

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

Vol. 5 No 46

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRIFLER.



THERE is a Pleasant Hour club at Grand Island resembling closely our own social organization of the same name. It contains over fifty members, and last week it opened the season with perhaps the prettiest dancing party ever given in the Sugar City. Many **COURIER** readers will recognize not a few familiar names in the following list of the club's members: Ed. W. Thomas, Heyward G. Leavitt, W. J. Thompson, F. D. Collins, H. P. Tucker, W. J. Brown, Charley Ryan, G. A. Kleinkauf, John Gawley, E. C. W. Keifer, Geo. A. Mohrnsbacher, A. W. Buchheit, A. H. Baker, Frank Buchheit, C. A. Wiele, L. C. Lesterman, H. L. McMeans, Geo. M. Graham, Geo. D. Hetzel, Ed. Knapp, F. G. Lockwood, Emmer McMeans, L. Donald, R. A. Power, Wm. L. Eastman, F. O. Stringer, Wm. H. Chapman, N. H. Cohen, A. H. Vest, Bion Cole, C. W. Brining, Ed. Hockenberger, M. L. Dolan, C. P. R. Williams, S. E. Sinko, Fred Mickelson, Wm. Murr, Robt. Geddes, Jr., F. D. Morrill, Wm. Geddes, Wm. Dickason, I. R. Alter, Albert Rosser, O. A. Abbott, Jas. Alexander, S. N. Wolbach, E. H. Stapp, J. D. Moore, E. H. Culver, G. G. Williams, C. H. Menck and John Nischelson.

October gave a party:

The leaves by hundreds came—
And Ashes, Oaks and Maples,
And those of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand.
Miss Weather lead the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best,
And balanced all their partners,
And gaily flattered by.
The night was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollows,
At "hide-and-seek" they played.
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground—
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

Were the angel Gabriel to appear in Lincoln I should certainly expect some of our very numerous knights of pedantry to shrug their shoulders, curl their lips and refuse to recognize him. "He doesn't begin to be the angel I thought he would be," they would say in chorus. "I have seen much better angels in Chicago and New York—angels with longer and handsomer wings, and fairer hair. And his trumpet is sadly out of tune. The instrument isn't fit for public exhibition." And these learned critics would be found to be people, really incapable of distinguishing an angel from a minion of the imp of darkness, or a Stradivarius violin from a tin horn. And while they were engaged in looking for imaginary flaws the rest of the people would be transported to heaven.

There are people in this city with compressed intellects and Lilliputian ideas who find their chief enjoyment in seeking to criticize things about which they are as little informed as they are of the religious belief of the inhabitants of the moon. They affect *cauti* thinking to palm it off as an indication of erudition. Circumscribed by mental opacity, they are unable to judge anything by its merits, and afraid of praising what others might condemn, they praise nothing and censure everything.

These professional fault finders were out in force at the Strauss concert Monday evening, and while educated musicians in this city and able critics all over the land have scarcely anything but the kindest words for the Strauss music, our princes of dilettanteism have tumbled over themselves in their eagerness to point out the defects in Monday night's concert. The time was too slow, or too fast, there was too much or too little waltz music, there were too many or not enough of Strauss's compositions, there was not enough harmony, Strauss himself was a failure as a conductor, etc., etc. It has been very amusing to those who really know what music is. The latter paid their money to hear Strauss music, the waltzes particularly and knowing what to expect they were satisfied with what they received. The former without the gift of appreciation, ignorant of what to look for, and lacking the ability to judge, took refuge in condemnation.

Such books as "In Stella's Shadow" have called forth some strange expressions from people popularly supposed to be sane, and I have recently heard not a few reputable men argue that every young man should sow a liberal quantity of wild oats before settling down to the regular hum *drum* existence which is the lot of most men who have passed thirty. Indeed there seems to be a growing feeling, inspired from what source I know not, that no young man's education is complete until he has had "his fling." Some men, notably those who have had the will power to settle into comparative respectability after a few years of dissipation and vice, will try to convince you of the beneficence of this modern doctrine, by a twisting of the old principle which forms the basis of the law of homoeopathy. There is a bit of the old knick in every man, they tell you, and it can best be extracted or killed by the old gentleman himself—*similia similibus curantur*. Hence they argue that it is best to let the young man consort with the devil for a few years in order that he may be an angel in his later manhood. If he doesn't see life in the morning he is in serious danger of going to the bad at noon or in the night and, say

they, it is much better to plunge around in the breakers while one is young than to increase the possibility of an eruption of the inherent tendency to vice, in the afternoon or evening of life.

A very pretty doctrine is this! Because there is a very remote possibility of moral collapse in middle age, men are to be put through a process which would mean certain ruin to many of them, perhaps a majority. Men are but "indifferent creatures, I will admit, but millions of them have gone to their graves without a serious lapse of virtue, and it doesn't seem probable that a taste of vice will make it any easier to lead a moral life. One would be saved by such a course from a fall in after years, where fifty would perish by the way side—killed, morally by the cure. Playing with fire is at all times and under all circumstances, a dangerous thing.

