

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

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THINGS DULY OBSERVED.

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

What is Heard, Seen, Learned and Pertinently Suggested to the Multitude.

Manager McReynolds' scheme to lease a number of theaters along the Q. from Burlington to Omaha reminds me of a somewhat similar enterprise by a man well known to many in Nebraska. The gentleman in question is J. W. Hutchinson, for five years land-lord of the Hotel Orleans at Spirit Lake, Iowa, and previously to that of the Lake Park at Minnetonka. At the time of his Spirit Lake regime "Hutch," as he is familiarly known among friends and old time guests, was quietly watching for opportunities to gobble up the railroad hotels and eating houses along the C. B. & Q., from Chicago westward. He had the houses at Galesburg, Burlington and I think one or two other points. Since then I notice he has taken the new hotel at Keokuk, and is making his home at that point.

Speaking of Spirit Lake, from regular summer sojourns for a half dozen year past I observe that it is becoming year by year more and more the summer resort of people from eastern Nebraska. This is not to be wondered at, because it is easy of access. One leaves Omaha after tea, of an evening after barely surviving a day to which Old Sol has given his undivided attention, and takes breakfast amid cool zephyrs blowing from the lakes. The hotel is modeled after one of the Minnetonka caravansaries and kept fully as well. It is located on a narrow strip of land between Spirit Lake and Lake Okoboji. It is the highest point in the state of Iowa, and the winds play hide and seek across lake and prairie without let or hindrance. The Orleans is a mile and a half from the village of Spirit Lake, but its guests make a lively community of which the hotel is the center. If one wants quiet and comfort during the dog days rather than a fashionable round he may find it at Spirit Lake.

Every summer hotel has a young lady who is the catch of the season, and at the Orleans last year that honor was accorded to Nebraska, Miss Minnie Hawke of Nebraska City, who has many acquaintances in Lincoln. The lady has a blonde beauty, a dash and a style that would attract attention anywhere, and the women at the hotel had her an heirloom various high degrees. "There she is—she has \$30,000 a year" is a sample of the wispy comment incited by this fair Nebraskan every time she came into public view. Of course I do not vouch for the statements of the gossips, nor do I commend Mrs. Grundy's garrulity. This sort of talk is an impertinence, but it's one of the penalties that wealth and beauty have to pay for their distinction. I know there were many disappointed young men at the lake because of their failure to meet Miss Hawke, who was an exceedingly attractive person aside from any possibilities of a sinister tinge. They were unable to decide whether to charge their disappointment to the fair one's chaperone, a young married woman from Nebraska City, or to an Omaha man who was devotedly attentive, a monopolist of her smiles, in fact.

But there is another resort near by that is coming into prominence, and it has the additional recommendation of mineral springs with waters possessing effective medicinal qualities. I refer to Excelsior, Mo., on the Kansas City line of the C. M. & St. P. railway. The place has had railroad communication with the world only three or four years, but in that time it has grown into popularity and been provided with a fine hotel, the Elms, and a music hall. The Milwaukee has issued a descriptive pamphlet, and the beautiful illustrations indicate romantic and picturesque surroundings. This road has also issued a guide to the summer resorts that lie along its numerous lines in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota. It's actually a satisfaction just to look at the pictures of these attractive resorts. Copies of these brochures may be had of Mr. John E. McClure, Omaha, western passenger agent for the Milwaukee.

Which reminds me that Mr. McClure, with a forerhand enterprise worthy of admiration, was in the city this week laying plans to capture the bulk of Nebraska's pilgrims to the G. A. R. encampment at Milwaukee in August. It is a long way ahead, but the Milwaukee is not going to let the people of Nebraska forget that it has the only direct line to the Cream City by the lake. Mr. McClure has papered the city with copies of the Eastern issue of *Yenowine's News*, which is filled with illustrations showing the beauties and attractions of Milwaukee. He holds himself in readiness to respond to calls for rates, dates and other information, and G. A. R. posts shouldn't hesitate to ask him questions. He gets paid for answering them.

