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## THE TRIFLER.



AN invitation to the wedding of far away friends received the other day, recalled to my mind a subject discussed at a gathering of Lincoln people a few weeks ago and referred to incidentally in a subsequent issue of THE COURIER, viz: friendship between persons of opposite sex. At the gathering I speak of, as those who read THE TRIFLER may remember, the men, with hardly an exception took the position that enduring friendship—that is, friendship without a mingling of that tender something we call love—between man and woman is not only unnatural but well nigh impossible. The representatives of the other sex thought differently. They believed firmly in man and woman friendship, and scouted the idea that the friendship of a man for a woman must eventually cool with the flight of time or else merge into that passion which Billee Taylor tells us is the "hope of every nation" and the "ruler of the universe."

The two young people mentioned above grew to man's and woman's estate in the same town, studying in their earlier years, the multiplication table from the same book, and later, in the transition period which came after graduation, dancing in the same "set" and enjoying the same companionships—the same pleasures. They were friends always. They were the chummiest of chums. Their simple and unaffected regard for each other was, I am convinced, never shaken for an instant, by a hasty word or a thoughtless action. Uninterruptedly for eighteen years flowed the pleasing waters of perfect friendship. But, who among their acquaintances and associates imagined that that sweet stream would in its placid course some day emerge from a beautiful valley its waters turbulent with a new force singing even sweeter than of yore, the new song of love? Surely no one. The experience of my two friends seems to add weight to the masculine arguments.

But I am inclined to think this is an exceptional instance. There is certainly genuine friendship between men and women unmarred—and the world is the better for it. That such friendship is not more general is a public misfortune—the fault of superficial or sentimental individuals. There are men in whom the abnormal development of sentimentalism has left no room for simple, kindly regard; men who must view every woman with either a violent palpitation of the heart or a cold indifference. There are women equally sentimental who can love anything from a dog to a man; women who will give to ecstasies over a man with a peach-bloss complexion and bestow not even a passing thought on the dignified face of a man with a soul—an intellect. With these effervescent beings true friendship is admittedly well nigh impossible.

Men and women who think and reason are found here and there, however, and with these that which Webster describes as "an attachment to a person proceeding from intimate acquaintance, and a reciprocation of kind offices, or from a favorable opinion of the amiable and respectable qualities of the mind," is both general and natural. These people are not continually looking for some one to fall in love with. They see and appreciate intellectual qualities in their associates and make friends according to the dictates of their mind and heart.

It is impossible to continue a friendship of this sort indefinitely. It is one of the privileges of American civilization. No arbitrary wall divides the sexes. Boys and girls are educated together, youths and maidens are united to each other's company and men and women in the enjoyment of mutual friendship are elevated and made better. The best friend of many a man is a woman and the best friend of many a woman is a man—and why? Because men understand men and women understand women. There are thousands of cases in which the bond of friendship never gives way to the matrimonial knot. But if orange blossoms do occasionally end a simple friendship of years, what's the difference?

From the beautiful autumn edition of the Chicago evening Herald is taken the following poem, which being addressed to "Miss E. Y. Hastings, Nebraska," will doubtless be read with interest. I wonder who Miss "E. Y." is!

The flowers are bathing in morning,  
The sun climbs up the heavens blue,  
While a gentle breeze skirts over the seas  
And shakes little diamonds from the trees;  
The violets open their sleepy eyes  
And begin to flirt with the butterflies,  
The daisies smile as the roses greet,  
And the birds say: "Good morning," as they meet.

The sunflowers nod in their queenly grace,  
And the morning glory's smiling face  
Is turned to the light and seems to say:  
"Good-bye to the night, let us greet the new day,  
And be happy and cheerful till the sun goes down,  
And the moon cometh up with a scowl and a frown,  
And tells us fair children of nature to sleep,  
While the fairies over us vigils keep."  
—W. C. E. Seabock.

Prince George, who has been touring in Canada, met with an interesting little adventure at Montreal the other day, or rather the other night. The prince and a companion were "doing the town" one evening when they were attacked by six assassins. Evidently the young man's education has not been neglected, for with his own hands he

brought three of the roughs to the ground. His friend took care of two more; the sixth took to flight,—and two of Montreal's smart policemen, who happened on the scene about this time, took the whole party to the city prison, where the prince, despite his protestations, was locked in an ordinary cell just the same as an "ordinary man." Matters were soon explained, however, and the royal prisoner was discharged with humblest apologies. How fortunate that this did not happen on this side of the Canadian line! If it had we might at this moment be engaged in bloody war with haughty England for the insult to England's royal son.

