



THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3 1895.

OBSERVATIONS.

WITHIN a few days THE COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY will be reorganized, and on August 15 plans for the further development of THE COURIER, which have been in contemplation for some months, will be matured and ready for inauguration. The interest in this paper which for two years past has been held by Mr. Chas. L. Burr has been purchased by Miss Sarah B. Harris, who will, commencing August 15, enter into active participation in the conduct of THE COURIER. Miss Harris, personally, is well known to readers of this paper and the people of Lincoln generally, and her writings which have appeared in these columns and elsewhere have attracted much attention and admiration. She will enter the newspaper business with wholehearted zeal, and I am sure COURIER readers and the reading public as well as THE COURIER itself will gain by this connection. At the same time Miss Willa Cather, who for the past two years has been the dramatic critic and theatrical writer for the *Journal*, will become a member of the THE COURIER staff. Miss Cather's reputation extends beyond Nebraska. She is thoroughly original and always entertaining. Her writing has a piquant literary flavor, and her services are a valuable acquisition to any paper. The addition of Miss Harris and Miss Cather to THE COURIER's working force, will be immediately followed by an enlargement of this paper both in size and scope. The assistance of other writers will be secured and the aim will be to make this paper, in the fullest sense of the word, a weekly review of all those subjects in which the intelligent, progressive men and women of Nebraska are interested. The political and editorial features will not only be continued, but will be given additional importance, the purpose being to comprehend all subjects that concern the people of this state. Theatrical, the endeavor will be to give intelligent, discriminating, honest criticisms in review of everything produced in this city and Omaha that is worthy of note, together with such additional information and comment as will make this paper indispensable to those people of this section who are interested in the stage and stage life. A musical department, conducted by a competent musical writer will be added. Recognizing the rapidly increasing importance of the social life of our people, society will be treated in a much more complete and thorough manner than has before been attempted, and it is believed that this department, which will include, not Lincoln alone, but Omaha and other cities of the state, will be rendered particularly attractive. An important part of the social life of our people is that taken by the progressive women of the state, and the women's clubs and the various movements in the interest of the proper advancement of women will be accorded adequate space and atten-

tion. There will be bright business gossip, literary and art talk, and other features of special interest to the people of Lincoln and Nebraska. Everything in THE COURIER will be original—written expressly for it, and so far as those who will be responsible for its production are able to make, it will be an accurate review of the subjects to which space will be given. The daily papers report events. The weekly paper allows of a more careful and critical discussion of things and events, and an ambitious effort will be made to give THE COURIER an important place among the journals of the west.

The department of THE COURIER devoted to out-of-door sports, mainly cycling and base ball, will be continued, and all of the present features will be retained with such improvement as it is possible for THE COURIER's new working force to make.

For many years, in England and on the continent, the weekly paper has held a position of prominence and power which the daily battering rams have to this day been unable to shake. Men and women of ability have devoted their best energies to the making of the weekly paper, and usually, these papers are carefully edited reviews with the subject matter more fully digested than is the case with the dailies. In politics, literature and art, as well as the drama and the great field of society, the weekly paper in England has overshadowed the daily in influence. The weekly paper is the dependence, the daily papers serving as so many bulletins of events to be thoroughly discussed later in the weekly.

In this country the tendency has been to develop the daily paper at the expense of the weekly; but many weeklies, particularly in the large cities, have become potent factors in society, and today much of the more careful political and critical writing is found in these papers. Within the past few months I have been feeling the ground as it were, in THE COURIER, with a view to a more pretentious effort in weekly newspaper publication, and this tentative endeavor has met with a degree of appreciation that has seemed to assure the success of the new enterprise. There has been a large increase in the number of subscribers, and the advertising patronage has been larger the past three months than it has been in nearly three years. Hence the future is looked to with confidence.

Those persons who remember "Rudger Grange" and the occupants' reluctance to leave the "grange" for a few weeks and Pomona's adventures while they were away, may find a suggestion of similarity in "Love Before Breakfast" which Frank Stockton has begun in the August *Ladies Home Journal* and which will be completed in the Sep-

tember issue. It is written in Mr. Stockton's best vein and will excite genuine interest. The *Journal*, by the way, even with its Ruth Ashmorism and other eccentricities, has an astonishing hold upon the public, and it is the only magazine published for women that is read by men.

