

care and feeding, set them to serve him as counselors and to stand before him as objects of beauty. Daniel who was selected by the eunuch for his beauty and wisdom, refused the meat and wine and asked the chief eunuch, who was ordered by the king to see that he ate the prescribed menu, to try him on pulse for ten days and if his countenance did not shine more than the meat eaters and wine drinkers, at the end of that time, he would eat what the king commanded. The eunuch acknowledged that Daniel and his three friends were the best looking men in his charge and allowed him to order his own meals. A little while after, and before the expiration of the three years of preparation, the king had a dream which made a strong impression upon him but which he forgot before he woke. "Then the king commanded to call the magicians, and the astrologers, and the sorcerers, and the Chaldeans, for to show the king his dreams." But the sorcerers were amazed at the king's assurance in requiring them to tell him his dream. They professed to be able to read it when he should relate it to them. Thereupon the king was enraged, because he paid them a high salary for soothsaying, fed and lodged them in a palace, and finally had not required their services for months before. He sent them to the executioner and ordered their heads cut off, all for pretending to do what they could not do and taking pay for it. Then as Daniel had read dreams for less exalted persons about the palace, and read them correctly, the king's captain proposed Daniel at this time as an interpreter of the king's dream. The vegetarian appeared before him and after praying, the dream was revealed to him, so that when he told it to the king, "Nebuchadnezzar fell upon his face and worshipped Daniel, and commanded that they should offer an oblation and sweet odours unto him. Then the king made Daniel a great man, and gave him many great gifts, and made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon." Every body knows the dream that Nebuchadnezzar had as he slept that one night; the dream, whose interpretation made Daniel the second man in the kingdom.

The dream itself does not belong in this review of a book of dreams, although the great image that Daniel and the king saw is a powerful, true symbol of the stages of national decay. "This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay." It was a poetic, prophetic dream, and the significance and power of it impressed the king when he awoke, even though he could not remember the image.

Mr. Quiller-Couch says that his stories "are of 'revenants,' persons who either in spirit or in body revisit old scenes, return upon old selves or old emotions, or relate a message from a world beyond perception." He has a literary style that is charming in itself and by the curious intuitions that have taught him the substance of which all our dreams are wrought he has made a fascinating book. I feel king Nebuchadnezzar's gratitude towards the revealer of dreams.—"Q" may yet sit in the gate of the king and wear a silken robe, the gift of someone to whom he has revealed a quest long since abandoned in despair; but robes, place and the signet ring of Nebraska are said to be in the gift of Senator Dietrich or of his "control," Mr. D. E. Thompson, who has gone to Europe. And neither

of these potentates care for literature.

We are possessed, (all grown-up people) by the spirit of the past. The author who reveals the meaning of our dreams to us, who recalls the lovely past and makes it fairer still is quite in the way of becoming our favorite author. Du Maurier in Peter Ibbetson began to attach the sentimental dreamers of the world to him but he is dead and we are forgetting—so volatile is gratitude—that he quickened our imagination and we saw again the rain bow and heard the birds again. "Q" is less graphic than Du Maurier. We do not see his ponds and trees in such a clear light, his skies are wetter and his atmosphere requires sympathy to make it real. "Q" is more of a snob than the beloved Du Maurier whose name I never hear that I do not reverently think "God rest him." "Q" keeps his distance and we keep ours, patiently waiting for a little manifestation of sociability. But his selection of an initial for a nom-de-plume shows a desire for a veiled personality, especially in a time when it is the custom for authors to sign three full names and spell them out in every communication to the public. "Q" is a Welshman bred, if not born. His stories are laid in Wales and he is too modern an author, his style is convincing and his stories have too many open-air effects not to have been studied for a scholarly season from life. Welshmen have a coolness and separateness, a reserve that reminds one of the New England form of self-possession. Such reserve is not without charm and challenge, but if persisted in "Q's" hauteur is likely to reach the Henry James stage and that is fatal to popularity. Thackeray's confidential asides to the reader are out of style, but the manner flatters a people, each one of whom is sure he could write a book or an epic if he had time and opportunity.

Indignant Kansas.

Miss Willa Cather's story in the New England Magazine for June, called "El Dorado; A Kansas Recessional" is enraging the Kansas people as Mrs. Peattie's Nebraska stories enraged us. If writers would tell the truth about us, meaning Kansas and Nebraska, nobody, not even the largest real estate dealers in the two states, would object, for the truth and the whole truth would be a magnificent advertisement of the resources and wealth-producing capacity of this region. A few nerveless settlers who can talk longer than they will plow, ascribe their scanty crops to the soil, climate and to the trusts. A story-writer who is looking for material is not difficult to convince of a tragedy. Miss Cather, however, has lived long enough in Nebraska to learn the truth about this region. Mrs. Peattie lived in Omaha, Miss French lived in Iowa when they composed moving tales about arid, sun-dried plains that failed to raise a crop oftener than once in five years. Miss Cather's early home was in Red Cloud, Nebraska. According to this review in the Kansas City Journal, it appears that she never visited the spot of which she writes with her customary grace and picturesqueness.

