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BYE THE BYE.



My friend, the Old Man, who carries the fame of the COURIER and Lincoln into states far and wide, has just returned from Boston, and of course is full of experiences. As a delegate to the national editorial convention he enjoyed the hospitality of the Hub, which included banquets, steamboat rides, etc. In conversation with a young Bostonian, a picture of whom is given herewith, the latter talked very earnestly of the cordiality of western hospitality. He went out to see Chicago, and carried letters of introduction with him. "The first one I presented," he went on to say, "was to a quiet-appearing young board of trade man. 'How are you?' he said shaking my hand with the warmth of an old friend and asking me in the same breath what I'd have to drink. I didn't want anything, but he seemed from his manner so desirous of treating me that I took a couple of fingers of red liquor and then sought to return the compliment. But he looked hurt at that. 'You're my guest,' he said, 'and guests never pay.' Well, we took another drink and then he went with me to the others to whom I had letters. Each place we stopped at we were compelled to drink immediately after the hand shake, so that by the time I had made the round I was feeling pretty comfortable. Then a party of us had dinner. I don't remember what we had for dessert nor what we did afterward. In fact, the first clear recollection I had of anything was six days later, when I awoke in my room. On my bureau I found a number of theater programs, several perfumed letters from some (to me at present unknown) representatives of the softer sex, a lady's picture, one of Kehoe's soda water checks, a photograph of Dixey with his autograph on the back, four ivory fano chips and seven champagne corks. So I imagine time did not hang heavy on my hands. When I go to Chicago again I shall have disguised myself behind a beard and left all letters of introduction at home. Hospitality may be all right down east, but at Chicago's high altitude with its rarified atmosphere it's dangerous."

Sitting out in front of the Capital hotel the other evening A. G. Wolfenbarger, the prohibition advocate, conversed on the all-prevailing topic in a temperate, sensible way. He spoke in complimentary terms of the ability and energy of Editor Rosewater of the Omaha Bee and expressed the opinion that that paper was being paid by the liquor interest for its fight against prohibition. He added with unmistakable sincerity that the Bee was earning every dollar the liquor men are likely to pay, that Mr. Rosewater is throwing an influence and a power into the campaign with results that the anti-prohibitionists could not secure in any other way with an expenditure of a like sum of money. There is nothing startling in these statements, but it is a bit noticeable that such testimony should have come from such a source.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Rosewater is a much misunderstood man. By thousands of people every utterance of the Bee on state affairs is supposed to be loaded with mystic meaning. If a quarter of the surmises were true they would keep Mr. Rosewater awake nights laying plans to boost this or that politician into office. If a half of these guesses were facts Mr. Rosewater's time would be engrossed with a thousand schemes of assorted sizes and colors. The fear of small fry politicians conjure up shadows that never had any substance in Mr. Rosewater's plans. The prejudice and the ignorance of narrow-minded people attribute mean actions and qualities that would become themselves but are foreign to him. I do not mean to hold up the Omaha editor as a paragon, but I do believe he is not a quarter as bad as he is painted. He has stepped on the schemes and ambitions of a thousand men, and they have turned on him with bitter reviling. Hence the prevailing opinion.

Take the recent debate at the Beatrice Chautauqua assembly between Sam Small and Prof. Dickie for prohibition and Mr. Rosewater and John L. Webster against it. The Bee employed three stenographers to make verbatim reports, and it published both sides without abridgement and without any attempt to color the affair. It is not likely the liquor interest would pay to have prohibition speeches reported and published, and if the men in the business are really putting up to the Bee they would undoubtedly have given a good round sum to prevent these prohibition speeches having the benefit of the Bee's great circulation. The only legitimate conclusion is that Mr. Rosewater published this debate on his own motion and at his own expense. And if you will look back over his record you will find that that sort of thing has not been uncommon with the Bee. Such cases make me feel proud of journalism and of the men in it. The spirit of fair play manifested by the Bee is a newspaper virtue beyond the comprehension of the average man, and Mr. Rosewater is even more of an enigma to the bigotry and stupidity of the common herd.

