

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## THE TRIFLER.



SOME of us are sometimes inclined to bemoan our fate in being located way out here in Nebraska—in the middle of the country—far from the madling crowd. We occasionally read eastern newspapers and we know the superior advantages of the east. Once in a while a season of unrest comes over us and our thoughts revert longingly to our old homes across the country. Of course we are not dissatisfied with our present lot. We like Lincoln and Nebraska and wouldn't go back for worlds; but we can't help these periodical attacks of homesickness.

I had one of these attacks the other day. But I found a cure and henceforth I am sure that that uneasy feeling, something like the sensations experienced by the judge in Mand Maller, will never again return. It is easy to give up one's native land; nor is it easy to dismiss all thought of one's old home. Still both are possible.

There are people who put no faith in prophets—people who believe only what they see. I am not one of these. What's the reason in this occult age, when men are hypnotized and mesmerized at will, when their thoughts are divined, and their fate foretold, that future history cannot be read in the signs of the times? The time and place of storms are predicted with accuracy. Why not floods and earthquakes? When I read the prophecy of Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., a man versed in science, I accepted it in implicit faith—and found my cure. The east is doomed; the west, our portion anyway, is safe.

An awful cataclysm is coming. Europe and America are destined to partial destruction. Periodicity, the professor maintains, is a law of nature, and we are now approaching our revolutionary period. From 1910 to 1916 America will be devastated by a most frightful war, a labor and capital war and black and white war, in which the Church will be shattered and the marriage relation approximated to freedom. The Atlantic coast of the United States will be devastated by a great tidal wave, all the cities that are not more than fifty feet above the sea level are doomed to destruction, and the grandest horror will culminate at New York and Jersey City. All the cities of the coast will perish in twenty-three or twenty-four years. The Mississippi will become the scourge of America. The deforestation of the continents leads to devastating floods and barrenness extending over vast regions. In the midst of all these horrors of war and flood there will occur a geological convulsion before which all the earthquakes of the past will seem the merest trifles. After six years the war and horror will culminate after terrible loss of human life and immense destruction of great cities in the establishment of the nationization of everything on Edward Bellamy's principles, when the cycle of woman will be at hand.

We are sufficiently remote from the great centres of population to be comparatively free from danger in the race wars which are approaching, and our locality seems to be exempt from nearly all the horrors mentioned by Prof. Buchanan. But how the east will suffer! Are we not fortunate in having fifty feet above the level of the sea and surrounding country, and the Mississippi river regions? To be sure the Missouri valley may come in for a share of the impending misfortune, but we'd rather take our chances here. I am glad I left the east and have no desire to return.

I read the other day a beautiful description of the coming girl. Among other things it is said that the coming girl will cook her own food and earn her own living. She will not die an old maid, wear the Grecian bend (whatever that is), dance the German, or endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men. She will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, will walk five miles a day and mind her health and her mother, will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with puerilities or ruin it with wine and pleasure. Duty will be her aim and her life will be real.

This is truly a pretty picture. But how the coming young man will suffer in order to keep up with the coming girl. Poor fellow; I am afraid he will have a hard time of it. For instance, he will neither smoke, drink, chew, nor swear, and if he survives these self-denials he will spend less money on neckties and shoes and more on text books and hymns. He will cut his tailor, say hand-me-downs, and contribute liberally to Elder Howe's charities—if he ever reaches this city. He will shut baseball, eschew the theatre and avoid cards, turning to the Lincoln street cars and the Chautauque circles for amusement. He will always tell the truth, stop whistling Annie Rooney and read the Bible as he does his newspaper. He will never flirt, (alas, he couldn't anyway, for the coming girl wouldn't have it) and he will only make love to one girl at a time. The coming young man will respect his father, treat his "uncle" with cold disdain, and love his sister. He will study Herbert Spencer, converse in eighteen different languages and understand Browning. He will earn a good salary and save it all. He will take off his hat to his mother and quit calling the servant girl "dear." Last year's hat will wear two years more, and his fall overcoat will be made do duty in the spring. He will never gamble; neither will he frequent the club, but will attend prayer meeting regu-

larly and put a half-dollar in the contribution box Sunday. In short he will hug the coming girl (figuratively speaking) and keep at her side in everything. We won't see the coming girl and the coming young man, in our time, however.