Frolicsome Fey Templeton is still at her old tricks. This time I hear of her in "Squaint old Philadelphia." In the Quaker City, you must know, the people are very modest—Oh, so modest. Girls of ten wear long dresses, and the city's fair ones seldom even bare their hands. Everything but their pensive beautiful faces is hidden from the rude gaze of naughty men. The terrifying lithographs that variety, burlesque and light opera companies, are wont to display, have always given the Philadelphians cold chills. Some citizens refused to leave their homes while these awful pictures disgraced the chaste walls and fences of "ye ancient city." After awhile, however, somebody was struck with a bright idea—a bright idea will sometimes strike even a Philadelphian—and thereafter the authorities never failed to have a strip of paper about six inches wide pasted across the objectionable portion of each picture. Theatrical managers stormed, but modestly triumphed and the disciples of Anthony Cumstock laughed with glee. When Corinne and Kate Castleton and Lillie Clay, and Lillian Russell and all the other airy fairies Lillians came to town, their beautifully colored portraits and pictures were always mutilated. Each of the fair creatures was cut in two by that arbitrary strip of paper. It was cruel and heartrending, but Philadelphia's modesty must not be shocked. Not even if several thousand females had to be slashed to pieces every week or two. No; indeed. But Fey—well, Fey kicked. She proposed to appear as a whole woman. She had serious objections to the suggestive piece of white paper, and she went to law about it. Suit was brought against the director of public safety and the law and order society to enjoin the same from mutilating Miss Templeton's pictures. Proceedings were commenced, Fey began her engagement in "Henrik Hudson" with the greatest success imaginable—and here the matter rested. It will probably be months before the momentous question is decided. Fey will then be in the far west where the people are not so finicky. No paper slips will annoy her when she comes to Lincoln.

If you, fair reader, want to know some of the things which attract men, note the following which I quote from a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal: "A woman's smile, for example, attracts a man; but an even temper retards him. A pretty gown attracts a man; the knowledge that it was inexpensive delights him. A pleasant manner attracts a man; brightness of brain holds him. A knowledge of how, when and where to be a little stately, attracts a man; an appreciation of the folly of frivolity wins his respect. A respect for the religious belief of every human being, attracts a man; irreverence in women is to him abomination."

Somebody tells a good story on Clarkson, of Iowa, first assistant postmaster general. A friend called on him one day with the following complaint: "We have just come from the government printing office, where we had gone with some ladies to see the shop. We were feeling pretty proud of the manner in which Frank Palmer was keeping things up down there, till just as we turned a corner of a rather gloomy corridor, one of the ladies of our party gave a scream. Right in front of us was a young man and a young woman, employees of the office, kissing each other like a pair of lovers. I am told that such things are going on all the time in the government printing office, and it really is a shame that the employes should be permitted to spend their time kissing each other, instead of attending to their work. Some of Mr. Palmer's friends ought to speak to him about it."

"Did the young people appear to be enjoying themselves?" asked the First Assistant Postmaster General.

"Yes, indeed, they did."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," retorted Clarkson, "don't report them. Don't interfere with them. They are the only people connected with the administration who are having any fun, and they ought to be let alone."

Those who witnessed the presentation of "U. S. Mail" at Funke's last week, may be surprised to learn that Hi Hand, the principal character, is taken from life. Twenty years ago Hiram Hand, or Hi Hand as he was universally known, was a common figure in Wisconsin newspaper circles. He was at one time associated with E. E. Merritt, now one of the proprietors of the Hastings, (Neb.) Daily Nebraskan, in the publication of a county newspaper in the former state. After dissolving partnership with Merritt Hand drifted around in the sea of journalism until he finally became a hopeless wreck. Then he took the road as a tramp printer and before he died he became known from New York to San Francisco. These particulars were learned by the *Gazette-Journal* of Hastings at a recent visit of the comedy company to that place.

What queer questions people sometimes ask! A traveling man who was recently married told me the other day that a friend "on the road" wishing to show a kindly interest, asked him "how he liked his wife?"

