

THE COURIER

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OBSERVATIONS

BY SARAH B. HARRIS

ON Monday of this week the stock of The Courier Printing and Publishing Company was transferred to the State Journal Company. The paper will continue to be edited by Miss Harris, who has been the editor for five years. The Courier was founded in 1886 by Mr. Lew Wessel and Mr. Harry T. Dobbins, who sold it to Mr. Morton Smith, who in turn, in 1896, after a short period of joint ownership, sold it to the recent owner.

A weekly paper is a curiously personal piece of property. It should not be sold or transferred to a person or corporation who will not conduct it, in the opinion of the owner, to the entire satisfaction of the subscribers. Or rather, for no paper was ever entirely satisfactory to the subscribers, the owner must see to it, in transferring his circulation, that the paper or magazine still possesses the features for which the subscribers were induced to take it year after year. The Courier has been sold with exactly this creed in mind. Under the present and much more able management the typographical and mechanical defects which have mortified the owner of the paper and annoyed the subscribers will be entirely corrected. The advertising will appeal to over three thousand readers. If there were reasons, and there were sound ones, for advertising in what is already the old Courier, these reasons are reinforced and multiplied for advertising in the new Courier.

In retiring from the management of The Courier, Miss Harris is very grateful for the kindness and courtesy so uniformly shown her. The business world has a code, signs, language, methods, conventions of its own. There is nothing like it in church or society or associations founded on relationship. In society people meet on a somewhat false basis. Everybody pretends to be fonder of everyone else than he really is. There are elaborate conventions which no one is deceived by, but in which it is rude not to occasionally pretend to believe.

In business the realities are nearer the surface. A business man understands the code, and that hypocrisy accomplishes nothing. He competes with everyone else in business. And this is one reason why it is so extremely difficult for one individual to conduct more than one business, or to have many intimate friends or to be a social success and a banker, for instance. Every relationship makes more complicated the duties and essential administration of commercial management. No tale or essay about the laws and conduct of business can make it intelligible to a tyro and no business college can imi-

tate its vital function. But in spite of its rigid code and merciless lessons, in spite of the inevitable destruction of pleasing illusions, every man and woman who humbly tries to learn the ways and language of the business world is benefitted thereby. It is a

Mr. J. C. Seacrest, the publisher of The Courier, besides possessing business acumen of a high order, has developed a special knowledge of publishing which distinguishes him among the publishers of the west. He has the ability, the knowledge and the will to make The Courier rank with the best weekly papers, and its immediate improvement under his supervision is assured.

De Gustibus.

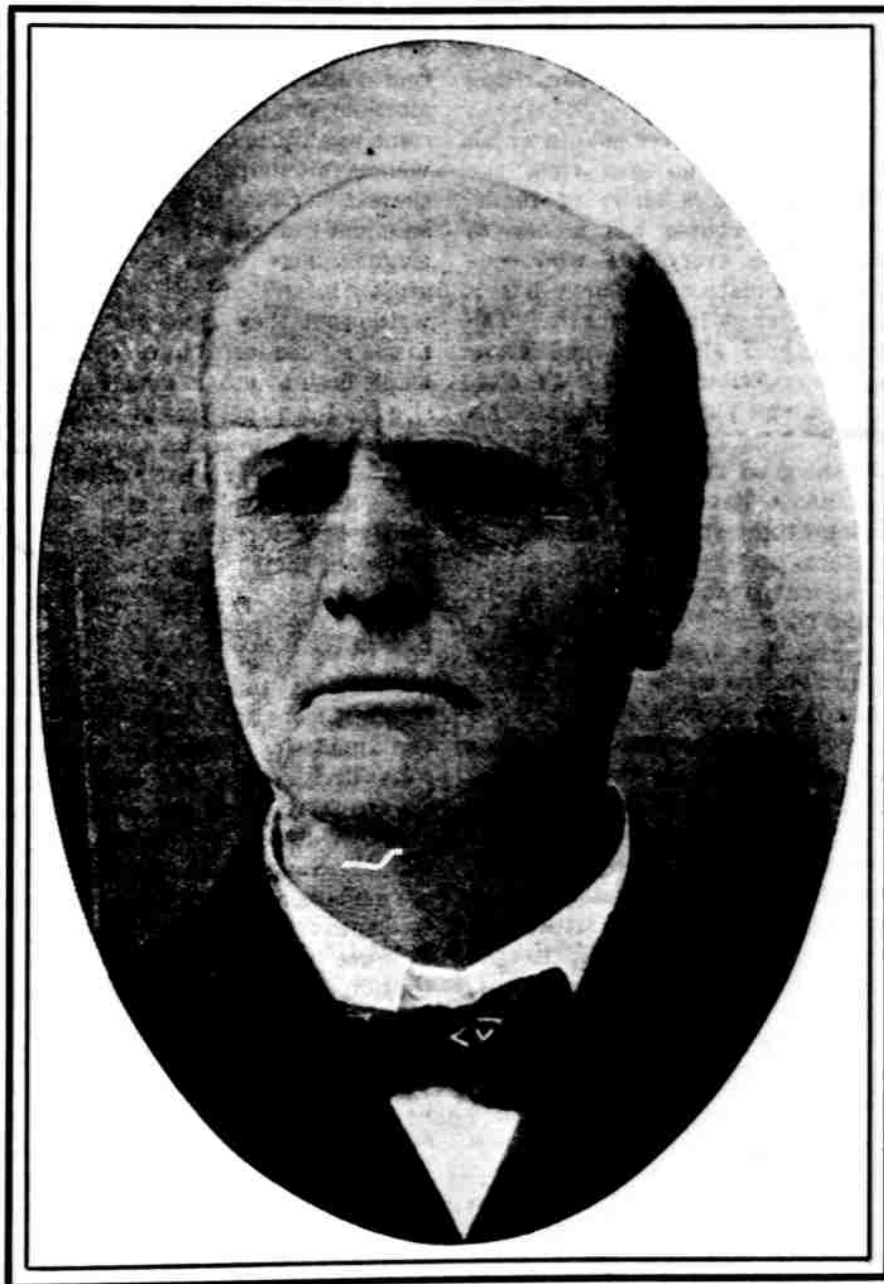
In a matter of taste there can be no dispute. No man from the north can convince a man from the south that it is *de rigueur* to dine with col-