Hostesses are frequently annoyed, and with reason, at the tardiness of invited guests. At card parties particularly, where the presence of all the guests is desirable at an early hour some people have a habit of invariably appearing a half hour or so after the playing has commenced. There will probably be one party in Lincoln next week, however, at which the people will not be late. Half past seven is the hour named for the Patrick razzle-dazzle party and those who receive invitations will observe the letters, "P. C. P." at the lower left hand corner, which being interpreted mean, "Please Come Promptly."

You can't kill a newspaper by a resolution. If they only knew it the ladies who resolved against *Vanity Fair* at the meeting in the St. Paul M. E. church the other day, did that paper more good than harm.

Most people know the futility of suing a newspaper for libel—and refrain from wasting good money in hopeless legal contests. No one knows this better than the newspaper man himself, and that's why the action of J. Burrows, editor of the *Farmer's Alliance* in bringing suit against the *State Journal* for \$20,000 damages, is amusing. Mr. Burrows will be as old as Methuselah before he gets any of the *Journal's* money.

COURIER readers will remember the "opening" given by the Wessel Printing Company upon the removal to the present handsome quarters last December. On Tuesday it is proposed to give another opening of a somewhat different character. The walls will be covered with portraits of celebrities, several hundred in number, the handsome new stock of stationery will be displayed and there will be music, etc. From 3 to 5 Tuesday afternoon, and 7 to 9 in the evening. The public cordially invited. Souvenirs.

At a time when sensationalism among newspapers is rampant, **THE COURIER** maintains its pure tone, a fact that is being appreciated by many subscribers, new and old. **THE COURIER** is meant for the family and you can be assured that its tone will always be kept up to its present standard. A pure newspaper in these times is one of the rarest of all rare things. **THE COURIER** aims to be pure.

Lincoln Furniture Co., who opened their doors September 1st at 1425 O street have been doing a thoroughly satisfactory business. Each week business showing an increase over the previous one. This firm makes a specialty of furnishing houses throughout on contract, the purchaser paying about one third down and the balance in weekly or monthly payments. This is a new idea in the west and will be the cause of many young men securing their own home. The firm handles Furniture, Carpets, Bedding and a general line of goods that go to make up a household. If you need anything in this line call and see them at 1425 O street, telephone 751.

Tuesday is **THE COURIER'S** Celebrity opening.

A GOOD REASON.

"That's a devil of a dog I bought of you. It chews up every bird I shoot."
"It never did with me; but I suppose it was because I never shot any birds."

The Great Majority.

Of cases of scrofula and other blood diseases are hereditary, and therefore difficult to cure. But we wish to state in the most positive, emphatic manner that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula in every form. The most severe cases, too terrible for description, have yielded to this medicine when all others failed. If you suffer from impure blood.

The Bazar is the only exclusive cloak and dress goods suit house in the city. Therefore they have the largest and finest line. Call and see for yourself.

Mrs. Dr. Eday, the trance medium, has been visited by a large number of ladies the past week. She can be found in the Zehring block.

OUR NEW YORK THEATRICAL LETTER

Doings of a Week on the Stages of Gotham. Business Good and Managers Happy.

(Special **COURIER** Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—The Kendals appeared in Finero's "The Squire" at the Fifth Avenue, but the papers are filled with so much Kendal nonsense that one tires of it all. They are, however, to have a long run, and are sure to coin money, which will alone be remitted to "dear old England." It is to be hoped that their clever manager, Mr. Daniel Frohman, has a good share of it, for every dollar that slips from his pocket we may as well kiss and bid a long farewell. At Palmer's Mr. Joseph Jefferson in his celebrated character of "Peter Pangloss," in Colman's "The Heir at Law," has, as he always does, drawn full houses. As Messrs. Jefferson and Florence may not be seen together next season, everybody wishes to see the gifted pair, so as in after years to tell their grandchildren, and right they are, for Mr. Jefferson is certainly the best comedian America ever produced, and as he is yet as spry and lively as a young man, both on and off the stage, he is now seen at his best. Clever little Miss Edith Kenward, who has made a very big hit in the Kangaroo dance at the Garden Theatre, has extended her part, and now appears in the second and third act of "Dr. Bill," to the delight of large audiences. Tuesday, *Airy Fairy* Lillian Russell made her re-appearance at the Casino in Millock's much talked of opera, "Poor Jonathan." She easily dominated the opera, which, devoid of her presence and her charm, must have hung in the balance with the weight of public opinion probably against it. In "Poor Jonathan" there is no picturesqueness or romance or poetry gained from the locale. The scenes are laid in New York, at Monaco, and at West Point, and only in the last named is there an opportunity for rich coloring and striking costumes. In the other acts the main characters generally wear the same evening dress, making a contrast to the brighter but not fanciful toilets of the ladies that is as novel as it is surprising in a Casino production. It will no doubt be a "go." Agnes Huntington's hit in "Paul Jones," at the Broadway, is now unquestioned, her receipts for last week touching \$9,500. In fact all the houses have played to good business, and although the commercial part of New York may be "bustling," the broad smile on the faces of theatre managers as they stroll up and down dear old Broadway show plainly enough that they are not worrying to any great extent.

