

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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The country air, the turkey brown
Attract the people out of town



Thanksgiving 1889.



They seek the rural board, where they
Can stuff in honor of the day



But country people like to run
Into the city for their fun



To city restaurants they vie
And gourmandize on turkey and pie

TIMELY TOPICS.

Christianity is not wholly a matter of speculation and polemic. Its doctrines embrace principles for the conduct of every-day life, and probably no sect lays greater stress on that fact than the Universalists. In line with this policy Rev. E. H. Ghapin is about to begin a series of Sunday evening talks on applied christianity, and his program gives promise of interesting, sensible, profitable discourses. Following are the dates and subjects: Sunday evening, Dec. 1, Christianity and Material Progress; Dec. 8, Christianity and the Home; Dec. 15, Christianity and Society; Dec. 22, Christianity and Amusement; Dec. 29, Christianity and Culture; Jan. 5, Christianity and Reform; Jan. 12, Christianity and Spiritual Life.

The average conservatory of music, outside the largest cities, is a contrivance with more sense than substance. One or two, sometimes three, rooms are hired, several musicians of more or less leisure and ability are banded together, a flaring announcement with an imposing title at its head is put in the papers, the instructors await the coming of the pupils and each takes what he can make out of the victims. But Lincoln has a musical school to be proud of. The Nebraska conservatory of music has a new building designed and erected especially for its use, and it has a conductor with sufficient at stake to exert every effort to make it an institution worthy confidence and patronage. The conservatory was formally opened Monday, and was visited by hundreds. A musical program in the evening packed the music hall, and as many more people were unable to get in.

Persons interested in religious or charitable work are constantly seeking novel entertainments, and one of these described by the *Art Interchange* will have a very general interest. It was an "orange tree" exhibited at a New York fair. The tree was a tall pine with spreading branches, and on it hung two thousand golden oranges. To each of the great-leaved oranges was a label attached. Some cost 10, some 20, some 25 cents, some were valued at \$1, and on the same slip of paper was indicated the sort of orange the purchaser was about to buy. One suited a baby's taste, another a boy's, another a bachelor's, another a housewife's, another a young girl's, another a grandmamma's. On opening the orange, which was done by making an incision in its side, one found the value of the money paid for it. The dollar oranges contained little silver paper cutters, with jewels in their eyes, tiny filagree pins, for scarfs, bonnet strings or collar, silver thimbles, lomon boxes, stamp boxes, match boxes, link rings, sleeve buttons, cuff buttons, and innumerable articles of this kind which were bought at wholesale for about one-half what they sold for. Other oranges contained pencils in silver cases, pin-cushions, watch pockets, autograph letters of distinguished persons, folded in tissue paper, so that an immense amount of amusement was extracted in the undoing of the package. The 10 cent oranges held candy, toys, dyed eggs, half-hatched chickens (a very funny and odd little toy), rattles, and the like. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the success of this orange tree. To make it, we advise persons who are about to imitate themselves on the altar of a fair or bazaar to follow the example of the ladies who invented this one. All the presents were gifts, each person interested being glad to contribute these pretty trifles, some from their own overloaded bric-a-brac tables, so that there was little expense in getting up the tree. Each orange held something worth its price, and the fun of seeing what each one bought greatly increased the desire to buy again. The tree brought the flowers in notice, and all the chrysantheums and roses and potted plants that surrounded it went off like good looks in a weary world (since hot cakes is a trite comparison). The making of the oranges is a simple matter. The material is orange colored flannel, cut in five

strips and sewed together in exact imitation of the orange. The opening is made in one of these seams, and the ball is stuffed with cotton, in which the presents are concealed. Great pains are taken to hide these little gifts, especially those that have the most value.

The project of making a dancing hall of the second floor in Ewing's new store building on O street has been abandoned. Mr. Ewing wanted several clubs to engage the hall for the season before it was finished for such use. The clubs did not care to engage a hall until they had a trial of it, and then, too, the preparation of Ewing's place was delayed beyond the time of the early dances. Mr. Ewing has decided to job notions and furnishings and will use the second floor for his business. Approve the subject, it was noticed that at the first Pleasant Hour party quite a number of the married members and their wives were absent. Several of them have given as a reason their fear for the safety of Temple hall. Those present will remember how the floor sank under the dancers, but joy was unconfined.