Al. Fairbrother, who has been writing up state politics for the Omaha World-Herald, has transferred his allegiance to the Bee. His place is naturally with the latter. The World-Herald is a Democratic paper in all but name, which undoubtedly hampered Fairbrother in his writings. Bye-the-Bye predicted that he would be a valuable man for the World-Herald, and that has proved true. It is doubtful if there is another newspaper

man in the state who knows more of the politicians and their ambitions and has a readier grasp on his information. Fairbrother's political gossip in the World-Herald has undoubtedly compelled hundreds of politicians to read that paper in order to keep up with the procession. In the Bee Fairbrother can write as a Republican among Republicans and for Republicans, and he probably will do even better than heretofore.

In speaking of the time made by George Francis Train in his trip around the world the COURIER predicted that the circuit would be made in sixty days or less within a few years. It now seems likely that the time will be so greatly reduced that the achievements of Jules Verne, Nelly Bly, Elizabeth Bisland and George Francis Train will be merely antiquated historical facts. A railroad is now being constructed that will immensely quicken the time from Japan to England. Instead of the slow sea voyage through southern seas the future globe trotter anxious to break a record will fly across the northern hemisphere on wheels. A railroad is now being built through Siberia that will connect St. Petersburg with Vladivostok, which is situated in the north of Corea on a bay in the sea of Japan named after Peter the Great. The distance is 4,100 miles, and this will be the longest line of railroad in the world. At present it takes from seventy-five to eighty days to send a letter from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok during the best time of the year. In winter it requires several months. When this line is completed the journey may be accomplished in twelve days. The trip around the world will then be made in forty to forty-five days.

Blessed be the memory of the man who invented the thermometer. He has added fifty per cent. to the satisfaction of living in this sort of weather. The amount of comfort to be derived from watching the mercury dancing up among the 90's is a bit of human nature not easily explained, and the joy of seeing the silver thread climb up on 100 and fall over the other side is too rare not to be valued. When a man is being roasted there is an infinite satisfaction in knowing the degree of done-ness in the operation. The victim is justified in being proud of being roasted two or three degrees more than the people of a neighboring community. It's about the only satisfaction he gets out of the performance. And what a boon the thermometer is to the fellow who never has an original idea, and who wouldn't know how to let go of it if he had one. The amount of conversation he can evolve from the simple record of the thermometer and a comparison with former years is one of the marvels of human stupidity.

In the name of a community anxious to get such satisfaction as the weather will permit I

protest against the thermometer over at Harley's drug store. It very rarely gets up to 100, and it just robs us of about half the satisfaction there is in this thing. Some people may think it lazy because it doesn't hump its back and climb up out of the 90's, but I am inclined to think it is a matter of disposition and condition. Those big thermometers filled with alcohol are generally conservative, you know, and then it hangs in the shade all day and near a soda fountain filled with ice. Probably it is doing its best, and perhaps it affords satisfaction to a few people who haven't ambition enough even to wish to see a thermometer do its level best. Now over at Stetson's drug store they have a little thermometer that wakes up to its business early in the morning and hustles all day. It catches old Sol's first rays, and has the benefit of his company most of the morning. The iron post against which it hangs gets something less than red-hot and lavishes its warm affections on the mercury until late at night. It is a pretty cool day when it doesn't get beyond the 90's, and its average for the last two weeks has been about 100. Now there is genuine satisfaction in consulting such an instrument as that. You get the worth of your money, and the assurance that you have lots of weather about your person is the chief compensation of the season.

Haven't you noticed, by the way, that the thermometers of the government signal service never register as high as the instruments owned by individuals? The officer at the Omaha station once explained it to Bye-the-Bye in this way: It is desirable, for the sake of comparisons and computations, to have all government instruments make their records under similar conditions. All of them are exposed on the top of high buildings. They get the benefit of winds, which may send the alcohol down a half degree, never more than that. The private thermometer is generally hung near the ground and often against iron or brick. It gets the benefit of the reflected rays of heat and often of the coloric service in the iron or brick. The signal service officer thought a good private thermometer a fairer index than a government instrument of the conditions under which humanity sweaters and lives.

