

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## BYE THE BYE.

A first impression—Heard Rev. Curtis of First Presbyterian church, sermon short, agreeable contrast to windy polemics of old school. A sensible talk for every day. Rather than Sunday theology. Has mannerisms of pulp. White choker. With long ends. Side whiskers. Thin lips. Air of sanctification. Voice regulated to nicety. No vulgar effort at oratorical effect. Pronunciation correct. Enunciation distinct. Every word as clear as bell tap. Reads from notes. Paraphrastic. Logical. Words set in orderly array. Tones measured to nicety. Comes from head. Rather than heart. Appeals to reason. Rather than sentiment. Sermon as smooth as essay. Too smooth. Too much literary finish. Too little impulse. Delivery limited by necessity of following written lines. Limited to hear him let himself loose. Desire failed and fretted in disappointment. Falling inflection predominant. Full of conviction. Positive. Rising inflection implies doubt—room for difference of opinion. Seldom used. Voice has elusive quality. Not autocratic. Not contempt. Not pity. Not superiority. Slight tinge of all, perhaps. Mannerisms not extreme. Perhaps noticeable only to critic. Cynic, you may say.

Church very handsome. Has an air of exclusiveness. Ushers infected. Show it in their soft steps. In the fashionable cut of their coats. Everything so neat. So prim. So fine. All for "nice" people. Sure enough. Church in form of cross. Admirably designed. Organ at head of cross. Magnificent instrument. Rich toned. Narrow balcony in front of organ for choir. Quartet. Good music. Pulpit next to choir. Pews in semi-circular array. On floor descending towards pulpit. Light from stained glass windows in cross transept. Foot of cross used for class rooms. Can be thrown into main auditorium. Partition raised by weights. Great idea. Ceiling in gothic arches. Surface corrugated. Colored blue. Not washed out blue. But good, honest color. Dead surface divided by narrow bands of black finished. Grateful relief to eyes. Church finished in dark woods. Rich. Elegant. Everything in good taste. Nothing garish. Or shabby. Or obtuse. Large building. Small seating capacity. So much space given up to ante-rooms and class-rooms. Congregation already outgrown seating capacity. Have to use chairs. Set on level floor of class room. Too bad.

Appropos Mr. Rosewater and the Bee, the papers have run the gamut of the platitudes and rung all the changes on "pluck" and "enterprise." Other men have had luck and these qualities Mr. Rosewater has inherited a share of the genius of a race that has been the marvel of history. Dispersed over the face of the earth, they have always been in a hopeless minority among men and have seldom asserted themselves. The objects of superstition and the victims of prejudice, they have been content generally to lead a peaceful commercial life. Here and there individuals have set their eyes on shining goals. They have faced ridicule, bigotry and opposition with the calm faith that removes mountains. Against enormous odds they have conquered success swift and dazzling. There has been a genius not to be measured by ordinary standards. Falling to understand this, the world has looked on in wondering awe. Mr. Rosewater is a sublime egoist—in the better sense of the word. He has a supreme confidence in self, an unwavering belief in his aims, an abiding, all-sufficient faith in ultimate success. As he said at the press banquet, he looks neither to the right nor to the left, and never behind. The original estimate on the new Bee building was \$250,000, and he negotiated a loan of \$150,000. But the cost figure has been advancing constantly, and will reach \$440,000. "I do not know now," said Mr. Rosewater to the newspaper men about him, "where I am going to raise the money." It was not said hesitatingly, but with the simplicity of a sublime egoist, a spirit undaunted and serenely confident.

