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Walter Besant is authority for the statement that there are fifty novelists in England who have incomes of \$5,000 a year or over.

Mark Twain is meeting with a most enthusiastic reception in Australia. He is being banqueted by mayors and prominent citizens in all the leading cities.

Rider Haggard has determined to invest the profits of his work as a story writer in journalism. He will own and manage a Tory daily paper in Norwich, England.

A new venture, the Penny Magazine, was launched the 20th of January, to be published monthly hereafter. The Penny Magazine Company, of Philadelphia, are the publishers.

Luther's Bible, which he used in his study, is in possession of a Berlin museum. Its margins are covered with notes in Luther's handwriting. It was printed at Bale in 1509, and is excellently preserved.

Some of Prof. Richard T. Ely's works on sociological questions have been translated into Japanese. And his book, "The Outlines of Economics," has been printed in raised characters for the use of the blind.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, who advises that children and youths of habitual criminal tendencies be isolated as lunatics, says there is scarcely a child who does not abuse his power over those who are weaker than he.

SAD SCENE AT AN ANCHOR.

Followed by Gleeful Chuckles a Few Hours Later.

"Who bids?" The auctioneer held up a child's rocking horse, battered and stained. It had belonged to some little member of the man's family whose household property was being sold under the hammer.

He was utterly ruined. He had given up everything in the world to his creditors—house, furniture, horses, stock of goods and lands. He stood among the crowd watching the sale that was scattering his household goods and his belongings among a hundred strange hands.

On his arm leaned a woman, heavily veiled.

"Who bids?" The auctioneer held the rocking horse high that it might be seen. Children's hands had torn away the scanty mane; the bridle was twisted and worn by tender little fingers. The crowd was still.

The woman under the heavy veil sobbed and stretched out her hands. "No, no, no!" she cried.

The man's face was white with emotion. The little form that once so merrily rode the old rocking horse had drifted away into the world years ago. This was the only relic left of his happy infancy.

The auctioneer, with a queer moisture in his eyes, handed the rocking horse to the man without a word. He seized it with eager hands, and he and the veiled woman hurried away.

The crowd murmured with sympathy.

The man and the woman went into an empty room and set the rocking horse down. He took out his knife, ripped open the front of the horse and took out a roll of bills. He counted them and said:

"It's a cold day when I fall without a rake-off. Eight thousand five hundred dollars, but that auctioneer came very near busting up the game."—Houston Post.

Balzac on Color Influences. Balzac's curious speculations suggest the extent to which color influences our human life. He had noticed that a woman who had a taste for orange or green gowns was quarrelsome; one who wore a yellow or black apparel, without apparent cause, was not to be trusted; preference for white showed a coquette spirit; gentle and thoughtful women prefer pink; women who regard themselves as being unfortunate prefer pearl gray; lilac is the shade particularly affected by "overripe beauties"; therefore, the great author held, lilac hats are mostly worn by mothers on their daughters' marriage day, and by women more than 40 years old when they go visiting. These theories are founded upon the principles of color, as already laid down; namely, that red and yellow excite; green, tempered by blue, is bilious; orange is fiery; gray is cold and melancholy; lilac is a light shade of purple, the most retiring color of the scale.—Popular Science News.

Love's Doubts. She (honey-moon over) I don't believe you ever did truly love me.

He—Great Scott, woman! I married you, didn't I?

She—Yes. That's the reason.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Uncommon. Yeast—Men turn somersaults on horseback. I suppose before long we'll see them doing it on the bicycle. Grimsmack—Why, man alive, that was the first thing I did on a wheel.—Yonkers Statesman.

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE FINDS TWO UNIQUE TEXTS.

And Preaches a Broad Sermon on the Divine Mission of Newspapers—He Says They Are the Most Potent Vehicles of Knowledge of the Age.

Capital City Sermon. Newspaper row, as it is called in Washington, the long row of offices connected with prominent journals throughout the land, pays so much attention to Dr. Talmage they may be glad to hear what he thinks of them while he discusses a subject in which the whole country is interested. His texts Sunday were, "And the wheels were full of eyes" (Ezekiel x. 12), "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new things" (Acts xvii. 21).

What is a preacher to do when he finds two texts equally good and suggestive? In that perplexity I take both. "Wheels full of eyes? What but the wheels of a newspaper printing press? Other wheels are blind. They roll on, pulling or crushing. The manufacturer's wheel—how it grinds the operator with fatigues and rolls over nerve and muscle and bone and heart, not knowing what it does. The sewing machine wheel sees not the aches and pains fastened to it—tighter than the hand that moves it, sharper than the needle which it piles. Every moment of every hour of every day of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels of hard work, in motion, but they are eyeless.