It is the duty as well as the pleasure of the Observer to observe, and he observes in an eastern exchange an account of a social entertainment that will commend itself to church societies and others seeking to satisfy the public's insatiable desire for novelty in the laudable effort to entice the much-needed dollar from the unwilling pocket. The affair was called a "Cobweb Tea" and was held in the parlors of a large private house. Over the entrance to the drawing-room an inscription was placed which read thus: "Will you come into my parlor said the Spider to the Fly?" and on entering it was seen that the effect of a web was well carried out. The walls were hung with white and colored tarlatan arranged in spider web form, and was done by gathering the material upon old umbrella frames. From the chandelier a large spider was suspended, and the doors were draped with colored netting. The articles sold were displayed upon tables arranged around the walls, each table draped in net. The "tea" was laid out in the dining room and consisted of bouillon, tea, sandwiches, thin bread and butter, cakes and ices, and

the ladies who served wore aprons on which cobwebs were embroidered. Over the table a huge Japanese umbrella was spread, its ribs covered with net, and looking ludicrously like a spider web. These novel decorations created much merriment, and the afternoon "Cobweb Tea" the hours of which were from three to seven, netted a goodly profit for the charitable object for which it was undertaken.

The surmise that Mr. Walt Seelye, secretary of the Senate, intended removing from Nebraska is correct. He is back from the Indian territory and busy engaged in writing up his journals. He intends to return south as soon as some of his work is done and his affairs straightened. Seelye's party included his assistant secretary (Joe, Easterday), Frank McDonald of the Capital hotel and three other Nebraskans. They first went into the eastern end of Indian territory, and Seelye and Easterday did not go on to Oklahoma. They did some of the country by wagon, camping out several nights.

Seelye visited the territory four years ago. He was captivated with its beauty, resources, climate and the possibilities for money making if opened to white settlement. He caught the fever, and since then has been shaping his ends to go there. One of the first moves was to persuade a brother-in-law to throw up the station agency at Aurora and take a similar position on the M., K. & T. at a point called Savanna. That gentleman has since then bought up calves and scattered them among the Indians, to be raised. Only a half dozen calves are consigned to each red man, but the various allotments aggregate quite a herd. This is one of the methods of "gittin' thar."

Among the valuable resources of that section is an abundance of coal. It is of a higher market value than most western coal, being almost as good as the anthracite of Pennsylvania. It is found at many points, and is so near the surface as to be mined at little cost. A number of mines is being operated by whites, who lease the land of the Indians and pay a royalty of eleven cents a ton. They find their principal market in Texas, Fort Worth and Dallas being not very far away. The country is heavily timbered, and lumbering will be a profitable business if the whites ever get possession of the country.

Seelye thinks this is only a question of time, and he is going to be on hand to take advantage of the opportunities for wealth. There will be a big overflow from Oklahoma, and he thinks the Indians will be willing to throw the territory open to settlement if they be given title in severalty to the land they now occupy. The Indians are not very enterprising, but they have good farms and schools, take pride in speaking English well, are peaceful and law abiding and look on the savage red man with contempt, so that life among them is not at all as dangerous or as dreary as northerners imagine.

On payment of a \$100 license a white man is allowed to take up a piece of unoccupied land. He may hold possession so long as he cultivates all but fifty acres. Should he fail in this respect he forfeits his claim and all his improvements. Some whites have married squaws to desert them in a few years as soon as they have acquired a competency. While Seelye's party were on their wagon trip they were shown the fine farm of a German who had married a squaw and grown rich in stock raising, and it was intimated that he would probably leave the country soon. The suspicion had been aroused by his action in selling off his cattle and other movable property. On boarding the cars for his return trip whom should Seelye see at the depot but the German in question. On the cars, after leaving the station some distance behind, two different men came and turned over grips to him. He had no ticket on boarding the train, but at a station near the Missouri line he bought a ticket for New York. These movements were rather singular, to say the least, but might have passed unnoticed had not the Nebraskan's attention been called to the man. Seelye watched him out of mere curiosity, and came to the conclusion that he had abandoned his squaw.

The mention of Seelye's party recalls a frequent query of late of about this tenor: "Why did McDonald buy into the Capital hotel? Wasn't it a foolish thing to give up a good salary for an uncertain business?" The reason for Mac's resigning as manager of the Millard hotel at Omaha can probably be found in Markel & Swobe's sale of the Union Pacific eating houses to the railroad company. This transfer relieves them of a load of business care, and they probably intend to give the Millard their personal management. They are well provided with this world's goods and do not need to do it, but Mr. Swobe is a man not likely to neglect a business if he have time to give it attention.

McDonald is a competent as well as a popular hotel man, and he has had charge of big houses both east and west. General surprise is expressed that he should have invested in the Capital, for there is a popular belief that the house is not making burdensome profits; but that is Mac's business, and perhaps the hotel is paying better than outsiders know. Charles McMahon paid \$500 a month or \$6000 a year for the bar privilege, which, with the other rentals, repaid Landlord Roggan his rent of the building McMahon has thrown up the sponge because he found he could not stand the rent, and there is some curiosity as to how the hotel people will recoup themselves for this loss of revenue. A hotel paper said McDonald paid \$15,000 for his half interest, but a gentleman who knows says that half that amount would be much nearer the actual figure. Improvement, however, seems to be the order of the house at the Capital and several changes for the better are being made.

Among Seelye's party was Doctor Clyde, who distinguished himself by killing a wolf unaided. It looked at one time as though he would be extinguished, but the doctor escaped with several scalp wounds and scratches

about the face. They have since healed, and he is as good as new again. Doc belongs to a Scotch family famous as stag hunters, and at a family gathering of American representatives some time ago only one member exceeded our friend in height. That was only by a half inch, and as Doc has grown an inch since then he is now, probably, the tallest of his clan. The doctor is a valuable fellow and belongs to Jack Elobard. But for his trip south he would have been entered at the Omaha bench show.

The Omaha Herald talks glibly of the powerful influence wielded by the Douglas county delegation in the late legislature notwithstanding its lack of speaking ability. As an explanation that journal asserts that the delegation was united in its action. As a matter of fact the Omaha delegation was conspicuous for its lack of influence and its wrangles were notorious. It was a brilliant scheme of Dick Berlin's at the outset to organize the delegation and caucus on every important measure. He reasoned that with a solid phalanx of twelve votes their favor would be courted by almost every other member with a pet bill to carry. The delegation could have dictated terms on its own measures. But the scheme did not pull through. Berlin called a caucus. He put Senator Ijams in the chair, made Representative Gardner secretary and thought he had the Democrats mollified and committed to the scheme; but the delegation went to pieces over the Omaha charter and never got to gether again.

Representative Gardner, by the way, has been dangerously sick of pneumonia, and at one time last week it was thought he could not live. He was sick twice during the legislature, and his present illness is the result of the deadly drafts which scattered colds and pneumonia right and left among members of the House. Right in front of Mr. Gardner sat Representative Hayes, who died of pneumonia. At the right of his seat sat Representative Cushing of Omaha and Representative Gilbert of York county, who were laid up with attacks of the same disease. These facts are so serious as to demand attention before the legislature meets again. The past winter was exceptionally mild, and the possible danger in a severe season is appalling. The Senate chamber was little better than the House, and the reporters were compelled to forsake their seats near the windows, which let great streaks of cold run raze down the backs of the scribes.

The danger in the capitol is aggravated by the abnormal ventilation, or rather the criminal lack of ventilation. The legislative halls are altogether too small for the number of people crowded into them unless well ventilated, and there ought to be a better way of doing it than by pulling down windows. A similar state of affairs was developed in the Pennsylvania capitol some years ago, and after several men had died of pneumonia the state set about seeking a remedy. It was found in open fire places. The building was supplied with a large number of them, and during legislative sessions roaring wood fires are kept going in them. The state house at Columbus, Ohio, is similarly provided with fire places, and, as everyone knows, they give the best kind of ventilation. Something of the kind ought to be done with the Nebraska capitol.

Not having seen a statement of Pigott's age the Observer had an impression that the forger was a comparatively young or a middle aged man. Others may have the same idea. Hon. Patrick Egan has just received two photographs of the villain that indicate him to have been a man of nearly sixty. They were taken without the subject's knowledge, while he was on the witness stand, and were caught by the instantaneous process. Pigott was a man of sturdy frame and strong face. The head is bald in front, but there is a long full beard, the hairs of which straggled off in different directions to get away from each other. One picture shows him in the attitude of listening to a question, and at the time of taking the other he was apparently answering. The face reveals nothing of the emotions of the man, but in the latter photo he is shown clutching the seat of his chair with his right hand while the left is clenched tightly. The hands betray the tenacity of his feelings.

A remark quoted by Mr. Egan himself the other day, that history repeats itself, was brought to his mind by a case incident to his investigations in connection with the Pigott forgery. Mr. Egan had seen in some print an allusion to a campaign statement against Washington when he ran for president the second time. It charged that during the revolution a body servant of Washington had been captured as he was leaving headquarters on a journey and that on his person were found papers proving that the American commander-in-chief was making overtures to the British to betray his country. The campaign he was sprung on Washington twenty years after the alleged discovery, but he was able after considerable difficulty to prove the documents were forgeries. Mr. Egan undertook to investigate this case in hope that it would throw some light upon the Pigott affair. He was able after a great deal of research to trace its history to a certain book, and even learned the page of the work containing it; but he was unable to find any where a copy of the book itself. He intended to search the congressional library for it while in Washington, but was busy engaged with other matters and overlooked it. It seems singular that it should be so difficult to find a record of a forgery involving so celebrated a man as Washington.

The lawn tennis club has limited its membership to thirty. Twenty other young fellows are sitting around sucking their thumbs and waiting for charter members to die or resign. The Observer is able to announce, on the authority of an able lawyer, that there is no law against organizing a second tennis club in cities of over thirty thousand population.

Call up telephone number 118 and order your ice of the Lincoln Ice Company. Office 1040 O street.

SEEN AT THE PLAY HOUSES.

MATTERS MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

A Review of the Past, a Word for the Present and Prospects for Future Amusements.

THE URGENT CRAWFORD.

It is reported that Manager Crawford lost \$1700 in the Grand opera house at Omaha last season. This fact is brought out by a movement on the part of the owners of the building to unload by foisting it upon the city for a market house. It was erected originally for an exposition building, and two years ago a part was transformed into a theater. The interior of the latter is large, airy, unfinished and very barn-like. It caught an inferior class of attractions the first year because of the lateness in booking. Having been on an equal footing with Boyd's since then, the Grand has booked a fine line of attractions for next season. Mr. Crawford expects to make money. His lease runs another year, and he quite naturally objects under the circumstances to throw it up—at least without a bonus. He argues, too, that some of the company managers may insist on damages if their contracts be annulled. The owner of the land also objects to the sale, and the scheme to rake \$100,000 out of the city treasury for the elephant is likely to flaze out.

TOO MANY THEATERS POSSIBLE.

The theater business is not wholly a bonanza. Des Moines, which is somewhat larger than Lincoln, has two first class houses. Each is owned by its manager, but they have found it necessary to pool their issues in order to avoid the ruinous accident of running rival attractions the same nights. They have made a contract, decorated with a big red seal and containing a \$3000 forfeit, by which the attractions are alternated between the two houses. If the first of the season goes to Foster's the next is sent to Moore's, the third to Foster's, the fourth to Moore's and so on to the end of the season. The contract with the attractive calls for either house, and the troupe are left in delirious uncertainty as to where they are going.

This arrangement has possibilities to tickle the fancy of a strategic manager. For example Booth and Barrett were booked, and in the natural order of things they would have gone to Foster's. But Billy Moore is a wily old manager and the week before the date of the tragedians he booked a company of barn stormers. This changed the order, and Booth and Barrett went to Moore's.

A NIGHT OF OPERA.

At Funke's Monday evening will be given one of the last good things of the season. It will be the romantic opera "The King's Fool" by the Corned opera company, one of the best musical organizations on the road. The troupe includes two prima donnas, both American girls, about whom Miss Gossp has weaved interesting statements.

Miss Helen Bertram is a semi-brunette with a face resembling that of Mrs. Cleveland. Her beauty sets the dudes crazy, but what is far better, she can sing. She is an Indiana girl and has been with Emma Abbott. Miss Ada Glasca is a pronounced blonde, with large languishing violet eyes, and a voice that would tempt an angel to stray outside the pearly gates of Paradise. Miss Glasca is only 19 years of age, and is a Cincinnati girl. She is worth \$1,000,000 in her own name, and has gone on the lyric stage solely for love of the divine art.

The Vienna lady fencers are a feature of the performance with their graceful movements and their expert handling of foils. The company has an excellent reputation, and the Denver papers speak flatteringly of this opera.

THAT BAD BOY AGAIN.

On Thursday evening next the "Corner Grocery" will be produced at Funke's. The play hinges on the forgery of a will, and the bad forgotten boy is the life of the play. He plays pranks on everybody he meets—his father, mother, brother, his brother's sweetheart, the policeman, and above all the groceryman. He is never out of mischief, and his inventive genius keeps the community he lives in very busy. The bad boy steals, lies, gets whipped, soaks his father's best, hat in the water, breaks the door-step and nearly breaks the old man's neck, arrests the policeman, keeps everybody in a state of falling down, and finally unearths the villain and makes everybody happy.

A MISING TRAGEDIAN.

The temporary withdrawal of Booth from the stage reminds us that the old actors will soon retire and must be replaced by younger men. Among tragedians Frederick Ward is undoubtedly one of the coming men. Lincoln will be favored by the rising star with three performances next week. On Friday at Funke's he will give "The Mountebank," on Saturday afternoon "Gastin or the Fortune of War," and on Saturday night "Virginia." "The Mountebank" will be a new play to Lincoln theater goes. It is an adaptation from the French, and its aim is to show that many and even refined feeling, truth and constancy may be found in a condition of life where few would look for them: that the mountebank who earns his hard living by the most ludicrous shams can feel the holy affections of nature, resist temptation, bear himself erect and independent, and venerate himself as a man in the consciousness of his own integrity.

EDEN MUSKE.

During the past week the attendance at this successful place of amusement has been far ahead of all previous weeks, and the management is well satisfied with the patronage. Among the attractions were A-Jeb, the automatic chess and checker player, who met with defeat twice during the week. It happened on the opening day and Prof. Mann had not got the delicate machinery into working order. On Friday, souvenir day, the ladies all received handsome book marks. Manager Lawler presented each lady attending the afternoon or evening theater performance yesterday with a bouquet of flowers and the children were given caramels.

Commencing tomorrow the Musee bill is unusually strong. In the curio hall Prof. Seymour, the wonderful mind reader, will be found. This gentleman has the gift of reading others' thoughts and the tests are remarkable. The three-headed lady will also be seen in the curio hall. All heads talk, all eyes see and all mouths eat. The Langan children and DeVoe and Allen all star specialty company make up the performance in the theater.

Ladies, souvenir day next Friday. They will be given a painting appropriate to the season. Fruits, flowers, bouquets for the ladies on Saturday.

AT THE PEOPLE'S.

The Clair Patee company have held the boards all the week and have given performances equal to the many in high priced theaters. Miss Edith Arnold is a better star than the average of her class, and the female band has lent an additional feature. Tonight will be their last appearance.

Manager Brown's lease of the People's expires Tuesday, and the two closing performances will be given Monday and Tuesday evenings by Richards & Pringle's Georgia minstrel. Among the company is the noted minstrel, Billy Kersands.

NOTES.

The Ragan lecture at the First Presbyterian church Wednesday evening drew a house literally overflowing. It was free.

One of the most interesting features at the Eden Musee is the glass engraving of Prof. Kern. The professor learned the art under his father, the manager of a big Boston establishment, and by years of experience has become an expert. He came west for his health and is making his home at Kansas City, but spends his winters in California. His summers are divided between exhibitions and the engraving of the glassware of the fashionable people of Kansas City. At the Musee he ornaments tumblers with names and decorative figures, and the visitors are enabled for a small sum to carry away hand-some as well as useful souvenirs. The samples of fine engraving on exhibition are well worth seeing.

PEN, PAPER AND INK.

Chat about Books, Magazines and Exchanges of Recent Issue.

Lincoln seems to be a favorite field for the managerial talent of Omaha newspapers, and the *Republican* has entered the field in earnest as a competitor of the other morning papers. Mr. I. H. Nott has been in the city this week scattering sample copies and "placing" subs.

The Observer is watching the progress of the *Republican* with peculiar interest. It is the first two cent morning paper in the far west, and therefore it is to some extent an experiment. Its subscription list has had a remarkable growth in Omaha, but whether outsiders will appreciate it in such numbers as to make it profitable to go out and work the business is one of the things to be ascertained. The *Rochester Herald* and the *Chicago Herald* have been conspicuous success as two cent papers, but even with their large centers of population it took energy, patience money and, of course, ability.

Fred Nye has fine literary taste and his pen turns off excellent work, some of it exquisite; but there is no joy of Fred's door, and he is able to enjoy frequent spells of ease. He improves his chances at the good things of life, but he has provided for the emergency by a managerial stroke that is Napoleonic in conception and audacity. He has gathered about him the strongest newspaper corps in the state. He has O. H. Rothacker as editorial writer, A. Sorenson as city editor, D. C. Dunbar as business manager and a local staff made up of the pick of Omaha reporters. If a man wants quality in preference to quantity he can undoubtedly get it in the *Republican*.

Nye has means of his own and is supposed to have the backing of his wealthy father. His ability is conceded, his energy is proven and the necessary capital is assumed. He is running an expensive paper, and it remains to be seen whether he and his backer will have the patience to wait for returns.

The scenery of Puget sound, that great inland arm of the sea in the extreme northwest corner of the United States, is becoming more famous for its beauty yearly, as the number of tourists through that region increases. That body of water is also of special interest now because of the selection of a site there for a huge navy yard for the better defence of our country on the Pacific. One of the grandest views in that region is that of Mount Baker, as seen across the still waters of Admiralty inlet, as the main arm of the sound is called. This is the subject of a tinted engraving issued as a supplement to the April number of the *West Shore Magazine*. The number also contains many engravings of Fort Townsend and Olympia, two growing cities on the sound. Full description of the resources and progress of those cities, and much valuable information about the entire northwest, as well as entertaining fiction and verse, complete a most instructive and entertaining number.

Madame Rumor has it that the *Call* which prints the news is to have another press service in addition to its present news facilities. The obliging gossiper adds the information that a new press association is being organized in Omaha to meet the wants of Nebraska and other dailies west of that city. There may be more guess than fact in the report. It probably refers to a private scheme of a young fellow on the *Evening Star* named Frank Atkinson, who has what the boy of the day would call a snap. Atkinson is about twenty-four years old, a graduate of the Iowa state university and a clever, shrewd young man. He went to the Blacks Hills several years ago with plenty of ambition, but he had little capital or experience and he found fewer opportunities. Having a college education the literary affinity drew him into newspaper work. He soon drifted to Omaha, first on the *Republican*, then to the *Bee*. He became one of the telegraph editors on the latter, and at once saw a money-making op-

portunity that had been strangely neglected for a city of Omaha's size and importance. That was newspaper correspondence. A few of the leading papers of the country were represented by Al Sorenson and others in a sort of a way, but there were many neglected journals that would take more or less matter and pay well for it. Atkinson quietly opened negotiations and soon had a big list of papers on his books. Having access to the extensive special service of the *Bee*, as well as the work of its reporters, he was able to send his papers a great deal of valuable matter, for which he received handsome returns. A short time ago he quit the telegraph editorship, bought out Sorenson's claim for \$75 and by a special arrangement with the *Bee* is running an extensive news bureau. He serves the dailies from Denver to Boston with Nebraska news, and it probably stands him in two or three hundred a month. But he deserves it. He was the first fellow bright enough to see the opportunity, and he has cultivated it diligently. It is probable that Atkinson's enterprise has broken out in a new place, and he is figuring on a scheme to give interior Nebraska dailies a special service of some kind.

Apropos the *Call*, Al Fairbrother ground out thirty-six feet of editorial last week. "My God! man, think of it: thirty six feet!" was the classic comment of Al. There is no particular moral in this fact, but it may be a pointer to the consequential cuss—pardon the outburst of contempt—who thinks it play to be an editor and talks accordingly. It also indicates the tremendous efforts of the *Call* boys to give the public a bright, readable paper.

"Facts about the Salvation Army," a 240 page, fifty cent book just issued by Rand, McNally & Co., indicates its character in its title; but, unlike most works on religious subjects, this is written by a disinterested person with no predilection or personal ends to serve. The author is a writer of special articles for the *Chicago Tribune*, who claims the nom de plume of "Nora Marks." She was at the *Tribune* office late one night last September spinning out copy when the managing editor stroled into the room and remarked casually: "I think I have something for you to do." Nora asked what it was, and the editor responded: "How would you like to join the Salvation Army?" When a question like that is put to a reporter it is equivalent to an order. The book details Nora's experiences and observations among the halcyon band, written entertainingly and sprinkled with conversations. Her conclusions are that the Salvationists have rare courage, sincerity, zeal and purity of purpose, with a scorn for money making or other worldly advantage.

The St. Louis Magazine appears regularly and looks prosperous in spite of the popular notion that a literary magazine cannot flourish outside the effete east.

The fallacy of the idea is proven beyond doubt by the success of the *Overland Monthly* published at San Francisco, which reaches the *COURIER'S* exchange table this month for the first time. The names of the contributors are unfamiliar, evidently those of western men and women, indicating a complete independence of the east. The articles treat of subjects that appeal to the curiosity of an eastern man, and the *Overland* ought to find a clientele in this direction. There is a sail over summer seas to an island paradise in the Pacific, outlining experiences about Mount Hood; two stories, "The Grizzley" and "Partners," with a flavor of Bret Harte; a legend of the Zuni Indians, a story of a Kansas town, the experiences of a forty-niner and other good things.

As a bit of enterprise the *Auburn Post* got a short-hand report of Senator Chas. H. Howe's speech in defense of Skillman, who killed the seducer of his sister. The senator's prominence in politics makes the speech of general widespread interest.

Lincoln must have a manifest destiny concealed about its person. Most western cities have, but the difficulty is to discover it. C. T. Brown & Co. have accomplished this feat in the case of Lincoln, and are going to prove it to the world. They purpose erecting a grain elevator with a capacity of 1,500,000 bushels, which will make it the largest elevator in the country outside of Chicago and St. Louis. Brown & Co. are lacking their project with good hard cash, and claim to have the co operation and support of the railroads. There are several dozen reasons why Lincoln is bound to be a grain center with proper facilities for transacting the business—but the Observer spares the indignant reader.

Church Notices go Free.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless that the *COURIER* never charges—or never has charged, any church in the city for notices of meetings, socials etc., when given solely for the benefit of the church, and we take pleasure in announcing to all, that we will accept and publish all items or notices for the city churches gratis. Notice of sermons will also find a welcome space. Bring in your notices.

Help Wanted.

For the benefit of the ladies who may have to pass through the common struggle of securing help, the *COURIER* will receive want advertisements for publication in the Daily *Call* want columns. Parties desiring help situations, boarders, or to rent rooms or rent houses can leave their advertisement at this office and they will be promptly delivered to the *Call* for publication. One cent a word per day is the expense.

Telephone at the *COURIER* office is 255.

Take that prescription to Wilson & Green's pharmacy 139 south Tenth street, where it will be accurately compounded and prices will be reasonable.

Everybody can afford to eat at the leading resort in the city now. The price of 21 tickets now at Odell's is only \$4—reduced from \$4.50.

Asbury & Millsap have the largest line of spring wraps at the lowest prices.