Another element in the success of the Bee has been overlooked by the commentators of the press. That element is the aggressive personality of Mr. Rosewater. Almost every great daily in the United States has been built upon the personality of its editor. Bennett, Greeley, Dana, Raymond, Brooks, Weed, Bowles, Watterson, Childs and Storey are a few of the examples that may be cited. Ideal, sets may preach of impersonal journalism, but it is contrary to human nature and experience. They would make the daily press a great machine, grinding on and on by its own momentum. But men have ambitions to push, vengeance to wreak, avarice to serve, vanity to feed, danger to avert. They cannot talk to a thing without ears. They cannot appeal to a thing incapable of hope, of wrath, of greed, of pride, of fear. They cannot love or hate a mere machine. The Bee's success, like that of all the other great dailies, is the product of the editor's individuality. Mr. Rosewater is as much the Bee as Horace Greeley was the New York Tribune. From the beginning of his newspaper career he threw himself into the fight for existence and command. He created a personal following. Whether through gratitude or hope of favors to come matters not. He made enemies, whose abuse magnified his power. These elements grew with the years and he grasped leadership by right of might. The Bee's power and influence can be measured best by Mr. Rosewater's personal following. The paper has been the instrument of the man, and as he has grown he will be strong when he drops it, but in other hands it will lose much of its power, possibly all of it. If Mr. Rosewater goes without leaving a worthy successor the Bee may continue a successful enterprise as a gatherer and disseminator of news, but its political power will be broken. Politics and its influences, under the control and guidance of Mr. Rosewater, made the Bee, but it is able now to do without the crutch.

The Bee Publishing company is stocked at \$100,000. Mr. Rosewater owes about four-

fifts of it. The new building was erected by the Bee building company. The circulation of the morning and the evening Bee is nearly 16,000. The morning issue circulates almost exclusively outside of Omaha and the evening issue within the city. The weekly has 44,900 circulation. The telegraph tolls last year were \$16,028. The total expenses of the establishment were \$231,453. The profits are said to have been about \$70,000.

If someone will give the public a tip that orchid is pronounced as though spelled or kid, Bye-the-bye will appreciate it as a favor. I can't do it myself, for smart people will accuse me of airing my smartness. It would be useless to disclaim such intention. The smart people always know better. But I can pour my confidence into your ear, gentle reader, and feel sure of your sympathetic attention. Orchid happened to be the subject of a conversation the other day, and the other party pronounced the "ch" the same as in orchard. I didn't want to distort the word, and to pronounce it correctly would have been to criticize the other party to her face, for it was a lady. It was an animated talk, and you can imagine the lively time I had to doze that word. You've had the same experience yourself and you know it isn't comfortable. That's why I wish people generally would pronounce orchid with a "k" sound.

It has long been a pretty theory of Mr. J. J. Imhoff that his corner at N and Twelfth streets was just the place for a big hotel, but he has tired of the hobby, and is now planning to cover it with a great two story block to be known as the Exposition. It will cover all the ground between Odell's, the alley and the streets. The front on both streets will be largely of plate glass. The idea is to use it for a department store similar to the Fair of Chicago, but Mr. Imhoff thinks that name a trifle too chestnuty.

W. N. Babcock, western passenger agent for the Chicago & Northwestern at Omaha, having resigned to take the management of the South Omaha stock yards, there is a deal of speculation in railroad circles as to his successor. The people on the inside have settled on Mr. Henry Cassidy, assistant general freight agent of the P., E. & M. V., as the coming man. Mr. Cassidy has not applied for the position, but his fitness is so generally recognized in railroad circles that his friends have picked him out for the place, and their praise have reached official ears at headquarters. Mr. Cassidy is a young man who has made rapid progress in the railroad profession. He began as clerk in the C. & N. W. general offices at Chicago, and after several promotions there was given the company's agency at Des Moines, where he looked after freight and passenger business. A few months later he was promoted to his present responsible position. He has made friends at court, and it is believed he can have Mr. Babcock's place if he will say the word. Mr. Cassidy's frequent promotions prove his ability, but he makes no parade of his honors or his dignity. Modest, almost diffident, he invites the confidence and good will of those who come in contact with him. He has made many warm friends who would like to see him at the head of the Omaha office—if he wants it.

William Vore has returned to Kansas City after a ten-day visit with his brother-in-law, Dr. Taylor, during which he examined Lincoln critically. He was greatly surprised at the rapid growth of the city since his last visit, three years ago. Mr. Vore is handling real estate in Kansas City, Omaha and Fort Worth, and says Lincoln will compare favorably with these places in many respects. He thinks our city should let the world know its advantages as a commercial, educational and political center.