"Of all the slanders designed to defame a region as fair as the Garden of Eden this story in its descriptive features is the worst ever. 'People,' it says, 'who have been so unfortunate as to have traveled in western Kansas will remember the Solomon valley for its unique and peculiar desolation. The hot winds and the little river have been contending for the empire of the valley for years, and the river has had decidedly the worst of it. Never having been a

notably ambitious stream, in time it grew tired of giving its strength to moisten barren fields and corn that never matured. Beyond the river rose the bluffs, ragged, broken, covered with ragged red grass and bare of trees, save for a few stunted oaks that grew upon their steep sides. They were pathetic little trees, that sent their roots down through thirty feet of hard clay bluff to the river level. They were as old as the first settlers could remember, and yet no one could assert that they had ever grown an inch. They seldom, if ever, bore acorns. The tilled fields were even more discouraging to look upon than the unbroken land. Although it was late in the autumn, the corn was not three feet high. The leaves were seared and yellow, and as for tassels, there were none. Nature always dispenses with superfluous appendages; and what use had Solomon valley for corn tassels? Ears were only a tradition there, fabulous fruits like the golden apples of the Hesperides; and many a brawny Hercules had died in his own sweat trying to obtain them.'

"Yet, after all, it will be difficult for the people of the Solomon valley to get angry with this historian or topographer. His ignorance of the valley of which he writes is so colossal that it is excused by the humor which it cannot fail to suggest. His idea that corn doesn't find it worth while to tassel out in a region where fields of this grain average fifteen feet high and yield three to four ears to the stalk, is so anachronistic as to make one laugh, while one may search in vain on the green or brown prairies for samples of that 'red grass.' And his description of the pathetic little oak trees which cannot bring themselves to bearing acorns is all the more touching from the fact that oak trees do not grow at all along the Solomon bluffs in western Kansas. But it is the people of the Solomon valley and the author for it. And here, by the way, we are probably in error ourselves in using the masculine pronoun, for the author is given the name of Willa Sibert Cather—indicating a woman, who, according to the chivalrous code of western Kansas, cannot be killed and scalped."

The Dayton Strike.

Trades unions have had in Dayton, Ohio, the most favorable environment for rational development. The president of the National Cash Register company, Mr. John Patterson, is, or was before this last strike of his employes, in favor of labor unions. The concessions which his employes have thought fit to demand he has invariably granted. To improve the condition of its employes the company has annually expended two per cent of the amount of the pay rolls. About four years ago the company voluntarily reduced the number of working hours of all employes from ten, to nine and one half hours, without reducing the pay. When the twenty-seven molders quit work they were receiving from four to four and one half dollars a day, of nine hours. They were all working on piece work and doing as much work per day as the union allowed men to finish. According to the rules of the union to which the molders belonged they could not receive any more per day nor do any more work. At eleven o'clock on the morning of May 3rd, the molders' union demanded that the N. C. R. company reinstate four men two of whom were discharged last January because there was not enough work in the factory to keep them busy, and two were discharged last April, one for excessive losses in his product and one for using bad language in the shop and for insubordination to the foreman of the shop. The last two men were not dismissed on the recommendation of the foreman without a comprehensive investigation conducted personally by the president of the company. The demand for reinstatement was met by an invitation to arbitration; the molders to appoint two men, the company two men and the four to choose one more. The molders ignored the

offer of arbitration and on two o'clock of the day on which they had preferred their request at eleven, walked out. Soon after the works shut down.

Dayton, Ohio, has been the model town. The example of the amity and good will existing between John H. Patterson and his employes has been written and talked about in every recent discussion of factory labor. The Dayton door-yards have been pictured in the magazines, the Dayton cottages belonging to the Cash Register company's employes have not been slighted by the magazines and illustrated papers. Ameliorators of all kinds have talked with a pathetic break in their voices about the love between John Patterson and his employes. It is hard to believe that this perfect welding has at last cracked. Or it would be difficult to credit it, were it not for the story of paradise lost and the discontent of the devil even in heaven. O everlasting coincidence and repetition! the trouble in Dayton is the same as it was in heaven. Lucifer was not dissatisfied with the Lord's treatment of the other angels although he made them think that it was a noble concern for them that induced him to leave heaven. There was nothing wrong with the hours of praise or with the instruments or supplies with which the heavenly choir was furnished, for it has been concluded that Satan's job before the fall was chorister and first tenor, but he objected to a subordinate place and to taking orders from some one from aeon to aeon. Another thing he could not endure was the continual praise. And this latter irritation has affected Dayton employes.

Even the first set of angels of heaven revolted against authority. John Patterson is suffering the reflex action of petting. Job was the first victim to being quoted too often and praised too much. He was the occasion of the devil's second revolt against pets. And the Lord must have recognized some justice in his plea, for he delivered Job into his power. Then there was Hobson and at last Dewey, and even Teddy's day may come. At any rate the hero of San Juan is keeping still in these, the days of his vice presidency. Americans are kings in their own right and a too-prolonged elevation of one man threatens the supremacy of each individual and they begin casting about for a pretext to dethrone him. John Patterson was canonized before his death, and some of his employes tired of the sight of his halo, and the song of his virtues. Notwithstanding the distance of Nebraska from Ohio, we confess that we were tired of hearing about the goodness and kindness of John Patterson, too.

His beneficiaries dependent upon him for their daily bread, decided to try his piety and patience even as the devil tried Job. They were getting discouraged in their attempt. He yielded to every demand. To this last one he offered arbitration, and they walked out in triumph at last. He has provided for his employes free baths, free coffee, free reading rooms and a library, free recreation of various kinds and, last great boon to the women, a free laundry. The American workman's good will is not to be bought. Pullman tried to make all his employes good and clean and temperate, in his model village which he set out on a green prairie just as a child sets his Noah's ark houses, animals and people about on the carpet. It nearly broke Mr. Pullman's heart because his people wanted to arrange their own dooryards, to have them dirty and not nearly so nice, as his plan. It is so in Dayton. The people feel that they are being used to