Rev. Willard Scott, one of Omaha's brightest ministers, has been discussing the modern newspaper. In pointing out the defects in the newspaper of today he alluded to the first journal published in America. It was issued in Boston in 1689. "This paper," continued Mr. Scott, "published a faithful record of the doings of that day and time. In its introductory it outlined its course, one that was to educate the people to a higher standard of thinking and put to shame the falsifier. It was strictly a moral paper, but it only lived a month." That last phrase is significant. The people in the seventeenth century did not appreciate a strictly moral newspaper any more than the degenerate people of the present age do. Until people want the truth and truth alone there will be no strictly moral newspapers. As long as sensation, coloring and exaggeration are demanded the newspaper will continue to be what it is. Perhaps there is a time coming when it will pay to run a moral newspaper. It hasn't yet arrived.

The Omaha papers occasionally overreach themselves in trying to appear progressive and enterprising. For instance, the *Bea* contained an eloquent obituary of Justice Miller of the United States supreme court, Monday morning, whereas the justice did not die until 8 o'clock Monday evening. Messrs. Roosevelt and Hitchcock will learn after a while that anticipation is dangerous.

There's a peculiar attraction in Herpolsheimer's corner window in the Exposition. Haven't you noticed it? The ladies like to pass that corner and they never fail to glance into the window. Nearly always they come to a full stop. If they don't stop they slacken their pace and glance lovingly—longingly—in. Yes, that display of dress goods attracts much attention.

But is it the dress goods? Hardly. A woman will always scent a love affair, and she will always find a mirror. If there is a looking-glass around, be it ever so cleverly hidden, she will find it. Now, Mr. Herpolsheimer or Mr. Imhoff, whoever is responsible for the arrangement of the windows, had a long head. In placing mirrors in the show windows he knew that he was offering the most seductive bait. Bites! Well, you should see them. From my desk in THE COURIER office I command an excellent view of the popular corner, and I frequently put in half a day at a time watching the people pass. Each lady seems to imagine that she alone possesses the secret and she is careful not to be caught. They are very shy. A girl from the university comes along the north side of the street. She reaches Twelfth and glances hastily up and down to see that no one is watching her. Then she crosses over to the south side, goes slowly up to the big window and stops. She smiles and observes the effect. Perhaps her hair is coming loose. She gives it a deft touch or two, glances at the mirror, and silently blesses the Exposition. She moves along slowly, still with her eyes in the window, giving her dress a shake or her hat a dab as she passes. She leaves the window with ill concealed regret, and not infrequently bestows a parting glance over her shoulder. If she is not on her way home the chances are that she will pass the corner again in the course of a half hour. Evidently ladies make even more use of it. They often stop and spend some seconds adjusting their hair or veils, and I think I noticed a well known matron rub her face with some small fluffy thing in front of the window the other day. Occasionally somebody comes along at an inopportune moment, and then you should see how intently they study the dress patterns. I am sorry to say that I have also observed that a number of young men find it convenient to straighten their ties, pull down their overcoats or twirl their mustaches as they go sailing by. Oh, yes; 'tis a popular corner.

When the golden bowl is broken At the sunny fountain side; When the turf lies green and cold above Wrong, and sorrow, and loss, and love; When the great dumb walls of silence stand At the doors of the undiscovered land; When all we have left in our olden place Is an empty chair and a pictured face; When the prayer is prayed, and the sigh is sighed, I shall be satisfied. —Exchange.

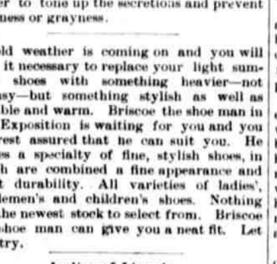
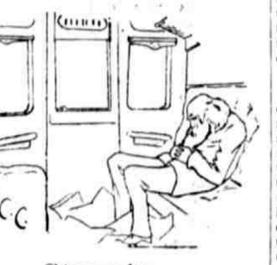
Are we not, in a great measure, what our fathers were? Can we not often find in the family book of ancestral history the explanation of our shortcomings? Kemmler's father and mother were butchers by trade, as were also the parents of Jesse Pomeroy, the youthful Boston murderer. Is it not possible to find, if not an excuse, at least a palliation, for the brutality of the children in the occupation of the parents? A study of the law of heredity reveals some strange things.

