

# THE COURIER

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OBSERVATIONS

People who are fond of erotic discussions may find entertainment in a consideration of the problem in Sardou's play, "Helena," produced in this city last Saturday. The play is suggestive of "Romeo and Juliet." It is more sombre. Instead of the Montagues and Capulets there are the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Helena, a patrician, is made a captive by Orso, chief of an opposing tribe and outraged. She escapes a very tigress in fury. She goes out for vengeance and tries to kill her betrayer. The very minute Orso falls to the ground her loathing and passionate hatred leave her. Thinking he is dead she prays for him. He breathes and she loves him. She nurses him back to life and marries him, the outrager of her honor, the enemy of all her people, a plebeian of plebeians. The one strong thing in "Helena" is the sudden revulsion from violent hate to violent love. It was dramatic to a degree. Was it natural? Could such a thing have happened? Who can tell? If there is one thing that we know absolutely nothing about it is the human heart. Italians in the Fourteenth century did strange things tho' no stranger than the people of our own time. Sardou could have made Helena relent inch by inch; but that would not have been dramatic. And it may be that it would not have been more real. The majority of people think the act forced and improbable. Sardou has made a study of the passions—and he thought it probable. "Helena" will be remembered for that one scene.

A few people in Lincoln receive once each week, renewed evidence of the enthusiasm of Mr. N. S. Harwood and Mr.

Andrew Jackson Sawyer, and the remainder of a select coterie, for the political principles that were turned down with so much force and unanimity in this country, the first Tuesday in November. This enthusiasm, this loyalty to the great American dictator, Grover Cleveland, can find expression in one way only. It cannot jubilate in office, for the only federal office in this city worth having is in the hands of a gentleman whose democracy after much straining is yet far from being simon-pure, and is altogether unfit for assimilation with the original brand. It can only make itself known through the medium of the press. So, each week, Mr. Harwood and Mr. Sawyer and the other dyed-in-the-wools get together

politics. He disappeared one day—peace to his ashes. He left his name behind and Mr. Harwood used it to start his newspaper with. The Herald comes to The Courier office every Saturday and Mr. Harwood's publication is greatly enjoyed. This gentleman has shown rare versatility—probably this quality was first noticed when he suddenly changed his politics. He was a large and conspicuous success as a lawyer, and later when he was made president of a bank the whole city cried "Eureka." But his achievements in politics and law and banking are as nothing compared to his brilliant demonstration in journalism. He is more than doing credit to the memory of the departed Hildebrand. Under the freedom of his nom-

tion society were shocked. He slung in some cheerful expressions, such as: "Keep up the fire, boys." "Straight democracy will win." Last week there was something really important in the paper. Mr. Harwood, as is well known, is an intimate friend and counsellor of Secretary J. Sterling Morton. Under the circumstances his declaration in his own newspaper that "Sterling Morton, as a presidential candidate, will be a winner," may be viewed in the light of an official and authorized announcement of Mr. Morton's candidacy. Up to the time of this statement in the Herald Mr. Morton had maintained a discreet and diplomatic silence as to his intentions. The Herald is brimful of interesting things, but I do not think Mr.



and get out a newspaper of their own. For the benefit of many who may never have seen or heard of Mr. Harwood's newspaper, it is well to say that it is called the Herald, the name Major J. D. Calhoun's brilliant half-breed sheet was known by, and, as I have said once before, in these columns, Mr. Harwood, who is the editor-in-chief, sees fit to issue it under the nom-de-plume of J. G. P. Hildebrand. There used to be a man named Hildebrand. He may be remembered by a few people in Lincoln and Nebraska. Col. Jerusalem Gustavus Perseverance Hildebrand was a pretty decent sort of a fellow, though rather given to the unholy pastime known as

de-plume he writes things that Hildebrand at his best could not have equalled. Mr. Harwood is doing what has, perhaps, never been done before. He is running a newspaper without subscribers, without advertising patrons. But then he has his law firm and the bank and the pockets of other easy-conditioned dyed-in-the-wools to draw from, and it is said that a pay day is never missed in the Herald office.

Two weeks ago, after election, Mr. Harwood got a bit excited and remarked in the Herald: "It went—L. bent." This was a good deal like swearing, and some members of the charity organiza-

tion society were shocked. He slung in some cheerful expressions, such as: "Schlatter skipped out because there were too many republican leg-pullers after him." Mr. Harwood, as editor, should be careful to preserve that dignity that marked him as a lawyer and banker.

A couple of weeks ago in discussing the Tale of a Button, a romance that is now almost as widely read as "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" I said it was the little things that cause the biggest rumpuses. A woman in New Haven made a little remark a few weeks ago that is causing quite as much discussion as the incident of the