The COURIER office has just received direct from New York a large invoice of the latest and most improved styles of papeteries. The papers are those most approved in the fashionable circles of the metropolis, and the variety is such that all tastes may be satisfied. Among other things is a line of imported Irish linen. The COURIER is also prepared to furnish these papers with the monogram, crest, initials or address of the buyer engraved or embossed upon them in any design or color. The users of fine stationery are invited to call at the COURIER office and examine the line now offered them.

The game of ball between the Omaha league team and the Lincoln amateurs had not a notable play in the nine innings. The visitors attended to business for four innings, until they had a good lead, and then, after giving their opponents a couple of runs for encouragement, wound the game up in short order. The score was 12 to 2. About three hundred people were out. The game was not advertised very heavily, probably because the time was limited. The street railway had a single car leaving O street at intervals of fifteen minutes, a ridiculously inadequate provision for a crowd. The new grounds are in good shape, but are too small for the heavy hitters of the league. It is said they can be enlarged if necessary requires. In left field for the Lincoln was Ed Ewan, brother of Al Ewan of the Bee, who was put down on the score card as Hecworth. In center for the Omahas was Harry McCormick, the son of one of the wealthiest men in Omaha. But young Harry would rather be known as a ball player than collect rents.

The Lincoln boys rank well as amateurs, but Tuesday's game showed most effectively the superiority of the professionals, though, of course, some allowance should be made for the nervousness of the amateurs in meeting such formidable opponents. Will Hammond, for example, ordinarily one of the best players in Lincoln, was badly rattled and made several pitiful plays at second. On every hand during the game was heard the wish that Lincoln might have a good team in the Western league. It is known that Des Moines and St. Joseph are getting financially weary, and it is assumed that Lincoln might get one

of the franchises for the effort; but as yet the effort seems not to have been made.

The Omaha Herald, by the way, has a sporting reporter who has been doing brilliant work. The other day he reported a ball game at length in rhyme, and another game was written up in the literary style of the Bible. Both were very cleverly done.

Appropos sporting matters, a certain circle of moneyed men is discussing the advisability of building a boulevard from the city out into the country. The purpose is to make a smooth drive with a road house three or four miles out at which pleasure seekers may get a Delmonico supper or lunch. Mr. C. S. Montgomery is said to be a moving spirit in the project. He is a typical western rustler, and if he should take hold of it in earnest there would be something more than mere talk.

City Editor Jones of the Journal smilingly says he has a journalistic kindergarten under way. In the place of Reporters Rowe and Chamberlain he has two or three novices, one or two of them university boys. The Journal has been increasing its reportorial staff, and the financial problem has been solved by dividing the salary of a veteran between two raw hands.

Some of the old newspaper men are inclined to sneer at the university boys, but, really, the most the latter lack is experience, and time will bring that. The man who comes up from the ranks is apt to arrogate too much importance to his petty successes. Because some fellows with diplomas have been spoiled by the indulgence of parents, a cause and an effect that would have existed whether the sons were in school or out of it, the ordinary man is too prone to class all colleagues with these failures. It is not strange that a young fellow leaving school at 21 or 24 cannot immediately take a place by the side of a man who began at 12 or 15 to lay the foundation of his business career. The conceited layman makes the mistake of the world, that success is measured by the dollars piled up; but, after all, all there is in life is the happiness one gets out of it, and the educated man has joys entirely beyond the senses of the fellow whose cent per cent has been both primer and calculus to him.

The Journal, by the way, has peculiar methods. It keeps tab on the amount of matter turned in by each reporter and published. By a mysterious piece of machinery peculiar to itself the stuff is clipped, separated and pasted on strings, sent to the business office, and, presumably, the yards, feet and inches are recorded. Just what part this proceeding plays in the ethics of journalistic scrupulousness is another mystery to the hiring scribbler, but there is an ill-defined belief that each one gets "credit" by the yard or possibly by the acre. If a reporter turns in an article, good or bad, and it is not used he gets no "credit."