Mr. Henry Mansfield undoubtedly belongs the distinction of being the first Lincoln man to appear in one of the fads that has been running riot in the east: the silk sash vest. He came out at the first Pleasant Hour party in a blue sash, and of course was the object of much curious interest. Messrs. Doane and Guion, the Omaha tennis players, wore black sashes at the hop given by the Juniors during the tennis tournament, but they were only bursts of passage, and of course do not count. The sash vests raged violently at the resorts last summer, and even broke out as far west as Spirit Lake, where they were a feature at the swell hops of the Hotel Orleans.

Fitzgerald hall was filled to overflowing Monday evening by Irishmen and Americans, including many ladies, who had gathered to commemorate with song and story the heroic patriotism of the three Irishmen who were executed at Manchester twenty-two years ago to suppress the wrath of England. Mr. John P. Sutton, secretary of the Irish league, made a stirring address, giving a history of the martyrdom, and Hon. O. P. Cassidy also spoke of Ireland's wrongs. A good musical program was provided by Mrs. A. Halter, Mrs. J. J. Murphy, Misses Maggie Brohan, Birdie Sutton, May Fitzgerald, Annie Enright, Marista Cagney, Lottie Eckardt and May Flanagan, Messrs. Joseph Smith, Nicholas Lawler, Wm. O'Shea, Jr., and J. J. Barnaby.

Probably no fashion or fancy has taken so firm a hold on the feminine portion of the population as has the bang, which is now celebrating the eighteenth year of its reign. In the face of ridicule and criticism it has held its own since 1871, when in some inexplicable manner it made its appearance upon certain fashionable brows. In a short time all classes had adopted the white fringe, as it was then styled by the newspapers. The general adaptability to almost any type of face accounts for its popularity, and although derided and caricatured, it has never lost its hold upon the feminine heart. First, came the severely straight fringe across the forehead, becoming to so few young maidens. Then the curled bang was introduced, not to take its place, but to share its popularity. Montague bangs came next with their suggestion of soap, water and bandoline. Then the "Langtry," introduced by the Jersey Lily, necessitated a sacrifice of all the long locks on the crown of the head, whereas heretofore only a short fringe had been worn on the forehead. The Russian bangs, short and sharp-pointed, vied with the saucer-shaped, until Mrs. Cleveland changed the complexion of events by wearing pompadour bangs, made so popular by the first of her photographs which were sent broadcast over the land. Girls with broad, clear foreheads at once brushed back

their hair, retaining only the soft rings of hair on the side, a la Cleveland. Now that the fair young mistress of the White House has been deposed, something new in the hair dressing line has been brought into fashion. It is here and evidently here to stay. If you should happen to meet a girl on the fashionable thoroughfare with a circular patch on her forehead, think not she has been wounded in a pugilistic encounter, or if she be a brunette, that she is carrying a small stove lid directly over the bridge of her nose, but remember that this is the very latest fad in bangs.

From time to time the man who is paid so much a week to fill up the funny column writes an article upon that item in the feminine make-up—the handbag. He ascribes to it properties which properly belong to members of the ostrich tribe. He laughs at the outside, and goes into convulsions over its inside. He loads it with hair pins, gum, cake crumbs, chocolates, pickles, eye-glasses, novels, and sarcasm; and altogether makes out that the handbag is a fathomless object which goes about seeking that which it may devour. From these literary productions mankind has come to think that reticule means ridicule, and even the fashion writers are saying that the handbag must go.

A few days since a lady and a youth of her acquaintance chanced to meet upon a street car. She carried a handbag. The youth carried a cane.

As the dapper young man dropped into a seat beside the lady, his face took on that aggravatingly cheerful appearance which monkeys assume when about to seize upon a kitten.

"He! he! a handbag! Just like all the women, aren't you? Little vanities I suppose! Don't tell me I know all about it, you know, 'Caramels I presume.' (Poking the outside of the bag with the point of his cane.)

"Ha, ha! how many novels have you hidden away in that cavern! Poetry by the bushel, I dare say. Oh you woman! you woman!"

