



Two recent events have served to recall Professor Sherman's criticism of "Trilby" which, it will be remembered, condemned the book as immoral. One is an advertisement of a local dry goods house which we noticed in the *Call* the other evening.

The advertisement used "Trilby's" name in connection with some underwear that the store was selling; and this use of her name was somewhat disagreeably suggestive. The other is, perhaps, more to the point. In the city of Paterson, N. J., there recently arose a discussion as to the morality of the heroine of Du Maurier's book, one enthusiastic admirer maintaining against all opposition that Trilby's relations with La Svengali were chaste, so far as her consciousness of them went. This gentleman, Mr. McCully, wrote to the author for a confirmation of his belief. He received the following, dated "New Grove House, Hampstead Heath, Oct. 31:"—"Dear Sir: In answer to your letter of September 24, I beg to say that you are right about Trilby. When free from mesmeric influence she lived with him as his daughter and was quite innocent of any other relation. In haste, yours very truly, Du Maurier." These words of Du Maurier's are interesting to those who have read "Trilby," as the girl's association with La Svengali has been productive of much discussion. The author's brief statement answers a query that many have wanted answered. But to Professor Sherman the book must of course remain indecent. Still we do not remember to have observed that anybody has ever been arrested for reading the book, or that it has been excluded from the mails.

"The Saunterer" in *Town Topics*, if Dr. Jones and his corps of professors on the *Journal* staff will pardon us for mentioning this interesting publication, says: "I hear that Governor Pennoyer of Oregon; Governor Waite, of Colorado; Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, and Governor Lewelling of Kansas, have organized a Refined Populist Crank Minstrel and Contortionist Variety Troupe, and will appear in the principal cities of the United States, Canada and Australia. As statesmen these gentlemen do not draw, but as clowns and contortionists they will undoubtedly score a success of curiosity." We presume that this information is correct, and we would suggest to the management of this aggregation the immediate employment of Mayor Weir, of this city. There isn't a braying ass in all the length and breadth of the country that can be compared to him. Weir is a dismal failure as mayor, but we believe, should he join

this troupe, in the above capacity, that he would be a profitable investment for his employers. We will back Weir against Waite or Pennoyer or Lewelling, or the rest of them, in braying, or in any other picturesque or spectacular capacity.

There was an interesting article in last Sunday's *Journal* about "Carnegie's Hard Luck." The sympathy of the people ought, undoubtedly, to go out to poor Mr. Carnegie; but most of us cannot repress the feeling that we would willingly change places with him, taking his hard luck along with his castles in Scotland and big stacks of money in this country.

Something over six months ago when *THE COURIER* was transformed, at considerable expense, from the usual weekly newspaper form into the present convenient, and, we believe, more attractive shape the improvements included a specially designed cover, that, to the horror of certain esthetic people, contained some advertisements. It was admitted that the cover was a beautiful design; but many of our friends criticized us severely for this alleged defacement. Replying to these critics we stated that the exigencies of the case and the prospect for a hard summer and a harder winter, compelled us, much to our regret, to sacrifice to a limited extent, art to bread and butter. But recently we have decided to go in for art and estheticism regardless of expense. We have taken off the cover and with it the advertisements, and *THE COURIER* is now being conducted with a supreme indifference to the demands of advertisers. We are going to be artistic at any cost. Our illustrations are prepared by the same artists who do the illustrating for *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, etc., and we trust our erstwhile critics and the public generally may appreciate our latest endeavor. We have elevated art into *THE COURIER*'s pages, and we feel that we have performed a good work.

## SUSPENSE.

[Written for *THE COURIER*.]

I asked if I might write to her  
Of trifling things and news;  
Perhaps my city notes might touch  
Her fancy and amuse.

She simply smiled and said that I  
Might write just as I pleased;  
And then she dropped her head and blushed,  
And I,—I knew she teased.

I wrote her all the news about  
The latest fads and things.  
Occasionally I would drop  
A hint of wedding rings.

I was the most devoted scribe,  
A woman ever met;  
As for her skill I cannot say,  
She hasn't answered yet.

H. S. KELLER.



1. Prof. Booker—Ah, there's nothing like a coal oil lamp for reading. You can carry it anywhere and read anywhere.



2. But not—



3. when banana peelings have been dropped on the floor.