

ture, in driving the Spanish from their American residence in Cuba. No college boy whose conscience has been quickened by years spent in the study of conclusions based on abstract truths and the beauties and harmonies of science could speak with greater love of country and scorn of cruelty and baseness, nor be influenced so little by sordid designs of territorial acquisition. They have recurred in their language to the declaration of the Fourth of July, 1776, with a heartiness that shames all those who have thought the senate of the United States capable at a supreme moment of being influenced by any other sentiment than undivided love of country. Nobody knows how long the war will last, or how much treasure or how many lives it will cost. We only know that a naval war with the matter-annihilating explosives of the century will be more horrible than Jules Verne's most impossible flights of imagination. The war may kill and destroy so much that the nations of the earth will agree not to fight again. It must come to that point some time and the American-Spanish war may bring that conclusion within reach of the world.

But war is not an unmixed evil. Like death in a family it makes union stronger. The strenuous sacrifice of the civil war made heroes and heroines of commonplace men and women who would otherwise have lived longer and altogether trivial lives. Nothing which stimulates patriotism and encourages individual self sacrifice for the good of the whole is to be avoided. When war is no more some recurrent and universal passion which seizes upon men and induces them in companies to struggle and die, must take its place. Else the strenuous and the serious, which has made the mothers' sons, born between the years of 1860 and 1870 into men of might and high courage, will be lacking. The absence of tradition and of hereditary social position in this country makes money about the only dictator of place and power. The tendency of a long continued peace is to reduce the number of prizes to be striven for to one and that one—money. The reproach that the dollar is king in America is not altogether undeserved. National peril and long trenches filled with our clean limbed, clear-eyed young soldiers, will bring back again colonial ideals of what life is for.

Although the Maine massacre is not alleged as the cause of the approaching American-Spanish war, it is none the less the *casus belli*. No one will admit that we would give up treasure and blood for an abstract principle and general love of freedom and a desire to see it spread all over the face of the earth. We do not want Cuba because we can not handle our own population with the results that the Declaration of Independence seems to promise. The debt that we must assure if we take Cuba and may be obliged to guarantee anyway if we drive Spain out, counterbalances any attractions the sugar island may offer. We are disgusted with the long cruel campaign carried on by the Spaniards in Cuba, but no more so than we were before the Maine massacre when there was no formal thought of demanding, as we have now done, Spanish evacuation. The fact is we are maddened to the point of revenge by the murder of the sailors and we are not primitive enough to acknowledge it. The preservation of international dignity seems to have demanded that we fight for a few negroes, for whom we do not care instead of our own sailors whose bodies lie rotting in the mud of Havana harbor. But all the same the

unofficial common people who will make up the army that will finally convince Spain she is *de trop* on this side of the ocean know better. They are not fighting for an abstract principle. That is ever too bodiless to create the desire for revenge that thousands of men are willing to die to attain. The spirit which makes every American citizen a part of the whole resents being maimed of 266 members of the union and that is what's the matter. If it were not for this spirit the union would be weak instead of the vital impregnable bond it is.

The last installment of Henry James' ghost story which has been running in Collier's Weekly has appeared, and the last chapters keep up the interest to the end. Imagine a climax prophesied in the first page and in every succeeding one, everlastingly dreaded, always suspended and mastering the characters, and the readers until the last sentence of the final paragraph. Such a story is Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," referred to in these columns several weeks ago. Mr. James in a communication concerning Du Maurier which appeared in one of Harper's publications while Trilby was running in Harper's Weekly, said that Du Maurier had told him the plots of many stories which he had in reserve. This was in response to a confession from Mr. James that the most difficult part of composition was the conception of a plot. Now "The Turn of the Screw" has certain Du Maurieresque features, viz.; idealized childhood, mysticism, the very suspension of the plot till the denouement, suspended but momentarily threatening a cataclysmic revelation. If it were not an imputation against Mr. James' versatility I should be sure that the plot of this story was supplied him by Mr. Du Maurier. The little girl and boy of the "Turn of the Screw" lack only the Du Maurier illustrations to be Trilby and little Peter Ibbetson. Their unreal sweetness, goodness and supernatural beauty, even the confidential tone of the narration, are of George Du Maurier and not of Henry James. The latter's method is decidedly not to be on familiar terms with his probably unlettered and positively uninteresting readers. But he has learned a trick of Du Maurier as well as a plot and the manuscript is read to a group of friends around a fire place and under circumstances in which his usual hauteur would be quite out of place.

The climax of the story is intensely longed for. With an exquisite art, all his own and more literary than that of the gentlemen who loaned him the plot, Mr. James has shown the influence of two evil ghosts or spirits upon the naturally transparently brilliant, and pure minds of two little children. Their governess finds out that these children are in the constant presence of an evil looking man and woman who or which when alive were pariahs. They communicate with the little brother and sister who can see them and understand them and are gradually teaching them evil, when the governess appears. After a little while she too, sees the boogers whom the children love. She sees that the children know that she sees them but they never speak of the presence. Miles and his sister who is only six years feel that the governess is exerting all her love and goodness to blot out the apparitions and the counter strategy which they use to nullify her influence and retain their mysterious but soul destroying spooks is the substance of the story. Finally the governess gets control of Miles—the boy, so that he can no longer see the bad ghost who has been intoxicating him

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#### A FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

I mind the day—when meadowward I turned my weary eyes—  
Eyes wearied by the wisdom of a sage;  
And when, with vision cleared, I sought my task—to my surprise,  
I found this four-leafed clover on my open page.

Ah! me.

I found this four-leafed clover on my open page.

A little maid had left it there—a maid who always found

The sweet rare things that on this sad earth grew;

A maid with ears attuned for spring's first rapturous sound;

With ears attuned for notes that spring ne'er knew;

Ah! me.

With ears attuned for notes that spring ne'er knew.

'Twixt sweet rare things of earth—and heaven—the distance is not great;

Come swift fulfillment of the promise fair,

In pastures green, beyond the hills of God is little Kate.

I did not in the clover's omen share;

Ah! me.

I did not in the clover's omen share.

—Mary Day Harris.

Citizen—Unless my eyes deceive me, you are the party I gave ten cents to yesterday.

Beggar—I am, sir. Did you think a dime would make a new man of me?

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