

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "THE BRIGANDS"

## BYE THE BYE.

The reigning beauty of the American stage just at present is Miss Lillian Russell, who, despite several matrimonial infelicities, is the adored of eastern dandies. The dramatic columns are never without mention of Miss Russell, and not to know something about her is to argue yourself behind the times. The COURIER presents its readers with a handsome half-tone portrait of this comic opera queen in costume. She is dressed for the part of "Fiorella," the brigand's daughter, in the comic opera "The Brigands." The piece has just finished its run in New York, but easterners are raving over the airy, fairy Lillian, and she will undoubtedly be a prominent figure in another opera.

Among the members of the "Shenandoah" company is a young lady whose stage career, as well as her work next Monday and Tuesday evenings, will have a special interest for Lincoln people, because she is a cousin of the Messrs. Westerman. The lady is Miss Eleanor Tyndale, who is cast for the part of "Mrs. Constance Haverill." She made her debut with Genevieve Ward in London in the season of 1886-7. The following year she spent at her home in New York, but appeared in private entertainments given at the homes of the millionaires of the metropolis. In the season of 1888-9 she played the leading juvenile parts with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. One summer she was leading lady for Madame Mojeska and appeared in Lincoln as "Lady Olivia" in "Twelfth Night." Miss Tyndale was a protegee of Mrs. Henry Villard and is highly connected in the east. She is earnestly devoted to her profession, and her success is due to persistent, conscientious, well directed effort. The prominent roles she has been given by the leading American stars is the best evidence of her ability.

Last week the COURIER announced the inauguration of a policy of bringing the merits of the paper more thoroughly before people of Lincoln. There are hundreds of families in the Capital City that ought to be reading the COURIER regularly, and they are to be given a chance to try the goods before they are asked to buy. Free sample copies will be sent them during a series of weeks. At the end of that period they will be given an opportunity to subscribe, and if they order the paper it will be continued. Many sample copies were sent out last week, and the free list has a large addition this issue. Persons receiving a COURIER with this notice marked will understand that it is a sample copy, and they are invited to read it carefully from week to week.

The Seventh Day Adventists are not a numerous body, but they have been an unusually successful church in a financial way. The church has been fortunate in having good managers in charge of its affairs, and the practical element has controlled the organization, making it solid, aggressive and effective. Battle Creek, Mich., seems to be recognized as a sort of headquarters of the church in America. Here is a large printing establishment turning out most of the denominational reading of the sect, and here are gathered the leading spirits of the church. The location of their new college in Lincoln may lead in time to the establishment of another publishing house here, and Lincoln is likely to become the denominational center for the country west of the Mississippi. In locating the college the representatives of the church have

displayed the poise and the promptness of business men. For example they appeared before the Real Estate exchange Monday and announced themselves prepared to give bonds for the fulfillment of their promises, and asked for the deeds of the land contributed to them. They had their architect and plans at hand and immediately set the work on foot. The new school will be known as the Union college. It will be located on the May farm about a mile and a half southeast of the city limits, and the new suburb will be known as College View. Work will begin at once, and we are assured of the completion of the main building and one of the boarding halls this season, presumably in time for the opening of school next fall.

A number of business men have heartily approved the COURIER's comment on the folly of patronizing the tramps who come to town to bleed it with cheap advertising "fakes" and schemes and carry away hundreds and thousands of dollars. The recent alleged history of Lincoln was named as an example in point, and we have an illustration at hand of how the smooth schemers work. One of the largest wholesale firms gave an order for a fifty-dollar write up with the understanding that it should include a cut of their building and 100 copies of the pamphlet. These traveling fakirs always make their patrons sign a contract, which always works in general terms. In this case the slick scissor was careful not to mention the cut in the contract. When the historical nightmare appeared it was without the promised cut, and the business firm very properly refused to pay. The 100 copies of the pamphlet were delivered, but are piled up in a corner, and it is safe to assume they will never do Lincoln a dollar's worth of good. Having no further interests in the city, the way fakirs have gone to newer pastures and left unpaid accounts with an attorney for collection. The business firm have a suit staring them in the face that may cost more than the claim against them. Ordinarily oral evidence may not count for much against the terms of a written contract, but in this case the contract is so vague that it may defeat itself. It simply promises a notice in the pamphlet. It is fair to presume that there was an understanding as to the length and character of that "notice," and it is probable that the courts will admit testimony to show the nature of that understanding. It is stated that bystanding employees overheard the talk about the cut and for once an advertising shark is likely to get left.

