

from other cities to theirs. Naturally when they succeed the citizens of the forsaken cities are enraged. The next play is not a blow, rage directed, but the immediate adoption of tactics superior to and calculated to foil those the Omaha tacticians have used successfully. In the meantime there should be between two adjacent cities perfect good feeling and the confidence that one white man has in another even when they represent opposing interests. A warmer social entente between the two cities would quicken the mutual appreciation of our common origin and common humanity. The college fraternities, women's clubs, state societies of all kinds, tend to make individuals better acquainted. In time, the number of friends living in Omaha and Lincoln will soften even commercial asperities. So long as man remains gregarious, the societies, churches, clubs and associations which perform the function of introducing him to his kind, are alike beneficial. By emphasizing the social and ignoring the acquisitive part of his nature, the societies are making it easier for him to obey the Golden Rule. They should, therefore, have the encouragement of the churches and of all teachers and philanthropists; but the latter seem to misunderstand their mission and occasionally preach against them. Yet upon their prosperity depends the introduction of the citizens of this state and of this country to each other. Commerce is also a great civilizer: whole districts of savages have been reclaimed by the commercial development of a given section; but commercial relations lack depth. For this reason, perhaps, they are almost invariably followed by the organizations called by different names, but all existing for the purpose of introducing one man to another. The men who never go to church and who profess distrust of all religious bodies are attracted by the good-fellowship of the Masons or of some other secret society. They join it not acknowledging that the society is accomplishing, in a less perfect way, the same end as the church. The evolution of man into an animal of culture, fit to have children like him, is a work of time, but the operation has proceeded far enough so that spectators who really care to investigate can see the plan and the rate of speed.

#### En Avant.

A courier is a man employed by well-to-do travelers to go before and find out the truth. In olden times he was sent by the general of one army to the commanding general of the other army to ask a truce, to offer terms which might prevent bloodshed, or to arrange a compromise of one kind or another. It was a courier who was sent to Cleopatra to announce the marriage of Anthony. The courier goes before and carries the news, and though he be struck dead for it, like Cleopatra's courier, he must tell the truth. The truth is often brutal and society has not much use for it. Society only uses the beautiful, gentle things. Truth is rude and careless of its own effect. But a messenger who goes before to find out actual conditions must, in all simplicity, report only the truth, for that is why he is employed. "He goes before" and has a first sight of the conditions which will later confront the party which has employed him. The god-father of "The Courier" hoped that the paper would always contain a report from one who, through the foresight of his employers, is sent before to investigate conditions which will affect the main body, arriving later. For reporting unpleasant truths Cleopatra's

messenger was slain, but his punishment did not divorce Anthony. It is occasionally The Courier's function to report unpleasant news, news which will not be altered by revenge upon the publisher. Just as long as the paper retains its name it will perform the function for which it was established. It would be useless to the community it attempts to serve unless it performs this one function faithfully and with integrity. To tell the nearly always brutal truth, in so far as it has been revealed, is the mission of the paper. In spite of his solemn oath no one tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth, not even editors. Personal prejudices, vendettas, an unfavorable point of view intercept the prospect of truth, and of course the editor can not see the facts through an opaque obstacle any more distinctly than others. The written word still receives more consideration than it deserves. It is quoted as an authority when it merits no more credence than the report or opinion of any other man. Yet among the large corps of reporters there is always at least one who is distinguished for his accuracy and discretion. The city editor waits for his report before forming a conclusion upon a complicated and disputed situation. The newspaper which cares more for truth than for brilliancy or sensational speed in getting the news to the public, will, in time, succeed to the first place in the confidence of the public. By the travail of conscience, by an obstinate adherence to the principles accepted in youth, is such a distinction won. Rigid adherence to a chosen regime is called pig-headedness. I know of not one paper in the city which deserves the reproach, but the time may come when The Courier shall be anathematized as pig-headed. Such anathema is equivalent to canonizing.

#### A Primitive People.

One of the morning sessions of the Dunkards, at their recent meeting in this city, was devoted to a discussion of whether or not women should ride bicycles. By an overwhelming majority it was decided that for females to ride bicycles is contrary to the teachings of their religion. It is of course unfair for an outsider, one who is unfamiliar with the connection between bicycles and their articles of faith, to criticise such a discussion; but to an outsider it is incredible that at this period of time, two thousand men should spend three hours and a half solemnly discussing the propriety of the farmers' wives riding bicycles instead of the tired horses to town, or to pay visits to their neighbors. The arguments for and against the proposition were unique. Their point of view is that of the middle ages. There is only one man in Lincoln who could understand and sympathetically report the meeting and that is Bixby of the Journal, but he was writing "poetry" at the time, and could not be spared.

The Dunkards were here in very large numbers. They bought groceries and produce, they bought railroad tickets and as they do not disapprove of strong drink, they bought whiskey and beer. They also bought the newspapers, which printed accounts of their meetings. Therefore in the newspapers the Dunkards were characterized as wise men, desirable as citizens, etc. Actually they are of slow development. The bright and prospective youngsters born into Dunkard households, leave their people as soon as they find out the relative position of the sect to the rest of the world.

