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SARAH B. HARRIS,

Editor

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OBSERVATIONS.

Etiquette of Titles.

Members of the British peerage used to come to this country to hunt buffalo, bear, deer, moose and other large game. Of late years such game is scarce, but still the Englishmen come, not in deerstalkers but in tweeds and broadcloth. Old castles and baronial halls need to be roofed and the comfortless homes turned over to the plumbers. Rents from the estate being insufficient to accomplish these repairs, it is not surprising that the distracted owners should come to America or send their sons to find a woman to help them put their houses in order. The buffalo, the deer, and the moose, even the bear and the mountain lion used to run from the English hunters. All this is changed. Immediately on their arrival in New York, the hunters, if they are noble, are surrounded with game willing to be taken alive. Of course there is not much sport in this new attitude of American game, but so long as Blenheim must be roofed and fitted with sanitary plumbing, the tame game's surrender is accepted.

Until the rush is over it might be as well, an exchange suggests, to learn the titles of the hunters and not add to the absurd situation by my lordling men who do not claim the title.

First of all, let it be understood that all the sons of British peers are born commoners, unless the one, and only one, be posthumous. In rare instances, as was the case with Lord Curzon of Kedleston, an eldest son of a peer is "kicked upstairs" into the House of Lords during his father's lifetime. There are five titles in the

British peerage: Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount and Baron. All the peers ranking above an Earl, and nearly all the Earls, too, have a second lower title, which is adopted "by courtesy" by the eldest son. Thus, the Duke of Norfolk's son is Earl of Arundel, the Marquis of Dufferin's eldest son is Earl of Ava; Earl Cadogan's firstborn is Viscount Chelsea. The younger sons of Dukes and Marquises have "Lord" attached by courtesy to their Christian and family name. Charles Beresford, being a younger son of a Marquis of Waterford, is Lord Charles Beresford, and his wife is Lady Charles Beresford. To call them "Lord and Lady Beresford" would be as incorrect as to call the German Emperor "Emperor of Germany."

The younger sons of Earls and the sons of Viscounts and Barons are "Honourables" by courtesy; the daughters of Dukes, Marquises and Earls have the courtesy title of "Lady" attached to their Christian and family names, while the daughters of Viscounts and Barons have the "Honourable" affixed in a similar way. If a peer's daughter would lose precedence by her marriage with a peer of lower rank she retains her title of birth. Thus, Lady Violet Greville, of "Place aux Dames" fame, would be simply Lady (Baroness) Greville did not the fact that she was a Duke's daughter give her precedence over a Baron's wife.

The Omaha Exposition.

It is impossible to visit the exposition grounds without regretting that it has not been a success. Casting aside any state or local jealousy, and forgetting the affronts offered to newspapers by Mr. Cutright, the man who unfortunately for the welfare of the exposition was placed in charge of the department of publicity, the buildings in their beautiful setting of grass, trees and flowers are a pure delight to the eyes.

The art building contains the largest and most carefully selected exhibit of pictures ever shown so far west. There were no catalogues on sale and it is therefore difficult to describe by name and painter even the most remarkable of the pictures in the exquisitely proportioned rooms of the art building. To the collector or collectors of the exhibit so soon to be shipped back to New York recognition of the merit, variety and character of the exhibit is due. Almost without exception the painters of these pictures belong to the young, aspiring and talented artists who have studied in the ateliers of New York and then of Paris, exhibited in the salon and returned to this country with little besides their talent and hopes. Having by hard work and certainty of election made a name among members of their own profession, they are just beginning to receive the recognition from those without it, whose eyes, more or less sodden, do not perceive that a picture is good unless signed by an artist of ripe fame, ripe enough to have penetrated the ignorance of those who know few painters besides Raphael and Rosa Bonheur.