To The Ladies of Lincoln and Vicinity. On October 27th, 28th and 29th we will give our seventh annual fur opening. We will show furs of all descriptions, including all the latest styles from London and Paris for the season of 1890-91. A practical furrier will be in attendance to take measurements for special orders. The line is from the strictly first-class house of Henry A. Newland & Co., Detroit, Michigan. They received medals for their display of goods at the last Paris exposition. We refer to many ladies in Lincoln as to the quality of their work and goods. During this opening we will sell furs at wholesale prices. A cordial invitation is extended to all to inspect the line. W. R. Dennis & Co., hatters and furriers, 1137 O street.

Photographic views of the city of Lincoln, public buildings, business houses and fine residences in book form, pretty souvenirs, may be had at the Wesel Printing Co., 1130 N street, price fifty cents.

## IN A LINCOLN STREET CAR

Before the Introduction of the Electric Motive Power.



As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness or grayness. Cold weather is coming on and you will find it necessary to replace your light summer shoes with something heavier—not clumsy—but something stylish as well as durable and warm. Briscoe the shoe man in the Exposition is waiting for you and you can rest assured that he can suit you. He makes a specialty of fine, stylish shoes, in which are combined a fine appearance and great durability. All varieties of ladies', gentlemen's and children's shoes. Nothing but the newest stock to select from. Briscoe the shoe man can give you a neat fit. Let him try. Ladies of Lincoln. When you go to Omaha do not forget to call on Madame Ellis, 1510 Douglas street, and see the latest and finest line of imported pattern hats and bonnets west of New York. Take elevator for millinery parlor. All the latest sheet music, new stock, at Crance's Art Music store, 212 south Eleventh street. A professional masseur from Battle Creek Mich., sanitarium will administer massage treatment on recommendation of physicians. Mrs. B. D. Catlin, office Latta block, South Eleventh street, room 6. Referen's F. D. Crim, M. D.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Only one night next week—Monday—will Funke's be open. For a month past have our eyes, at nearly every turn, met either a photograph or lithograph of a man with, among other things, a *distiguité* air, waxed mustache and jeweled decorations.

A handsome man he must be for the girls, as they gazed upon his counterfeit presentment, have almost unanimously exclaimed, "What a lovely man!" "Oh! what a dear!" For several months have we been reading newspaper accounts of the "Waltz King"—the man who, by his little difficulty with the collector of the port at New York, heralded far and wide by the press of the country, achieved in advance of his professional appearance a notoriety beside which all the advertising artifices of Patti, of Fay Templeton, of Mary Anderson, of Clara Morris and the rest pale into insignificance.

Those of us who have watched the American tour of this handsome gentleman have admired greatly the enterprise of his manager. Never before has there been such advertising, judiciously done. Never before has there been an interest so widespread awakened by the brilliant head work of the advertising agent.

But there was something substantial to base all this hub and cry on. If the dear man had been English the fact that his appearance in New York created a furor would have had no special significance. There's a peculiar condition of things in Gotham. The city has scarcely any Americans in it, comparatively speaking. There are Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians and Bohemians; but the Irish predominate, and if the newspapers tell the truth the Irish rule. If there is one thing in European affairs that isn't conspicuous it is the Irishman's love for the Englishman; yet in New York, ye gods, an Irish city, anglomania is a ruling passion. Anything stamped English will pass current there. An English label is a guarantee of success. So, of course, we would not have been very much impressed at the "Waltz King's" reception if he had been an Englishman.

But he isn't an Englishman. He registered from Vienna. Then he gathered his hand about him and commenced playing. And what a rattling there was of dry bones! By sheer force only could people remain in their seats when from the orchestra came the strains of the waltz. Old fellows who hadn't danced in fifty years felt as chipper as Chaucey Depew. "Mr. Astor, Ward McAllister and the other gay young birds. Everybody wanted to waltz. There is music and music. These people heard music.

The furor has never subsided. In Philadelphia, in Boston, in Baltimore, in Chicago, in all the large cities it has been the same. Under the spell of the entrancing music the caustic pen of the critic has been dipped in sympathetic ink and nothing but the warmest and most enthusiastic praise has greeted the "Waltz King." An ovation is no name for expression, "a regu picnic." And now we are to have him in Lincoln. We, too, know a good thing, and we have already bought nearly all the seats. *Miss Strauss?* Well, hardly. Even if we are not thoroughbred musicians we are going to hear him. Enjoy music we all can, and we intend to become dutiful subjects of the King Monday evening.