A good example of the beauties of this system occurred the other day in connection with the agreement of the Knights of Labor to stand by the U. P. engineers in the event of a strike. One of the reporters had the confidence of a man on the inside and got from him a complete copy of the agreement, with the names of the parties to the deal. It would have filled two columns and he spent nearly half a day in getting it. The Journal suppressed the article, as it had a right, but the poor reporter got no credit for his work. The correspondents sent two hundred words, as much as they could get, to the Chicago papers. The latter showed their appreciation of its news value by giving it a triple head and sending it on to New York and Boston. The Journal may be a step instead of a newspaper, as some allege, but that's none of my business and not pertinent to the particular matter in hand.

The paper pays its reporters by the week and not by the space they fill; consequently the mystery about the Journal's system. The city editor ought to know without a yardstick whether a man is doing a reasonable amount of work, and if he understands his business he will also take into consideration the quality of the man and the quality of his work. The business office ought to have enough confidence in the city editor to accept his judgment of the value of a reporter. The theory that his worth may be measured with a foot rule is ridiculous. It may be a good way of determining the value of sawing wood, and some people would measure brains in the same way.

The B. & M. has presented a farmer living near Ashland with a gold watch for flagging a passenger train in time to save it from a dangerous washout. Hallett, the Eleventh street jeweler, is the man to see before making presentations. He has a fine line of gold watches, gold headed canes, silver sets and other articles suitable for such occasions. Not only are his goods of a rich quality but he has a great variety of them, and more than that, he keeps up with the latest styles. It is possible, therefore, for him to please all tastes and to meet all pocketbooks.

The choicest brand of cigars, the finest fruit and confectionery and the various flavors of pure ice cream may be found at Morton & Leighty's new store, 1130 N. Street.

Ladies' Russel Seamless Oxford for \$1.25 at Webster & Rogers, 1043 O street.

Broken lines of corsets at your own prices. The very best goods, if we have size required. ASHBY & MILLSAUGH.

New novelties in hats and bonnets arriving daily at Wells' millinery parlors, 338 south 11th street.

Embroideries go on special sale next week at Ashby & Millsaugh's.

Odd and ends in Ladies' Muslim Underwear at less than cost to cloze, at Ashby & Millsaugh's.

## AMUSEMENTS.

It may be heresy not to join in the procession and worship at the shrine of Rhea, but the truth of the matter is that French accent has become intolerable. Rhea wears elegant gowns, has a fine complexion, is graceful, fills her lines with animation, acts with spirit and has a smile that is positively bewitching, but in "Much Ado About Nothing" it was all spoiled by the impossibility of understanding growing poorer or the charm of her Frenchness is wearing off. In her earlier days (for the American stage we spoke of it as a pretty diversion. Even in "An Unequal Match" we accepted her impersonation of an English country girl, because we were under the spell of her charm; but, after hearing her half a dozen times, the accent, the high pitch of voice and the French mannerism grate on the senses and seriously mar an otherwise artistic performance. Rhea was supported by an unusually good and even company, and the fine acting was a grateful accessory. Indeed, it is a question whether the ladies in the audience were more taken by the handsome Benedict (William Harris) or the fetching gowns of the actresses.

EDEN MUSEE  
Notwithstanding the warm weather of the past week this popular family resort has had a good patronage. The Elliott family have won a great deal of commendation, and the man who walks on the edge of sharp swords has been the wonder of all. Next week will present a program of exceptional variety and excellence. The Rinehart family will play "Return engagement in a new play. They will present a musical comedy entitled "The Fish Givers," and will introduce a doll's dance. One of the daughters is the phenomenal clog dancer who set the dunes crazy with a performance wonderful in a girl of her age. The Rineharts created a furore and will doubtless be a big attraction in their new program. Among the other attractions will be Huber, the noted change cutaway, an armless painter, Barella, the human Salamander, will excite wonder, and a living octopus, otherwise known as a devil fish, will be shown. Friday will be souvenir day for the ladies, and Saturday will be children's day.

There is no looking at Funke's until July 8th, when the Bostonians are expected. "One of the Bravest," showing the fireman's life, was presented at Funke's last night.

Pauline Hall has gone to Old Orchard Beach in Maine, where she will be the guest of a well known society lady of Boston.

Both Barrett and her next season together Sept. 23 at the Amphitheater Auditorium in Louisville, where they are to receive \$20,000 cash for eight performances.

