

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

BYE, THE BYE.

Bye-the-bye heard a well-informed man express the belief of the other day that there were more horses and carriages kept by the people of Lincoln than in any other city of its size in the Union. If you do not believe it, pause a moment on O street, one of these fine afternoons, preferably on Saturday, and look up and down that thoroughfare, and then as you pass the cross streets let your glance sweep Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth. You will notice those streets crowded with vehicles, and a temporary blockade is no uncommon occurrence. You may notice crowded thoroughfares in other cities, but generally the streets are narrow. You will observe this of Lincoln: the streets are broad and both sides will be lined for blocks with teams hitched to the curbing. Between these lines will be a moving throng as thick as in the full width of the street in other cities. Who can tell the reason for this state of things? One man says it is because horses are cheaper here than east and can be kept for less money. Is it true? Who can tell?

Did you notice it? That new overcoat worn by Semmons? Most of it is one piece and it hangs from the collar. It is the latest agony in the east and came back with Semmons from his New York trip. It requires courage to dress in the topey-tip-of-metropolitan style, but Semmons has to do it in his business.

It is the inalienable right of a free American citizen to loaf—if he can afford it—but the privilege of choosing an idling place is rather more circumscribed. Lincoln has its full quota of loafers, and they seem to have selected the north side of O street between Tenth and Eleventh as their trysting place. The corner at Zieman's ticket office might well have been called the Loafers' Haven, and ladies passing to and from the postoffice have been compelled to run a gauntlet of tobacco juice and profanity, not to mention worse things. The authorities have at last wakened to the fact that that sort of thing was a nuisance, and the police on that week have been quite faithful in making that loafing "move on." At least that was true of the B. & M. corner, but the Union Pacific corner has been worse than ever. Why, it is so bad along that stretch of street that the loafers hide the show windows of the stores from passers-by for whose glance the wares are displayed, and the merchants have to come out and beg the loafers to move away and give their windows a chance. The mystery of it is what do these loafers do for a living? If they do nothing—and many of their faces show up as regularly as the sun—how do they live?

Manager McReynolds is very much disgusted. Judging from recent experiences, he says there seems to be an opinion that a man should allow himself to be 90 per cent. killed before using a shooting iron in self defense.

Jack Anderson, he of the Pomeroy coal company who is cutting such a wide swath in feminine admiration, has begun active work on the tennis court and is swiping the earth with our best players. Ordinarily this would be very gallant to our sore-shoed young friends, but there is a kink in our wounded pride. Jack is getting in trim for the June tournament, and we hang our hopes for the championship on his playing. He was one of the crack players of Yale and has defeated Lothrop, one of the flower of Omaha, so that there is good reason for the faith that is in us, Jack, the eyes of Lincoln are on you.

There may be more heinous crimes than keeping a dinner party waiting until the dinner is spoiled—but not many. There is another social dereliction of the same order that has occurred so often of late as to warrant a rebuke. One case, for example, is enough. The cards read 7:30 p. m., the expectation of the host being that that would get the company together by eight o'clock. The invitation bore the word "cards" and the request for an answer, "R. S. V. P." Every guest must have known that the hostess was planning to have enough persons present to fill the card table. Yet three guests came an hour late, and two struggled in nearly an hour and a half beyond the appointed time. The result was that thirty or more persons were kept waiting the arrival of the tardy guests, and the mood of the hostess may be imagined. This kind of thoughtlessness or ignorance or whatever it is is unpardonable. The COURIER'S attention has been called to it several times with requests to "write an article on it." The matter is hardly important enough for a philippic, and a brief statement of the case is sufficient.

