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OBSERVATIONS.

It is the annual gatherings of the Christian Endeavor society that has brought it to the notice of the world,—the world of newspapers and business. The first assembly which met, I think, in New York was a concrete, overwhelming demonstration of the strength of the organization. The newspapers had announced that the delegates to the association were so many thousand but when they arrived, crowded the street and the hotels, when the largest auditorium was not spacious enough to hold them all, the society won that sort of respect which is felt for thousands of individuals working to attain a single object. It has grown so rapidly that cities and railroads, on account of the thousands who go to the annual meetings cut hotel rates and railroad fares to narrowest margins and still make money. Travel, a few days ago, was conjected because of the nineteenth century Children's Crusade to San Francisco. The tourist cars which were generally used to transport the Endeavorers across the continent were more than filled—even the steps being occupied by daytime and the aisle floors at night. The organization has the same element of strength which has enabled the Roman Catholic Church to defy the spirit of the age, a spirit that proveth all things and accepts nothing for tradition's sake. The weekly confession, the sense of responsibility as a member of a religious order which has made the catholic priesthood a tremendous power has been incorporated into the pledge of the Christian Endeavor Society. Every member

is a priest who has taken an oath to read the Bible every day, every day to pray, and once a week on Sunday evening to report to the society, whether he has failed or succeeded. Most of the youths keep their vows more or less exactly. The influence of a daily communion with the best Book ever written and the spiritualizing effect of prayer together with the necessity of conforming the daily conduct to a consistent Sunday exhortation, is training a large body of young people into church members who will in the years to come be prepared to widen the influence of the church. When it is taken into consideration that each new member of the society endeavors to induce his associates to join it, the numerical possibilities of the society in the future begins to be appreciated. Only the largest cities can now accommodate the convention. In the very near future, it will meet in sections in the four quarters of the United States. "If youth only knew, if age only could." The Christian Endeavorers have chosen with the wisdom of experience; they are accomplishing with the vigor and energy of youth, undaunted by failure what is only possible to heroic endeavor. Cynicism, pessimism, the paralysis of many defeats are unknown to these end of the century crusaders. There is no organization or influence more potential of good to the twentieth century than the society of Christian Endeavor.

Frank Stockton is, so far as I know, the only writer except Balzac, who prefers a heroine, middle aged, homely, with all the domestic virtues and with that peculiar New England ingenuity of management which makes her an excellent subject for Mr. Stockton's purpose. Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, Mrs. Cliff and Pomona are different poses, in different drapery of the same model. An examination of the features and expression of these four matrons convinces the student that they are studies of the same individual. All worthy of being made a heroine, all heroic in unselfishness, modesty and accomplishment in time of peril, the Stockton woman though as distinct a type and of a larger acquaintance than the "Gibson Girl" has been neglected. All native Americans know the Stockton woman. She is shrewd, honest, a good housekeeper, careful and frequently worried over many things, even the affairs of the neighbors, conscientious, always ready to lend a hand in an emergency, with the community feeling on the way to full development, not accustomed to stylish life or large ways of living, yet the Stockton woman is able to fall into them when an access of wealth makes them convenable. Three fourths of the members of Lincoln, if that proposition are married, look across the table into the eyes of a Stockton woman who is speculating on the best way to cut up the suit

opposite her into one for her oldest son. Her presence is healing, her aspect cheerful, her virtues, except by Mr. Stockton, unsung. Balzac has erected a literary memorial to the frugal French woman of a corresponding type, who nevertheless is as French as the Stockton woman in Columbian. The younger heroines of Mr. Stockton lack beauty and fascination. He says they have both, but it is impossible to get up any enthusiasm about them because the cloud of witnesses who surround them in the shape of men do not allow any signs or expressions of love or passion to escape them or to interfere with the unfolding of a plot which they strenuously and with a single mind unfold from page to page. If the four men whom Du Maurier wrote about, had not been in love with Trilby, if the movement had been controlled by some other motive than that of love to Trilby all of Du Maurier's drawings and Du Maurier's descriptions could not have enshrined her in the hearts of two continents. To accomplish his object he introduces four men, three clean nice Englishmen and one uncanny musician without a country. Trilby conquers them and the story readers, unconsciously. If they did not adore her, why should we who live in another world and are forever separate? But little Billee dies of love for her, the Laird loves her as much as he can without dying, so does Taffy, and Svengali dies when he loses his power over her. Like Jules Verne, Mr. Stockton makes what the men do and say of more importance than what they are. Therefore when they make their fortunes we are through with them. They are but shades for lack of that which made poor Trilby's heart beat. If Messrs Howell's and Stockton could be mixed up a bit the result might be pleasing. Mr. H. would gain action, movement and objectivity, Mr. S's characters would be more intimate, while not giving way to the sometimes embarrassing and unwarranted confidences of Mr. Howell's heroines. They might lose a little of their impersonality and still do something and get somewhere in the course of a hundred pages. But the middle aged heroine is lovable, and for her rarity we can afford to excuse the absence of the young girl beautiful.

The monument to Robert Louis Stevenson, which is to be set up in San Francisco was paid for by contributions by private individuals, some of them his literary associates and some of them the every day people who have read his books. The monument is a square shaft surmounted by a ship, a galleon with all sail set and bowed by an eastern wind, headed westward to that isle of Samoa where Stevenson died. Under his name will be inscribed this passage from the "Christmas Sermon": "To be honest to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a

little less, to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation."

On the lower plinth the designers have placed a spigot and basin into which water drips unceasingly for the thirsty dogs of the city. The ship on the top of the pillar gracefully rides the water whose waves are thrown up against the prow. It is a ship of storied shape, "the ship that comes in" to the literary drudge as well as to the successful writer. The lonely marble tent in Samoa under which Stevenson's body lies is the only monument that the living have erected to the dead man whose literary significance is only less than Hawthorne's.

The club editor of the Denver News addresses a word or two to Colonel Mary Fairbrother in a way that will not be uninteresting to Nebraska women:

"It is unfortunate that the woman's club of Omaha has an organ which, in every issue, conveys the idea to those readers who are not familiar with local affairs among the clubs of Omaha that the members of the Woman's club do nothing but fight. Wars and rumors of war float through the pages of this little sheet, and an uninformed reader would imagine that the club was divided into cliques and rings of the most unpleasant character, which occupied their time chiefly in squabbling. The paper is the organ of the Nebraska state federation of Women's clubs, but devotes most of its ammunition to the Woman's club of Omaha, the reports of the other clubs being mostly of a routine nature. Of course, this small paper has not a very wide circulation, and is not read by very many people who do not understand the exact condition of the affairs treated of. But it seems unfortunate that so unpleasant an impression should be conveyed to the strangers who may chance to see stray copies. The Woman's club of Denver has sometimes experienced differences of opinion among its 800 members, which could not reasonably be avoided. But it has never had an unpleasantness of sufficient magnitude to attract the attention of the press. And it is safe to say that no paper would remain the official organ of the Colorado clubs very long which persistently accused them of cliques and quarrels, trickery and wire pulling, disloyalty to the aforesaid organ, and various other traits which would make the unsophisticated outsider think that the Omaha Woman's club must be about the most unpleasant place that a person could get into."

All this unpleasantness will be a thing of the past when THE COURIER of this city is made the official organ of the state federation. Sub rosa, it must be admitted that hair pulling is quite common among the club women of Omaha, but it is not the business of the official organ to comb up the disarranged locks before the public—*Nebraska State Journal*.

The Town and County Club of York is the first attempt, so far as I know, to bring the country women and the city women together. The large possibilities educational and social to be derived from such an association reflect great credit upon the York inventor. The