

will be no immoral shows and no gambling. Chief of Police Hoagland has expressed himself in no uncertain terms regarding his opposition to gambling and the men who try it will run greater risks than under the late Graham administration.

Nebraska Enthusiasm.

As the battle flags whipped into fringe by the Luzon winds came in sight every man wished his neighbor would cheer for his own throat was choked. It is true that the First carried their colors through a silent throng on Thursday, and it was not because the people were not enthusiastic, but because the actual presence of the men who have done more fighting and harder fighting than any other regiment east or west in the Spanish-American war was suddenly and unexpectedly over-powering and the yelling was too deep for cheers. Then some of the boys limped and some had wan faces. And there was an oppressive sense of the absent ones and of the mothers and fathers who had shut the doors on the sound of the martial music. Therefore the cheering was only occasional and faint not because the crowd was apathetic, but because more than on any other public occasion in the history of this little town, the people were deeply moved.

As the stalwart, happy looking men wung along together in the stride they have kept for sixteen months, even the small boy whose tin horn was arrested half-way to his lips, felt that the glory of the country was passing by, that there in those young men who had made the First Nebraska famous, was the final element of the strength of the nation and even the small boy became reverent and regarded his tin horn doubtfully.

It is not to be denied that the Forby Guards was an anti-climax. The very young girls in uniform and wearing red-banded sailor hats lunched along in school girl fashion. They did not keep step nor stand upright and as a memorial to the brave Captain Forby they were, (to be most charitable) inadequate.

None of the soldiers can say too much in praise of Captain Forby. He was a brave man and a good officer. When he was brought into the hospital from the battlefield, the surgeon glanced at his wound and tied it up without a word. There was nothing to be done for him, and when the light faded out of his eyes two days after he had not groaned or complained or regretted his enlistment.

THE BABY.

You can't think what happened
one late summer morn,
A dear little damsel
with blue eyes was born;
Blue eyes and brown hair
now what could we say
To this sweet little damsel
one late summer day?

She looked all around
when she opened her eyes,
And, I'm sorry to say,
gave a few baby cries,
But what with the colic,
and hunger, and heat,
What could you expect
of our dear baby sweet?

With little hands seeming
to grasp at the air,
And a little head
covered with long, dark hair,
And little feet helplessly
kicking around,
Was the baby, that late
summer day that we found.

We wanted to give her
a nice name, and so
We all searched our brains
for a name that would "go,"
But we couldn't find any
that sweet enough were,
So we let them all rest
and just Babied her.

Miss Fay Hartley, nine years old wrote this poem welcoming her little sister and celebrating her arrival.—Ed.]

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world,
Who made him dead to rapture and despair;
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw,
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

Edward Markham.

Now that the Dreyfus matter is ended or at least one stage of it, the one man who will stand out pre-eminent above all the great and little men who have figured in the matter is Emile Zola, perhaps the greatest mind in France today. It is the man's first appeal to the popular sentiment, the first time that the eye of the world has taken stock in him seriously. Yet the courage of the hand that penned the "J'accuse" letter had been demonstrated long before when an author, poor, young and comparatively unknown, he took upon himself the great task of writing the twenty volumes of *Rougon-Macquart*, a series of novels which should completely depict one epoch of French society, which is, as he himself has said, "a world, a society, a civilization." Certainly it took much less courage to attack the French army in behalf of justice than to challenge the whole world in behalf of a theory of art. M. Zola's greatness as a man has not always been to his advantage as an artist. He is a theorist and the artist has never quite mastered the theorist. In his novel *Germinal*, however, the man and the artist are in perfect unity and perfect balance, all that is best in his magnificent genius and Titanic power goes to make this the greatest of labor novels. In *Germinal* we reach the third generation of the *Rougons*; we have *Gervaise* drink herself into the gutter and die of starvation in an attic in Paris; we have seen her daughter *Nana*, rise from the streets to the theatre, from the theatre to noblemen's houses, we have seen how she wrecked the oldest families and squandered the largest fortunes in France, how the forests of Brittany were cut down to fill her wardrobe, how leagues from Paris, miners toiled in the black bowels of the earth to buy her jewels, how she drove a whole city mad and corrupted an entire civilization. Now it is to *Etienne* that the master turns, *Nana's* elder brother, who went to work in the Voreux mines. *Germinal* is more than a novel, it is the epic labor. Nowhere are the forces of master and workmen arrayed in so tremendous a drama. *Etienne* is a socialist without the power of reasoning, an uneducated man who reads Ruskin and Darwin and reads them just as the son of *Gervaise* who

