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SARAH F. HARRIS, Editor.  
DORA BATCAELOR, Business Manager.

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### OBSERVATIONS.

Wednesday, March 17, St. Patrick's day, Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight. Mosher released from prison, and the greatest of the three is Mosher. It is dangerous to say that C. W. Mosher has good qualities, that the law would not have been able to reach his case if it had not been for his own confession, and that he is credited with fidelity and loyalty to the unnamed friends who got into the scrape with him. He has taken his punishment as stoically and recklessly as he kept books. The suspicion that he has money put away somewhere or that now that he is out of prison the confederates, whom he protected, will protect him and help him into a paying job, is the main reason that keeps his real virtues from receiving the recognition they deserve. His crimes were of the audacious, "nothing venture nothing have kind." He counted upon taking his punishment for them, if luck went the other way, when he committed them. When the doors of the bank closed and the papers announced that the Capital National had suspended, it will be remembered that Mr. Mosher assumed the whole blame and insisted that he be sentenced to the penitentiary for the term that his offense demanded. It may be that he alone was to blame. At any rate, no one else in any of the bank failures which succeeded the Capital National epoch has suffered the ignominy that Mr. Mosher has. He was self-condemned. The other bank presidents and cashiers laid the blame on the hard times, and the hard times

bore the blame so long as sympathy is the only circulating medium that the cashiers and the hard times have left in the city the unfortunate bank officials are not denied a portion of it. Every bankrupt in the city has the air of not being the only bean in the soup, excepting Mr. Mosher. He has done no more than some. He confessed his sins. He has received a long, severe punishment of which he has already acknowledged the justice. Why not consider him as the first victim of hard times instead of the cause of all our woe? We have lost just as much by other guardians of trusts, Treasurer Bartley and Auditor Moore for instance, yet men do not hear curses as they pass by. In spite of the unpopularity of anything like impartial justice when considered in connection with Mr. Mosher, I think that according to the scale of punishments applied to other malefactors of the same class, he has received punishment and ignominy enough.

The indictments presented against him in exact justice are doubtless correct, but until a few are prepared against a large proportion of the population of the state who have gone out of business for various very ingenious reasons, which appear to satisfy the law, those against Mr. Mosher should be quashed.

Du Maurier's new story, "The Martian" is not so interesting as either the story of "Peter Ibbetson" or "Tribby." The new glory that he was able to shed on "la chasse aux souvenirs d'enfance" has faded. The fear as well as the hope that "Tribby" and "Peter Ibbetson" were, to a great extent, autobiographical has been realized. "The Martian" is the tale of an old man who has lived his life, and whose pleasantest memories are of the three years of his early boyhood when he saw the most of his school mate, Barty Josselin. More than in either of the other two stories the lack of constructive skill is apparent. Trivial details, which have apparently nothing to do with the story, the unfolding of the plot or influence upon the characters, fill the chapters up to the present time.

The atmosphere of reminiscence is fascinating and Du Maurier is an old master at reproducing it. Fiction, as well as history, must use the past tense, yet Du Maurier, by introducing the hero's widow and children, with reference to his own loneliness, impresses the fact that these people are a long time dead.

Such treatment substitutes a literary, historical interest for that which kind has for kind. All of Du Maurier's stories tell of past joys, and of a present that is endurable only because of the light from the past. He even more than Thackeray or the poor "Duchess" apotheosizes his hero or heroine. Barty

Josselin, "Tribby" and the peerless countess of "Peter Ibbetson" are wraiths in a double sense, separated from today by time, by unheard of virtues and by a heavenly and enslaving beauty too perfect to awaken desire.

