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## OBSERVATIONS.

## The County Convention.

Sheriff Trompen is working for the nomination of Bud Lindsay for sheriff. It would be an irony too severe for the well being of the republican party if it should nominate a man to execute the laws who has been repeatedly arrested for breaking them himself. Such a nomination would invite defeat. This community has repudiated notoriously unworthy republican nominations before and it will again. There are enough free men in this district to prevent any saloon and dive keepers or notoriously dishonest politician from being elected sheriff. And this fact, with others, which have been fully demonstrated will restrain the members of the county convention from nominating such a man. When the voters of this district are aroused by the publication of a criminal record and are convinced of its truth no candidate, however closely connected with the machine, can be elected.

Two great universities bring thousands of young men into this district every year. It is of the greatest importance that the sheriff should be a man with respect for law, with a respectable community standing and against whom there can be no suspicion of collusion with gamblers and other law breakers. No other kind of a man can be elected, whoever is nominated by the approaching convention. For if a man who does not hold the respect of this community should be nominated the democrats would be encouraged to select an irreproachable candidate and demo-

cratic and republican voters would elect him.

## Business Women.

Women, even those of taste and the ability called executive, who are suddenly left without the accustomed support of a husband or an income are apt to be overwhelmed with despair when they find that they must take their places at the end of a long line of applicants for every job. The popular society woman is given to thinking well of herself. If her husband be a man of influence of wealth or power of any kind she shares in the deference and distinction his attributes compel. Very naturally, unless she be an unusually discerning woman she comes to believe that her opinion is requested so often because of its intrinsic value, and that if there were any reason for offering them, her services on a paper or as confidential adviser of large firms would have a high market value. The disillusion is complete when her husband dies and she finds that all the newspapers have editors with whom the publishers are more or less satisfied, that all the railroads have attorneys and that she in reality owed all her prestige to the little, plain man whose name she bears, who is dead and whom she has been in the habit of bullying and advising to her heart's content. If he might only come back again and put these other curt business men again in their former respectful and flattering attitude she would, in turn, give him the credit he never demanded nor got. Very frequently the society woman, newly poor, gives up in despair and accepts a life of dependance, starves, takes her own life or assassinates her soul.

But the taste, unerring knowledge of the ways of the fashionable world and of what it is likely to wear and of what wares it will reject, which many society women possess, would be of priceless value to manufacturers and to large drygoods houses. Manufacturers and drygoods store keepers are constantly making costly mistakes which are set down to unavoidable loss. There is little doubt that the loss might be avoided by the employment of a woman whose subtle instinct for style, color and elegance have made her a leader whose gowns have been copied by uninspired members of her set. Shopkeepers have begun to realize that just the sort of talent required to buy the sort of things society wants is not in the market and the services of a brilliant leader in society are no longer rejected with scorn. Two tremendously smart Philadelphia women, both in appearance and social connection, have found a refuge in Wanamaker's vast emporium, where their brains as well as their beauty are put to paying advantage. Mrs. Frank Ralston sits about the French room that is devoted to choice lingerie and will go abroad next season to do the buying

of these goods. Mrs. Jack Marie, who has proved herself the truest sort of a woman since her husband's financial troubles, is employed as a sort of critic and, I am told, is of great value to the firm.

## Yellow Journalism.

If it were not for newspapers the ministry would have scant attractions for the Rev. Byron Beall whose sermons are addressed to such small audiences that without the notice of the newspapers his name would be familiar to very few. Unsuccessful in attracting attention as a preacher and exhorter, it is his custom to choose sensational titles for his commonplace sermons and request the newspapers to publish them. In consequence his name has a certain notoriety in a small part of Nebraska. The whole police court incident was doubtless worked up by him for the very object which he has achieved—his name in the headlines in a daily paper and serious editorials discussing his remarks on yellow journalism. For when he had finally got his neighbor against whom he complained, into court he bore him no grudge and seemed pleased to settle his dispute amicably. When the police reporter included Mr. Beall's scrap in the usual daily police report of disagreements and misdemeanors, Mr. Beall announced that yellow journalism like the Russian or the Buffalo moth had arrived in Lincoln; that it would destroy families instead of carpets and wheat fields and that he would preach a sermon on a certain date, which the guileless dailies freely advertised, on the nature, repulsiveness, danger and best method of suppressing the yellow journal. There is no yellow journal in Nebraska. Existence is too colorless here, in the first place, to supply yellow enough for a permanent tint. Even Chicago is too provincial and rural for a real yellow journal. New York and Boston support papers whose Sunday editions are filled with pictures of monsters from birth, of mis-shapen, cripples, of horrible crimes and criminals. The sheets illustrate the ugliness of the world and they pander to the morbid tastes still inherent in the larger part of the world. It is questionable if they do much harm except to the very young or the weak. These newspapers are the essence of vulgarity. They gape at the rich or famous and report, as servants do the doings of what they call the ~~100~~ and cackle and gloat over it, as servants do. The pictures are in shocking bad taste, but it is the truth that most of us are childishly pleased with bloody stories still and till we tire of them the newspapers will continue to relate them.

## Universal Education.

Most of the work of the world must be done by hands. The machine which accomplishes the work of hundreds of hands is set in motion by

a pair of educated ones. At the slightest break or unintelligible click, detected by the grimy ear, the hands stop the machine and repair the break. Between the parts of the machine there is no closer or more essential connection than between it and the man who controls it. Yet this man in control of a thousand or more hand power, capable of instantly quelling a mutiny or insurrection of one part against another is called a machinist or an engineer and his very important economic function is underestimated by parents who insist that their sons be prepared for life by a college course. A large proportion of the college graduates take clerkships after commencement and many never get anything better. Doubtless the clerk's own capacity for refined enjoyment is deepened, but his service to the community is no more valuable than that performed by the ordinary accountant. If the education, in question is a gift from the state, the state will not get an equivalent back again.

Every spring thousands of young men and women leave college forever. The object of education is frequently stated by educators to be the development of the faculties to their highest degree of usefulness and responsiveness but these graduates search for a place to be useful in and frequently fail. The man with a grammar school education is ahead of him by so many years as he spent in college and the only places unfilled are those upon the farm or on railroad tracks, on streets or buildings, where only the muscle and endurance of a horse are required. The annual spring college output depresses the labor market instead of stimulating it. It is a well dressed, anxious, ready-to-work, but fastidious and critical body of laborers who must take the place of men already employed or start new enterprises. The latter requires experience and self confidence and although the college graduate has both, college life furnishes no very reliable precedents for business and the self confidence of a college man is based upon his ability to accept some other man's ideas and recite them, rather than upon any energetic and creative originality of his own.

The fathers who are anxiously pondering over what these sons shall do who have just brought home from college, a pair of well developed biceps, a more or less well filled brain covered with glossy hair, some brilliant golf stockings and sweaters, and a self-conscious vocabulary, admit that this period immediately succeeding graduation is a trying and uncertain one. And the fathers admit a doubt, that the idolaters of education call heresy that education is all that scholars claim it is. An education prepares and predisposes the student for brain labor, yet most of the work of the world is not done at a desk. Only one thinker is re-