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W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR.
LUTE H. MORSE, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

The women's club idea is just now uppermost in this city. Some persons have been bold enough, or foolish enough, to attack this segregation of the women; but they might have spared their pains. Indeed, the satirical criticism appears to have had the effect of accelerating the gait of the women toward the goal of what has been called "emancipation." A very slight philosophical consideration would have convinced these critics that they could in no way so effectively contribute to the development of the women's movement as by attacking it. The new woman has made her appearance, in Lincoln as elsewhere, and she has taken off her hat and things, and evidently, she means to stay.

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Meanwhile, what of the new man? He is, indeed, foreshadowed as one contemporary points out; indicated in resolutions passed at conferences of advanced women, and his silhouette fits through the pages of an occasional magazine emanating from the new school; but he is not yet here in the flesh. He remains an ideal, an abstraction.

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A picture is painted of the coming new man that shows him in a wholly "new" light. Morality, it is clear, ought to be something more than a verbal profession—it ought to spring from inner sentiment, and to be closely allied to modesty, following the reasoning of a contemporary that has discussed this subject. Given modesty of thought and modesty of demeanor among members of the male sex there would follow, as a matter of course, the new morality, which, in turn, would yield us a race of bashful, blushing men, coy in love, lacking in initiative, who would let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheek, rather than declare their sentiments.

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Nor would the change end here, following the same thought. Who can hardly doubt but that the new man, actuated by his new feelings, would be at some pains to disguise the contour of his figure? If he adhered to the "dual garment" sometimes known as trousers, he would probably puff it and frill it into fantastic shapes, and scrupulously avoid the slightest exposure of ankle. So with the bust. The athlete would blushingly fling aside his conventional garb as too indelicate. Side by side with these developments there could hardly fail to be a complete change effected in the inner man. Proposals for marriage would have to come in differently from either side. Indeed many new men would probably never get over a sort of maidenly repulsion to the opposite sex, and there would besides be little attraction to them in the prospect of mating with a creature as emotional and retiring as themselves. Virtue itself would become a drug in the market. It would cease to be prized, because temptation would cease to assail it.

But this is the view of scoffers like our friend Bixby, the poet of the *State Journal*, and under fire Bixby has been made to recant many of his views, which judged by the new light are heresies. The women, as we understand it, concede to men the major part of the characteristics that have descended to them from the time of Adam, who by the way, might have saved a lot of trouble by settling this question of equal rights at the start. The halo of light which surrounds the new women may illumine some of the dark places of man's environment, and cause him to skedaddle with a little more alacrity in the direction of progress and enlightenment. But the new women, hot on his trail, will still insist that a man be a man for all that. The new woman is, so far as our observation has extended, just as fond of being made love to, just as appreciative of consideration, as the old woman—or perhaps it would look better to say, the ante-emancipated woman; only the new man who is to be her concomitant will have to be a little finer in his work.

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Du Maurier—anything about Du Maurier is of interest these days, says "Trilby" cost him a year's hard work. "It looks natural, doesn't it?" he remarked to a friend the other day, "but it wasn't I can tell you, and with the success of that story I feel a deeper sense of responsibility about my next—of course I have another story in mind." By the way, it is no end of fun for a Trilbyite to run against somebody who reads things and keeps generally posted, but who, for some reason or other hasn't read "Trilby." There has been so much discussion about this book—so much has been written of Du Maurier and the altogether original heroine he has given us, that those who have missed the story are at the point where the innocent question, "Have you read 'Trilby'?" is liable to be followed by serious results. A few years back the people who hadn't read "Robert Elsmere" considered the advisability of forming a society and tagging themselves in self-protection; and the "Robert Elsmere" ripple was nothing to the "Trilby" billow that has been sweeping to and fro for lo! these many months.

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William Reed Dunroy, a young man who is taking advanced literary work at the University of Nebraska, has recently published an attractive little volume of poems entitled, "Blades From Nebraska Grasses," some extracts from which appear elsewhere in this issue of THE COURIER. Mr. Dunroy has had some newspaper experience, and has met with sufficient encouragement in his tributes to the Muses to induce him to devote himself to literature. The poems brought together in the published volume are modest efforts with a homely interest that attracts the casual reader. There is no attempt at impressive versification, simply the telling of a story in poetic form; but he has a delicate touch, and an artist's spirit, and whether in the verses that are redolent of the Nebraska fields, that tell of the rugged home life of the prairies, or in the ballads or bits of color and sentiment that are interspersed through the pages, the young author invariably pleases by his grace of expression. "Blades From Nebraska Grasses" is a very good beginning, and it is gratifying to record the fact that the book has been favorably received. Mr. Dunroy, it we mistake not, will be heard from in more ways than one during his residence in this city. THE COURIER will, from time to time, be favored with contributions from his pen.

MOVED.

She looked at him with pleading eyes.

"Don't," she implored, "be so cold with me."

Tears gathered, clung for an instant to her trembling lashes, and then coursed down her cheek.

"People will think we are just married," she faltered.

He started at her words, paled, hesitated a moment, gathered her in a warm embrace and kissed her violently.

OPPORTUNE.

The train robber shot the roof off the baggage car as he spoke.

"I am going to hold you up," he remarked.

The express messenger bowed.

"How fortunate," he exclaimed. "I was ready to sink into the earth when I saw you coming."

Saying which he withdrew into the woods while the outlaw discharged seven sticks of dynamite in rapid succession.