Their preachers, who are the most

scholarly among them, are ignorant. The congregations they addressed on the Sunday they were in Lincoln, with difficulty preserved faces solemn or sober enough for the sanctuary. They roared like the old-time itinerant preacher. They mispronounced words, they assaulted the language by disregarding its structure, they mixed metaphors, and they were entirely unconscious of their comic efforts. That they are really living several centuries ago is indicated by their obliviousness to the effect of their discourse upon their audiences. The Dunkard preachers might just as well have been in a trance so far as observation of the condition of the audience was concerned. A sensitive, modern preacher immediately realizes the effect his address is having. If he finds that he is firing over the heads of his audience, he adjusts his sermon so that it will hit something. A preacher of gumption never fires into the air. Like gunners at sea finding the range of the big guns, the first few shots may be scattering and hit nothing. It was the chief characteristic of Henry Ward Beecher that after a few passes at an audience, he knew its range and every period told. The Dunkard preachers did what Mr. Beecher could not do: preach to an audience for an hour and a half without receiving a sign of response or agreement. Before such an audience, if Mr. Beecher ever addressed unresponsive hearers, he would have lectured but fifteen minutes, for he had learned the value of time.

A thoughtless dweller in this century frequently expresses the wish that he could return to a previous one or live over to another one. The memory of the Dunkard preachers teaches us that the ordinary man can speak only to his own generation. He is not on speaking terms with any other. Of course there are a few men to whom each generation turns a listening ear, but they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Of the brilliant Elizabethan period only Shakspeare survives for the people. Scholars and students read the poets, essayists and dramatists. Not many of the common people read even Shakspeare. The language he used is obsolete. And with a barrier of an unfamiliar dialect between him and Shakspeare, the ordinary unlettered man will not attempt to surmount it. So that as a matter of fact Shakspeare himself has not survived his period. What hope then for a Dunkard preacher in a university town, speaking to a congregation at least a hundred and fifty years in advance of his own time? It was ministerial professional courtesy of the resident ministers to invite the survivors to occupy their pulpits, but the sermons were another reason why the church-going habit is losing strength. An intelligent man does not care to trust his only free forenoon in the week to chance. Americans especially dread being bored, and an experience, like the one I am discussing, will have such a deterrent effect upon a man that he will not recover from it for weeks. His pastor will ascribe it to indifference of religion and to the things of the spirit, when it is only a repugnance to being bored, and the memory of a Dunkard sermon.

#### The First Men in the Moon.

Munchausen, Jules Verne, Mayne Reid, H. G. Wells, and occasionally Frank Stockton tell marvellous stories. The primitive love of marvels still survives in the race, for the stories written by these men find a ready market among readers who prefer the Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Nights to character

studies. Mr. Wells' stories are to the standard novels as vaudeville is to the stage. Vaudeville performances amuse when they are clever. They make no demand on the sympathy, no especial demand on the attention. Tired men and women who wish merely to be amused enjoy Mr. Wells' works, and will not agree with any adverse criticism of them. But the day of marvels is past forever. Mrs. Eddy and the prophet Dowie have established a religion and have attracted and attached to themselves a number of disciples. There are people who believe that Mr. Wells' stories of the men in the moon are true, and that his investigations were conducted, as the story says they were, namely by two men who invented an aluminum sphere that they steered into the moon. They found that the inhabitants of the moon are little men who have the appearance of big insects. They are covered by shiny breastplates like the shards of insects. Their faces are hard and shiny too. They have eyes and an opening for the nose and mouth, but the effect is of a mask rather than of a sensitive, mobile, human face. The face of an insect is inexpressive; the metallic plates, which protect the face from injury, never wrinkle into expression; the eyes, seated behind immovable lids, are monotonously and dully fixed on this object or that. The insect men of the moon, Mr. Wells fancies, retain their insect origin as we retain the aspect and habits of our quadrupedal ancestry. Having established a proposition or analogy, Mr. Wells develops it consistently. The details are interesting and fit exactly into the tale. So that if he is not consistent with truth he is with himself. The story is profusely illustrated by E. Hering, an artist of unusual graphic power. A daring imagination, a comic touch, a delicate, unemphasized satire found in these illustrations impart a character to the marvels related by the author that is otherwise lacking. Mr. Wells is not particularly happy in descriptions of machinery, but he is much addicted to these descriptions, and if it were not for Mr. Hering's pencil the story would make a confused impression on readers. The author may have a clear concept of the lunar machinery he describes, but until the artist draws it, it is like a visitor's first view of a carpet manufactory—a confused mass of belts, wheels, and invisible things that whirl. Nevertheless Mr. Wells' imagination has strong pinions that carry him wherever his predilection for the shoreless empyrean directs. His flights occasionally weary those who have elected to follow him with their eyes, but he himself never falters nor shows any effect of the influence of the laws of gravitation which still control those who watch him and attempt, lamely, to review his flight. Flying machines are no nearer perfection now than they were two-hundred years ago, notwithstanding the fact that in every generation scores of inventors have given their lives to the subject of flying. I do not believe that a safe aerial motor will ever be discovered. Until men fly, moon stories will be fairy stories whose properties are seven-league boots or a magic carpet upon which the favored prince has only to seat himself and make a wish to be carried wherever he wills. "The First Men in the Moon" is concluded in the June number of The Cosmopolitan. It has attracted pleased attention from those who love marvels, as well as from those who enjoy unique flights into regions unexplored and unexplorable. And the believers in marvels are many. The unnumbered multitude of those