The New York World inveighs against the introduction of the chaperone into American society. There is some meat in the following excerpt: "The understanding in our mother's and grandmother's days was that a reputable girl might properly go to any reputable place with any reputable young man, and that if a young man was not reputable no reputable

girl could or would go with him at all. The chaperone became necessary when the disreputable young man began to be tolerated because of his wealth, or his position or his family."

I see by the Chicago papers that Master Blatchford Kavanaugh, is still singing in Grace church choir, notwithstanding Mr. Rooney's statement of some months since that the youthful prodigy would be immediately retired owing to the usual "change of voice." Wonder if that nice, story about the money realized from Kavanaugh's tour being turned into an educational fund for the young singer, was true?

"Some Omaha people respect Lincoln," remarked M. W. Folsom, the real estate agent, a day or two ago. "An Omaha man came to my office yesterday looking for a trade. He has an \$80,000 building in the so-called metropolis which he wishes to exchange for property here." Isn't this a significant "straw"?

The *Journal* for some days past has contained an advertisement of somebody who has lost an "ornamental plain" ring and wishes to recover it. The question arises, what is an "ornamental plain" ring?

The new opera house will be built, all our street cars will be run by electricity, our streets will be well lighted and paved, the Lincoln club will win the pennant, Lincoln girls will stop chewing gum, the artisan will in government square will flow ambrosia, nervous people will be relieved and everybody will be happy—when Annie Rooney marries Joe.

Dancing Class. Miss Fannie Warner's classes in dancing will open at Masonic temple on Saturday 27th in the afternoon for masters and misses and the evening for adults. Miss Warner's experience in this line of work is such as to give her an insight to the peculiar ability necessary to instruct in this, one of the most interesting arts, and her success in past seasons has been such as to warrant her larger classes than ever.

Of the lively places in and about Lincoln the store of Louis Mayer & Co. is perhaps the liveliest. Throughout the summer it was very far from being dull. Since the fair it was swarmed with people—people who want a first class, reliable article at a reasonable price. These kind of people are always accommodated at Louie Meyer's and with this store it is once a customer always a customer. A full line of everything in the way of general merchandise; a big assortment of the best goods at the lowest prices. Groceries, etc., in great variety. In dry goods there are many beautiful novelties—novelties which will sell upon inspection. The eastern market has been drawn from liberally for this stock and you can see all that is latest and best.

Frances Willard delivered an interesting lecture on prohibition before a large audience at the Funke last night.

The New York World's great composite novel "His Fleeting Ideal" commences next issue.

Foreman & Crowe have a magnificent line of new rushings, all the latest things for fall. In kid gloves they take the lead, making this a specialty. You should see their line before purchasing—all sizes, colors, and shapes. A very attractive stock of P. D. and W. C. C. corsets are at hand and are just a little nicer than anything shown in this market. They fit like a glove and for beauty cannot be excelled.

Our customers all speak highly in praise of St. Patrick's Pills. They are the best—Berry Brothers, Carroll, Neb. For sale by A. L. Shradler, the druggist.

Schwab's new clothing emporium has been enjoying a big run of trade since its opening, and the elegant line of garments shown should be a sufficient inducement for every Lincolnite to patronize this establishment. Mr. Schwab makes an announcement to COURIER readers on page four. You may profit by reading it.

Miss C. J. Guilmette, modiste, second floor, Exposition building. Take elevator.

Doctors Bailey & Goodell, office 1347 L street. Telephone, 617.

Mr. John Keown, the worthy postmaster at Keown, Allegheny county, Pa., says: "Chamberlain's cough remedy sells better than any other." The reason of this is because it can always be depended upon. Let any one troubled with a severe cold give it a trial and they will find that the first dose will relieve the lungs and make breathing easier and that its continued use will free the system of all symptoms of the cold. The promptness and certainty of this remedy in the relief and cure of colds, has won for it many sincere friends and made it very popular." For sale by A. L. Shradler.

The Lincoln Steam Laundry having recently changed hands and undergone many improvements is now better than ever prepared to execute work in the very best manner, promptly and at popular prices. Mr. A. W. Day the new proprietor has adopted a new and improved process for washing and handling garments, by which no bleaching or injurious materials are used; the finest fabrics such as silks, laces, flosses, flannels or cotton goods are laundered in first class manner, without the least damage. One trial will convince the most skeptical that the Lincoln Steam Laundry does the finest work in the city. All goods called for and delivered. Telephone 62.