Not so the wheels of the printing press. Their entire business is to look and report. They are full of optic nerves, from axle to periphery. They are like those spoken of by Ezekiel as full of eyes. Sharp eyes, nearsighted, farsighted. They look up. They look down. They look far away. They take in the next street and the next hemisphere. Eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation, eyes that twinkle with mirth, eyes glowing with indignation, eyes tender with love, eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope, blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes, holy eyes, evil eyes, sore eyes, religious eyes, eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes." But in my second text is the world's cry for the newspaper. Paul describes a class of people in Athens who spent their time either in gathering the news or telling it. Why especially in Athens? Because the more intelligent people become the more inquisitive they are—not about small things, but great things.

What Is the News? The question then most frequently is the question now most frequently asked, "What is the news?" To answer that cry in the text for the newspaper the centuries have put their wits to work. China first succeeded and has at Peking a newspaper that has been printed every week for 1,000 years, printed on silk. Rome succeeded by publishing the Acta Diurna, in the same column putting fires, murders, marriages and tomports. France succeeded by a physician writing out the news of the day for his patients. England succeeded under Queen Elizabeth in first publishing the news of the Spanish armada and going on until she had enough enterprise, when the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of Europe, to give it one-third of a column in the London Morning Chronicle, about as much as the newspaper of our day gives to a small fire. America succeeded by Benjamin Harris' first weekly paper, called Public Occurrences, published in Boston in 1800, and by the first daily, the American Advertiser, published in Philadelphia in 1784.

The newspaper did not suddenly spring upon the world, but came gradually. The genealogical line of the newspaper is this: The Adam of the race was a circular or news letter created by divine impulse in human nature, and the circular begat the pamphlet, and the pamphlet begat the quarterly, and the quarterly begat the weekly, and the weekly begat the semi-weekly, and the semi-weekly begat the daily. But, alas, by what a struggle it came to its present development! No sooner had its power been demonstrated than tyranny and superstition shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so fears and hates as a printing press. It has too many eyes in its wheel. A great writer declared that the king of Naples made it unsafe for him to write of anything but natural history. Austria could not endure Kosuth's journalistic pen-pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., trying to keep his iron heel on the necks of nations, said, "Editors are the regents of sovereigns and the tutors of nations and are only fit for prison." But the battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the courtrooms of England and America and decided before this century began by Hamilton's eloquent plea for J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America and Erskine's advocacy of the freedom of publication in England. These were the Marston and Thermopylae in which the freedom of the press was established in the United States and Great Britain, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put on the handcuffs and goggles of literary and political despotism. It is notable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of American Independence, wrote also, "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should prefer the latter." Stung by some base fabrication coming to us in print, we come to write or speak of the unbridled printing press, or, our new book ground up by an unjust critic, we come to write or speak of the unfairness of the printing press, or perhaps through our own indistinctness of utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons, hyphens and commas, and we come to speak or write of the blundering printing press, or, seeing a paper filled with divorce cases or social scandal, we speak and write of the filthy printing press, or, seeing a journal through bribery

wheel round from one political side to the other in one night, we speak of the corrupt printing press, and many talk about the lamppost, and the empiricism, and the sans culottism of the printing press.

A Good Newspaper.

But I discourse now on a subject you have never heard—the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper. Thank God for the wheel full of eyes! Thank God that we do not have, like the Athenians, to go about to gather up and relate the tidings of the day, since the omnivorous newspaper does both for us. The greatest temporal blessing that God has granted to the nineteenth century is the newspaper. We would have better appreciation of this blessing if we knew the money, the anxiety, the wear and tear of heartstrings involved in the production of a good newspaper. Under the impression that almost anybody can make a newspaper, scores of inexperienced capitalists every year enter the lists, and consequently during the last few years a newspaper has died almost every day. The disease is epidemic. The larger papers swallow the smaller ones, the whale taking down fifty minnows at one swallow. With more than 7,000 dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada, there are but thirty-six a half century old. Newspapers do not average more than five years' existence. The most of them die of cholera infantum. It is high time that the people found out that the most successful way to sink money and keep it sunk is to start a newspaper. There comes a time when almost every one is smitten with the newspaper mania and starts one, or have stock in one he must or die.