Among the newspaper correspondents at Des Moines two years ago, reporting the Iowa legislature, was Mr. W. F. Foster of the Burlington *Hawkeye*. He had been known for some time as the Iowa weather prophet, but the correspondents had no time that session to make weather investigations. Bye-the-bye met Foster again the other day at Omaha, where he has been writing editorials for the *Republican*, and in an interesting talk gathered an inkling of some of his ideas. Foster ridicules the idea that the sun is a molten mass of matter sending us light and heat. He maintains that space is colder than an icebox and the heat of the sun, if there were such a thing, could not be transmitted through it. The higher one goes upon a mountain the colder he finds it, and valleys are always the warmest places. Foster's theory—and many other scientists hold to it—is that the heat and light which we suppose come direct from the sun are electricity, which is transformed into heat and light by the resistance of our atmosphere. He believes that all the planets throw off electricity, which fills space. He thinks storms are caused by electrical disturbances. The orbits of the planets are not on the same plane, so that they cross each other's tracks. Whenever one planet crosses the equator of another there is an electrical disturbance, according to the Foster theory, resulting in the disturbance of the earth's at-

mosphere, more or less severe, depending on the size of the planets, their positions and their distance from the earth. By forecasting these passages and estimating their effect Foster makes his weather predictions.

Foster talks with much positiveness of his theories, but it is with the calmness of an earnest man rather than the loquacious assurance of a crank. He claims to have anticipated the recent terrible tornadoes in a prediction made last December. "But the trouble is," he says, "the papers and the people will talk more about one failure than a dozen successes." Foster is full of curious theories—curious because wholly at odds with accepted theories—and he has a ready answer for objections when urged. He has lectured 2,000 times on his weather theories, but is tired of it and prefers newspaper work. His office room is full of charts, drawings and astronomical apparatus. Unlike the crank we are familiar with he is not eternally boring people with his hobby. His talk of the other day was the first explanation of his work that he had made since coming to Omaha. That surely is a creditable distinction over the average hobby ride.

You have doubtless heard farmers and others talk about the effect of the changes of the moon on crops. Foster has discovered that between certain lines of latitude there is an aerial disturbance moving from west to east that breaks out every five and eighth-tenth days. This corresponds so nearly with the changes of the moon that he thinks it may have given rise to the popular notion that the moon has an effect on the sprouting of seed.

Among the regular and most interesting features of the COURIER is the weekly letter of Walter Wellman from Washington. When Bye-the-bye first met Mr. Wellman, several years ago, he was on the staff of the *Chicago Herald*. Besides his editorial work he made many of the drawings for the outline portraits appearing in the paper at that time. He was an industrious worker and found time to fill orders from other parties. He made a mark in Chicago journalism and came to be considered one of the *Herald's* most valuable men. If memory is not at fault, he went to the national capital within a year past to act as the regular correspondent of the *Herald*. This gives him abundant opportunity to make interesting observations. The weekly letters which appear in the COURIER are in addition to Mr. Wellman's regular duties, and their excellence speaks for itself. They are secured through the American Press Association, and the COURIER has the exclusive right to their use in this territory. By belonging to this syndicate of papers the COURIER is enabled to give its readers a valuable feature that otherwise would be too high priced for most weeklies.

If you have a friend who has visited in Lincoln and made friends here what more fitting climax of your hospitality than to have a copy of the COURIER sent regularly to that friend? If sent direct from the office they will be mailed every Saturday without fail.

Two ladies were discussing the subject of boarding. One was a boarder and the other a landlady. The boarder asked: "What is the matter that women who have no homes find it so difficult to obtain what passes for a room even by paying for it? What advantage has a man over a woman as roomer or boarder? I am beginning to find the burden of my woman's estate too heavy to bear. I have hitherto considered it enjoyable and honorable, but the experience of the last three days has made me willing to change places with the veriest wretch that ever wore trousers. Now, will you, out of your own experience and observation, solve this mystery, for you do not seem like one to hold an unauthorized opinion?"

