



# THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1897.



ENTERED IN THE POSTOFFICE AT LINCOLN AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.

Telephone 384.

SARAH C. HARRIS, Editor  
DORA BACHELLER, Business Manager

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$ 2 00
Six months.....	1 00
Three months.....	50
One month.....	20
Single copies.....	05



## OBSERVATIONS.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for September there is a sketch of the Nashville Centennial, written and illustrated by F. Hopkinson Smith, a clever *litterateur* and accomplished art critic. For many reasons it is a charming article. Its light touch, its gleams of humor and sentiment playing about the blade of criticism, its scraps of anecdote and its avoidance of tedious description, no less than the modest length of it, make a combination quite unlike most writings of its kind. But perhaps the feature that concerns us most of all, in view of our own coming exposition, is its revelation of how the great outside world of letters, art, and intelligence generally, puts up to its eye the lorgnon of experience, and gives out cold its comments, good, bad and indifferent, on the event.

It is always a useful lesson to study how others see us; and it is also a wise thing to provide beforehand that they shall not see us in an unfavorable light. The West is a very young country; we ought not to forget it. In matters of art it is very, very young; we have not had leisure nor opportunity for the luxury of study. A Western trait is independence; this we are often disposed to flourish in the face of questions whereof we know very little. It is often difficult to convince us that we don't know everything.

We are prone to resent the insinuation—indeed, the less we know, the quicker we resent it, as no doubt the managers of Nebraska's great enterprise find daily, to their sorrow. We have invoked the eyes of the world to rest upon ourselves and the spectacle we are about to provide. Do we realize what that means? A few of us do.

Our safety lies—to use a worn old simile—in the hands of the men at the helm. The people of highest intelligence are the ones who most feel their own limitations, and the importance of the mistakes which they must avoid. For every one, however intelligent, is capable of making mistakes. Witness some of the Nashville instances quoted—not unkindly—by Mr. Hopkinson Smith. It is delightful, his description of the Memphis building—"a solid stone pyramid made of tongued and grooved plank," which is "not really sinful, except so far as it is ugly;" a reproduction of the pyramid of Cheops, with additions and variations by the local committee! "As it bears no likeness to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, one could fall down and worship it and still escape the charge of idolatry." Also his note on the Woman's Building, the duplicate home of Andrew Jackson, in passing which, "courteous observers never look any higher than the cornice," because of a nondescript annex sitting in the middle of the roof—an effect which he compares to a French bonnet perched on the lace-draped head of a Spanish beauty. True, he makes up for these sallies by the warm praise bestowed in other quarters, particularly on the Parthenon, which seems to be the brilliant part of the whole exhibition.

As every citizen of every city in the great West is, or ought to be, vitally interested in our approaching Exposition, we may venture to hope that the Directors will read these "Notes on the Tennessee Centennial" and kindred writings. It is more than interesting—it is instructive—to hear what is said of people in our own circumstances, by the multitude outside whose approval or disapproval means so much to us, financially and all other ways. Graceful and good-humored as sarcasm like Mr. Smith's may be, it cannot be enjoyable to the targets of it. And it is far from being advantageous—except in an educational way. Take our case. Nebraska is a remote point to most of the cultivated world whom we hope to welcome here next year. They are not coming so far to see *mistakes*, however amusing. To see a remarkable assemblage of wonderful and entertaining

things, set in a beautiful framework of perfect buildings and ideal grounds, against that lovely Nebraska background which Nature has furnished, the whole showing the firm hand of wise management and the artistic skill of the designers—this they will think worth journeying to, we hope and believe. The outside world will find out very quickly which it has to expect here, and the gate receipts, railway, hotel and shop receipts will announce the world's decision. Therefore we trust that the Trans-Mississippi management and the architects will not permit anything to escape their vigilance and be set before our future guests that may draw upon us their ridicule—which might easily happen if the greatest strictness were not observed in repressing the efforts of many who are unacquainted with what is right and beautiful in art, and suited to an occasion so momentous as this. Nor should anything be allowed within the Exposition limits that will do less than rouse the admiration of those "who know."

Nothing but the best throughout ought to satisfy us, and nothing less will make the Trans-Mississippi Exposition worth having done, either in the way of finance or otherwise. Anything short of complete success will be about as bad as complete failure, and for such failure the "men at the helm," each and every one, managers, designers and all, will stand responsible in the eyes of the public—that they should bear well in mind.

But indeed, if what has already been accomplished may be taken as an earnest of the final whole, our reputation is safe, and we have nothing to fear from the art critics of all the world.

General Neal Dow, who died last week in Portland, Maine, where he was born, began his fight against alcohol at a time when all families of any consequence served liquor on every hospitable occasion. Through his efforts and his propaganda Maine finally passed a bill prohibiting the selling of liquor in the state. General Neal Dow was to temperance what John Brown was to emancipation. Both of them were men of one idea. They would not compromise with expediency. They were not afraid of death or even of ridicule. For the matter of that, a real reformer is so convinced of the potency and solemnity of his mission that the humorous aspects of one man's single-handed fight against most of the people in the country, does not amuse him. Bravery is so rare a virtue that the possessor of it can afford to get along without humor which is common enough. When Neal Dow began to

make his appeals he was ridiculed, called a fanatic and a fool or a dreamer, according to the point of view of his assailant. To the politician he was a fanatic, to liquor dealers he was a fool, to the clergy a dreamer. But neither a fool nor a dreamer could accomplish Neal Dow's work. Only an unselfish fanatic with one idea and of John Brown heroism, could do what he did, with unquenchable insistence through a life which lasted ninety-four years.

An English woman has written a pamphlet in which she strives to prove the inherent mental inferiority of women. She says that no one can discover a time when progress was not due entirely to the male sex. This shows that before laws were enacted, before nations were assembled, before literature was, or the arts, woman already occupied a place a little lower than man and no subsequent progress has changed their relative positions.

The first step upward our Simian ancestors made was in the care of the young by the mother. To protect them from storms and from other wild animals, our grandmother ape built a shelter and shared it with the father, who appreciated the comforts of the shelter so much that when another ape tried to enter, he fought him. The female encumbered by her helpless young did not fight much better in her forest days than she does now. From the first battle in defense of the hollow tree or the woven shelter of forest boughs, the male became the defender and the fighting increased his appreciation of that which he fought for. Love for her offspring stimulated the wits of the female to still further protect them. While the male was fighting she discovered fire, utilized the skins of beasts for clothing, built better shelter and was in the way of outstripping her fighting companion, whose battles and physical immunities made him far stronger than she when, because of the natural increase, the problem of existence demanded the association of the fighters under one head, the tribe was formed, and the non-combatants had no share in the councils of campaigns for which they were disqualified from furnishing any fighters. Since that time the fighters have ruled and women have been like a subject race. They get their way, like slaves, by diplomacy, they do not, like their masters, take it because it is their right. Having failed to establish the original pre-historic inferiority of the female the English author, whose name escapes me, fails in her main proposition, which is that woman was created unfree and unequal, and should only be allowed to pursue hap-