Experiences of this kind ought to teach business men to fight shy of strangers with "schemes." If the city or individuals want advertising there are plenty of men right here ready and anxious to get it out for them—men with business reputations to sustain and men who will keep the profits of the enterprise right here at home. We have a board of trade just aching for funds to advertise Lincoln. If the gentlemen who paid exorbitant sums for nauseating puffs in this wretched "history" had contributed the same amounts to the board of trade, the \$2,000 and \$3,000 so raised would have gone four or five times as far. A much better book would have been issued at cost price, and the \$1,400 said to have been made by the compilers of this "history" would have spread the gospel of truth about Lincoln the beautiful far and wide in the benighted lands of the east.

Business men, just think of these things the next time you are tackled by one of these smooth-tongued solicitors. Pause a moment

and think of the absurdity of paying an unknown tramp a hither \$10, \$25, \$50 or \$100 to endorse you to the world! These remarks are addressed to the business men because they are at fault. The schemers are not to be blamed if they do as they promise. They have found an easy way of making a handsome income, and it is only natural they should use it. The business men of Lincoln are not more at fault than those of other cities. The COURIER has no expectation that its comments will bring about a reform, but if it sets a few business men to thinking the heaven may permeate.

The COURIER establishment, which is sole agent in this section for the Yost type-writer, has received another invoice of machines embodying several improvements. The linking pad is better protected from dust, and the pawl that regulates the spacing between the lines has received a convenient attachment not afforded by other machines. Mr. Yost built both the Remington and the Coligraph for years and devised many of their features. The Yost is his latest, embodying devices that obviate objections to the old machines, and his inventive faculties are still at work. The Yost is a little beauty and has stood the test. It is on exhibition at the COURIER office.

The Journal the other day contained the following: "The friends of Editor Wessel of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER are asking why he has been absenting himself from his accustomed haunts since the appearance of the last number of his justly celebrated publication. There were some remarkably good things in that issue. Mr. Wessel has no cause to be ashamed of it." The gentleman in question has not been absenting himself more than usual, and he is pretty well, thank you. An absence for an evening is not strange when one is in the habit of being out of town once or twice almost every week. Mr. Wessel most emphatically is not ashamed of the last issue of the COURIER, and he is pleased to notice that the Journal knows a good thing when it sees it.

Lincoln is likely to be indebted to the enterprise and the pockets of C. E. Montgomery and Robert McReynolds for a coliseum. They have been at work quietly laying plans for the erection of such a structure, and have progressed so far that they announce it to go. They have an option on a central site, but the location is not to be made public yet. The proposed structure is to have brick walls and be about 100x150 feet in size. There will be a bicycle track 350 feet long, a big stage across one end and a seating capacity of 7,000. The building is designed for sports, entertainments, conventions and other kinds of large gatherings. The structure will cost \$30,000 or more. Lincoln ought to have such a building, and if Messrs. Montgomery and McReynolds want any associates in a financial way they ought not to have to beg for them. The coliseum will be three months in building. It will probably be put under the management of Mr. McReynolds, who will give it as careful attention as he does the opera house.

Many readers of the COURIER know of an occurrence last Monday that laid a certain young man open to newspaper comment, and some of those readers know that such an article was in preparation for this paper. The affair indirectly involves an innocent person whose home has since been stricken by death.

The members of the bereaved family have the respect and the sympathy of the COURIER, and it cannot add to their affliction even in the slightest degree. In the face of these circumstances the COURIER's claim to a hearing must be put aside. The young man in question has undertaken to dictate how and when the COURIER shall use his name, and if he carry out his threats the whole matter is likely to be reopened later. Until then he will be treated the same as other well-behaved men, just as he has been in the past. As was stated months ago in these columns, the COURIER will not allow malice to inspire any of its items, and Bye-the-Bye is sure no such item can be found in its columns since he took charge of them. There may have been mistaken judgment, but never spite. If there be any quarrels they will not lie of the COURIER's seeking, but, once into them, it will undertake to acquit itself with honor and credit.

A. G. Wolfenbarger, the prohibition advocate, is sanguine that the prohibitory constitutional amendment will carry at the election next fall. He even ventures the opinion that its majority will be 15,000 or over. He counts twenty-two counties as against the amendment and sixty as surely for it. Lancaster county he puts down as doubtful, with the probability of giving not more than 500 either way, depending on the work done during the campaign. In his estimate he even figures that Douglas county, by some focus or other, will return as many votes against the amendment as there are in the county. But it is well to remember that Mr. Wolfenbarger is of a sanguine temperament.

Inquirers for the theatrical photos promised by the COURIER establishment will be glad to learn that they have arrived and are now on exhibition. These photos are from Falk of New York, and if you want a fine memento of your favorite actor or actress now is the time to get it.

Everything is not what it seems. Nordin, one of the bright particular stars of Patti's Italian opera company, is an American girl. Her name is Lily Norton. Albani is also an American, having been born in Canada of French parents. Her name was Emma La-Juennesse. Her family moved to Albany, N. Y., where she met with local renown as a singer, and she adopted her stage name in honor of that city.

## THE SONGS ARE SUNG

All poetry is old—the songs are sung!—Wide sunsets, glimpses of far, starry dawn. The sweep of wind-bent trees, the rush of clouds— Rain, and the moan of sea—the mountain peaks. The shades and scents of roses, music, dreams. Love in its myriad ways, its rage, its joy, Its sorrow and its mockery—and death— Oh, breaking heart that yearns for newer strains. Beat slowly, hopefully—your songs are sung! But listen!—on the air the nightingale Pours forth a melody as old as time.—Fred Nye.

## SPORTS.

Heretofore it will be the Lincoln instead of the Semmons lacrosse club.

W. M. Pope of Omaha is planning to bring the Lafayette football club from that city to represent Lincoln in the proposed state league.

Boxing is the title of an article by Prof. A. Austen in the March *Outing*. Prof. Austen treats his subject with the sure touch of an expert in the manly exercise that he justly feels to be an art worthy not only of the athlete's interest and consideration, but of those of all men who believe in a normal, healthy development of good sinews. This report is well illustrated by instantaneous photographs showing many of the positions assumed in boxing.

## Gentlemen's Neat Attire.

Few gentlemen in these modern times can afford to wear anything else but custom made clothes. The age of neat fit and fine finish in either business suits as well as evening dress seems to prevail now more than ever. The garment that is made to your order with proper skill and style is ever a pleasure to the eye, a credit to the wearer. It is made in any particular style and with an aim to please and satisfy your own peculiar fancy, as to pockets, trimmings and general detail. This reminds the COURIER of a recent change that has been made in the location of a leading house. Heretofore the P. H. Cooper Tailoring Co. did business over 131 South Twelfth street, and through its efficient manager, Mr. James W. Smith, a valuable patronage among our best business men has been established. When the firm first located here they were unable to secure a ground floor location, but have since leased the west half of the Lansing building, 125 O street, where an elegant showing of their handsome stock is being made. It is a fact worth remembering, that in selecting garments of any description, the customer wants a liberal assortment to select from, and it is certainly stating but facts when we say that the line of goods shown by Mr. Smith is not surpassed anywhere in the west. A call will substantiate these assertions.

## Spider and Fly Puzzles.

The sale that the great puzzle, Spider and the Fly, has had, has been wonderful. The first invoice has nearly been exhausted and we have had them but ten days, and there are but a dozen left. While in New York, we could get only two gross of them and had to wait our turn for the balance. We have been notified that the balance of our invoice would be shipped next Monday. You ain't up with the times if you don't have a Spider and Fly puzzle.

