

THE COURIER

VOL. 9. No. 40.

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ENTERED AT THE LINCOLN POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

OFFICE 217 North Eleventh St.

TELEPHONE 90

W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR.

LUTE H. MORSE, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$2 00	Three months.....	50c.
Six months.....	1 00	One month.....	30c.
Single copies.....	Five cents.		

For sale at all news stands in this city and Omaha and on all trains.
A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

The appearance of "Trilby" in book form has caused a great jogging of the literary firmament. Criticisms and reviews of Du Maurier's beautiful story fill the periodicals and daily newspapers, and if Professor Sherman, of the University of Nebraska, and incidentally literary critic for the *Evening News*, looks for anything like a general vindication of his own judgment of the book among these latest expressions of the book reviewers and readers, he will not find it. Indeed it is doubtful if he can find a single intelligent critic who will sustain him in his peculiar position. Professor Sherman, it will be remembered, was entirely untouched by the fine sentiment and grace and simplicity in "Trilby," and could see nothing good in it. He went so far as to jump on the book with both his dainty feet, figuratively speaking, declaring that it is immoral, and unfit to be read in respectable homes. *Harpers Magazine*, the professor said, did wrong in sending such a wicked story out into the world. The author of "The Analytics of Literature" enjoys the distinction of standing alone in what might be called an ultraprudish attitude toward a book that is bound to be read for many years by people who will derive much pleasure from it without ever discovering that it is immoral.

Somebody in the *Sunday Journal*, not far removed from Professor Sherman's influence we should say, has an intelligent and appreciative note of comment on "Trilby." This writer says: "She has come to us at last in book form—Trilby the much talked of, Trilby the well beloved. There has never been a heroine made for years that people have taken into their hearts and lives and love as they have Trilby. Critics say 'Thackeray, Thackeray, Thackeray; but Thackeray's heroines are not lovable, though his heroes are. Thackeray never made a woman whom one could love. Of course there have been noble women enough in fiction, indeed almost too many 'noble women.' There is even Charles Dudley Warner's 'Edith of the Golden Home,' concerning whom we are all anxiously awaiting future intelligence. O yes! there are plenty of admirable heroines, perfect Minervas and Hermiones, but some way poor little Trilby seemed to need love so and everybody gave it to her. The merchant in his country home, the broker at his desk, the painter at his easel, the actor in the fliee, we all of us loved her so dearly that she was an experience in our lives. The strange part of it was that it was the good people who loved her the most. The people who were

really and greatly good like little Billee loved her just as he did. The world has been just to Trilby; it has loved her and not been ashamed to say so. For six months the English speaking peoples have talked of little else. It may be unreasonable, but it is true that this little studio girl, who posed for the 'altogether' with her pretty foot, her army coat and taint of Bohemia, will go to her place in literature and on our book shelves more beloved than all the righteous and cultured Evandes and Bernardines and Marcellas which these fretful times have called forth."

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, whose delicate and incisive literary contributions to the *World-Herald* are much admired, had an elaborate review of "Trilby" in last Sunday's edition of that paper. Mrs. Peattie is charmed with "Trilby," and she gives us a delightful article. She repeats the story of Whistler's appearance in the story under a thin disguise as follows: "Yesterday the story was issued from the press in book form, and in a few days will be generally upon the market, and can be found at any book store. There has been some delay about its publication, because Mr. Whistler, who is one of the characters—disguised, of course, by another name—considered the disguise not thick enough, and threatened to sue Harpers for libel if they did not have his features disguised. For, since Du Maurier drew his own pictures and illustrated his tale very profusely, it was only natural that he should have drawn bona fide portraits of many of the artists who figured as characters. The picture of 'Sibley,' otherwise Mr. Whistler, was too unmistakable, and so Du Maurier was persuaded to put whiskers on Sibley and all goes well. All of which is so funny and so characteristic of Mr. Whistler that one is rather glad it happened."

Mrs. Peattie's impression of the book may be judged by the following sentences selected here and there from her review: "I have been completely Trilbyized; George du Maurier did it—Du Maurier whose humorous pictures had begun to pall on me and all of us—George du Maurier who insisted on serving us up one type of woman for years and years—George du Maurier who suddenly, when no one suspected of it, took to writing books, and who has given us two of the most lovable stories ever written in the English language." * * * It sounds as if it might be a tragedy. But really it isn't. It's a beautiful romance—one of the most beautiful ever written. Death—what is that but a part of life? It is the bad life not the good life that makes up a tragedy. * * * Ah but these ideals of true artist's brains are as actual as the women who walk the street before your eyes! It may be they can claim even a greater actuality. For you seldom remember the women you pass in your goings and comings in the middle of your daily work. But the woman who creeps into your heart is the woman of an artist. Stays with you forever. 'Hester Prynne,' and 'Dorothea Causabon' and 'Lizzie Hexam' and 'Anne' and 'Trilby' one does not meet women like these."

Our good friend Bixby the facile genius of the *State Journal* is pained because he has noticed in THE COURIER an appreciation of the cleverness of *Town Topics*. We would much prefer to confine our admiration to our own publications and our own literati; but if the *State Journal* and Mr. Bixby are lacking in those desirable qualities that we find elsewhere, we must insist on bestowing our approval where we will. *Town Topics* isn't always nice; but it is invariably clever. Some day, if Mr. Bixby continues to improve, we may be able to say as much for his interesting department in our morning contemporary.

Sleepy-Eye Cream Flour,

Warranted the BEST FLOUR in America.

Any Grocer can get it for you.

None Genuine without cut of Indian on back of sack.

J. K. Ives & Co., Wholesale Agts.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA