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THINGS DULY OBSERVED.

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

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

The approach of the annual editorial excursion brings to the front a horde of men and women outside the craft in a frantic struggle to beat the railroad and impose their undesired presence on the newspaper men. The railroad issue transportation with the express understanding that it shall be used exclusively for bona fide newspaper men, but here comes a minister with an unblushing proposition to commit a fraud. He wants to go along in the place of the editor of his home paper, and apparently sees nothing dishonorable in the breach of faith he asks. Shame on him! Among others is a banker, a two per cent. a month fellow, who has bled his neighbor for years and is well able to pay his way. He hasn't the shadow of a claim on the railroad and no excuse for passing as one of the fraternity. And here is the manager of a theater not a thousand miles from Omaha with a little application on account of his program. And he doesn't want to go himself, but asks the privilege of sending someone else, a bill poster or a super, perhaps. This is the double distilled quackness of gull. The excursion committee stand aghast, and there are fears of paralysis setting in.

This sort of thing has been tolerated in the past because the gentlemen in charge didn't wish to be discourteous and refuse the request of a fellow editor. But this is a case in which professional courtesy has been strained. If individual members of the craft are so lacking in self-respect and honor as to connive at the fraud the committee ought to run a railroad through its vertebrae and stand between the railroad and the imposition. It is time the fraternity were freed from this reproach.

While the details of the proposed excursion have not been settled the general plan has been outlined and the committee of arrangements are working diligently toward its consummation. Among other things they are figuring on the hotel car "President," which the Pullman company offers at a reduced rate and a price but a little higher than an ordinary sleeper. It has in one end a kitchen with all conveniences for preparing meals, and in the body of the car are twenty-four berths, as many as in an average sleeper. The company will send along cooks and offers to run the commissary department at an advance of only 15 per cent. on the actual cost of the provisions. With such a liberal proposition as this the Nebraska editors have no excuse for lumbering the aisles with lunch baskets and spirit lamps and clattering cushions and carpet with crumbs and butter. The committee think seriously of putting roast chicken and ham sandwiches under the ban. The proposition to appoint a committee on commissary who will see to the economical purchase of supplies. The editors can get their meals at almost the bare cost of the raw material and have them served with all the elegance for which the Pullman service is deservedly noted. There is no reason why the brethren, poor and despised though they may be during the rest of the year, may not live like lords for three weeks.

While in Omaha the other day arranging for the excursion, the chairman of the committee of arrangements met Assistant General Passenger Agent Lee of the U. P., and is indebted to that gentleman for valuable suggestions and assistance. Not only did Mr. Lee cheerfully extend the courtesy of his own road, but he took a personal interest in planning details and in securing needed cooperation from other sources. Such a kindly intervention is rare from a way-up railroad official, and the editorial representative gratefully acknowledges the friendly service; but the obligation will be shared by every editor on the excursion, for he will have profited by Mr. Lee's kindness.

General Passenger Agent Francis gave the editors the freedom of the B. & M. with the heartiness characteristic of him, and assurances have been received of the usual "courtesy" from the Denver & Rio Grande. This leaves the route of the excursion provided for except the short stretch from Portland to Tacoma.

The advice of Chief Clerk Riley of the Pullman office at Omaha is to take a buffet car instead of a hotel car. It will answer the purpose about as well, and the suggestion may be adopted as a matter of economy. The plan at present is to start from Omaha on Saturday evening, July 6. This will enable the editors of weeklies to get out their papers that week, and all Sunday will be put in on the cars.

Since last week the advance proofs of the COURIER's great serial have been read by three or four persons, and all unite in the statement that the story was of such absorbing interest that they sat up at night and could not put it by until finished. The story is written by a noted New York journalist, who began as reporter and rose to be managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and is now a well known author. The serial is different from the average novel with its intricate machinery, its wearisome description and its gushing sentimentality. It is an account of working day life in New York, delightfully told. The motif of the story is the love of the newspaper man for the prima donna heroine, said to have been Clara Louise Kellogg, but it is almost an incident instead of the central subject, so full is the canvas of other figures and scenes. Nor is the story a procession of episodes on the heroine or a collection of emotional analyses.

We have a view of the charming home life of the prima donna. An unconventional meeting with a danseuse introduces us to an Italian family who have been famous on the

stage. A college chumship paves the way in to society. A brother falls a victim to fraudulent operations in mining stocks and illustrates rich bachelor life in Gotham. An adventurer dupes society, and the reporter, turning detective, tracks a murderer to his doom. These are some of the incidents to the story, but they are only incidents. Unlike the average novel the fate of the hero and heroine is not bound up in them. Everyone has a thousand experiences of little effect upon the course of his life, and this naturalness is one of the charms of "Taken by Siege."

The story will fill about twelve pages of the COURIER, enough to make a good-sized book. Instead of being dealt out two or three columns a week, which is but tantalizing, the COURIER will print four-page supplements and finish it in a few issues. It will begin next week, and those who want the contents of a book for few cents should have the COURIER sent them regularly.

At the entrance of St. Paul's church Sunday morning sat an old, old man on a camp stool. He held out a shabby tin cup in his hand and a placard suspended from his neck said that he was eighty years old and had been unable to see God's beautiful trees and bright sunshine for forty years. Oh, the pity of it! So must have thought all who passed by. But how many stopped to drop a poor nickel into the cup? Was the rustic of old broken by the click of a dropping coin? The Observer sincerely hopes so. The old, old man was the picture of humility, a sight for an artist but an appeal to a Christian heart.

Which reminds me that it is so very easy to criticize professing Christians for sins of omission. The Omaha *Republican* is making a record in that line just now. In an article in the *Excelsior* Dean Gardner of Trinity cathedral (Episcopal) criticized the Sunday paper, and Fred Nye of the *Republican* took up the challenge. He scored the clergy and the church for permitting so much poverty and suffering to exist in Omaha, asserting that they would be greatly alleviated if Christians would give up to their professions. He offered to give \$500 to the fund if the ministers would take a Sunday and make an appeal to their parishioners for money for charitable work among the poor and lowly. But they ignored the proposition.

It strikes me it would have been a splendid opportunity for the clergymen and the churches to prove their sincerity. The matter had been talked about and written about until the public mind was well stirred, and under the sting of the scotters' charge Christian pocketbooks would have been opened wide. But the ministers claim a position that should exempt them from worldly criticism, and they of Omaha stood on that dignity. It occurs to me that that dignity was false and a lamentable confession of weakness. The conditions were ripe for an enormous work in this Master's service, but through personal pique they sat idly by and let the golden harvest go ungarnered.

And now Fred Nye has taken a new turn at the churches. There is in Omaha an institution called "The Open Door." It is a refuge for fallen women and betrayed girls who want to lead a new life. Back of it is an energetic and good woman, Mrs. Clark, who is known to many in Lincoln, particularly those interested in the new state home at Milford. She got from the churches pledges for about \$100 a month towards the support of her refuge, but the contributions have been falling off, until now they amount to only \$16 a month. Mr. Nye cried "Shame!" at the churches and then made a personal appeal to the madames who run disreputable houses in Omaha. Eight or ten of these women contributed \$475 for "The Open Door," and the *Republican* published their names and offerings. This is rather a remarkable episode. Very likely there are several morals in it, but the Observer is not paid to furnish one ready made and the reader may do his own moralizing—this time.

It's a queer turn of affairs, surely, and from the standpoint of public policy, possibly, it may be criticized; but as newspaper policy it will win if Nye can find enough material to keep up the pressure. It is just such audacity and sensationalism as this that has built up the New York *World*. People crave it and will pay for it. The *World* has had no appreciable effect on the goodness of America, and the good souls who throw up their hands in holy horror at the plain unconventional talk of Mr. Nye should calm themselves. The shock to their moral complacency may be uncomfortable, but it will do them good in the end and the shaking up will have served the *Republican*'s purpose.

A reader of the *Republican*, by the way, cannot help noticing a contrast between Fred Nye and G. H. Rothacker. The latter has written several things breathing the loftiest religious sentiment, to which the most pious could subscribe an Amen. Two or three have been poems of exquisite thought and meter. Among the latest is a page article defending religion from the attack of infidelity. It displays a comprehensive grasp of the discussion and contains passages with a remarkable flow of language and ideas. Here is one on Ingersoll that is well worth preserving:

Mr. Ingersoll is the only great philosopher who was ever known as "Colonel" or familiarly called "Bob." He is the drum-major of the army of atheism. He creates a profound impression upon the people below stairs. They always crowd up to the area gate with loud admiration to see him pass. With what dignity he marches through the mud! What florid grace in the sweep of his arm! What a lovely baton! What an awe-inspiring hat! It is altogether very splendid and very impressive. The drum-major has turned more thoughtless fools into recruits than the sergeant with his shilling. This man has done much harm. Atheism was once the somber monopoly of untalented scholars. He has popularized it. Men with strong brains do not follow him and therefore he is most dangerous. He gives primary lessons in doubt;

penny readings in infidelity. He is the apostle of the shallow; the demi god of amateur thinkers. He is an authority in the kindergarten of speculation. The graces of his oratory hold audiences which are above the substance of his speech. He bedizens impiety with pretty words and makes jests of the mystery. An eloquent juggler, he attacks truth with trickery. He hides the snake under the tropical luxuriance of word-blossoms. Distinctly practical, he buffets at the form because the essence is beyond him. He plays with language in that which is essentially spiritual and beyond language. He answers an organ-tone with a jingle; a poem with a gibe. He is a phrase-buckster preaching the gospel of unrest; a moment bawling at eternity. Lacking the finer fibre himself, he has been singularly influential in leading or destroying it wholly in others. In one sense he is a mental phenomenon. His arguments are not new, nor is the basis for his declamatory unbelief a foundation recently built. He is on the same old forum. Voltaire sneered before him; Hume philosophized before him; Paine railed and denounced before him. He is simply a repetition of the substance with an addition of tinsel rhetoric. They were hard, logical, analytical and sterile. He has many musical mannerisms. He covers the hardness and sterility with flowers of language. He adds to borrowed weapons an artificial sentimentalism. Beauty and brutality go hand in hand in his mental world. The infidelity with which he lures to spiritual ruin is a Lillith. Tested by the intellectual standard he scarcely merits mention. Tested by results he has been the most dangerous man of the century. His influence commands the necessity of serious combat.

Apologies Rothacker, I notice that he and ex-Mayor Vaughn of Council Bluffs, with young S. P. Rounds, are making an effort to resuscitate the *Hastings Gazette-Journal*. The plant of that ill-starred institution, costing about \$30,000, is on the market for about half that figure. These gentlemen have made the people of Hastings these two propositions: For a loan of \$15,000, free of interest for a year, they will buy the property for \$10,000, and give employment to a force of from 50 to 100 people; second, for a cash bonus of \$10,000, a guaranteed circulation of 1,000 copies at 15 cents per week and advertising to the amount of \$500 per week, they will tackle the business and "in addition to the manufacturing branch issue a first-class morning newspaper." Vaughn is a windy old soul, but is said to have a stoop of thrift on the bellows. Like Col. Sellers he has a new scheme with millions in it every few days but he makes someone pay for his wind.

The Observer loves the game of whist unto cranks and his sportive soul is stirred with righteous indignation at young Bumblepuppy, who has been going about all week bragging about how he won a game of what he is pleased to call whist. The fellow who sees nothing in whist but getting the most points in the sitting so that he can crow over it is to be pitied. The poor fool is beneath contempt. Such a one is Bumblepuppy, and my whist suit protests.

He ought not to be allowed to play the game. There ought to be a law prohibiting it, because the fellow will not learn. And even spurs my suggestions, which I am sure are offered with only the kindest of intentions. He thinks Poole is a tailor in New York or St. Petersburg or somewhere, and he wants to know if Cavendish is as good as navy pilot. He has heard of Proctor-Proctor Knott—but G. W. P. do not fit any of the boys he knows.

He doesn't believe in rules. He plays for all there is in his hand. He forgets that he has a partner. He has the damnable sin of leading from a sneak. That is, if he has no aces. He would lead four aces, one after another, if he had them, and follow with his kings—"to make sure of them," he says, with unfeigned satisfaction. He knows nothing of the long suit theory. He has heard of the trump signal, but "it's too much trouble to watch." The echo is a mystery, the penultimate lead is Greek and finest is an incomprehensible science. He had a partner as like unto him as one pea unto another. They won the sitting because fortune gave them the cards, and the only satisfaction they get out of it is to shout their victory on the streets and taunt their opponents.

Ye almighty gods, be just and make these young men to be dumb, or if ye will not be just they will give good sense unto them, so may they open their eyes and ears to the true whist and the joys thereof. Then may they make their cards talk, and the play of them that are against them will be as an open book. Then may they walk in the light of signs, and the deuce may also tell of desires then unknown. Then may all the tribe of Bumblepuppy learn the joys of playing whist, and the least of these shall be the winning of a game, and so may peace and forgiveness find an abiding place in the hearts of them that have been tried in the crucible of Bumblepuppy.

It seems that the Observer's information was at fault in the statement that Mr. C. E. Montgomery owned the lot in the site for the proposed hotel at Twelfth and N streets. The ground belongs to Mr. J. J. Inhoff, who offers it for the purpose for \$50,000. Instead of being a scheme of Mr. Montgomery to work off some high priced dirt of his the facts show that that gentleman has been moved by a public spirit that is worthy emulation.

Mr. Montgomery has large property interests in Lincoln and wants to see the city continue her march of progress. He thinks she ought to have a creditable hotel. While not sanguine as some about the direct returns, he believes it will not be a cracker, and stands ready to back his faith with hard cash. In public enterprises people need a leader, and in this case it seems to have been left to Mr. Montgomery to be the dominant spirit. He proposes the erection of a hotel. He proposes that a company be organized with a capital stock of \$300,000 to build a \$150,000 hotel on the \$50,000 site. When \$125,000 worth of stock are subscribed for he will loan the company the remaining \$25,000 for five years at six per cent. He also offers to take \$10,000 worth of the stock.

In order to place the matter before the public in understandable form, Mr. Montgomery had a set of plans made to show the structure that could be provided for the \$150,000. To do this he had to go to Chicago. For example there was the skylight over the rotunda to be figured on by competent men. The cost of that alone is estimated at \$12,000, and the marble and iron in the first flight of the grand stairway are put at \$6,000. This represents considerable gratuitous work on Mr. Montgomery's part in giving the project tangible shape.

As already intimated, Mr. Montgomery wants a new hotel in Lincoln, and says he is not wedded to any particular site. If the McBride or the Fitzgerald project comes to a head quicker than his own he is ready to take stock in them. That's the sort of a spirit to make the city go, and there ought to be more of it. It is particularly notable because Mr. Montgomery has been a resident of Lincoln only two years or thereabouts. And it is a curious fact that he has not been in the city for three months continuously at any one time, his interests elsewhere demanding his frequent visits.

At a meeting held on Friday of last week nearly \$100,000 of the stock of the N street hotel company were subscribed for. Mr. Imhoff went down for \$30,000. Mr. Montgomery for \$10,000, Harwood & Ames for \$10,000, E. H. Salsbury for \$5,000, and the rest was taken in smaller amounts.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

Maude Andrews tells how Atlanta girls dress to go riding. Maude gives away a good many secrets, by the way, in that column she gets up for the Sunday *Excelsior*. Here is what she says: "I saw a pretty Atlanta girl dress for her ride the other morning, and as she donned her garments she was a vision fair to look upon. After her breakfast, she took a Turkish bath and her soft neck and arms were glowing from it when I entered. Her skin was like opaque white porcelain over pale pink satin. The wearing of shirts instead of chemises is a great thing for riding habits. The fair maid wore a flesh-colored silk shirt, the Valenciennes ruffle drawn in about her neck and arms with pink daisy ribbon. Her pantaloons were also of flesh-colored silk and black silk hose covered her tiny, arched feet and tapering limbs. The trousers were something entirely new and outrageously expensive. It cost \$35 and was of soft leather, with only a few bones. It was made especially for riding and was firm and flexible. Such corsets as this one have been worn in India, and this was imported from that country. The leather was of pale tan, making the girl look like a peach blossom in a brown sheath. The peach blossom inserted her limbs into a pair of neatly fitting black broadcloth pantaloons; then upon her feet she slipped the vamps of patent leather riding boots, the vamps of patent leather the uppers of tan undressed kid. The short, narrow skirt, tightly fitting about the front and hips as a redingote, came next and then the tightly fitting lovely plain black broadcloth jacket. She put a beaver on her finely set little blonde head, then drew on tan riding gloves and tripped gayly down stairs untrammelled by frills and laces.

Mrs. Cleveland has by no means lost her way over the fashions, though she no longer holds the position of President's wife at the White House, says the *London Standard*. By a very simple act of hers a complete revolution has been caused in the flower trade throughout the more civilized part of the some three parks since she wore a cluster of them in her bodice. The fluffy softness of the greenish yellow catkin has obtained for them in America the name of the pussy willow, and there is now quite a craze for them, not only in their natural condition as table decorations, but in the counterfeited presentment by the needle's art. The florists of New York were at a loss to understand the sudden flood of orders for "pussy willows" until they heard of the now famous luncheon, a "symphony in silver gray," to which the soft downy yellow green of the willow buds added the crowning note. Now the artificial flower-makers are all busily reproducing them in velvet, chenille and arcturine, and the "pussies" will soon appear on hats, bonnets, dresses and in bouquets for the bodice or the ball gown. A lady who had ordered a braided dress panel has now resolved to have it made entirely of artificial willow buds. A New York florist had five orders in one day for "pussy willow" luncheons. Mrs. Cleveland has brought into sudden notoriety one of the least noticed, least pretentious of nature's early children of the spring.

The next time you get near any divine creature who you think would do for the heroine of a novel, smell her hair and you may discover what kind of a heroine she is. That's the latest. Every novelist now tells what his heroine's hair smells like. It's in all the new novels. One which I read this week tells that her "wavy warm locks smelled as the new mown hay." A transaction in *Hearts*, makes his heroine's hair smell like "acorns and pines." This is something new since Amelia Pines started it in "The Quick or

the Dead," by telling us that her heroine's hair struck the olfactory with the incense of a sponge. What an interesting tendency in literature this is. Every new novelist is now going to make a study of the hirsute appendage of woman and give his readers the result of his burrowing into the golden wealth of Gwendoline and Maud. It would seem, therefore, that every beautiful woman has a peculiar characteristic in the perfume of her hair. Miss Laura Dainty presents her heroine with a small around the top of her crown like the odor of spiced sands. The next will perfume his favorite with some other sweet smelling comparison. Let us put it to the test and discover if this is a mild fiction or whether our several heroines have heads that will attract our noses as well as our eyes. And in this connection, why cannot some of our more enterprising novel writers find out how the mustaches of their heroes smell?

AMUSEMENTS.

Mazie, the sorcerer at the Eden Musee, has told so many fortunes during the past week that the common query in feminine circles has been: "What did she tell you?" and all the ladies have been comparing notes. The other features of the week have been interesting, and the girl with the baritone voice has caused a great deal of discussion. The coming week brings two decided novelties. One is Prince Chai Mah, a Chinese mandarin who rivals Herman in the mystic art. The other is Shu-Sun Sen, a Chinese princess, who will present each lady with a cup of tea made in the manner of the flowery kingdom. She is accompanied by her two almost-eyed children. On Friday next each lady visitor will receive a Chinese souvenir. In the theatre Uncle Tom's Cabin will be presented, assisted by the Alabama Jubilee Singers. A dime admits to all.

After a two weeks' close Funks will be reopened next Friday evening by Thacher, Primrose & West's minstrels. They are en route to San Francisco and after a month in the new California theatre will do a summer season on the Pacific slope. They will stop at Denver on the return trip and jump thence to New York for the fall re-organization. The Chicago *Times* says: As the curtain arose it displayed a beautiful court scene. The orchestra appeared as heralds of the fourth century, the eight men as court jesters and the rest as Shakespearean characters. Tom Dixon, in the sweetest of tenor voices, rendered "Sally in Our Alley" was as never sung before. H. W. Frillman displayed a wonderful bass voice, while Thos. W. Meyers and Julius Whitmark rendered pleasing ballads, the singing as a whole being decidedly superior. George Thatcher was ludicrously funny, while the feature of the evening was George Primrose in his "English swell." The olio included Barber in his great bicycle act, Harry Fagan's company of trained soldiers and the neatest of sketches, "Music and Its Charms."

An entertainment likely to attract much attention will be given at Funks' opera house next Wednesday evening by the best talent of Lincoln. It is entitled the Queen of Fame and forty or fifty well known ladies will impersonate the famous women of history in appropriate costume. The cast includes fifty ladies and a chorus of fifty children, who have been in training for some time. Admission, 25, 35 and 50 cents. Reserved seats will be on sale at the opera house next Tuesday.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Burr H. Folk is visiting at Quincy, Ill. A. J. Cornish will spend the summer in England.

Councilman Race returned home from Oklahoma on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Dautsch went to Chicago Wednesday.

Mrs. W. H. Campbell is visiting her brother at Neligh, Neb.

Mrs. George Minehart returned Wednesday from Columbus, O.

Clerk Phelan of the Capital hotel is off for a visit to Ireland.

Miss Florence N. Jones of Crete is visiting S. M. Benedict, her uncle.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bonnell are off on a trip to New York and Boston.

W. J. Marshall and R. C. Manley have been appointed on the board of public works.

Uncle Nellie McConnell, the guest of her uncle and family, has returned home to Boston.

S. M. Benedict has been enjoying a visit from his daughter, Mrs. E. J. Thayer of Iowa, Kan.

Miss Ada Einfeld of Burlington, Iowa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Samuel Herschler, of M street.

J. R. Richards has started for Alaska, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Chilcote of Washington, Iowa.

Mrs. Dr. Spalding and daughter, Mabel, of Omaha, have been guests of Mrs. L. F. M. Easterday this week.

Mrs. Charles Eaton has started on a summer trip, during which she will visit in Minnesota and Connecticut.

Hovey Barrett, now a shining light in Council Bluffs society as editor of the *Reflector*, was a Sunday visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mills of Marietta, O., are guests of their nephew, C. G. Dawes. The gentleman is a banker.

Mrs. James McNeeny and daughters, who were guests of James Anderson and family, have gone on an extended visit to the Pacific coast.

Miss Edna Henton, who has spent several months east among relatives, stopping on her way home at Crawfordville, Ind., is expected home today.

Mrs. Mary R. Morgan of Alma, president of the Nebraska Woman's Relief Corps, who was the guest of Mrs. A. L. Manchester, returned home Monday.

Mrs. W. E. Morse left Sunday for a month's visit with her parents and old friends at Red Oak, Iowa. Ed will consequently be permitted to "watch it" for awhile.

Mrs. H. L. Peeryman of Sioux Falls, nee Fanny Latham of Lincoln, is in the city for several weeks, the guest of Mrs. E. P. Ewing on South Fourteenth street.

James Hendry, shipping clerk for Hargroves, was thrown from a horse Thursday evening and severely bruised. He was unconscious for an hour or two.

C. G. Woods of Grant, Neb., a cousin of Miss Grace Shelling, arrived in the city Monday and has been spending the week at her home, corner Sixteenth and Elm.