The new line of card cases just received at the COURIER office are worthy the inspection of the most fashionable callers. The line embraces genuine seal, oiled, Russia leather and numerous others, including a number of beautiful imported novelties. We have them for both ladies and gentlemen.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" is booked at Funke's for Monday and Tuesday evenings. The action of the play is laid in war times, but the drama deals with the loves and trials of individuals rather than the horrors of war. The play ran eight months in New York, and is one of the great successes of the decade. Bronson Howard has written the most successful American dramas of recent years, and "Shenandoah" is the latest. After its produc-



tion in Boston he noted its weak points and began the work of remodeling. He made up his mind to devote ten hours a day to the work until it was completed and he thought it might take him two months. Instead of this it was nearly four months before it had reached a condition where he felt there was nothing more to be done, and then he turned it over to the managers. Every detail had been worked out to the fullest extent, and the play now stands as complete as it will until it is withdrawn from the stage. Working ten hours a day in his studio at New Rochelle, N. Y., has resulted in a piece of theatrical property which will have to be estimated in six



figures. Mr. Howard's personal income from this play for four or five years will probably be \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year. Play writing at this rate is profitable work, to say nothing of the fame and honor accruing from its authorship. Mr. Howard is also the author of "Saratoga," "The Banker's Daughter," "The Henrietta," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "One of Our Girls" and "Old Love Letters."

## APPROPOS.

The fortunes of war are strange. One day in the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, a few months ago, J. B. McCullagh, the editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, was sitting reading a newspaper, when a gentleman walked up and, extending his hand, said:

"How do you do, Mr. McCullagh?"

The editor put out his hand and said:

"How do you do, sir?"

"You don't seem to know me," the stranger remarked.

"Oh yes, I do," said Mr. McCullagh.

"Well, who am I?" inquired the stranger.

"I'll answer you in this way," said Mr. McCullagh. "The last time I saw you, was in 1863, in the pilot house of the gun-boat (naming it) in the river before Ft. Donatelson. There were three of us in the pilot house, you, myself and the pilot, when a shell struck us, carrying away the pilot house and killing one man and wounding another. I was unhurt. Now if it was Morrison who was killed by that shell, your name is Reilly; and if it was Reilly who was killed, you are Morrison. I remember your voice perfectly, but I cannot recall your name."

Mr. McCullagh was right. The man who stood before him was Reilly, the pilot who was not killed. In Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah," which is to be presented at Funke's opera house Monday and Tuesday evenings, a story is told in which a failure of recognition produces an equally striking effect. General Haverhill has a disolute son, who gets into trouble in New York just before the war. He has a step mother who loves him dearly, and when his sins compel him to flee from the metropolis, he leaves with his stepmother's picture and blessing and a tear-wet kiss upon his lips. He enlists under an assumed name, and his valor soon wins for him promotion. He is often near his father's side, but the latter, General Haverhill, knows him not. At last, while on extra hazardous duty, he is wounded unto death. While lying on a stretcher he dictates a letter to his stepmother. His father reaches the young officer's side as the icy fingers of death are sealing the lips. A leard grown on the field conceals the son's features. Little knowing who lies there, the old soldier listens to the story of the young captain's bravery. "Give him a soldier's burial," says the General, with a half sob in his voice, when the story is finished, "it is all we can do for him now," and turned away. "I hope somebody did as much for my boy when he died." Not until the war is over does the father learn it was his own son whom he saw dying.