Then he surveyed the handbag as if it were an invention of the devil to cover the frivolities of weak womankind.

When he became silent his companion lifted up her voice.

"Yes," she said sweetly, "this bag is rather heavy, you are right. Would you like to know what there is in it?"

"Well, right here on top are my husband's collars and cuffs, which he always forgets to bring from the laundry office until it's time to dress on Sunday morning. Then there's an iron hook on which to hang our back-hall lamp. I've asked Charlie to bring one up every morning for six months, and I finally had to make a trip down-town to get it myself. In this corner is a bottle of cough syrup which the doctor has ordered for baby; and in that corner are two rattle-boxes for the twins. The package you undoubtedly took for a bonbon box is a roll of cloth for two night-shirts for Charlie. The other little vanities in that bag are a grocery book, a spool of thread and a receipt for last month's gas bill.

"This handbag is awfully funny, isn't it?"

Just at that moment the dapper young man moved his cane feebly for the conductor to stop the car, and he limped out five blocks below his house.

He now says "Beware of handbags. They are low-down."

Trimming one's own hats and bonnets is the "craze" prevailing so strongly just at present among our English cousins that London boasts the "Millinery Club." The members style themselves amateur milliners, and spend more time, money and patience on evolving and carrying out remarkable concoctions than would stock a large establishment. They give exhibitions of their work, prizes are awarded, and altogether the "Millinery Club" places itself upon the high-art basis.

If Miss May Lester, the pretty nineteen year-old daughter of the Chicago millionaire,

did elope with Phil Armour, the son of another millionaire, on the eve of their wedding, then it may be sadly true that even a wedding may be a failure, like marriage itself, when overloaded with plain sailing prospects and cloying, uneventful happiness. Girls and boys of Chicago, whose parents have earned their position by hard scratching, must have a little spice of something even in their weddings. One can imagine this lovely young couple, on the eve of wedlock, almost stifled with virtue and aching with luxurious propriety, looking each other in the eyes and whispering: "My God! can't we do anything wrong before it is too late? Let's take poison, or run away, or subscribe to the Chicago World's Fair, or something."

The Fauntleroy imbecility has been carried to the extent of bleaching the hair of little children and teaching them to imitate the act of the Lord Fauntleroy who have appeared at various times in the drama. The result is most disastrous, for not one child in ten has the making of the impossible child in him, and their affectation is naturally painful to everybody but the silly mothers who encourage it.

The Omaha *Republican* of Thursday undertook to give some account of the inner workings of the Pleasant Hour club, which resulted in statements distorting and exaggerating the facts. The *Republican* said that two members of the club had entered into a compact to black ball all applicants for some time to come, a statement that is absurdly untrue, because one or more gentlemen are being voted in at every meeting of the club. It is not likely that any two members would think of so senseless, unmanly a compact. The statement that several recent applicants have been black-balled is also untrue. The Pleasant Hours regard their affairs as private concerns, only those in interest, and they very properly resent the effort of the Omaha paper at sensation making as gratuitous and unwarranted. The report that the club is to disband or reorganize is also untrue and to the contrary it is as successful and enjoyable this season as ever before.

Preparations for the Holiday *COURIER* are being rapidly pushed and new features are being constantly added. This special issue will contain a number of beautiful art illustrations, views of some of Lincoln's finest homes, and among the special articles will be a timely paper from Hon. C. H. Gere, editor of the *State-Journal*, on the art of "Caricature."

MAGAZINES AND PAPERS.

Outing for December contains a paper on Instantaneous Photography, with splendid illustrations.

Wheelmen will read with pleasure Wheeling through the Land of Evangeline, by Annetta J. Halliday, in *Outing* for December.

Outing for December contains an article by Margaret Bland entitled Women and their Guns, of the greatest interest to all women.

The *Arena*, the new Boston review edited by B. O. Flower, is a new monthly magazine devoted to the discussion of living issues by the ablest thinkers of the day.