The course of procedure is about this: A literary man has an agricultural or scientific or political or religious idea which he wants to ventilate. He has no money of his own—literary men seldom have—but he talks of his ideas among confidential friends until they become inflamed with the idea, and forthwith they buy type and press and rent composing room and gather a corps of editors, and with a prospectus that proposes to cure everything the first copy is flung on the attention of an admiring world. After awhile one of the plain stockholders finds that no great revolution has been effected by this daily or weekly publication; that neither sun nor moon stand still; that the world goes on lying and cheating and stealing just as it did before the first issue. The aforesaid matter-of-fact stockholder wants to sell out his stock, but nobody wants to buy, and other stockholders get infected and sick of newspaperdom, and an enormous bill at the paper factory rolls into an avalanche, and the printers refuse to work until back wages are paid up, and the compositor bows to the managing editor, and the managing editor bows to the editor in chief, and the editor in chief bows to the directors, and the directors bow to the world at large, and all the subscribers wonder why their paper doesn't come. The world will have to learn that a newspaper is as much of an institution as the Bank of England or Yale College and is not an enterprise. If you have the aforesaid agricultural or scientific or religious or political idea to ventilate, you had better charge upon the world through the columns already established. It is folly for any one who cannot succeed at anything else to try newspaperdom. If you cannot climb the hill back of your house, it is folly to try the sides of the Matterhorn.

Near to the People.

To publish a newspaper requires the skill, the precision, the boldness, the vigilance, the strategy of a commander in chief. To edit a newspaper requires that one be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician and, in acquisition, encyclopedia. To man, to govern, to propel a newspaper until it shall be a fixed institution, a national fact, demands more qualities than any business on earth. If you feel like starting any newspaper, secular or religious, understand that you are being threatened with softening of the brain or lunacy, and throwing your pocketbook into your wife's lap start for some insane asylum before you do something desperate. Meanwhile as the dead newspapers week after week are carried out to burial all the living newspapers give respectful obituary, telling when they were born and when they died. The best printers' ink should give at least one stick of epithet. If it was a good paper, say, "Peace to its ashes." If it was a bad paper, I suggest the epitaph written for Francis Chatterbox: "Here continued to rot the body of Francis Chatterbox, who, with an imitable easiness of conformity of life, persisted in the practice of every human vice excepting prodigality and hypocrisy. His insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second." I say this because I want you to know that a good, healthy, long lived, entertaining newspaper is not an easy blessing, but one that comes to us through the fire.

First of all, newspapers make knowledge democratic and for the multitude. The public library is a haymow so high up that few can reach it, while the newspaper throws down the forage to our feet. Public libraries are the reservoirs where the great floods are stored high up and away off. The newspaper is the tunnel that brings them down to the pitchers of all the people. The chief use of great libraries is to make newspapers out of. Great libraries make a few men and women very wise. Newspapers lift whole nations into the sunlight. Better have 50,000,000 people moderately intelligent than 100,000 solons.

A false impression is abroad that newspaper knowledge is ephemeral because periodicals are thrown aside, and not one out of 10,000 people files them for future reference. Such knowledge, so far from being ephemeral, goes into the very structure of the destiny of churches and nations. Knowledge on the shelf is of little worth. It is knowledge afoot, knowledge harnessed, knowledge in revolution, knowledge winged, knowledge projected, knowledge thunderbolted. So far from being ephemeral, nearly all the best minds and hearts have their hands on the printing press to-day and have had since it got emancipated. Adams and Hancock and Otis used to go to the Boston Gazette and

compose articles on the rights of the people. Benjamin Franklin, De Witt Clinton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Quincy, were strong in newspaperdom. Many of the immortal things that have been published in book form first appeared in what you may call the ephemeral periodical. All Macaulay's essays first appeared in a review. All Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all McIntosh's, all Sydney Smith's, all Hallitt's, all Thackeray's, all the elevated works of fiction in our day, are reprints from periodicals in which they appeared as serials. Tennyson's poems, Burns' poems, Longfellow's poems, Emerson's poems, Lowell's poems, Whittier's poems, were once fugitive pieces. You cannot find ten literary men in Christendom with strong minds and great hearts but are or have been somehow connected with the newspaper printing press. While the book will always have its place, the newspaper is more potent. Because the latter is multitudinous do not conclude it is necessarily superficial. If a man should from childhood to old age see only his Bible, Webster's Dictionary and his newspaper, he could be prepared for all the duties of this life and all the happiness of the next.