## TALK OF THE STAGE.

Harry Friend, the well known musical critic, writes of New York affairs under date of last Saturday as follows: The Wagner cy-

clus was continued this week at the Metropolitan opera house with performances of "Tristan," "Rheingold" and "Walkure," and for next week "Siegfried," "Gottterdammerung" and "Meistersinger" are promised, thus closing the long season of German opera in this city. The recent performances have evoked some criticism, for, with the noble exception of Lilli Lehmann, the leading sopranos of the company have not been up to what we are accustomed to. Inferior singers have been promoted to parts beyond their abilities. Vogl has made no sensation, but has grown steadily in public favor. Reichmann has justified the reputation that preceded him, and is now a prime favorite. Excellent work has been done by Perotti, although a few writers for the press have been indisposed to do full justice to the two great tenors, and have kept up a senseless and senseless howl of lament for the over-rated Alvary. Nothing has been heard of late about the substitution of Italian for German opera next season. The Patti opera troupe will begin its season soon, and the list of operas and artists has been published. No new works are announced, the nearest approach to absolute novelty being "Lakme," but the Germans promised the "Roi d'Ys," so it is not well to be too hopeful. People will go to hear the singers in the coming operatic campaign quite regardless of what the operas may be. Many of the boxes have been retained for the coming season, but by no means all, and in view of the high prices of orchestra seats, the speculators are somewhat perturbed and will not buy very largely until they can better judge of the prospects. For opera in the vernacular we have the "Gondoliers" at Palmer's, which is attracting larger audiences every week, the charming music gaining much popularity; and the "Grand Duchess" at the Casino, which has made as much of a hit as if it were an entire novelty. Emma Abbott gave a week of opera at the Brooklyn Amphion, at which "Martha" was the most striking success, and "Trovatore" with the tenor Michelena singing his part of Maurice in Italian awakened hearty enthusiasm. The young tenor reminds veterans of what Brignoli was in his earlier days.

A. P. Dunlop, the dramatic authority, writes as follows about last week's attractions in New York: "The Shanty Queen," a melodrama full of startling effects and thrilling tableaux, had its first metropolitan production at the Windsor on Monday, and is the only novelty of the week. Lent has so far made no perceptible effect on the attendance at the theaters, and in fact year after year the effect of the Lenten season becomes smaller by degrees, and beautifully less. It has been so in England, where church and state are united, and within this century the London theaters were closed during the whole of Lent, then during Good Friday week; then on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday; and now they shut up on Good Friday only. All the playhouses have been crowded, with the exception of the unfortunate Standard, where Sydney Rosenfeld's "The Stepping Stone" is still continued, by the gifted young author, who it is reported, says that he will push the play whether the public likes it or not.

When Grace Filkins, leading lady of Sol Smith Russell, was ill with typhoid pneumonia recently, she was subject to some queer hallucinations. "Do you see those bottles?" she said, pointing to a group of medicine bottles, some empty, others half full, that reclined peacefully on the mantel piece. "Well, I used to imagine they were soldiers. Whenever I heard a door close I imagined a battle had begun. I imagined the kind and faithful Dr. Minor, who waited on me during my illness, was the leader of one of the opposing forces and that I was in sympathy with the other side. You know I am to play a leading part in Boucicault's new play which he is writing for Mr. Russell, and I often imagined I was being rehearsed by Boucicault. In my delirium I thought he was dissatisfied with me. I felt very badly because he told me my voice was bad and that I ought to study. So you see I had a great deal to worry me besides my sickness."

One of the sights of Central Park on almost any pleasant afternoon is comedian Frank Daniels behind a pair of diminutive stallions, which notwithstanding their small size, are very strong. On account of their strength it is necessary to give them a long spin every day before they can be trusted on the stage of the New Park "Little Puck." The ponies are a great attraction for the little ones both in the park and on the stage.

Richard Golden has bought the old Prouty tavern in Bucksport, Me., which for almost half a century was run by old Jed Prouty himself. It is stated that Mr. Golden has invited the entire "Old Jed Prouty" company to spend next summer at the Tavern de Prouty without money and without price.

Ada Gilman has recovered from her throat troubles, and returned to her home in Cincinnati for a short rest.

"Zig-Zag" seems to have been temporarily retired, but may go out again this season.

"The City Directory" in six weeks has played to \$47,000, nearly \$8,000 a week.

Stuart Holson is arranging to take "The Henrietta" to England.

Jefferson and Florence are in a three weeks' run in New York.

(Other Theatrical News on Page 2.)

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