The *Art Amateur* for November gives for one of its colored plate supplements a sumptuous and artistic study of pink roses in an old-fashioned blue bowl; and for another a set of fish-plate designs for china painting. In black and white, there is a profusion of designs for art needlework, wood carving, china painting and tapestry painting, and the number abounds in practical articles on all these subjects, with others on "Pen Drawing for Photo-Engraving," splendidly illustrated; Amateur Photography, and the recent Industrial Art exhibition in Philadelphia. A full list is given of all the Americans who won honors at the Paris Centennial Exposition.

The *Overland Monthly* for November presents an interesting variety. Leonard Kip's story, "The Tale of the Incredible," reaches an entertaining point, and the Monfieri ring causes a number of mysterious complications. The short stories are three in number: "Adrian and Eve," by Flora Haines Longhead, is an amusing account of a modern Garden of Eden, illustrated by a number of characteristic sketches. "Mr. Bodley and the Dragon" is a California story in a somewhat new vein, and "Mrs. Gilmore's Diamonds," by E. A. Walcott, shows ingenious treatment. Chas. Warren Stoddard has a sketch of life on the Hawaiian Islands in the early days, that is in his happiest vein.

Scribner's Magazine for December is a Holiday number of striking beauty and attractiveness in its illustrations, and the text of the articles will appeal to the fancy and sympathy of readers, rather than to their desire for instruction in practical affairs. With the exception of the fourth installment of Harold Frederic's serial, each article is complete in this issue. The contents include a sympathetic study of life in the poorest quarters of New York's tenements; a vigorous and paper, sure to provoke discussion, by Edward J. Phelps, ex-Minister to England; a genial and discriminating review of the whole field of American humorous drawing, by J. A. Mitchell, the founder and editor of *Life*; another "Zadoc Pine" and "Squire Five-Fathom" in previous Christmas issues, will be recalled.

Hon. Edward J. Phelps, ex-Minister to England and Lecturer on Law at Yale, has turned his attention to the subject of Divorce in the United States, with an effort to discover a practical means of lessening the evil. During the last twenty years more than 500,000 divorces have been granted, whereas, during the preceding twenty years only a few more than 225,000 were granted. Mr. Phelps addresses himself to state laws and reaches the conclusion that the remedy will be found in a prohibition of marriage by either divorced party so long as the other lives. He shows historically that it is the liberty to marry again that has caused such an increase in divorces; and he concludes that it is the desire for another marriage alliance that is the main cause of most separations between husbands and wives. Mr. Phelps contributes this study of the subject to the *Forum*, and it appears in the December number.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Standing room only was the state of the case at Funke's Wednesday evening, when Frank Daniels and "Little Puck" held the boards. Lincoln people evidently are onto the good things in the show line. The play embodies a fanciful conceit, with a little Hindoo idol playing an important part. According to the story a person holding the image in his right hand could make one wish and have it come true. The play opens with old Giltedge about to send young Giltedge back to school, and he instructs the teacher to whale the life out of the young hopeful. Father and son get to talking about the idol. The old man says he wears young like his son, and the boy asks to be like his father. By one of the stage lightning changes the two vice versa. Although the old man looks like his son Billy and is so treated by the world, the only change in him is in his appearance. And Billy—well, Billy vice versa. The old man is sent to school and the boy does the gay man in town with his dad's house and money. The amusing mistakes that follow may be imagined. Frank Daniels plays the old man with an abandon that is delicious and keeps the audience in alternating titters and roars. The play has some of the slang-lang of the prevailing comedy, but its chief strength lies in the work of Daniels himself. As a comedian he out-classes the current farce business. His is the finer work of an artist; the expressions of the face, the attitudes, the mannerisms, the many little touches that give us the picture of a complete, consistent character. There are no jim-jams of flip-flaps in it, but it is a delightfully humorous creation. Daniels carries an unusually large company (nearly twenty people), and his support, barring the singing, is good. The women are good looking and display some fetching costumes. The company jumped from San Francisco to Lincoln, and spent Tuesday here resting up. They are on their way east, and will play during the holidays in Chicago.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