The landlady answered: "Of course, there are boarders and boarders, just as there are landladies and landladies. For my part I like the ladies in the house. Every house is pleasanter and should be better for their appearance. But the fact remains that they are more trouble than men. When they are in their rooms all day, where they have a right to be, they are generally wanting something not in the bond. They—I am talking now of the careless, selfish or simple inconsiderate ones—insist upon extra service; they will ring for the girl to come up three flights of stairs to put a lump of coal on the grate, to open a window or shut it, or to find their nightgown. They'll go to the bathroom, even those who have no need to commode, and wash out all sorts of things, laces and handkerchiefs and stockings; this in time fills up the waste pipe with shreds and ravelings and the end thereof is a plumber's bill. They will either ring for a flat-iron or else they will come down into the kitchen with their trailing skirts and attend to the pressing out of their gowns there. They will bother the girl, want a little more fire and an ironing board, a little starch, and a holder, and it will frequently end by the girl offering to do the work for them just to get them out of the way. They want a little thread, or a darned needle, or a teaspoon, or some mustard, or table salt, or camphor. It seems to me there's nothing from a pin to a porous plaster that I have not been asked for by my lady lodgers. They want frequent changes made in the arrangements of their room. The bed doesn't stand the right way, the curtains are too thin or too thick, the back of the rocking chair is too high or too low. They lose their pass key and burn the gas to heat curling irons and pipe-stems wherewith to curl their hair. They get that it requires the time of the servant to answer the bells for these callers. And as women spend money less freely than men they do not consider that extra service should receive extra pay. If the truth must be told, I find it more pleasant to transact business—from small matters to large ones—with a man than with a woman. Women are not business-like, and they will pay \$30 for a bonnet willingly and haggle over a wash bill. Again, in a house full of lady lodgers or boarders there are occasional strifes and

envying, jealousies and gossipings not pleasant. These are a few of the reasons why women are considered undesirable as lodgers and boarders."

More than a quarter of a century ago eight brave girls, students of the Woman's Medical college of Philadelphia, defounded the professional world generally by formally graduating from that institution. Up to that period a woman physician was unheard of, though the necessity for them had often been felt. One of these identical Quaker girls is Mrs. Anna Longshore-Potts, now past the age that is ordinarily a woman's prime but still in the enjoyment of remarkable physical and mental vigor. Her's has been a life of unusual activity and one which has brought a rich harvest in the good she has done, particularly to the women of three hamlets. Her brother Joseph, the renowned gynecologist, recognizing the inefficiency of men in dealing with the delicate ailments of women, founded the college above referred to. Mrs. Dr. Potts practiced her profession in the Quaker city for years, gaining a competency. Her wide experience established the belief that teaching practical physiology would prevent disease and give to the world a race of people with whom sickness would be little known. One of her axioms is that good health and morality are so closely allied as to be almost synonymous. Whenever opportunity afforded she lectured on medical matters and temperance. Her eloquence and common sense coupled with all the better attributes of a woman, were so striking that the demand for such talks persuaded her to devote all her time to them. During the last ten years she has traveled around the globe,

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Oh, the pity of it! That Clara Louise Kellogg should be dragged up and down the country to hoodwink the public by the glamour of a name once famous.

We would like to think of Miss Kellogg as an American woman with a glorious career, who, having achieved brilliant triumphs, had retired to enjoy a well-earned fortune.

But here is her husband, Carl Strakosch, trotting her forth on a barn-storming tour and subjecting her to trials that must be agonizingly humiliating.

It is contemptible—unless, perhaps, Miss Kellogg's enormous earnings have been squandered and Mr. Strakosch cannot earn a living in any other way. The more the pity.

Miss Kellogg is approaching the age of fifty. Her voice has gone to pieces as the result of advancing years. That is one of the expected things, for which she is not to blame, and she should be allowed to live in peace on her early laurels. Some of her tones are still sweet, but the upper register of her voice is hopelessly ruined, and throughout her singing there is a weakness that is touchingly distressing. The notes slide her grasp, and she is like a blind man grasping after the unattainable.

The predominant emotion aroused by the concert of Wednesday evening was one of deepest pity.

Clara Louise Kellogg is a memory. It was pleasing. It is painful.

Miss Kellogg, grown stouter than ever, has retained much of her good looks and has the

manners of Miss Tanner, was successful. She was very captivating in a thoroughly robust English way as the woman in love, and it must be confessed that in our judgment she was even handsomer as a young blade of the *jeunesse doree*. It is not an easy role that Miss Tanner fills so well, but it is one which could be easily made offensive and vulgar. Happily for everybody Miss Tanner avoids the pitfalls, notwithstanding the depravity of many of the characters. "Fascination" is not immoral, not even suggestive, in fact.