Oysters in every style at Brown's.  
Wedding cake boxes, all styles, Wessel Printing Co.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Thomas W. Keene, who played at Funke's, Thursday and Friday of last week, is fifty years old. He has been married nearly thirty years and has a daughter past twenty. Mrs. Keene and the latter reside on Staten Island, New York, in a beautiful home, where the tragedian spends all of his leisure time. The effects of the paralytic stroke of a few years ago have all disappeared and the actor is now in his prime.

It is curious to note the different estimates placed upon Keene's work. In Lincoln he has many ardent admirers, and I heard some of these fairly rave over their favorite during his engagement here. Then there are people who do not like him at all. On the whole, I think he made a better impression in "Louis XI" than in "Richard III." The latter or rather Keene's presentation of it is almost threadbare, and it is a small wonder that people have become tired of the play. The tragedian himself prefers it above all his other pieces, but it is a question whether the character of the deformed king is the one best adapted to Keene's peculiar talent. "Richard III" draws, however, and that's the main thing. One of the tragedian's strong points is his facial expression. In this he has few equals, and how much there is in this art in which so many actors are so little versed; Keene is not a Booth. Neither is he an Irving. But in the list of tragedians his name certainly belongs among the foremost.

From the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, popularly known as the "Little Church Around the Corner," was buried on Monday a remarkable man. Boucault was, if not the greatest playwright of his time, at least one of the greatest. Notoriously selfish and insincere himself, he could depict sentiment and pathos better than he. He knew the way to the human heart. He was a prolific pen and Boucault's plays will live long after the author's mortal body has crumbled away. When accused, as he frequently was, of literary piracy, he was wont to remark, "Shakespeare was an adapter, so am I."

It was an appreciative audience that attended the presentation of "Prince and Pauper" at the Funke Thursday evening. Mark Twain's story as dramatized by Mrs. A. S. Richardson may be disconnected and in some ways disappointing, but it gives little Elsie Leslie free rein, and that is most important for the *Prince and Pauper* and *Miles Hendon* are about all there is to the play. Elsie is truly a marvel. We are all familiar with stage children. They very frequently know their parts, but their manners are always stilted and unnatural, and they all have the same parrot like speech. In little Miss Leslie, however, is combined the manner and grace of young womanhood with the age and childish features of the nursery. Her people are aware of the strain on a person compelled to spend two hours on the stage, the centre of action and attention. Not many "grown up" professionals are so constantly before the footlights as Elsie, and she bears up under the strain wonderfully. She is full of activity and life and her acting is perfectly natural. In the second act where Elsie plays the *Prince* in the guise of the *Pauper* with *Miles Hendon* Arthur Elliott, as general handy man, there are many very amusing incidents, and both the *Prince* and Elliott are seen at their best. Elsie changes her voice and manner with her clothes and the *Prince* and *Pauper* are vested each with a distinct and marked individuality. The play was well put on and the company was passing fair.

Of the ridiculous stories about Mantell, the recent fairy tale to the effect that last season the actor employed a woman to faint in the body of the theatre every night after the cauterizing operation in "Monbars" is the worst. By the way, a gentleman who saw Mantell in the "Corsican Brothers" in Omaha declares the play one of the "stupidest he ever saw." This same critic, however, sees nothing to commend in "Monbars" and thinks the favorite actor repelling.

The Hess Opera Company comes to the Funke, Oct. 1. Lillie Clay follows on the third. Then comes the "T. K." quartette of Omaha, on the eighth, Joe Emmett on the ninth, Marie Vickers on the tenth, and Agnes Herndon on the eleventh. The event of the coming month will be the appearance of the Strauss-orchestra on the twentieth. By the way, if you expect to hear Strauss it will be a wise precaution to fill out one of Manager McKeypold's subscription blanks at once.