Did you notice it—in "The Old Homestead"—what a peculiar thing it was? Not a shred of a plot. No story. No moral. No love-making. Neither marriage nor death. No hero, no heroine, no villain. Neither heroics nor hysterics. No virtue throwing up its hands in holy horror or whining under the heel of vice. No villainy with grin of sardonic glee or frown of hateful fear. No dramatic accompaniment for the singing. No ballet and no real donkeys. Did you notice it? "The Old Homestead" is not a drama. It is only a picture. A picture of New England farm life. Panoramic, perhaps. New faces and phases at every turn. A few old faces in new conjunctions. You have seen the picture "The Three Graces," haven't you? Three boys—one sheepish, one saucy, one defiant—all ragged. Somewhere, sometime, you have seen them. The rents in their clothing may not have been as long nor the patches as large, and they may not have been together. But you have seen them—or their doublets—dozens of times. What is it you admire in the picture? Not the technique—not the artist's personality—but the lifelikeness. It stirs up fond recollections. Warm tender memories. Of youth, of innocence of simplicity. In some such manner "The Old Homestead" appeals to our sympathies. In some secret chamber of the heart are memories sweet and sacred and tender and true. How universal this is shown by the success of "The Old Homestead." It is a picture of a home life, of simple virtue and honest purport. And it strikes the innermost recesses of the heart. Dennan Thompson is presenting the play in New York to crowded houses and expects for several years to find enough patronage in four or five of the biggest cities to monopolize his time. In order to garner the golden dollars of the rest of the country he organized the company which appeared in Lincoln Thursday. The actors were drilled by Thompson himself, and there was not a weak part in the performance, which was excellently well done throughout. In the evening there were enough people in the house to fill every seat.

"IRISH HEARTS OF OLD."

This play was put on at Funke's opera house last evening, and will be repeated tonight. The *New Orleans Times-Democrat* says of it: "Irish Hearts of Old" is a purely original Irish comedy drama, interspersed with characteristic music and dancing. Abounding in startling situations and strong climaxes, the play presents a happy combination of humor and pathos, with just enough of the dramatic element to awaken sentiment without working it up to the agony point. In short, it is one of the very few Irish comedies which will bear criticism and emerge with a popular verdict of unanimous approval. Incidental to the play, which is presented with new and appropriate scenery and costumes, there is a cataract of real water, which in the third act materially heightens the dramatic effect of the scene in the "Lovers' Glen."

"POSTAGE STAMP."

In this age of rush and worry the American people demand relief from the cares of business, and look to the theatres as a safety valve. This may in a measure account for the success of the numerous farce-comedies. People want to laugh, to be amused, and these musical absurdities seem to fill the bill. Among the number is "Postage Stamp," which will be at Funke's next Thursday evening with an all-star company.

JARBEAU.

Dear, delightful, frisky Jarbeau will be with us again at Funke's next Friday evening in "Starlight." An exchange says: "Miss Veron Jarbeau, in 'Starlight,' is an actress of note. She is the personification of motion, ever changing, surprising, alluring. The grace of action is in her modulating voice, in the tossing of her head, in the arching of her neck, in the movement of her limbs, in the pose of her body, in the pucker of her lips, the glance of her eyes, the witchery of her tones, in the archness, friskiness, pertness, the winsome style of her being. With vocal attainments of high order, with facial beauty, a handsome woman, she possesses the chic that would set all Paris wild with delight and that popularized her in every city she has appeared in."

ed. Miss Jarbeau's versatility is sufficient in itself, with such a character as Starlight, to hold the audience; and she surrounded herself with a company seldom seen in musical comedies."

EDEN MURKIN.