A Useful Mirror of Life.

Again, in a good newspaper is a useful mirror of life as it is. It is sometimes complained that newspapers report the evil when they ought only to report the good. They must report the evil as well as the good, or how shall we know what is to be reformed, what guarded against, what fought down? A newspaper that pictures only the honesty and virtue of society is a misrepresentation. That family is best prepared for the duties of life which, knowing the evil, is taught to select the good. Keep children under the impression that all is fair and right in the world, and when they go out into it they will be as poorly prepared to struggle with it as a child who is thrown into the middle of the Atlantic and told to learn how to swim. Our only complaint is when sin is made attractive and morality dull, when vice is painted with great headings, and good deeds are put in obscure corners, iniquity set up in great print and righteousness in nonpareil. Sin is loathsome; make it loathsome. Virtue is beautiful; make it beautiful.

It would work a vast improvement if all our papers—religious, political, literary—should for the most part drop their impersonality. This would do better justice to newspaper writers. Many of the strongest and best writers of the country live and die unknown and are denied their just fame. The vast public never learns who they are. Most of them are on comparatively small incomes, and after awhile their hand forgets its cunning, and they are without resources, left to die. Why not at least have his initials attached to his most important work? It always gave additional force to an article when you occasionally saw added to some significant article in the old New York Courier and Enquirer J. W. W., or in the Tribune H. G., or in the Herald J. G. B., or in the Times H. J. R., or in the Evening Post W. C. B., or in the Evening Express E. B.

Editorial Professors.

Another step forward for newspaperdom will be when in our colleges and universities we open opportunities for preparing candidates for the editorial chair. We have in such institutions medical departments, law departments. Why not editorial departments? Do the legal and healing professions demand more culture and careful training than the editorial or reportorial professions? I know men may tumble by what seems accident into a newspaper office as they may tumble into other occupations, but it would be an incalculable advantage if those proposing a newspaper life had an institution to which they might go to learn the qualifications, the responsibilities, the trials, the temptations, the dangers, the magnificent opportunities, of newspaper life. Let there be a lectureship in which there shall appear the leading editors of the United States, telling the story of their struggles, their victories, their mistakes, how they worked and what they found out to be the best way of working. There will be strong men who will climb up without such aid into editorial power and efficiency. So do men climb up to success in other branches by sheer grit. But if we want branched institutions to make lawyers and artists and doctors and ministers we must make, self-learned institutions to make editors; a position of influence a hundredfold greater. I do not put the truth too strongly when I say the most potent influence for good on earth is a good editor, and the most potent influence for evil is a bad one. The best way to reinforce and improve the newspaper is to endow editorial professorates. When will Princeton or Harvard or Yale or Rochester lead the way?

A Christian Press.

Once more I remark that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day—for I am not speaking now of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present and future. There is not a single doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the Christianized printing press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot.

In Advance of the Age.

"Sir," began the high-browed man with the rolled manuscript, "in me you behold a man who is in advance of the age."

"Yes," said the editor. "You are situated somewhere along about next summer, I presume."

"Next summer?"

"Yes. I notice that you left the door open."



WOMANHOOD

Pretty Princess Marie, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was taken to Berlin in 1892, when she was just 17, and there met the handsome crown prince of Roumania, who very quickly recognized her charms. Princess Marie was equally attracted to him, for he, as well as being handsome, is possessed of great charm of manner and upright character, a prince fitted in every way to be a hero of romance. The betrothal took place not long after their meeting with the cordial assent of all the relatives of both prince and princess; and on Jan. 11, 1893, their marriage was celebrated at Sigmaringen. The beauty and youth of Princess Marie touched all hearts, and her winning manner soon made her as beloved by King Charles as if she was actually his own daughter. The Queen of Roumania is as charmed with her new niece as the king is, and looks on her and treats her as a daughter, finding in her companionship a relief from her sad memories and fits of melancholy.

The costume worn by the Crown Princess Marie of Roumania, in the portrait which accompanies this article, was worn by her at a recent festivity in Bucharest. The petticoat was of plain silk, the overdress being of richest brocade, the design of bunches of feathers tied together with true lovers' knots being very dainty and effective. The fichu of Brussels lace was draped in exact imitation of that worn by a dead and gone beauty in a portrait from which the costume was copied. Since Princess Marie's advent in Bucharest the leaders of society there have done their best to devise novel and brilliant entertainments to amuse her royal highness, and she and her handsome young husband are untiring in attending festivities and other functions in aid of charities when the presence of the royalty is desired in order to secure the success of the undertaking. Now that Queen Carmen-Sylva's health does not permit her to exert her-

Sweater for Women.

