

him not to have anything to do with the women folks," and that hereafter he will first find out what they (meaning women folks) want and then decide that way.

Just as it is with men's organizations, the principal difference of opinion concerned the offices. In addition to the usual president, secretary, treasurer and auditor, the D. A. R. elects twenty vice-presidents general, so that there is about five times the ordinary number of honors to be divided among the members of the order. It is not unnatural that there should be an extraordinary effort to divide them with some fairness among the states represented by the delegates. The newspaper correspondents have seen fit to make fun of the meetings of the organization, the discussions and the lobbyings. They are ignorant of the spirit which animates the organization and are of course entirely out of sympathy with the ambitions, legitimate and honorable though they may be, of the members. Any meeting of men, however turbulent it may be, is treated with a semblance of intelligence and respect, but these meetings of women have been reported by the Washington correspondents with an imbecile facetiae that would be unpardonable in a good circus clown. The D. A. R. has an admirable *raison d'être*, a dignified membership and an enviable and honorable, if short, history. There is no reason at all why the annual sessions should not be treated by the press with respect or failing, in which it should not be excluded altogether.

What is fame? The beautiful little poem published three weeks ago in THE COURIER called "The Weaver," by the late Mr. Oscar A. Mullon was copied in a Nebraska paper called The Surprise, which is too frequently a surprise in the way of typography and make up. In this case the editor gave no credit either to the author or the paper from which it was taken, for the poem was signed Mr. Oscar A. Muldoon and it appeared to have been written for The Surprise, whose insides recently appeared upside down.

Although nothing has been definitely proven by the committee investigating Auditor Cornell, conclusions from Palm's letters are unavoidable and the populist and republican mind seems to be made up so strongly as to his guilt that whether the investigation reveals anything further or not, the result will be the same.

This account of Mr. Sage's posthumous generosity is interesting: By the will in which Russell Sage disposes of his estates, fully nine-tenths of his enormous fortune are devoted to purposes of charity, education and art. It will be the grandest bequest to the public ever made by an individual since the time of Artemisia. During his lifetime, of which the "great dailies" publish such beautiful stories, Sage has been a miser, a skinflint, a usurer; he has perjured himself for years and years to evade payment of his just share in the communal expenses; he has been pretty much everything that a patriotic and useful citizen of the republic should not be. But it was only that he might increase the magnificent fortune that he purposes to devote to posterity. He would have preferred to maintain his ugly reputation to the end, but some of the "great dailies" that have learned his noble intentions prefer that his real intentions should be discovered while he is still with us to enjoy the surprise.

The Capital, a weekly reflex of Washington matters—national, political and social—uses a protest of Assistant

Secretary of War Meiklejohn to illustrate its cover this week. From its editorial comment of this eminent Nebraskan I extract the following:

Assistant Secretary of War George D. Meiklejohn impresses me as a man of force, a man of thought, and there can be no question as to his marvelous capacity for work. He has done a great deal for the war department during our little "set to" with Spain. Mr. Meiklejohn has had pretty nearly all of the details of this late war to look after, and he has looked after them conscientiously and intelligently.

Mr. Meiklejohn is an energetic man, possessing a high order of executive ability, a clear, comprehensive insight of human nature, a quick and just decision, which is relieved from brusqueness by a kindly courtesy, all of which enable him to execute the multitudinous and harassing duties of his office without friction and to the great benefit of the war department. One leaves his presence with increased faith in humanity. The members of the International Brotherhood League are particularly indebted to him for the valuable assistance he rendered in the war relief work.

Is that not a record to be proud of? Yes.

THE PASSING SHOW WILLA CATHER

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a force to be reckoned with. You can count upon the fingers of one hand the Englishmen from whom a new volume could excite as much interest throughout the entire English speaking world, or could mean as much to English letters. He is read with pleasure by admirers of Miss Correlli, and he is read with unfeeling astonishment and admiration by the clientele of Henry James, limited. He has been published in the "Ladies' Home Journal," side by side with Mr. Bok's advice to young men, and he has been taken seriously in the pages of the Edinburgh "Review." In short, he is a fact in English literature, known and felt by the many, disputed, perhaps, but always admitted by the few. Aside from his prodigious dexterity of execution, his methods, always unusual and often unprecedented, which compel the admiration of all lovers of good craftsmanship, he has an impassioned, never wavering interest in things vital and present which appeals to all men of affairs. So he has accomplished the seemingly impossible, and is Greek to the Greeks and barbarian to the barbarians, honored by two factions that love not to mingle their incense.

The title of Mr. Kipling's last volume, "The Day's Work," might be said to cover his entire literary output. No man has ever written more persistently or more vividly of the affairs which engage the daily life of men. If Mr. Kipling knows that there are men of leisure in the world, he has never said so. The dilettante, who has always so important a place in novels, and who is still not without honor in the fiction of Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, Mr. Kipling holds as beneath his contempt. The world has been a great many centuries in evolving its present gigantic industries, but Mr. Kipling is the first man who has ever written of them seriously or sympathetically. Steam was discovered in 1769, yet mechanics and poetry first met in "McAndrew's Hymn" and De Musset half a century before, had declared them forever incompatible and antagonistic. The English army has been fighting and sweating and dying in India, in Asia and the Soudan for a century or more, yet it was Kipling who first introduced the English soldier to the English people. The nucleus of Anglo-Indian society, was formed when Clive's troopers marched into the interior, yet no one knew anything about it until the appearance of "Soldiers Three" and "Mine