that he would not have accomplished anything in the world of letters whose laws are the most rigorous and most mercilessly enforced of any realm we know anything about. I think there is not a single instance in history of a pure black genius, unless it be the Moor of Venice, and his victories belong rather to romance than to history. Frederick Douglas and Alexandre Dumas were only half black and Booker Washington himself inherits his stable quality, administrative ability, logic and clear vision from a white ancestor.

The people of the south know these facts and they also know the valuable qualities of the pure-blooded negro better than we of the north do. Now, as in the days before the war, they object to any solution of the negro question by the north. Interference from this side of the line is not ethically importunate in these last days of 1901 as it was in 1860. The negroes will not obtain social recognition in the south till they have earned it, and that will be several hundred years hence. In the meanwhile it is of little consequence how the north treats the negro, for he does not live north in sufficient numbers to make his social status our problem.

Next to making a present of something which does not belong to us is the pleasure of reforming some one or some section remote from our own. Some portion of the money subscribed to missionary funds owes its donation to the pleasure everyone feels in reforming other people. Armies of men and women spend energy enough to earn millions of dollars in one year trying to bring around other men and women to their way of thinking. Dearer than a dollar, more precious than old-fashioned salvation, is the consciousness that our oratory has convinced some one. This particular temptation has been too much for Massachusetts ever since the articles of confederation were signed. Massachusetts, more than any other state in the Union, was responsible for the civil conflict. The war was, perhaps, inevitable anyway; but Daniel Webster the senator from Massachusetts and one of the most prescient statesmen of his day, was willing to make further concessions to the south in order to avert a conflict. But his seventh of March speech in reply to Hayne alienated all Massachusetts from him and hastened the development of the underground railway and the progress of a fatal misunderstanding.

At the present moment there is great reason for gentleness and tact in the bearing of the north toward the south. We are just beginning to get on good terms again with England, although the Revolution is more than a century and a quarter deep in time. The estrangement with southerners is not healed. The scar is very apparent and at the least excitement it glows red and angry. National unity is a vital matter. Race development proceeds from within. Philanthropists a long way off from the Indian used to think that he could be civilized by dressing him in white man's clothes and teaching him the white



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region of the realities first of all, and realities are good for the soul. Business teaches humility and democracy. The economic value of an individual is frequently quite different from his social value, but one who looks at the world from the vantage of social or family position never learns that his basis of classification is as false as dicers' oaths.

In retiring from the business management of The Courier, therefore, the editor and sometime owner is grateful to the original impulse, to obedience, which introduced her to the varieties of life and to the real inhabitants of the world. She is also grateful to the many friends and well-wishers whose patience and courtesy enabled her to complete her apprenticeship

ored men. To be sure Frederick Douglas and Booker Washington have been invited to dine and have dined with the most distinguished Europeans. In Europe the matter of color is not an insurmountable bar to social acquaintance or intercourse. Othello, a Moor, once married a daughter of a doge of Venice. The mother of Alexandre Dumas was a negress. He had kinky hair, thick lips and the spreading nostrils of his mother's race, yet in Paris he was welcome to the tables of the nobility and of the lion-hunting rich. Dumas' inexhaustible fertility and his opulent imagination he owed to his mother. But unless he had also inherited a sense of form and stability from a white father, it is probable