If Lucia Zarate is as old as represented (nearly twenty-seven), and there seems to be little or no reason to doubt it, she is a remarkable being. It is hard to reconcile her size with that age, but her face looks it. She is a midjet weighing less than five pounds, and her manager holds her up on one hand. She is very aptly described as a living doll, but she is not a pretty one. She has a nose immensely out of proportion, and her hair has the corker curls we associate with wigs. Her voice is squeaky, her manner childish and her English not the clearest. Her manager talks magniloquently of her intellectual development and how quickly she reverts being patronized, and then—treats her like a simple child. But that's of no consequence. The little woman is one of the most wonderful freaks of nature, and crowds have been seen to see her. She has been on exhibition for fourteen years and comes high, but Manager Lawlor said he had to have the best. A profitable feature of this week was an exhibition of silk worms by Prof. Wallace with a talk on their habits and culture. He has cocoons in various stages, many skins of raw silk and other articles pertaining to the subject. He explains that the cocoon is made up of a silk thread 800 to 1,000 yards long that the worm winds about itself. Mr. Wallace finds the end of the thread and with a reel unwinds it from the worm as from a spool. The thread is only half as thick as a spider's web but ten times as strong. Man cannot tear open a cocoon with his fingers, and yet the butterfly, into which the worm is transformed, breaks its way out without teeth. The theory is that nature provides it with a liquid which, like an acid, eats a hole through the silk. Cocoons are exhibited showing the butterfly just emerging from its cell. Strangely enough, the long cultivation of the silk worm has deprived its butterfly of the power of flight. It lays its eggs for a new crop of worms and in two or three weeks dies. These and other interesting facts are brought out by the lecturer, who is also prepared to answer questions. On the big stage is an exhibition of trained birds, a zouave drill and an exceedingly amusing performance with marionettes.

TALK OF THE STAGE.

The following attractions were announced for this week in New York: Booth-Mojskaja at the Broadway; Scanlan in "Myles Arson" at the Star; "Erminie" at the Casino; Dixey in "Seven Ages" at the Standard; Roland Reed in "The Woman Hater" at the Bijou; Charles Wyndham at Palmer's; Wilson Barrett at the Fifth Avenue; Dock-stader's minstrel at Dockstader's; "Aunt Jack" at the Madison Square; Clara Morris at the Windsor; Barry & Fay at the Park; "Shenandoah" at Proctor's; Boston Howard Specialty at the Fourteenth street; Dennan Thompson at the Academy; "The Exiles" at Niblo's; "The Great Unknown" at Daly's; Neil Burgess in "A County Fair" at the Union Square; Vaudeville at Tony Pastor's; "A Dark Secret" at the People's; Cleveland-Haverly minstrel at the Grand Opera house; German plays and operas at Amberg's; John Wild and Dan Collyer in "Rising Wild" at the Comedy; "The Charity Ball" at the Lyceum.

Donnelly and Girard are proud of the record made by "Natural Gas" in Chicago, and Manager Riddle has compiled a statement to which he was sworn, which shows that during the seven times "Natural Gas" has been played in Chicago from Feb. 18, 1868, to date, the total amount taken in has been \$70,553.20. Week of Feb. 25, 1888, the receipts at the Chicago Opera house were \$10,570.85, and during the week of Oct. 30, at the Hay Market theater the receipts ran up to \$16,528.85. This represents the largest seven weeks' business in Chicago of any farce-comedy on the road.

Dion Boucicault, who is a manager as well as an actor of great experience, has boldly announced that theatrical orchestras are superfluous, and should be dispensed with. He claims that they are an expense, per week, as great as that required to provide a fairly good dramatic company. He takes the ground that "melodramatic music" during the progress of a play is unnecessary, and that audiences can easily get along without *entr'acte* music, as the audiences of the Theater Francaise do.

America is pretty strongly represented at London this season. Barnum and Bailey at Olympia, Hawthorne and Kelly at the Princess, Moore and Mitchell at the Washington, Fuller and Ford at the Globe, Nellie Richard at the Canterbury, Ella Chapman and Minnie Palmer at Her Majesty's, and Sara Palma at the Avenue.

Booth and Barrett will next season again "double up." Booth is to receive fifty per cent. of the profits, Barrett forty per cent., and Arthur Chase, their manager, ten per cent.

Gossip has it that Lillian Russell is to have an opera company of her own next season, backed by a Wall street syndicate. It will cost Rudolph Aronson \$600 a week to upset this plan if he wishes to retain airy fairy Lillian.

Joe Jefferson and Billy Florence have had so much success as joint stars that they have arranged to continue together during next season.

Fanny Davenport played "La Tosca" one night in Utica, for the benefit of a local lodge of Elks, before an audience that numbered \$2,000.

Granite iron ware make—the maces, cleavages and most durable utensils for the kitchen, Call and see a full line at B. J. Hall & Bro's, 1126 O street.