We are all proud of Lincoln—her beauty, growth, enterprise and all that sort of thing—but there have been three things for which we have had to apologize: her hotels, theater and street railways. To make an apology is to humiliate one's pride, and most of us have had to do it until it has become a weariness of mind and heart. It is a comfort to feel that the end of it is within view. A creditable hotel is a fact almost realized, work has begun on a new theater, and now we have assurance of an electric street railway from O street to the new Episcopalian college on the north. How near heaven the City Beautiful will be when the other street car lines

relegate their mules to the antiquity they are calculated to adorn and substitute electricity. Those mules—patient, long-suffering brutes though they be—are to be admired most as reminiscences. Speed the day when all the Lincoln street car companies go into the business of making reminiscences.

The COURIER has received, with the compliments of Henry E. Dixey, a souvenir "in commemoration of the three hundredth performance of Messrs. Gill & Dixey's '7 Ages' and its eight weeks run in Chicago." It is a handsome folder containing half-tone illustrations of Dixey in each of his numerous make-ups in the play, the whole enclosed in a heavy cover and tied with a ribbon.

IN AMUSEMENT LINES.

A P Dunlop sends word from New York that there was nothing new in Gotham theaters last week and nothing promised for this week. He adds:

In the times we refer to some times as "the golden," the week before the 4th was usually a brisk one; now it is dead, and everyone who has saved money has left town for a few days quiet in the country, at least, until the glorious fourth has whizzed by, and the metropolitan gamins has exhausted the festive fire cracker. The shady side of dear old Broadway is still—not crowded, but abundantly adorned with those human blossoms we all love so well to see—on the stage. Walking is inexpensive, even on the dear old street, and there are no ties there to count, excepting those we broke last season when they left us, to return, of course. The shopkeepers do not count on large patronage from them, and they are not disappointed, but in some way they all live. Engagements of old days seems to have passed away, and jests about it are as ill timed and as foolish as those about the impunctuality of editors. We do not starve, now-a-days. They can't kill us, and they can't shut us up, and as long as we may walk around and earn the occasional dollar, why need we complain? There is always Broadway to walk on.

One of the sights of New York is Ritzmann's, on Broadway. Ritzmann, who looks a cross between a foreign nobleman and a well-paid tenor, keeps the finest theatrical photograph collection in town. There is always a gaping, interested crowd in front of his window gazing at the crowd's pictures. It is a varied collection you see there. Queens jostle soubrettes, ingenues associate with first old ladies, emotionalists deport themselves by child prodigies. Mrs. Kendal is next to Dorothy Dean, whom she would not receive in real life; Pauline Hall smiles at Isabelle Upphardt, whom she hates. Jocular Nellie McHenry warbles on the same line with sprightly Minnie Palmer. Marie Burroughs, May Brooklyn, Marie Wainwright, Grace Filkins, Isabelle Coe, Minnie Seligman

are in line as beautiful women. Carrie Tutein and Ollie Archmere "hustle" to the front. Della Fox, Effie Shannon, Rosabel Morrison smile pleasantly at you. Bernhardt and Mather, interpreters of Joan of Arc, are in demand. Women as a rule buy actors' photos, Ritzmann tells me, and women buy men.

Frank Lander is like Kyrie Bellew in one or two respects. He ran away from home when he was sixteen, as Kyrie Bellew did, and like him he went to Australia and worked in the mines. Lander has the lithe, elegant and aristocratic build of Bellew. But he has no pet rabbit and no pet monkey. Lander appeals to the fairer sex and wins them. The mash notes left for him at the stage door often number half a dozen a night, and they generally come from local society belles. Lander differs from Bellew in the way he signs his letter and his photos. Bellew always signs "Yours, while Kyrie Bellew." The cheerful Lander affixes his signature with "Laughingly Yours."