You never have any difficulty in picking out the villain in the first act, have you? In real life the polished villain has both the manner and dress of a gentleman. Behind the footlights he has the dress of a gentleman and the manners and features of a very tough tough. Every play must of necessity have a villain and we have had all manner of villains from the cheap jumping jack of light comedy to the heavy scoundrel of high tragedy—but the same mistake is invariably made. Their villainy is too patent. Theatrical managers might just as well pin a big white label with the inscription, THIS IS A VILLIAN on the coats of their scamp impersonators, as to send them on the stage as they do, with countenances that would shame Judas Iscariot or the evil one himself. It spoils the interest, too, to make everything so plain. To interest audiences you must excite their curiosity.

There is a crying need of a new departure in villainy. All this is suggested by the fact that the villain in Agnes Henderson's "La Belle Marie," given at Funke's last Saturday night, did not look like a cut-throat. He wore at the same time a becoming suit of gentleman's clothes, if you will allow the phrase, and an air of gentility. He appeared to be a gentleman. Consequently he made his villainy more effective. Agnes, by the way, gave a rather pretty, although extremely common, play to a number of people and several hundred empty chairs. The chairs have not yet been heard from; but most of the people were fairly well pleased. Agnes was assisted in her effort to make an effect by several dresses. And some of them were startling. Agnes also used a dagger; but didn't draw any blood. Agnes also had her laugh with her—in fact she never appears now without it. Agnes also had her smile, which with her French accent, her gowns, her form, and her laugh, constitute in a measure her claim to the title, "a talented actress." The company was not so bad, and the play couldn't harm anybody.

contortionist, and the Nonpareil Comedy company in an amusing play. New curiosities and novelties. Souvenirs for the ladies Friday. Free seats for school children in the auditorium Saturdays.

TALK OF THE STAGE. Howard's "Shenandoah" in one season, two companies, netted the author \$61,000. Edward Sothorn is playing the most successful engagement that he has ever known at the Lyceum theatre, New York. "The Master of Woodbarrow" is drawing crowded houses.

The first two plays selected by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal for their appearance in New York are "The Squire" and "Morival's 'All for Her.'" The former play, by Finero, was written especially for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and it was one of their chief successes during their occupancy of the St. James theatre. Bronson Howard, in a letter to Charles Frohman, says that he will leave on Oct. 1st for the south of France, where he will commence work on a new play, which will be ready next season. It will treat a fashionable life in New York. Mr. Howard denies that he has any interest in the management of the Criterion Theatre in London.

The second tour of the Jefferson-Florence combination began Monday night in New York at Palmer's theatre where they are to play for four weeks opening in "The Heir at Law." The company this season includes in addition to Messrs. Jefferson and Florence Mrs. John Drew, Mme. Ponzi, Viola Allen, Elsie Lombard, Frederick Paulding, Frank C. Hanges, Joseph Warren, George Denham and Fred G. Ross. The repertory will include "The Rivals" and "The Heir at Law" only.

Advance agents command from \$50 to \$150 a week. They must be a week ahead of their companies, be able to drink copiously, be picturesquely, but profusely, wear three diamonds, and speak with ungrammatical fluency. Advance agents generally know all about railroad time tables, own numerous tailor bills, have one or two soubrettes or ingenues in the company whom they boom with commendable vigor, and always tell you they will take out a company of their own next season. The favorite author of the majority of advance agents is Baron Munchausen, the prince of fabricators.

The two Spanish dancers, Carmencita and Otera, are running each a close race for the greatest popularity. Carmencita gives the untutored dance of the country folk, and Otera the well studied movement of the regular school. Carmencita is of the people; but our own little Amelia Glover is as clever as either of them. As dancing seems to be the newest fad, managers are on the lookout for novelties in that line, one having sent to Venezuela and another to Mexico for anything in the shape of a pretty woman that is guaranteed by suggestive dances to knock out Carmencita or Otera.

The following is the list of attractions in New York this week: Agnes Huntington in "Paul Jones" and "For Jonathan," Russell's comedians in "The City Directory," the Jefferson-Florence company in "The Heir at Law," W. H. Crane in "The Senator," Richard Mansfield in "Beau Brummel," "Money Mad," Neil Burgess in "The County Fair," "The Lilliputians," Nield's Orchestra, "Dr. Bill," Donnan Thompson in "The Master of Woodbarrow," Evans and Hoy in "A Parlor Match," "All the Comforts of Home," Helen Dauvray in "The White Bird," Minnie Palmer in "Suzette," Mr. and Mrs. Kendall in "The Squire," "New Lamps for Old," "Around the World in Eighty Days," N. S. Wood in "Out in the Streets," and Marie Tempest in the "Red Hussar."