Among the pictures the nudes were remarkable for their clean color and

unconscious posing. Two dryads in a glade—sun-flecked and leaf shadowed, sea urchins, four or five little boys bathing and playing on the beach, I remember with great pleasure. They are not posed apparently and are no more self-conscious than is the faun of Praxiteles. Then there is a beautiful, a very beautiful idyl by Charles Curran: a dancing dryad in a green glade, with Pan piping for her and other dryads glancing in and out among the trees. The dancer's movement is wonderful and her classic green drapery is light as a breath.

There are only a few portraits but they are of high order. Some canvasses by Svend Svendsen have the peculiar solemnity and poetry of the Swedish school. There are plenty more but having no catalogue at hand I do not recall their titles.

The midway is a most forlorn place while the art gallery and various buildings are by no means so deserted. The complaint of small patronage from the concessionaires indicates that perhaps that sort of thing is not the only thing that pays at expositions. At any rate the midway has died first and people are really improving the last days of the exposition to see the pictures and the really interesting exhibits.

Golf.

Of all the games men and women play, golf is the most healthful and develops most vigorously the sportsman like qualities, that are under another name, the cardinal Christian virtues. Unfortunately the game has not reached Nebraska, where there ideal grounds not yet laid out. Swinging along the course the players meet and pass each other. Many or few can play the game. The interest taken in it, especially by women seems to be increasing. At the recent national championship tournament played on Bala links near Philadelphia, sporting editors expressed their surprise at the strength, quickness and skill of all the women players. They also agreed that the average woman golf player was a better player than the average man who played the game.

In the last fifteen years a desertion or hegira from the ball room to the fields has taken place. Even before the middle of the century the clinging, weeping, fainting female was getting ready to move out of fiction. And therefore the type was extinct. For the literary reflection lives long after the image itself has vanished. Since that time a tremendous stride has been taken out into the open not by the new woman but by two generations of women. In plain air the belle of the end of the century is painted. The old standard of a gentleman which made it disgrace and dishonor to lie to any one but the woman he made love to, and permitted a woman to fib and be a moral and physical coward with no loss of prestige has disappeared. An end of

the century girl is expected to be truthful, to meet emergencies bravely, to be ashamed to faint, to simper, to be detected in using rouge or to plead feminine weakness when called upon to take the place a man has bravely filled and earn her bread. Since the middle of the century woman's backbone has developed and at the present time golf is teaching the rich girl to form independent decisions quickly and for sound reasons. It is doing for her what self reliance has taught the wage earner. Besides the plain air and the sun are making a healthful springy young animal of the girl whose mother at her age was a victim of tight lacing late suppers and French novels. The rivalry of the links is also beneficial. A spirit which while striving strenuously to win can be perfectly fair and generous, accepting defeat goodnatureedly and success modestly, is wholly admirable. And there is no doubt that games teach forbearance and fairness better than the strife and struggle of commercial life. The dollar spoils sport. I wish that next spring golf links and a club house might be built here.

The new baseball association is seeking to arrange for some good games but professionalism has destroyed baseball as a Christianizing influence. What we really need is a game that all can play and be as little children again.

The New Fire Chief.

As head of the fire committee of the city council Mr. Woodward is a very serious obstacle to the sensible conduct of that department. The Courier has stated several times before that he has not the faculty of keeping things separate. For instance he allows a predilection for ex fire chief Newberry to influence his consideration of the qualifications of Chief Clement. Whereas Newberry's desire to fill the place, and his understanding with the chairmen of the fire committee have nothing to do with Chief Clement who has been appointed by the mayor. Mr. Newberry's record as fire chief is stained by two ineffaceable blots. As he is not chief nor likely to receive the appointment it is not necessary to be explicit. If Mr. Woodward could but make up his mind to subside in the interest of the fire department and give the new chief a welcome and his cordial support, and above all not interfere with him but let him organize his own kingdom and reign over it, the citizens of Lincoln, who are in constant dread of fire will appreciate his self control.

With the minimum of influence in the council Mr. Woodward has still been able to cripple the fire department as only a meddling, fussy politician can in seeking to use men employed to put out fires for the purpose of building and repairing his own political fences. As I have said before and as the long continued spell of dry weather urges me to repeat,