Own People." Edmund Gosse said, years ago when Kipling was in his first vogue and his place in literature not at all assured, that if the British empire in India should become a thing of the past, those stories would be more valuable to the historian of the future than all the tons of government reports ever mailed to England. When Zola wrote "L'Assommoir" he declared that it was "the first story of the people that had the smell of the people." Certainly Mr. Kipling is the first English author who has abandoned the smug standpoint of the quarterdeck and gone down to find what life was like before the mast. "The Bridge Builders" is one of the most characteristic stories in the present volume. Findlayson was a civil engineer who was building a bridge over the Ganges. He had been building it for three years. He had changed the face of the country for miles around; burrowed out pits and thrown up embankments, and seen a village of workmen grow up and about him. "He had endured heat and cold, disappointment, discomfort, danger and disease." Meantime the bridge grew, "plate by plate, girder by girder, span by span," and "Findlayson" built his life into the bridge. Even "Peroo," the native overseer, says, "My honor is the honor of the bridge." That is Mr. Kipling's idea of work. I fancy, moreover, that it is the spirit in which he works. He finds energy the most wonderful and terrible and beautiful thing in the universe; the energy of great machines, of animals in their hunt for prey, of men in their hand-to-hand fight for a foothold in the world. He has found in this energy subject matter for art, whereas it has previously been considered the exclusive province of science. An inevitable accompaniment of this worship of force is his keen interest in the entire physical world, and his sympathy for workmen in every field, and his insatiable avidity for the details of every trade. Give him the routine of a man's business, and he will make the man for you. Where he has acquired all his minute technical knowledge of bridge building, coal fishing, railroading, jungle creatures, army and civil life, his accurate and sympathetic knowledge of topography, that is a part of his genius and nature's secret. Enumeration, which has somehow come to be reckoned as one of the innovations of realism, is as old as the Catalogue of the Ships in the Iliad, and Mr. Kipling's use of it is not unlike Homer's. He can take a list of facts as dull as an extract from a report of the treasury bureau of statistics, and with a few deft touches, behold! it is a throb with life, clear and vivid, and complete as a sketch by Meissonier. Take the following extract from his remarkable railroad story, "007," descriptive of a freight yard in a great city.

"007 pushed out gingerly his heart in his head light, so nervous that the sound of his own bell almost made him jump the track. Lanterns waved, advanced up and down before and behind him; and on every side, six tracks deep, sliding backward and forward, with clashing of couplers and squeals of hand brakes, were cars—more cars than 007 had ever dreamed of. There were oil-cars, hay-cars and stock cars full of lowing beasts, and ore-cars and potato-cars with stove-pipe ends sticking out in the middle; cold-storage and refrigerator cars dripping ice water on the tracks; ventilated fruit and milk cars; flat cars and truck-wagons full of market stuff; flat cars loaded with reapers and binders, all red and green and gilt under the sizzling electric lights; flat cars piled high with strong-scented hides, pleasant hemlock plank, or bundles of shingles; flat cars creaking to the weight of thirty-ton castings, angle-irons and rivet-boxes for some new bridge; and hundreds and

hundreds of box cars, loaded, locked and chalked."

There is just one other man alive who could have written that paragraph, and that is Zola himself. But he would not have stopped there; he would have gone at length into the sufferings of the hearts in the stock cars, and insisted that the potatoes were rotten, and that the hides dripped with blood; he would have described the reapers and binders individually and separately; it is not unlikely that he would have catalogued the different bridge castings, and he would remorselessly have extracted every evil smell that is to be got out of a freight yard. Yet these two men, different as they are, are the only living writers who have at their command the virility of the epic manner, unless one include the author of "With Fire and Sword." Each is, in his own way, a master of detail, and their management of it is different as the men themselves. The one at his Herculean tasks throws up mountains of facts that it is impossible to remember; the other concentrates all his knowledge into a few sharp, stinging sentences that cut clean to the heart of the matter and that it is impossible to forget. It is the old story of the hammer and rapier.

It is in this vast and minute knowledge and in an effective and amazingly original use of it that Mr. Kipling has grown. But in depth, in grace, in noble seriousness he has advanced not at all. For the last ten years his development has been of the hand rather than spiritual. Had "Captains Courageous" and "The Day's Work" been his first productions they would have made, doubtless, a noise in the world, but they would not have done for their author what "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Soldiers Three" did. In his new book one finds no such masterpieces as "The Man Who Would Be King" or "On the City Wall," no such poetic paragraphs as once kindled the dullest imagination, no such depth of tenderness as awed the most irreverent of us in "Without Benefit of Clergy." I find in "The Day's Work" no such passages as this, from "Dray Wara Yow Der."

"Come back with me to the north and be among men once more. Come back, when this matter is accomplished and I call for thee! The bloom of the peach orchards is upon all the valley, and here is only dust and a great stink. There is a pleasant wind among the mulberry tree, and the streams are bright with snow-water, and the caravans go up and the caravans go down, and a hundred fires sparkle in the gut of the pass, and tent-peg answers hammer-nose, and the pack-horse squeals to pack-horse across the drift smoke of the evening. It is good in the north now. Come back with me. Let us return to our own people! Come!"

That, by your leave, is worth all the descriptions of all the freight yards in the world. Time was when Mr. Kipling brought into our lives a beauty wild and strange, when he promised to create a literature as unique as the "Arabian Nights," when he was very near indeed to the face of "The True Romance."

A part of the greatness of a man of genius is to know what subjects are worthy of him, what of all the things he can do well are best worth his doing. In this instinct Mr. Kipling seems to be woefully deficient. He is dangerously clever and he has a taste for farce, and these two propensities lead him into many a tour de force unworthy of his high talent. Admitting that the "Mrs. Hawkshaw" stories were cheap in their knowingness; that "The Story of the Gadsbys" was an atrocious precocity in a youth of 20, they were better worth