But the drawings of "The Martian" have not the anatomical impossibilities of "Tribby." Barty, though a trifle emaciated and with an expression too flower-like for a man, is still, take him for all in all, a man. In the December number of Harper's Monthly, in which the story is appearing, there is a quite wonderful picture of a dream that the old boy has who tells the story. The roots and branches of a tree kept him from moving on the solemn, ugly little boys who bear a dream-likeness to his former school mates, and on the mocking usher who orders him about with the old malignity. The picture has the impotence and dumbness of a dream. Did anybody ever feel the flesh creep with horror, or contrariwise, a worshipping gratitude for the beauty of character, when looking at one of Gibson's irrefragable pictures? Du Maurier, with dimmed vision, sometimes draws poor torsos, and sometimes legs are dislocated. When he was a little boy he had an ideal of what a beautiful woman should be, and no subsequent work on the model was able to get her back into drawing. Myself, it does not matter. No one can so atmosphere a drawing and produce an effect like Du Maurier. Not every one admits the beauty of his ideal woman, but he produces the effect of being in a most lovely and gracious presence, and that is much more than splendid drawing. Gibson is Gibson, and we cannot be too grateful for him, and he can beat Du Maurier drawing a thing, but the latter's work effects the imagination and recalls experience with unmatched power. However, to the failure in the latter press of "The Martian," to reach the level of "Tribby" rather than to the effect of the popularity of "Tribby," Du Maurier's death is due, if there were a sentimental reason for it. Joy does not even kill the aged and sick, but defeat takes away the reason for living.

The people who live in a town as inland as Lincoln who keep track of the price of corn and who are trying to keep the state out of the rule of the populists, who take the eastern papers only for the market reports, political news and funny pictures, are not familiar with the reputations of theatrical companies who play only one night here. Some very respectable companies have had posters no more risqué than Cissy Fitzgerald. There is nothing especially shocking about the corps de ballet, gauze skirts, tights, masculine attire and bloomers. Mercuries, Dianas naiads are not shocking to end of the century eyes. There was

an outcry among the Romans while the toga was going out of style. They thought any other dress immoral. Modesty is not a question of dress, but of speech and action. Modjeska and Julia Marlowe in boy's suits are funny and awkward, never immodest. So long as the posters, then, cannot be accepted as a sign of the respectability of a play, there should be some means besides the announcements or an exhaustive research into contemporary dramatic criticism of knowing the character of a play before the company arrives. Sissy Fitzgerald hers if was not so bad as the play of "The Foundling," though she was depraved enough. The play was the thing. It could not be printed in the newspapers or sent through the mails legally. Then why should it be allowed dramatic representation?

In view of the event in Carson City on last Wednesday, the following prophesy from Town Topics last week indicates a promising young writer on art:

I pick Prof. Robert Fitzsimmons for the winner of that little scientific argument in Nevada on March 17. I may be wrong in my selection, and if events prove me to be so, I shall cheerfully make my obsequies to Professor Corbett and acknowledge that I have underrated his capabilities. But I do not think I am wrong. My present opinion, that Professor Fitzsimmons will hammer Professor Corbett in a most unmerciful and heartrending manner, if, indeed, he permits him to leave the ring alive, is based upon the most logical reasoning in the world. In all of his earlier fights Professor Fitzsimmons has proved himself a whirlwind and a wonder. In times more recent he licked in about ninety seconds Professor Maher, the really clever fighter to whom Professor Corbett saw fit to present the world's championship on a silver plate. He made what gentlemen of sporting proclivities call a "holy show" of Professor Sharky, the muscular sailor who nearly slew Professor Corbett in San Francisco. In itself, the red-topped professor's personality is a terrific one. A blacksmith, who loves a fight for amusement's sake, and selects lions and bloodhounds for playmates, is not the sort of person most men would choose for an antagonist in a battle to a finish with fists. Professor Corbett is a strong man and has been a mighty gladiator in his day, and I hope he realizes that he is going into the most serious situation of his life. I expect to see him beaten on March 17—that is, if the fight is a fair one.

I am rather surprised to observe that no serious outcry has so far been indulged in by either pulpit or press on the subject of this fight. This should be regarded as a feather in the cap of the state that has had the courage to legalize this form of entertainment. I