drank herself to death. His blood was heated and his reason distorted before he was born, he was crippled before the fight began. His brain is fired by a Russian exile who had been implicated in a plot to kill the Ozar and who had seen his wife hanged in the streets of Moscow. *Etienne* incites the miners to revolt and the strike which follows is the *raison d'être* of the book. What can a revolt of labor under the present conditions of society mean, and how must it end? That is the problem which M. Zola takes up. The strike is best followed through the fortunes of the Mahue family. Father Mahue is the best workman in the mine, sober, orderly, law-abiding, industrious. His ancestors have been miners for centuries, they have lain on their bellies pecking at the coal until they have hewn out gallery after gallery, undermined the country mile upon mile. All of them, men and women have lived in the darkness, in the foul air below the surface of the earth, where nature buries her dead of the ages and hides the secrets of her past. They have been covered with the grime of the mines and marked with soft soap until the hair of the race has become bleached and the skin discolored. Mahue's old father, who worked for fifty years in the mines, still lives with him, and Mahue himself has seven children, most of them too young to work. The comeliness and intelligence of the family are in the daughter, Catharine, who fills a car in the mine. The family has run a little into debt and owes a hundred sous and cannot pay it. Every pay day their immediate necessities swallow up their earnings, leaving nothing for the debt. Wages are cut, despair seizes father Mahue, and he joins the strikers. Then comes the step from half a loaf to no bread. Every want and necessity is reduced to one, bread. The Mahues, who were once so self-reliant and proud, send their children out to beg upon the highway. Mother Mahue pawns her betrothal gifts, the little ones' clothes, the cooking utensils. Nothing is left in the home but the colored picture of the Emperor on the wall. The children steal from each other and one boy becomes a precocious criminal. One of the girls dies, but the Mahues never weaken. When the strikers charge on the soldiers' mother Mahue, with her child at her breast taunts her husband with cowardice when he lags behind. He is shot down at her feet. Then only the young, helpless children and the mother are left, and the old, old man, who has witnessed so many tragedies and seen the mine swallow up generation after generation of his race. In every other family in the village the ravages of the strike are equally terrible. *Etienne* stands appalled at the desolation of the hurricane of revolt he had raised, heart-sick at the ruin of the Mahues, whom he loved. Still mother Mahue sits by her dead, famished, and curses Catharine who begs to be allowed to return to the mine to earn bread for the little children. Then, in the midst of all this misery, it dawns upon *Etienne* that when capital and labor war, capital can wait, while labor starves. That is what capital means; something ahead. He recalled the words of his Russian friend, *Jouvarine*:

"Increase the salaries. Why, they are fixed by an inexorable law at the smallest possible sum, just enough to allow the workmen to eat dry bread. If they fall too low, the workmen dies and the demand for new men makes them rise again. If they go up too high, the losses are so much greater that they drop again. It is the equilibrium of empty stomachs, the perpetual condemnation to a fate like that of the galley slave."

Then Catharine Mahue, whom *Etienne* had long loved but who had married big Cheval another miner, returned abused and deserted by her husband and turned to him for help. That swings the scale. The problem of life took on another form, and a new duty pressed closer than the old. He could starve himself, but he could not see the woman he loved go hungry. He bowed to the inexorable necessity which has defeated every revolution, the necessity of men for love. Together he and Catharine set out for the mine. On their way they met the Russian who started to warn *Etienne* that the strikers intended to wreck the mine and kill their comrades who returned to work. Then he looked at Catharine and understood why *Etienne* had recanted. "When there was a woman in the heart of a man, the man was finished, he could die. Perhaps he saw in a quick vision his mistress who was hung at Moscow, —the last link broken, which left him free as to the life of others or his own. He said simply, 'Go!'"

After *Etienne's* moral defeat and his return to the mine, the perspective in the great novel narrows, like the galleries of the mine itself. Everything is then concentrated upon the struggle of the man and woman for life and for each other, which of course is the immediate cause of all labor problems and the origin of labor itself. *Etienne* and Catharine are cut off in the mine, buried in the same gallery with Cheval, the woman's brutal husband. There, in the darkness, these men, already in the grave fight a duel to the death for the possession of this woman who is already the bride of Death. There is something awesome about that combat, something of the savagery of the stone age. So, when the world is cold, the two last survivors of their race may fight for the last woman in the world. *Etienne* is the victor, and Cheval's body falls back into the water that rose from the broken pumps. For nine days Catharine and her lover lie there in hunger and madness, listening to the picks of the rescuers from above. The water rises and brings them company. The body of big Cheval floats back to Catharine's feet. They push it away frantically, but always it floats back and rocks there in the water, jostling against them. He even floated between them in his obstinate jealousy. When the rescuers arrived, Catharine was dead.

It might seem that this is climax enough for any book, but Zola follows it by a greater and a nobler, a climax that would be almost unendurable, like some of Hugo's, were it not tempered by a simple and almost gentle approach. When *Etienne* recovers from his long illness in the hospital, he goes to the mine to bid farewell to his old comrades and asks for mother Mahue, mother Mahue who had been the strongest of them all, who had seen her children beg and die and cheered her husband to his death, who had cried defiance still when he lay dead before her.

"La Mahue, in blouse and pants, her head in a beguin, had arrived from the waiting room lamp in hand. It was a charitable exception that the company took pity upon her miserable condition, and had allowed her to descend at the age of forty years, and as it would have been difficult for her to roll again they set her to working a little ventilator which they had set up in the north gallery, in that hell-like region under la Tartaret where the air was bad. For ten hours, with bent back, she turned her wheel at the end of a hot opening, her skin parched by a high degree of heat, and for this toil she earned thirty sous.

When *Etienne* perceived her, pitiful, in her man's clothing he could not find words to tell her that he was going