THE MUSICAL EVENT NEXT WEEK.

The long talked-of entertainment under the direction of Mrs. Weber and Miss Parker takes place next Wednesday evening at the Christian church, and as so much interest has been centered on this occasion it is doubtful if a seat will be available after 8 o'clock on that evening. The ladies of the church are selling a large number of tickets and the time is yet four days distant. With such excellent attractions as the program provides Lincoln should show its appreciation by crowding that beautiful house of worship.

The COURIER has been permitted to look over the program for the evening and finds an array of talent seldom seen in this city. Mrs. Weber will sing two of her most artistic numbers, one of which will be "Gimond's 'Ave Marie'" and among the readings Miss Parker will recite the "Charlotte Raes" from Ben Hur, Mrs. Clara Murray, the cultured harpist, will render two selections: "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Oberlin's 'Capriccio.'" The Germania Maennerchor will appear with its entire membership and render three selections with full chorus, one of the selections being the "Image of the Rose. Mr. Weber will render among others De Beriot's fifth air, a most beautiful violin solo.

The Maennerchor chorus will be composed of the following singers: First tenor—Julius Ottens, Karl Wiedemann, John Bauer, Second tenor—Fred Ottens, A. Warburg, A. Bodensteiner, Fr. Wagner, H. Pfeiffer, First bass—Peter Kuhlman, John Bodensteiner, Ed. Tansch, A. Knuch. Second bass—Gustav Walter, A. Ries, H. Muller, P. Ehrlich, Fr. Eberman, K. Klurman.

From the above it will be seen that the attractions offered are by no means ordinary, and that the entertainment is worthy a full house is a matter of fact. Tickets are now on sale at Briscoe's and Brown's drug store.

THE EDEN MUSEE.

The Japanese have proven so great an educational feature at the Musee that they will continue their exhibition tomorrow. Next week will be another record breaker. The management of the Musee made a contract to exhibit the two-headed baby that created such a furore in the east. The little one died at Buffalo last month, and the management, not to wholly disappoint their patrons, arranged at great expense to secure a wax cast of the wonderful child. The two-headed baby will be on exhibition next week. Another big feature will be an outdoor slide from the top of the Musee to the street corner below. This will occur at 2 and 7:30 p. m. Among the stage attractions will be Glenn's dog circus, the Glenon children, the great child artists, Bartlett's musical artists, Moreland, sketch artist, Phillips Fletcher, character artist, Emery & Russell, the musical duo and the Nebraska fat woman. Friday will be ladies' souvenir day as usual.

FAIR OF THE SEASON.

"Bluebeard, Jr.," is looked at Funks' for May 2 and 3. England is just waiting to see "this Shennandoah thing." Ezra Kendall and a "Pair of Kids" at Funks' next Saturday.

"The Old Homestead" will after all not go to England this season.

Sydney Drew and his wife, Gladys Rankin Drew, will star next season in a new play called "The Co-respondent."

Patti is reported to have pensioned Campbell, whose illustrious high C, now silent, has soared so many a time with her celestial own.

E. E. Rice will revive his old "Rice's Surprise Party," for which he will use a musical caricature by Paul Potter called "The World's Fair."

Frank Maeder has sent an order to St. Petersburg for two Siberian wolf hounds to be used in Nellie McHenry's new play, "Lady Peggy."

Miss Helen Russell, for several seasons at Wallace's and recently leading lady for "A Political Case," has been engaged by Mr. E. D. Price for Mrs. Leslie Carter's Co.

The otherwise graceful Cape overcoat has incurred an eternal "hoodoo" through its adoption by those theatrical agents and cheap actors who have heretofore affected fur overcoats by all weathers, hot or cold.

By a curious coincidence Dixey and Rice have been together for just seven years (years—bitter enemies, it is said. Dixey has a new backer named Barclay Warburton).

The present "Bluebeard Jr." company play about six weeks longer and then close the season to commence releases of the new version of "The Crystal Slipper," which will be revived June 16 at the Chicago Opera House by Manager David Henderson.