For a long time girls, and even women, have felt that they would be happier if they could wear sweaters. It was tried by some adventurous spirits, and while found perfectly satisfactory about the throat lacked the symmetry women have learned to prize about the waist. This had led to the manufacture of women's sweaters. These lack that



style which made the manly sweater so desirable in women's eyes. But, on the other hand, they gather in at the waist and are entered after in a manner more familiar to women than is the male sweater. At first they were only used in gymnasiums, but now they are considered a necessary part of almost every woman's wardrobe. The up-to-date sweater is not only a sensible garment, but an exceedingly stylish one as well. The coming summer girl will be devoted to the sweater. She can wear it when wheeling, riding, or sailing, and in fact, they are sure to be the fastest friends, for there will be dozens of times when the little knit arrangements will just fit the occasion.

The modernized sweater is far removed from awkwardness. It fits like a glove and the sleeves are generally the long, full bishop sort, with a tight webbed cuff, which clings to the arm snugly from elbow to wrist, and over which the full upper part falls with all gracefulness that fashion demands.

One can find all colors and styles in sweaters. Sailor collars and neatly rolled-over small ones are the kinds most generally seen and they give a very jaunty effect. The act of getting into one of these garments looks to be a heart-breaking operation, but in reality it is simplicity itself. They either button on the shoulder or lace in front, and it is no more trouble to get into one of them than an ordinary waist.

Novel Matrimonial Bureau. It is reported that the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Portsmouth, Va., are about to organize a unique movement under the name of the Naples Matrimonial Society. In Naples girls 14 and over assemble once every year in one of the churches of that city, and the unmarried men who so desire go there and choose wives. The Portsmouth ladies propose to work on the same principle, but both the girls and the men must register three months before making choice, in order that investigation of character may be made.

Beauties of Olden Days. Sappho is said by the Greek writers to have been a blonde.

Jezabel, the Queen of Ahab, according to one of the rabbis, had "black eyes that were set on fire by hell."

The Empress Anna of Russia was very portly and the fleshiness of her face greatly detracted from its good looks.

Margaret of Anjou had the typical face of a French beauty. She was black-haired, black-eyed and vivacious. Her features were indicative of her strength of character.

Pocahontas is described as having features as regular as those of a European woman. She is also said to have had a lighter complexion than usual among Indian women.

Theodora, the wife of the famous Justinian, was beautiful, crafty and unscrupulous. She is said to have been tall, dark and with "powers of conversation superior to any woman in the empire."

Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., was singularly gifted both in person and in intellect, but in spite of her beauty and her good sense she was never able to win the love of her dissolute husband.



MARIE, FUTURE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

Nourishment for the Skin.

A dry, scaly skin is a sure indication of a blood disturbance, and frequently accompanies dyspepsia. The best treatment for it is a careful diet, an avoidance of all highly seasoned food, coffee, tea and alcoholic stimulants. Sometimes a dry skin is the result of a long illness where fever has literally burned the cuticle so that it is parched. The skin food which nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and supplies the oils that have been exhausted by heat is most efficacious if applied at night, after a warm bath. It is well to rub it thoroughly into the skin. Massage is excellent in connection with this treatment. Melt in a water bath three ounces of spermaceti, eight ounces of oil of almonds, four of lardoline, and two ounces of coconut oil. Stir briskly until cold; then add, drop by drop, one ounce of orange-flower water and ten drops of oil of jasmine. Keep sealed, except when using.

Timely and Untimely Calls.

The only objection to having a reception day engraved on your cards is that sometimes, as the Irishman said, it was "moughty unconvenient." "It is the unexpected that always happens." Fortunately the lady who has grown-up daughters or an unmarried sister who can fill her place temporarily. It requires more unselfishness than most of us possess to give up one day every week to the claims of society; so we only have the name on our cards and go on year after year missing friends we long to see, and being "at home" to numerous acquaintances whom we wish had not been quite so fortunate in timing their calls.

Monogram Fans for Young Women.

Seal and monogram fans are a notion of the moment among young women still in their teens. A plain white or delicately tinted fan is selected, and the gay seals are arranged upon it with what taste may be. If monograms are