another nation it will convince that nation and the others that she has no aggressive designs on Turkish territory. If England should give up the point it would be like the old woman and her pig. Russia would also concede a point or two and France and Germany would fall in line behind Russia and the Armenians would begin rug weaving, and at last distilling with a certainty of life and of reaping the rewards of their own industry.

As the society artist of Punch. Du Maurier studied statesmen, peers, professional beauties, dowagers, bishops, "sweet girls," the children of the wealthy and noble parents, for thirty-six years. He observed them until he had enough types with individual peculiarities to make half a hundred books the size of Trilby. His head was full of plots and persons even of personages. He had not to wait for inspiration. "Tell us another story please," and he began. He had but began to distribute the treasure, storing since his youth, when he died. Not a very good draughtsman, his pictures make up for the lack of sweep and dash in line by literary qualities; pungent satire and story telling characters.

DuMaurier's third and last novel "The Martian," was finished before his fatal illness attacked him. For many years he had suffered from heart trouble which was aggravated by the excitement incidental to the popularity of Trilby. Having reached so high a standard the effort not to fall below it was too much for him. So toward the end of September the news came that Du Maurier was ill, and when October 8 we heard that he had passed quietly away, we all felt that another member of the great brotherhood of English authors, to which Dickens and Thackeray belonged, whose task it was to teach us to bury our prejudices, to conquer our Pharisaism, and to learn that wherever there is a human heart there is a chance of goodness—another of this fraternity laid to rest, and we felt that were an epitaph needed for his tombstone, we might borrow from the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian kings the three little silhouettes we find at the long rehearsals of their dignified titles; which being interpreted is: "Widening his heart."

Mrs. Amasa Cobb, who died on last Saturday was one of a steadily decreasing number of residents who came here in the early seventies.

Bereavement and illness destroyed in the last few months the eager interest she has always shown in the people about her and in passing events. Before time one of the chief pleasures of life was to hear Mrs. Cobb characterize people and things by a sentence or two of unconsciously trenchant observation. She was without affectation of speech or feeling. Her loyalty to her friends and her pleasure in seeing them, her love for her children and her grandchildren, she showed by her actions, rarely in words. Here was a puritan spirit which never seemed quite at home in the west. Nevertheless she has enriched tradition here. What Mrs. Cobb said in regard to the various situations

life which have occurred from the beginning of time and will recur to the end of time have passed into local history and will be repeated until this generation is gone. To the small circle here who have known her for twenty three years her love is irreparable. To the grave white-bearded old soldier whose

comrade she has been for so long, they extend their sympathy.

Ian McLaren is not the popular man that he was among all the literary "fellers" of the east. Crossing the ocean a passenger asked him whom he considered the best writer in America, he answered that he thought there were two; Howells and Cable. When Mr. Watson landed and his opinion was printed the members of the literary coterie, which New York is accustomed to regard as the galaxy of the United States, disented and gave Mr. Watson a cooler welcome than they had planned. In the south Mr. Cable is very unpopular because he has at various times conceded that in the struggle between the north and the south the former was right. In the north Mr. Howells' views on socialism has made him unpopular with most of the people who buy novels for their bindings and to have something to talk about at parties. Therefore Mr. Watson could have made no more unpopular remark. With both the north and south suspicious of his judgment there is only California and the middle west left. To be sure in the west Howells should be growing in popular favor, if the late populist victory is any test of a people's literary taste. After his inquisitor was through with him Mr. Watson volunteered the information that the books of Harold Frederic were more read in England than those of any other American author. He said that the English consider Mr. Frederic's book "The Damnation of Theron Ware," the strongest book of the year. "The Bookman" says in regard to this opinion that "it is only to be explained by the law of contrast that the genial, sympathetic optimistic preacher should be so strongly attracted by a work that is decidedly depressing and pessimistic in tone and belonging in its treatment of realism to the literature of disillusion." But its another case of Stephen Crane. Mr. Crane is young and callow but he writes of the war bloodily enough to deceive militia or Budge and Toddie who want theirs "all bluggy." As a general thing the younger, fresher, realier, a man is the more sanguinary and ferocious his imagination.

Authorities on finance, credit and the best places to borrow money spent their breath warning Nebraska not to vote for Bryan lest the east should be frightened at our woolly ways and lock up both kinds of money where no western state can get at it. In spite of the prophets the state has cast itself down where there is none to loan her or go on her paper. And nobody on Wall street cares whether Nebraska goes out of business or not. If the nation had gone democratic the mining states would have had money to loan and Colorado in the abundance of gratitude for assistance in the nick of time might have loaned us some ore. As it is now our exposed position between a huffy east and a busted west is chilly and extremely uncomfortable.

When the largest crop ever raised in the state begins to move, eastern capital may lose its timidity at the sight of the golden promise and come west again, and this is our only hope.

W. MORTON SMITH'S LETTER.

The election of McKinley charges the republican party with a fearful responsibility. The only thing that endangered McKinley's election was the indisputable fact that many undemocratic influences were at work in his behalf. The mass of what Mr. Bryan is pleased to call "the common people," did not bother their heads about the intricacies of the silver question. Silver and gold were names merely. A very large number of those who voted for Mr. Bryan did so, not because they believe in the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, but because, as they understood it, capital was arrayed against them. They claimed that McKinley was the candidate of the rich men, and that his success only meant their increased supremacy. The fact that the silver trust, the most gigantic and far reaching of all trusts, was behind the "common people's" candidate, did not make any difference. Bryan was an idol, the leader of the poor against the rich.

The issue raised by Mr. Bryan has not been settled. It is in the power of the republican party to avert a far more serious clash in the future by taking up this question of trusts and dealing with it, not in a spirit of demagoguery, but in a spirit of justice. Very important is it to the welfare of the nation that this question of the unlawful combinations of capital should be fearlessly acted upon. If the republican party will prove equal to the emer-

gency, it will be a great boon to the country, and the party will be materially strengthened. If nothing is done, there is trouble in store.

Evils exist, but they have been greatly exaggerated. There are fewer trusts than people imagine. In some cases they operate for the good of the people rather than for harm. But there is a growing tendency that must be checked. The democratic sentiment of the American people will not countenance any seeming abridgement of the people's rights and the trust idea is hateful in the popular mind. The danger in the present situation is apparent in the admission which most sensible people are ready to make—that Bryan would have been elected had there been no anarchy in the Chicago platform, and had the candidate taken a conservative position in antagonism to monopolies and trusts.

Will the leaders of the party, mindful of the danger that is ahead, be brave enough to grapple with the question that proved too much in Mr. Cleveland's administration? Major McKinley is an intelligent, broad minded, patriotic man.

He knows the danger, and despite the assertion that he is the representative of the trusts and capitalists, he will, in all likelihood, meet the issue. Should he act, it would not be as a demagogue, but as a patriotic statesman.

GOURIER PRIZE CONTEST.

A number of stories have been sent to "The Courier" and entered in the competition for the prize. The editor reserves the right to print any or all of the stories sent in whether they receive the prize or not. This notice will be printed in the paper until the announcement of the prizes. Any who may object to the stipulation may withdraw his story from competition at any time before November 30.

The judges are John H. Ames, W. F. Summers and the Rev. H. Percy Silver. The manuscripts are to be handed to the judges without any names written upon them and the prizes will be awarded to a letter or to a number.

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