There has been a good attendance at every performance every day this week at this popular place of resort. Mr. Offner, the new manager, is giving the patrons of the museum some first class attractions this season, and the public appreciate his efforts. For the week commencing September 29, there is an unusual array of talent. Among the attractions announced may be mentioned Bushnell, the aerial artist; Frank Burt, the modern Hercules; Frank Le Roy, the human sledge hammer; diving nails and spikes with his naked hands a hammer; Emerson, the bone soloist; Grace Milburn, the Australian song bird; Francella children; comedians, Edwards, Bobby Fields, etc.; new wax works, illustrations. Very pretty souvenirs will be presented to the ladies next Friday. School children entitled to seats free every Saturday.

There will be a grand anti-prohibition rally at Cushman Park tomorrow, Sunday, Sept. 28. The principal address will be delivered by Col. J. P. Ethcock, the distinguished German-American orator. Other well known speakers. The season at Cushman Park will close Oct. 8.

This is the newest of Hoyt's comedies, and one of the very best. Miss Lena Manille, formerly with "A Bunch of Keys," Harry Cannon of "Rag Baby" fame, and other well known artists comprise the company. The play has a well defined plot, something not often found in Hoyt's comedies, which are

constructed for "laughing purposes" only. There is more of real comedy and less "specialty" than in most of this popular playwright's work. It has made a marked success on the road. The large audience which will be sure to attend tonight will be more than amused.

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THE C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co. for one night of grand opera at Funke's, Wednesday evening, Oct. 1, in a grand production of "Lucia de Lammermoor."



This company is greatly enlarged and strengthened, and now carries sixty-five people. Grand opera only is presented and in a style never excelled. It will be, perhaps, the most noteworthy operatic engagement of the season and one that no lover of truly grand music can afford to miss. The company contains Mr. Wm. Mertens, the greatest English speaking baritone on the stage, whose portrait is given herewith, together with that of Mrs. Camille Muro, one of America's greatest sopranos. Then there is Miss Fran-



After charming the little princesses of England, daughters of the Prince of Wales, and hosts of the children of the ability of Europe, Barnum & Bailey are going to cause a flutter in the hearts of the little folks of this city, by bringing their European Show here, and what a wealth of wonders and embarrassment of features Barnum & Bailey have collected for exhibition in their "Greatest Show on Earth" this year! The wonder is, not that they exist, but that they can crowd so much into their tents and show them all in one day. Cages, steam musical chariots and others, wild beasts, horses in the horse fair, trained animals, herds of elephants, hippodrome races, three circus companies, two menageries, aviary, 1,200 performers, an army of employees, and, in fact, everything that money can buy. Besides all this, the Imre Karaly's "Nero, or the Destruction of Rome," undoubtedly the most instructive, as well as the grandest spectacle, ever produced, familiarizing the mind of the youth of the country with the customs of old Rome; with Arabian horses, arms, dancing girls, religious articles, and all accoutrements and paraphernalia belonging to the days of glorious Rome. Four trains of railroad cars, etc.; more in reality than was ever exhibited before in any country at one time, all of it new, bright, rich, and grand, and the tone of the whole pure, moral and conspicuously clean. Barnum & Bailey have certainly a great show, and they are both great men, as well as being the benefactors of the public and the teachers of the children.

Their whole undivided Shows will be here on Wednesday, October 1, and the great free street parade takes place in the morning at nine o'clock.

Friends of Mary Anderson are persuading her to return to the stage, which she probably will.

The entire "Crystal Slipper" company ninety-two in number left for San Francisco, where they opened Sept. 22.

"A High Roller" is the name of the new farce comedy in which Barney Fagan and Bob Shavin will star next season.

Many new features are promised for "The Old Homestead" when Denman Thompson returns to the Academy, New York, next month.

Lawrence Barrett and his company leave New York Sunday for Milwaukee where Mr. Barrett's preliminary season opens Monday, Sept. 29.

In Jane Stuart, Annie O'Neil and Katherine Florence, W. H. Crane's company possesses three unusually clever and pretty young actresses.

Manager Edwin H. Price has secured Bar-dou's "Odette" which Clara Morris will add to her repertoire this season. The tour begins next Monday in Duluth.

"Goggles," a comedy adapted from the French by Charles A. Byrne, will be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, next Monday night with a strong cast.

Rose Coghlan opened the New Academy of Music in Milwaukee last Wednesday night presenting "Fog Woffington" to a crowded and fashionable audience. Governor Hoard and Mayor Peck and their suites occupied boxes. Miss Coghlan was called before the curtain frequently and received numerous floral offerings.