Patti sleeps with a silk handkerchief round her neck. She uses a very salty gargle of cool water every morning. Miss Allamby says that drugs are useless. She catches her throat with ice water every few hours, and gets immediate relief. For hushness she uses gelatine drops.

The poor Vassar girl catches it on every hand. The Boston *Conceit* charges one with describing Mrs. Potts' lecture on "love, courtship and marriage," as "funnier than a basket of monkeys." The Boston *Herald* says: "It was a refined talk and as good as an hour with Mark Twain." This lecture will be delivered at Masonic Temple hall next Friday evening.

Fred Will Lykens is the last victim of Howell Osborn and Fay Templeton. Howell was in New York a couple of weeks ago and "touched" Lykens, promising that Fay should come over next season. Lykens will

undoubtedly keep on "putting up," but Fay is sure to remain in Paris with Osborn, humbugging any manager foolish enough to believe her.—Dunlop.

A New Clothing House.

For several weeks past our citizens have noticed arrangements going on at the new Kelley block, 1017 and 1019 O street, preparatory to opening a clothing store. The new firm is titled Herman Brothers, comprising three gentlemen, respectively Adolph, Charles and Frederick, all well experienced in the clothing line and through, enterprising business men. The COURIER, with its accustomed curiosity, stepped in yesterday to see what was going on within, and about the first person we encountered was that of Mr. Fred Herman. He chatted pleasantly with the reporter and showed him about the premises, the stock, the arrangements, etc.

The store-room extends to the alley, is well lighted, has high ceilings and is especially arranged for the firm. The basement, a large, light and airy room, will be used for the wholesale department, which the firm will carry on in connection. The stock comprises the finest in clothing and haberdashery and deserves your inspection before buying anything in that line. The new house opens to-day, and all Lincoln should turn out to welcome the Herman Brothers.

Spring Is With Us.

Again the season is at hand when maid and housewife are in the toils of housecleaning, and the season is at hand when the old pieces of furniture must give way to the newer and more artistic modern styles. Such marked changes in this line have of late taken place in the manner of both finish and construction that the former furnishings appear rather dull and antiquated beside the present favorites. A COURIER man sauntering about yesterday made a brief but pleasant visit with Mr. Shelton at the popular furniture house of Shelton & Smith, on South Eleventh street.

"You say you want to see what is the newest in spring furniture?" asked that genial host. "Why, bless you, look at that row of chamber sets along there and those parlor chairs back of you."

Following these directions we roved a most elegant display of what the gentleman designated as the "Sixteenth Century" finish and also an array of beautiful sets in the Antique styles.

There is something remarkably artistic and attractive about the goods shown at Shelton & Smith's. It is not that their furniture is better than all other furniture, for the best furniture anywhere is the best, but there seems to have been more judgment displayed in making the selection, for never before in the capital city has there been such a stylish line of parlor and chamber suits shown as this live, progressive house shows this season. It would be useless for the feeble pen of the COURIER to describe all that was seen in that brief visit, but a call from you, kind reader, at any time will interest you. As for Mr. Shelton and his assistants, they always receive their callers pleasantly and courteously. This house is also sole agent for the very elegant "Phoenix" folding bed, an attractive illustration of which appears on page 2 of this issue.

Herrpolsheimer & Co's spring stock this season excels all their previous efforts to bring to Lincoln the high class goods, but at prices that are popular to all. In parlors and nurseries they offer a superb assortment. Gold tipped gloriole silk as low as \$1; inlaid, ebon and sterling, in fancy wood and antique woods, a line not surpassed in the west. Call on Herrpolsheimer and examine their stock.

The management of Cushman park desires to announce that in order to give a high order of entertainment during the season a limited number of season tickets for families will be sold, to read as follows:

For and in consideration of \$5 adult—and family and conveyances. Family not to exceed four grown persons and four children, to Cushman park on any and all occasions during the season of 1890. Signed,

If we can sell 100 family tickets we will use the money received in giving novel and pleasing attractions in addition to the regular entertainments, which will be the best the country affords, and we shall try with your patronage to make Cushman park the pride of the west, and families holding season tickets will have perfect right to camp in the park, to keep their own boats, to have freedom and use of both music halls and pianos, and your children will be just as safe as at home or at any eastern resort. Apply for season tickets to be delivered May 10 to E. H. Andrus & Son, city office corner P and Eighth streets.

