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OBSERVATIONS.

The letters from the boys at camp have not given a roseate view of army life. But it has its compensation in the excitement and chance of adventure. According to the reports much had management must exist in the commissary department. This may be due to inefficiency or dishonesty, probably both. We have little sympathy or patience with a woman who can not provide enough provisions to last over Sunday, when the stores are closed, yet such women live. In the larger family of the army a careful and exact calculation is required to prevent what is said to have occurred at San Francisco—a shortage of provisions. The Lincoln boys were

trained to too much luxury to take kindly at once to hard tack. Perhaps by their return they will have learned that it is not always necessary to demand the tenderloin part of the beef-steak

It is a pity that the government does not own a few more brass bands like the glorious Marine that has been at Omaha. Nothing could be more inspiring or arouse a greater feeling of patriotism than the national airs swelling forth in perfect unison from those wonderful instruments. Of course the surroundings at the exposition add to the enchantment. "Frozen music" is a term often applied to architecture by famous writers who knew nothing of its appropriate application to the ethereal beauty of the modern "white city," but when the Marine band peals forth those wonderful strains of welcome in the dusk of the evening, the gleaming colonades and buildings no longer seem frozen, but melt into the warmth of the joy of the enveloping harmonies.

Anyone doubting the beauty and value of the Trans Mississippi exhibits should spend a day in the government building. An astonishing variety of interesting articles are collected there. The models of the war vessels are complete to the smallest detail and are of inestimable educational value to western children who have never seen a ship. The illustrations of modern war methods also attract a great deal of attention. The recoiling guns are patiently explained by an officer until even the unmechanical mind of the average woman can understand how they go off. She still retains a feeling of the uncertainty of guns resembling her opinion of the unloaded revolver, which, she knows from its name, will kill. The most charming part of this exhibit is that devoted to the fish. The entrance through a beautiful grotto leads to a long, cool corridor lined with glass cases, through which the iridescent finny tribe dart back and forth unceasingly. Here, too, the delight of the children is unbounded. The older generation can live on the memory of earlier expositions when novelty and enthusiasm accompanied their travels, but the growing youth of today bring with them a fresh, unclouded appreciation.

The death of Anton Seidl last spring and the vacancy left in the New York Philharmonic society, has had far reaching effects in the world of musical conductors. Walter Damrosch desired the appointment and resigned

from the New York Symphony orchestra, but the coveted prize fell to the lot of Emil Pauer of Boston. That necessitated the recall of Gerick from Germany, whither he retired years ago from Boston. Why he went no one knew, any more than they now know why he is willing to return to his old position. In the meantime Frank Damrosch is temporarily conducting the New York Oratorio society, which means (say the journals) that his brother Walter will later accept that for the winter. Walter Damrosch is one of those young men who are hampered by the greatness of their fathers. Leopold Damrosch died at the height of his musical career and in the fullest development of his intellectual power. His mantle fell upon a son who has done marvellously well, but that extreme culture and delicacy of discernment and of feeling, attained through the experience of sorrow and joy, could not be expected from the younger man. Not so say the critics.

It was said last winter that shirt waist's would not be worn this season by those who know what is chic. Nevertheless the shirt waist is everywhere and everybody of consequence and of no consequence wears them. They are probably permanent. It is no longer possible to arrange a summer campaign without giving the shirt waist the first place. A pretty girl looks prettier and an ugly one is given an air of distinction and neatness by a well-fitting, nicely laundered shirt waist. There have been certain revolutions in men's attire, but since eighteen hundred and something men have worn trousers, a coat, waistcoat and a shirt. These four articles have been long and they are still subject to fashionable variations in regard to length and trimmings but under all changes the four articles preserve their distinct character. The shirt waist responds to the exigencies of the climate and of all situations more perfectly than any other garment ever worn by women. In bicycling, travelling, camping, in case of a sudden change of weather the jacket, which is a part of the shirt waist costume, can transform a hot day dress into a suitable protection from inclement weather. The philosopher of clothes sees the influence the shirt waists have had and will have upon the character and habits of women. With shirt-waists and a shirt women can travel as unencumbered as a man. In a shirt waist her arms are free. It is the day of tight sleeves again but the shirt waist sleeves laugh at the law and remain of comfortable and con-

formable width. It has done more for emancipation than the bicycle or co-educational schools or clubs or any other concrete thing. If the inventor could be identified the expressions of gratitude from a sex long in chains would overwhelm him, for of course it was a man.

The addresses on Woman's club day at the exposition grounds were disappointing. The speakers were women of national reputation who should have a message to deliver, yet, with one exception, they all failed to put anything of themselves into their words. Individuality is the only thing today that renders of interest any kind of work. We can read books by celebrated thinkers, if we wish information, and we can always get more of that at first hand. When we listen to a speaker, it is usually not for the subject presented, but for his or her views upon it. And it does not always require genius to transform a plain topic with the charm of a personal, sympathetic touch. By "personal" is not meant an egotistical recital of one's own achievements, but that indefinable something of living interest, that permeates what would otherwise be a recital of dead facts.

There is something decidedly wrong about the ordinary speech or paper given by women, and that something is their own lack of interest in their subjects. The thing should be dear to ourselves and a part of our deepest, inmost thought, that we would successfully present to others. Men usually speak upon politics, or where self-interest is involved, and individuality then lurks unconsciously in every word. If unpleasant, that is better than stupidity. Women have not yet learned to magnify themselves, but if they will give to their words a little of their own tenderness and sympathy, a meeting like that on Saturday can no longer be called "disappointing."

The systematic collection for the exposition of the relics and reminiscences of the early days of Nebraska will provide much for future historical use in a get-at-able form. No one of the various books published for this purpose is of greater interest than the little booklet on the Omaha Indians edited and largely written by Fannie Reed Giffen. Mrs. Giffen had the assistance of Susette La Flesche Tibbles, formerly known as Bright Eyes, who is a daughter of Iron Eye, the famous chief of the tribe. Mrs. Tibbles not only relates much of her childhood experiences, but has drawn the illustrations which, according to the preface, are believed to be the