The sale of liquors on the Casino roof garden was recently stopped, and on the same day Pauline Hall offered to give the Casino stockholders a dividend of four per cent. and pay all interest except the floating debt, for a ten year lease of the building. As the stockholders have as yet not received a single penny on their investment, the Aronsens will probably have a good deal of trouble in retaining their grip on the Moorish building.

Fay Templeton, who will appear in a new burlesque at the Fourteenth Street Theater, August 19th, arrived from Paris last Wednesday. Mr. Howell Osborn did not accompany her.

Jennie Winston, the only actress who can give the correct swagger and dash to male parts, has been engaged by Margaret Mather. She is to play roles usually given to leading men.

AT THE PARK.

Manager Andrus is untiring in his efforts to make Cushman Park an attractive resort for the people of the City Beautiful. Not content with letting the public have the benefit of a pretty stream and shady groves, he is constantly providing entertainments to add to the visitor's enjoyment. And then he has prevailed on the B. & M. to run trains to and from the grove at frequent intervals to accommodate everybody. For tomorrow he has secured Williams Brothers and Hubbard, the celebrated trio, whose singing is said to have made thousands of votes in the prohibition campaign in South Dakota. There will be no speaking, either for or against prohibition, but plenty of fine music that all can enjoy. Mr. Andrus has gone to Crete to secure, if possible, Miss Parks, the noted concertist, or other desirable artists. The time of trains may be found in an advertisement elsewhere. The Mendelssohn quartet, among the finest of Denver's singers, will be in Lincoln in two or three weeks and are booked for Cushman Park.

GOWNS FOR A PRINCESS.

[Special Correspondence of the COURIER.]
New York, July 7, 1890.—As this is the season when yachting gowns are an important part of the fashionable wardrobe, I give as a first sketch one of Redfern's latest ideas in this line—a costume which is now being made at his London establishment for the Princess Irene of Prussia. Her husband, Prince Henry, is a brother of the German Emperor, and is in command of the most powerful man-of-war now afloat in the German navy. It was a pretty bit of sentiment which led him to christen it "The Irene," after his wife; and I suppose it is by way of showing her appreciation of the compliment that she sometimes accompanies him on a cruise. She was aboard the vessel the last time it was anchored off Cowes roads (isle of Wight), ready for the naval manoeuvre which the German Emperor came over to inspect.



Her new yachting gown, pictured above, is a blue Isle of Wight serge, with four rows of oxidized silver braid set straight around the skirt. The shirt bodice is of white silk trimmed in yoke fashion, as well as upon collars and cuffs, with more rows of the braid; and it is bound at the waist by a wide pointed girdle of the blue, which is slashed and faced with silver cords over the hips and in front. The regulation naval cap is worn with this suit.



ANOTHER UNIQUE GOWN

For her is of cadet-blue bengaline, with front of white cloth upon which is a large and elaborate design graded in blue and steel. The same design is repeated in part upon the rounded fronts of the bodice which slope away into large coat tails in the back and are edged with tiny steel mesh buttons. The plain vest and close coat sleeves are of the white cloth, and there is more braiding on collar and cuffs, and an odd turban cap on the shoulders. The hat has loops of the blue-grey ribbon and a marabout aigrette in white while the velvet facing on the brim shows some steel galloon where it turns up at the right side.

The new Redfern riding habit is made of waterproof, fancy diagonal cloth, suitable for summer wear. The bodice is cut in quite a novel fashion, with a waistcoat of very horse-looking check jersey cloth, in bright colors. The bodice can either button across this in the center or remain open all the way down, at the wish of the wearer. The skirt fits to a nicety, being cut on a patent safety principle in such a manner that it will neither "drag" nor "rock up" and can be made to wear on any modern saddle, thus combining with elegance the greatest comfort and security to the wearer. This skirt is also as graceful and comfortable for walking as riding, being arranged to fasten up very ingeniously on one side. The breeches or trousers are made of silk jersey or material to match the habit.