On Saturday, May 3, will take place the largest sale of city property in the history of Lincoln, consisting of O street lots, N street lots, property on O and N streets, lots and property on Antelope hill and east Lincoln, all inside property on or near pavements, car line, water mains, sewer, etc., all under management of E. H. Andrus. The terms will be on an average of one-fourth down, balance in five years. Spread the news and be prepared to take advantage of buying real property in the very heart of the city. Full list of property in a few days. All to be sold with out reserve to highest bidder at auction.

Mrs. Dr. Potts' trip around the world was the means of accumulating a larger array of medical credentials than is possessed by any other physician in the world, perhaps. She holds certificates as a legal practitioner in New Zealand, all the colonies of Australia, and South Africa, New England, Ireland and Scotland, and in twenty-two states in this country. Her credentials were filed with the county clerk here about three years ago, having been forwarded from England.

J. S. Doten, justice of the peace and merchant of Bristol, Ill., says he can recommend St. Patrick's Pills. "I have used them," he says, "and know whereof I speak." Any one troubled with constipation or biliousness will find them a friend. They are prompt and certain in their action and produce a pleasant cathartic effect. For sale by A. J. Shander, druggist.



CORA TANNER.

taking nine people with her, paying all expenses and netting handsome sum in addition. This is a task few men are capable of. She was the recipient of many flattering attentions from the press and public in all the countries visited. Few, if any, persons have won the praise of every English metropolitan journal in the world, as she has. Her personal friends are among the notables of the world. While an advocate of dress reform, she does not think attractiveness of attire need be sacrificed to health. She herself appears in a costume made by Worth. She recently lectured, with great success, in Chicago and St. Louis. She is now in Omaha where the press is loud in her praise. She will lecture at the Masonic Temple, as she objects to the number of steps necessary to reach the opera house floor, claiming that climbing stairs is particularly injurious to women. Her first lecture Monday night at 8, will be to men and women. She will give four afternoon lectures to women, only commencing Tuesday at 3 o'clock. The first two lectures will be free though the best seats will be reserved for those holding invitations and for gentlemen escorting ladies. Her last lecture next Friday will be on love, courtship and marriage, a trinity of social sciences she treats with great earnestness and yet with much humor.

All kinds of Iron, Well and Cistern Pumps at wholesale and retail prices at Kornsmeier & Co's.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist. Dr. Charles E. Spahr, No. 1215 O st. Consultations in English and German.

The Knox Derby. These hats are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. Agency with James C. Kier, O and 11th street.

presence of a grand dame. She was gowned elegantly.

Like a loyal husband and a careful manager, Mr. Strakosch has surrounded Miss Kellogg with singers who will not overshadow his wife nor make an expensive company. The only memorable thing in Wednesday night's music was Spigard's singing of the "Misere" from "Il Trovatore" the fourth act was given by the company, but that is such an exquisite passage that he would be a wretched singer indeed who would spoil it entirely.

The power of a name was illustrated in the large audience attracted to this entertainment. It was not a fashionable company, but there was an unusually large proportion of ladies, particularly in the gallery.

The name also attracted more than the ordinary number of ignoramus, who undertook to impress the people about them with an idea of their musical appreciation. Thinking that anything done by Clara Louise Kellogg and singers associated with her must be of superior merit, these "jays" disturbed the pitiful silence with their applause at all sorts of inopportune times. They were too numerous to be a bird cackle.

CORA TANNER.

At Funks' Monday evening Cora Tanner will appear in "Fascination." The Pittsburg *Dispatch* says: "The extraordinarily sight of a play properly set and in the hands of actors from star to the least subordinate entirely competent and trained into that necessity of execution that speaks discipline enforced by a clever manager was presented at the Grand Opera House. Miss Cora Tanner played the heroine Lady Madge Shelton, and as a man Charles Marlowe. In giving full sweetness to her womanly side of the character, and a pert boyish impetuosity to the masquerade in