Miss Gruninger, of Omaha, came down Thursday for another visit with Mrs. Ziener, or rather Mrs. Gruninger of Lincoln returned Thursday from a visit among Omaha relatives.

H. M. Leavitt, the coal man, left yesterday for the old home at Kaukaee to visit several weeks. He was accompanied by a sister and cousin, of Emporia, who joined him here to make the trip.

George Semmons went to Leavenworth early in the week to attend the meeting of the Kansas Knights of Pythias and meet old friends from Garden City and Coffeyville, where he had stores.

L. Bernard Quirine, one of Atchison's society boys, will Sunday with Ed Bomgardner at the Windsor. Mr. Quirine is an old Lincoln boy and at one time was quite prominent in local amateur theatrical circles.

Col. L. C. Pace and family have been entertaining Judge and Mrs. Jackson, of Atchison. Mr. Pace and his son Asa returned Monday from Colorado, accompanied by the former's brother-in-law, W. L. Summers, of Evansville, Ind.

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE.

Having made arrangements whereby we will be enabled to present to our readers each issue a column on architectural designs, we take pleasure in announcing that we begin this important department in today's issue, on page five. The work of preparing this feature has been placed in the hands of one of the most noted architects in the United States, and the fact that each plan will be fully illustrated and described will make it not only of great interest to those of our readers who contemplate building, but also to everyone who admires a cozy home, its surroundings and make-up.

Hundreds of our citizens would build a home had they any idea of a most design or knew how cheaply a fine residence could be erected. In these articles detailed estimates and all information will be given, including views of the house when finished, as well as the ground drawing, diagrams of rooms, etc.

The Horses at the Fair Grounds.

As the time draws near for the first annual meeting of the Gentlemen's Driving Club the local horsemen can be seen any bright morning with their crack trotters on the track at the fair grounds. A COURIER reporter took a drive out one morning this week and was surprised to see the stalls so well filled with good stock that is owned right here at home. Mr. Frank M. Pearson, the trainer who has the grounds in charge, can be seen almost any day working out Maxey Cobb, Jr., and Almont Aberdeen, his pet stallions; Charley Tucker with a string of eight head of promising young horses, most of which are of the celebrated Caffrey stock; C. L. Hooper with Addie C., the little mare that went out and won her race at the fair last fall; Ben D'or, the property of Col. Skinner, the horse that the boys say drinks nothing but water; Ned V., the handsome sorrel stallion owned by Ben Floyd, of engine house No. 1; S. J. Odell with Totawa, his prize Kentucky stallion, Queen Anne, by Totawa, and Louis, by Electo, all of which are in the best of form. Upon the track could also be seen Logan B. Jo Green and a fine lot of green colts that delight the horseman's eye.

The meeting will attract many outside horses also, as the entries already made will show. There will also be a running race each day, a feature that helps wonderfully in the trotting meeting, and from the morning exhibitions given by the local gallopers they look as though they would be able to make a race worth seeing. Wednesday morning the two year old filly "Dot" worked out a full half mile in 50 flat without the use of whip or spur. The string of the veteran horseman Jacobs, who died last week, has been shipped here from Memphis, where they were engaged in the spring races. Several of them will start here under the management of the estate and also several that have been purchased by Hubbard Bros.

At Cushman Park.

Today will be University day at Cushman park, and with favorable weather the students are expected to turn out in force for their picnic. The park has many natural attractions, but the management has added another in the form of a concert by Mrs. Weber. Tomorrow will be Prohibition day. Bishop Skinner and his coldwater hosts will hold an out-of-doors meeting. The cafe will be open and in the afternoon Brown will serve his fifty-cent dinner. The park is but a pleasant drive from the city and offers delightful shade and rest for warm and wearied mortals. Many will no doubt improve the opportunity. Next Thursday being Decoration Day will be a general holiday, and Cushman is likely to be full of little picnic parties. A feature of the day will be a concert by the military band, and the game of ball between the doctors and druggists promises lots of fun. Excursion trains will be run by the B. & M. on each of these occasions, affording quick and cheap transit for everybody.