



# THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1897.



REFUSED IN THE POST OFFICE AT LINCOLN AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.

Telephone 384.

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Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$ 2 00
Six months.....	1 00
Three months.....	50
One month.....	20
Single copies.....	05

OBSERVATIONS.

Rev. Byron Beall, in a letter to a Lincoln newspaper commends the work of Evangelist Sunday. Both of these men advertise sensational subjects, use intemperate and profane language, and shock and frighten children and women without hesitation, in order to get an audience, in order to be talked about on the streets. Mr. Sunday claims that he left the base ball profession to become a preacher because he thought he was converted and he wanted everybody else to be. In point of fact the large salaries of ten years ago attracted so many to the diamond that the price of players dropped below the sum that Pitcher Sunday considered his talents worth and he began to look about him for a paying job. His flexible, though not especially choice vocabulary and the practice he had in long distance shouting and swearing in the constantly recurring decisive moments on the base ball field, together with his personal experience of low life, led him to believe that he could pose as a brand snatched from the burning for about four hundred dollars a month. In this venture he is constantly helped by the natural respect that everybody instinctively feels for a preacher. A true Christian would hesitate to make his former wickedness or his self announced goodness his only stock in trade. Real converts to all religions are humble and ready to learn of the regular teachers. Pitcher Sunday defies and denounces the church. With the egotism of a nature essentially coarse he is unable to comprehend that

he is speaking to an audience much higher in the grade of morals than he was in the days before the profession of Christianity made it necessary for him to be anything but tricky, profane and lustful. Goodness is always unsuspecting and accuses no one of that which it is itself incapable of. The best preacher that ever lived was crucified eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago. He told a story of a publican and a sinner. The publican stood confidently near the altar and proclaimed his own goodness and attempted to draw the attention of the deity to the faults of other men. The real penitent stood afar off and confessed his sins. In modern times Phillips Brooks has helped humanity more than any other preacher. When he died the business of the town where he lived was suspended for a day. Everybody who came into his presence wanted to be good. His life was, humanly speaking, spotless. He never asked for an endorsement, he never needed one. When little children heard him they wanted to wait and speak to him. The purity and unselfness attracted them when they did not understand his words, which, gentle as they were, threw a white light on the conscience of the grown up people who listened to him and which made them loathe themselves of an hour ago. There were no ejaculations and no groaning among the men and women he talked to, but when they left him there was a firmer set to the shoulders of the men and the lips of the women; there was a kindly giving way in the crowds which had pushed themselves in. In thus comparing Bishop Brooks with a man who takes his cheap goods and talk from town to town, there is an absurdity. I do so only because in deciding upon a counterfeit it is necessary to know the ring and the stamp of the coin. Measuring with such a standard does not exclude poor and ignorant workers like those of the Salvation and Volunteer armies. If the motive which animates a man is to be good in order to help the world, the newspapers will not hinder his work with denunciations, nor will the pure in heart shrink from his words; but if he is working for himself by pretending to pious indignation of sin, he can not deceive the people for long. Mr. Sunday complains of the newspapers, wherever he goes. But they are unable to give a verbatim report of his speeches without breaking postal regulations. The reporters listen to him at first with some admiration for his loquacity, but after they have heard fourteen of his twenty eight speeches the verdict is that he is unworthy to take the name he uses so frequently.

The papers of all denominations, republican, as well as democratic and populist, express the hope that the able lawyers for the defense in the Bartley

trial will not be able to mix things up so that the efforts of the jury to apply the law to the particular case of embezzlement with which the treasurer is accused will not be effectual. While the case is being tried it is enough for the daily newspapers to report the proceedings of the court which is trying him. The jury is composed of twelve men of average honesty and intelligence. The claims of the state are presented by able lawyers and they are met by representatives of the law, who have won more hopeless cases than this one of ex Auditor Bartley, who, if he be innocent, resorted to the artifices and expedients of dishonesty to conceal conduct which on this date, June 21st, judge and jury are debating the legality of. When the jury has finished its work, the people of the state, through the newspapers, will approve or disapprove according to the unobscured principles of justice which inhere in all the people as a unit. If the decision is not coincident with the opinion of the intelligent, commonplace men and women who read the testimony as it is presented to the court from day to day, their disapproval will react upon the party which elected Mr. Bartley. Taking out of account the popular clamor for a victim when a crime has been committed, those who do not join in it are willing to wait the verdict of the court. When it is rendered if justice seems to have been defeated it is time to protest.

—The republican party all over the state has drawn a breath of relief since the Wednesday papers printed the news of Mr. Bartley's conviction. Judge Baker showed an uncompromising front to the defense throughout the trial. To all appearances he was anxious that the jury should get the unobscured facts. They got them and rendered a verdict that the whole state is satisfied with.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the theosophist who lectured to a large audience on Sunday night and to a larger one on Monday in the Universalist church, is a woman of medium size, with deep set eyes and a low pitched, somewhat hoarse voice. She wore a costume of China silk with a long broad scarf of the same material swathed from her left shoulder to the right hip where the two ends were mysteriously draped and fell to the hem of the skirt. The costume was a very warm one, considering the night, and not exactly graceful, but it was made in England and worn by an English woman and it looked as though it would last a long time. Mrs. Besant spoke clearly and slowly without gestures except as the regular leaning forward of the body and emphatic jounce upon the heels at the end of a series of sentences or phrases can be called jesturing. The thick folds of silk laid diagonally across the torso unfortunately emphasized round shoulders

and a hollow chest, which in a different costume would not have been noticeable. Swathed in white silk, made like the dress of a ghost or a mahatma, which hung in full, straight folds like the drapery of a caryatid, with glistening, thick, white hair, drawn smoothly back to a knot in her neck, and with the deep, glowing eyes of a mystic, Mrs. Besant kept the usually restless summer night audience still. She said that there were three worlds, this one, the astral, and the heavenly. She knew their geography, climate and conditions because she had traveled in every one of them. Then she said that each one of the immortal souls who listened to her could at will travel in them if they would get into the vehicles of transportation suitable to the medium it was made to travel in or over; as in this world we use the steam cars for land travel, the steam propeller for water travel and the balloon and airship for air travel, so to get into the other two places she used the discoveries of prophets and masters who died thousands of years ago and found that she could get into these other two places with quickness and ease. But like the patent memory man, who related the miraculous deeds, his pupils accomplished, she did not tell the audience where the station to the astral world is, or how to get transportation there. When questioned, after the lecture, she said that it would not do to tell an uninformed audience how to travel. But she gave me a little pamphlet which tells what theosophy is and prints on the last page a list of books for a course in theosophy, elementary advanced and ethical, consisting of twenty-nine books, fifteen of which she is the author, and five by H. P. Blavatsky. Several years ago I bought for five dollars the six little pamphlets which the patent memory man said would give faithful students a memory as good as Macaulay's, but they did not. Now this course in theosophy costs \$37 65, which is cheap enough for a ticket to the astral world and return. Especially if while in that world we learn enough to help us to live the rest of our lives more worthily in this one. But the very warm weather and the labor of speaking in so many places between San Francisco and New York, together with the experiences of the patent memory "professor," make it probable that Mrs. Besant advertises her books as well as attempting to lift humanity from the gutter that it is too slowly crawling out of. Madam Blavatsky's book, "The Secret Doctrine," costs \$12.50, which, I repeat, is cheap enough if it tells how to get safely out of this and return if we are not suited. It is unfair to treat the lecture of so learned and so keenly intelligent a woman as Mrs. Annie Besant with a lack of seriousness. If it were the first time that gifted talkers had bulled unknown stocks she would be treated