Speaking of the *Ladies Home Journal* I am reminded of a clever review of W. D. Howells' "My Literary Passions," which appeared in the *Journal*, and which as those who followed Mr. Howells are aware, were not passions at all—the idea of the lackadaisical Howells having any passions! Harry Thurston Peck is the reviewer, and he says: "What a delightful thing it must be to attain to a degree of distinction at which reminiscence becomes as valuable as creation! Now if one be a novelist, for instance, he need no longer rack his brain over the complexities of plot and the analysis of character, studying proportions and inventing incident, and polishing dialogue; but secure of his public at any odd moment he can sit down in his library and recall miscellaneous details about himself. They need not have any absolute value in themselves; how, when twelve years of age, he was once homesick at his uncle's house; how he was once taken to a chemist's shop and dosed with camphor as a prophylactic against cholera; details about what he usually had for dinner and the hour at which he had it; and the peculiarities of an organ-builder who used to loan him books. These bits of life history, of which every human being possesses a million scattering fragments, are to the person who has attained renown, a veritable gold mine. They have no especial pertinence to anything, but they are deeply interesting because they happened to him; and so, after setting them down in detail to the extent of a column or so of print the Distinguished Personage gives them a little polishing, garnishes them with a few neat phrases, and sends them off to Mr. Bok, who at once remits a delightful cheque, whereupon the Personage enlargeth his bank account and arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen and waxeth merry." There is a good deal of this in the *Journal*—inconsequential personalities, talk about poets' sweethearts and great men's wives and great women's husbands, and whether so-and-so took sugar in his tea or swung Indian clubs before retiring. But it fills its particular field, and it is useless to criticize a publication that has 16,000,000 readers—I believe that is Mr. Bok's latest estimate.

Sunday night Rev. Byron Beall preached another sensational sermon in the Third Presbyterian church. This time the sermon was "for men only," and I noticed among the audience, drawn by a prurient curiosity, a large number of boys certainly not entitled to

classification with men. Since when, I would ask Mr. Beall, has it become necessary to exclude women from religious services in the house of God on the Sabbath day? Has sensational preaching reached that point where separate services must be held for the two sexes? Has the preacher a right to say things from the pulpit that cannot properly be heard by a mixed audience? The Bealls profess to be literally following in the path that Christ himself trod. But it is not known that in order to save souls He was compelled to address the men alone at one time and the women alone at another. Christ dealt with wickedness as he found it, and he hesitated not to scourge, but when He spoke all might hear, men and women alike. Lectures and sermons for "men only" are a late invention.

It is questionable if any good comes from these so called lectures for "men only." The curiosity excited is apt to be harmful, quite overshadowing the warning note that is sounded. When these discussions are brought into the Sabbath day and made to take the place of the regular services at which both men and women are present, ministers who are responsible for them are liable to criticism.

Mr. Beall is undoubtedly right in his views on the subject he is at present discussing; but the advisability of public discussions such as he has given in the last two weeks is certainly open to debate. There has been far too much said about this subject in this city; it is becoming a much too common topic of conversation; and when young boys flock to hear the details of licentiousness from the pulpit, it seems that it is desirable to call a halt. After hearing Rev. Byron Beall's "sermon" Sunday evening on "Some Paths in Lincoln That Lead to Death, or Steps That Take Hold on Hell." I went home and took down Phillips Brooks' "The Ministers of Our Age." This great preacher in describing the faults of ministers, says: "And the other fault is the constant desire to make people hear us who seem determined to forget us. This is the fault of the sensational preacher. A large part of what is called sensational preaching is simply the effort of a man who has no faith in his office or in the essential power of truth to keep himself before people's eyes by some kind of intellectual fantasticalness. I think there is a great deal of nervous uneasiness of mind which shows a shaken confidence in one's position." Especially I noted this paragraph: "There is a possible life of great nobleness and usefulness for the preacher who frankly recognizes and cordially accepts the attitude towards his office which he finds on the world's part, preaches truth and duty on their own intrinsic authority, and wins personal power and influence because he does not seek them, but seeks the prevalence of righteousness and the salvation of souls."