A delicious story is "going around" anent Mr. Irving's and Miss Terry's visit to Sandringham to play before the queen. It appears that all was going beautifully with "The Merchant of Venice"—her majesty seated in front, stick in hand, and all attention—until Miss Terry's time came as Portia to deliver her great speech about "Mercy." But the queen quite mistook the usual pause for some sudden failure of memory and began promptly her quite low, "The quality of mercy," etc., but Miss Terry did not take the cue, and her majesty repeated rather more loudly and encouragingly, "The quality of mercy is not strained." This was almost too much for Miss Terry, but with a violent effort to suppress her twinkling merriment she controlled herself and gracefully accepted her cue.

Mrs. Potter was surrounded by quite a group of friends. She laughed as she spoke of her reception by Chicago. "They said 'Cleopatra' was nothing but an 'indecent show,'" she said, "and as people will have it so, I have cut down, and even to some extent abbreviated, my 'Cleopatra' costumes for next season. But they come to see the piece. And what an odd city Chicago is in some respects. They say out there it is considered quite wicked for a man to stare at a woman on the street. Yet women in the fashionable box parties used to come to the theater and chew gum through the performance in such an animated, picturesque and gesticulatory way that I actually thought for the first few nights they were making faces at me. The papers there abused me, and I didn't read them and was content."

Victoria Vokes, London's favorite comedienne, sails for America early in August, and will make a starring tour under the management of H. B. Thearle and Sidney Cooper, the well known Chicago managers. This handsome little fun-maker is already well known on this side of the Atlantic through her connection and former visit with the famous Vokes family. Of that coterie of comedians Fred and Jessie Vokes have passed away. Victoria will be supported by a strong organization specially selected in England and America by Frank Dietz, who has been with the Vokes for ten years. Thearle & Cooper also control a half score of attractions in the amusement field, including all of Fain's big London pyrotechnical spectacles, and H. B. Thearle will on New Year's open one of the prettiest theaters in the west at Englewood, Ill.

Bad accounts come from Paris concerning Fay Templeton. It is very clear that Fay is going at a break-neck pace to the devil—in fact she is quite distancing Howell Osborne. She was locked up the other day for being found drunk on the Boulevard, but that is merely a passing incident. Less than a month ago she inveigled a street cocher into her apartments, filled him up with spirits until he couldn't see, had his clothes taken off, donned them herself, filling out the loose corners with newspapers and started out in quest of fares. The fun, however, was of short duration. Fay had had a drop too much herself and in less than fifteen minutes the cab was a total wreck and she was stretched out on the sidewalk in the care of a commissaire de police. There was a police court fine attached to the escapade next morning. There are many other stories concerning Fay Templeton that will not bear repeating. The question as to whether young Osborne ever married her or not is still one of general dispute among their friends. Some say yes, others swear no, but in the meanwhile they continue to enjoy one another's society, varying the monotony of their domestic life with

an occasional free fight or a disgraceful effort that brings them—or her, at any rate—to the notice of the public.

## PEN, PAPER AND INK.

The July issue of Scribner's magazine is a midsummer fiction number, containing seven complete short stories, four of them illustrated.

The July St. Louis Magazine contains many summer features. "Sunstroke and the Remedy" is an important article. "One Quiet Summer" and "A Music Teacher's Romance" are interesting summer stories.

In the Forum for July "The Attitude of the French Canadians," by Honore Beaugrand, ex-Mayor of Montreal, is a defense of the French speaking population of Canada against the aspersions often cast upon them as being unprogressive, ignorant, etc.

"How the Derby was Won" is a Kentucky story in the July Scribner by Harrison Robertson, managing editor of the Courier-Journal, who has written one of the most dramatic and picturesque descriptions of a great horse race that has appeared in the literature of the turf.