Helen Purcell, a vivacious actress, who was a favorite in Wallace's stock, heard the fluttering of angel wings for a few hours last week. She partook of a poisonous lobster, and for a time it looked like a clear case of rosewood casket, floral tributes, and Little Church Around the Corner. Happily Miss Russell is better now, and will soon be able to begin rehearsal with Mrs. Leslie Carter's company.

Our lady readers may be interested in knowing something of the trunks of Sarah Bernhardt, which recently, to the number of forty-eight, interferred with the traffic at Angers Station and paralyzed nearly the whole of the whole of the railway staff there. Madam admitted that she had forty-eight trunks with her, exclusive of packages great and small. Twenty of her trunks are made of wood, about four feet high, each divided into three compartments and filled with her most valuable dresses. Fourteen are made of wicker work, also in three compartments, some of the heavier being subdivided into two, three or four spaces, filled with petticoats, hosiery, boots and robes of small value. Three special trunks are set apart for hats, arranged on pegs in such a way as to prevent them from being shaken or crushed. The tragedienne's "kit" in all weighs two and three tons.

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Mrs. Russell Harrison arrived in Omaha this week, after spending the summer with President and Mrs. Harrison at their cottage at Cape May Point and at Creston, Pa. Mrs. Harrison and her daughter, Martha, will remain the guests of ex-Senator and Mrs. Saunders until the latter part of October, when she will be joined by Mr. Harrison, and will go east again.—Omaha *Excelsior*.

The agreeable intelligence that Miss Tote McMurtry is improving in health in her Colorado retreat has recently been received in this city. Her friends are beginning to hope that her health may yet be permanently restored.

Al. Fairbrother has resigned his position on the editorial staff of the *Bea* to go to Durham, N. C., where it is hoped, his wife may recover her health. The removal of Fairbrother to North Carolina will take from Nebraska a man who will be missed. Of marked individuality and possessed of not a few cranky ideas, his mates and lovers of an impression he never loses. Rough and hairy exterior, however he goes. Rough and hairy exterior, he has a warm heart and a kindly disposition. His ferocity is only skin deep. And his brain, if somewhat erratic, is ample and strikingly original. It is an active brain. The dust of disease can never clog it. Mentally he is something of a cross between Walt Masen and the late O. H. Rothacker. While lacking to some extent the pathos of the latter he has all of the quaint humor of the former and his literary style partakes somewhat of the nature of both. In delicacy of expression he does not equal the unfortunate Rothacker. The ideas he has, but his pen's bluntness gives a peculiar robust form to even his most pathetic work. A feature of Fairbrother's style is the western breeziness which is a part of everything he does. His cranium is chuck full of what they call in the east "westernisms," and he doesn't hesitate to draw from his store on every occasion. Lately his attention has been given almost wholly to politics, and his success in this line both with the *World-Herald* and *Bea* has been marked. Newspaper men, politicians and Nebraskans who read Omaha papers will miss Al Fairbrother.

R. S. McInosh, who in a year's residence in Lincoln, has successfully established himself in business and made scores of friends, and Miss Lulu Gruninger, an accomplished and popular young lady, will be married quietly, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ziemer, 1410 N street, Tuesday evening, Sept. 30 at 8 o'clock. They will be at home after the ceremony at their residence, the northwest corner of Sixteenth and R streets.

Lon Cope, Odell's right bower, is one of those fellows who are always lucky. His latest streak of good fortune was this week when he salted down something like \$500 as the result of Monday's foot race at the fair grounds. He backed Breeze, our local sprinter, against Harry Bethune, whom the sports declare to be the champion of the United States, and Breeze won his money for him.

S. L. Dickover, the proprietor of the new Merchant's Hotel, formerly the Ledwith, is the owner of the Hub restaurant in Omaha, and has a wide reputation both as a hotel man and as an advocate of prohibition. He will divide his time between the two cities, leaving the management of the Merchant's in the hands of his son, Clark Dickover.

A. L. Guile of Shelton & Smith, has accepted the position of manager of the furniture department of the Maxwell, Sharp & Ross company, which will occupy a large store on D street between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets. Mr. Guile will leave for Chicago and Grand Rapids Monday to purchase a large line of furniture.

After a sea diet, to prevent boils and assist acclimation, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

37-5-18