It is interesting to study the different style of boys our favorite soubrettes affect to impersonate. Lotta, who has grown a trifle stout, makes a very cute gamin. Minnie Palmer makes a very fetching shaverin loose trousers. Marie Jansen is tip-top in satin breeches—a trifle too big in the hips, perhaps. The same may be said of Pauline Hall, Flora Moore, Billee Barlow, and Carrie Tutein. Agnes Huntington is a stunning figure in male attire. Mollie Thompson makes up first Otera as a light weight jockey. Jennie Winston is, of course, in comic opera, one of the most dashing of boy impersonators. Lotta Merville makes a most genteel swell. Marion Elmore always hits audiences as a newsboy or a street gamin. Some of our leading legitimate actresses have at certain periods of their careers played boy parts. Think of Maria Wainwright, Clara Morris, Rose Cogan, Lillie Langtry, Fanny Davenport, Georgia Cayvan coming right out in knee breeches and hose. Grace Filkins, when with Modjeska, had to jump in one night and play the part of the page in "As You Like It," but she fits like it a bit, and said so. Bob Taber saw her embarrassment and recorded it in a stanza: There was a young woman named Grace, With a big-eyed, intelligent face, Who flew in a rage while playing a page, Tho' the prettiest boy on the stage.

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. J. J. Bliss, 1510 Douglas street, Omaha, has over one thousand trimmed hats, bonnets, toques and turbans for you to select from. Prices are the lowest and styles correct. G. A. R. Books Very Cheap. The Wesel Printing Co. has several copies of Col. Robert E. Bell's well known history of the Grand Army of the Republic in fine bindings which will sell at \$3.00 per volume. Original price, sold only on subscription, at \$5.00. These books are fully illustrated and complete in every detail. Call and see them. The Whitebreast Coal and Lime company is again at the front supplying the finest grades of coal at the lowest price. Wedding cake boxes, all styles, Wesel Printing Co. Oysters in every style at Brown's.

## REDFERN'S FALL MILLINERY.

Some Beautiful Designs in Chapeaux that will soon be in Popular Favor.

[Special Courier Correspondence.] New York, Oct. 13, 1890.—If there's any one thing the women of the period is never too tired, too ill or too worried to take into consideration, it is the new millinery of the season. And the average woman, unless she be phenomenally ugly and far into the decline of life, takes almost as much delight in a fresh specimen of the milliner's skill as in a new ring or bangle. So we make no apology to our readers for devoting our space today, mainly to Redfern's latest inspirations in the way of fall chapeaux.



ARTISTIC MILLINERY.

First we have the small turban toque without strings, which is so becoming to fresh, young faces. The model here given is a pale, pinkish heliotrope cloth, braided with black and silver, and having two silver spangle black wings meeting in a point over the crown. In decided contrast to this is the larger hat of fine black felt with convoluted brim, rising in a poke over the forehead. The crown is almost flat, and the trimming, which is black algettes and loops of capucine velvet, is arranged at the back, and is quite low.



A CHARMING GROUP.

Three dainty heads, wreathed about with the Redfern leaf, adorn the above sketch. The one who heads the group has a wide-brimmed felt hat of burnished copper cord, edged with a twisted black and gold cord, after the French style. Upon its crown is a family of blackbirds caught down with loops and bows of copper satin ribbon. Next is the maid of the feather box, and here's more a head dress than a hat, for it is apparently only a triple bow of turquoise ribbon fastened with a bronze buckle, and set in front of a couple of bronze brown wings. And last comes the wide-awake young woman whose hat brim turns up at such an angle as will not obscure the bright eyes beneath nor cause their owner to miss seeing all that's going on. Her's is a felt hat of dark green, with an ostrich plume of the natural, undyed hue, and a large ribbon rosette of wood-brown satin, caught by a fancy golden pin.

Everybody knows scrofula to be a disease of the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for all blood diseases.

On Wednesday next the new Bazar at 1023 O street will be opened to the public, and ladies who have heretofore been unable to satisfy their wants in the line of cloaks, fine dress goods, furs, etc., will then have a chance to select from a line of goods equal in every way to the stores of the metropolitan cities. The Bazar makes its announcement to COURIER readers to-day in a large display advertisement on page five which it will pay everybody to read. The firm is thoroughly reliable, has unlimited resources and having leased the beautiful new premises for a term of years will be a permanent fixture in Lincoln.