## WOMEN'S WAYS.

A number of conversational or topic parties have been given in Milwaukee. Fifteen or twenty couples are invited. The hostess hands each guest on entering a program like a dancing card, with topics under the names of the dances would be. At a recent party the topics were: 1st, the weather; 2d, the latest ind; 3d, the book I last read; 4th, topics; 5th, politics; 6th, cough drops; 7th, the same as in 6th; 8th, the new President; 9th, Egypt or Samoa; 10th, the small boy; 11th, organs; 12th, reform; 13th, refreshments (with illustrations); 14th, "Home, Sweet Home," with "Sweethearts and Wives." When the cards were all filled with engagements the hostess rang a little bell and said: "Find your partners for 'The Weather,'" and in ten minutes were set for the next, and so on through the course, giving the participants a chance to see how much they can say on a topic in a short time.

Hartford, Conn., has been exercised over a Secret Union, a society formed last summer, consisting of a dozen or more girls, mostly attendants on the public schools, who vowed to get married within a year. One peculiar custom of the members of the society is that one of them succeeds in getting married she gives to her nearest unmarried friend in the society a yellow garter. This garter is said to have some secret power in it, which renders the wearer especially charming and attractive to the young men, and is a sort of talisman, which will secure steady company, at least to the wearer. There is another similar society in one of the swell boarding schools, where the members—five in number—have all started to wearing yellow garters. As fast as they become engaged the garters are transferred to girls outside of the society and then they become members. About the latest thing in the yellow garter craze was shown by a prominent belle, who, after she had been married and was about to take a carriage awaiting at the door, threw her bridal bouquet to one of her bridesmaids. The stem of the white roses were found to be clasped by a yellow garter having a beautiful silver buckle, on which was engraved the monogram of the lady and space enough left for another monogram beside it.

Business men and others who want printing for the month of July should leave their orders at the COURIER at once. Don't wait. There is always a rush the last day and you may be left.

Fresh milk cow for sale. Address L. W., Courier office.

White goods at special prices next week at Ashby & Millsaugh's.

Odell's dining hall, 21 tickets for \$4.00.

We can sell you a good shoe for less money than ever. We are at the top in quantity and quality and at the bottom in prices. Call at Webster & Rogers, at 1043 O street.

We have a large stock of Canopy top Surreys, Phaetons, light buggies, etc., on hand and are making very low prices on all our work. If you are contemplating the purchase of a carriage of any kind, come and see us. We'll take your old buggy in exchange at its fair cash value. Camp Brothers, corner 10th and N.



ELIZABETH ZANE.

This dauntless pioneer maiden's name is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame; She met the hero who knew no fear; When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier, He deeded of darling gold, win renown, Let us honor this damsel of Wheeling town, Who braved the savage with deep disdain—Bright-eyed, buxom Elizabeth Zane.

Two more than a hundred years ago, They were close beset by the dusky foe; They had spent of powder their scanty store, And who the gauntlet should run for more? She sprang to the portal and shouted, "I; The better a girl than a man should die! My loss would be but the garrison's gain. Under the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away, Around her the foemen in ambush lay; As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe, Then wildly shouted, "A squaw!" "A squaw!" She neither swerved to the left or right, Swift as an antelope's was her flight. "Quick! Open the door!" she cried, again, "For a hope forlorn!" "The Elizabeth Zane!"

No time had she to waver or wait, Back she must go ere it be too late; She snatched from the table its cloth in haste, And knotted it deftly about her waist, Had filled it with powder—never, I ween, Had powder so lovingly a magazine; Then, scorning the bullets, a deadly rain, Like a startled fawn, fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight; Strong hands fastened the casket gate; Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears, And old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat, He'd an army to back him, so what of that? Here to the heroine, plump and brown, Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town! Here is a record without a stain— Beautiful, buxom Elizabeth.—John S. Adams.

A Firecracker.  
Inside my paper sides I keep a dozen who does ought but sleep; but touch me off, and lo! he wakes, and every tympanite he shakes. I love to be touched off, and then alight beside some wise old hen, and watch her scratch her keen left eye, and then (bang!) see her try to fly. I love to light beside some miss and watch her while I gently kiss and then go bang! and hear her screams (ah! this is one of my pet dramas). I love to lie beneath a horse, and watch him run away of course. I think it is the greatest fun if I can only scare some one. You say I'm cruel? Of course I am. But then you know I am no claimer. What if I scare you through and through? Remember that I'm to m u a n o u s.

King Tartarax will come in all his pomp and glory next Thursday and receive Coronado in state.