Col. Bob McReynolds is a man who maintains his equilibrium—nearly always. Although as manager of the opera house, he has to deal with the crankiest lot of people the sun shines upon, he seldom permits himself to be annoyed, and usually takes things as he finds them without a waste of words or a loss of sleep. But once in a while his smile fades into a frown. He wasn't particularly happy when I ran across him the other day. And all on account of Fay—that fickle, frolicsome, frisky, flighty little Fay Templeton. "You see," said he "Fay is away up with Lincoln people, and I have been banking on her appearance here Nov. 4. But what does she go and do the other day but pull out of the 'Hendrik Hudson' company? This of course cancels her date. She has joined Russell's company of comedians and their manager now wants me to book the company for Nov. 14 and 15. The Crystal Slipper company is already down for these dates and I don't know how I am going to arrange things. Perhaps it will all come out right after a good deal of shifting. And this isn't all. Quite a number of good companies booked early in the season have gone to the wall for some reason or other, leaving dates open when it is too late to fill them, and—Here somebody whistled, "Listen to my tale of woe" and Col. McReynolds did not proceed any further.

Frank Daniels who belongs to that class of artistic comedians of whom there are only a few of us left, will present that old favorite, "Little Puck" at Funke's next Wednesday evening.

Have you seen Davids? but then you will go again. He is one of the few men who do not weary us upon a second appearance. He is original and originality in a comedian is something to be highly prized. He has with him this year a talented company, and there can be no disappointment Wednesday evening.

THE KEN MUSEE.

For the week commencing October 27 the following attractions are announced: Eighth wonder of the age—three heads on one body; West and Fowler in their funny sketch, "America vs. Ireland," with songs, dances and specialties; Sherman, Ward and Mann, Forest City trio; Dayton sisters, the dancing twins; Zulika, the Persian, etc. Friday, ladies' souvenir day.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Nat Goodwin has been seen in Leander Richardson's "The Nominee" in the West during the past week. The play has made a strong hit, and is said to contain more laughs than any comedy on the road this season.

Sol Smith Russel has one or two comedies which he intended to produce this season but "A Poor Relation" is doing so well that he has decided to continue Mr. Kipper's comedy during all of his present tour. Mr. Russel is playing to excellent audiences everywhere.

Miss Kate Hart, one of the bright young soubrettes of "Natural Gas," died suddenly on Tuesday from heart disease in New York. In private life Miss Hart, although only in eighteen years of age, was known and much esteemed as Mrs. McAuliffe, wife of "Jack" McAuliffe, the champion light-weight pugilist. The night previous to her death she played her part in "Natural Gas" at the Lee Avenue Academy in Brooklyn.

There has never been a time in the history of the English and American stage when there were so few actors upholding the standard of legitimate drama. There are many worthy aspirants in the field, it is true, but none of distinction excepting Mr. Irving in England and Messrs. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett in America. The artistic productions of plays of highest type offered by Mr. Barrett always linger pleasantly in memory. The inanities of tawdry comedies and of "stars" of misdirected ambition can

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.



entertainments given in Lincoln have been so satisfactory as the concert by the imperial orchestra of Vienna under the leadership of Eduard Strauss at Funke's opera house Monday evening. Such waltz music was never before heard in this city. A Strauss waltz is about as near perfection as it is possible for anything to be, and the programme included several of the compositions of both Eduard and Johann. Surely there is something wrong with the person whose soul is not stirred by the entrancing strains of the "Blue Danube" or the "Vienna Blood." Was there anybody in that vast audience who was not moved by the incomparable melody? As the music came in soft, undulating waves, controlled exquisitely by the gifted conductor's baton, it touched a responsive chord in the hearer's human organism, and instantly one's sensitive nature became attuned to the deliciously vibrant orchestral strains, and one was held irresistibly by the charm. The waltzes were truly divine. The polka music was almost equally enjoyable and it is by the waltzes and polkas that the Strauss orchestra should be judged. Theodore Thomas' orchestra can hardly be compared with Strauss' inasmuch as there is such a wide dissimilarity in the class of music played. Thomas clearly excels in classical music. Strauss triumphs with the waltz. As a leader it is doubtful if the latter has a peer. His musicians are under the most perfect discipline in the world. The movement of the baton means the command of an autocrat, and his ear catches instantly the slightest inharmonious note. As he stands on his pedestal it appears to be the very incarnation of the spirit of music in man.

Gounod's Meditation was perhaps the most delightful selection apart from the dance music, and the "Gypsy Baron" potpourri and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" were also artistically given. Some of the prettiest pieces were reserved as encores.

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Merchant's Hotel.

S. L. Dickover, proprietor of the well known Hub restaurant in Omaha, has converted the Ledwith block into the Merchant's Hotel, making it one of the coziest hosteries in the city. Mr. Dickover has a wide reputation with the traveling public. In a short time a first-class dining hall will be in operation. The house is centrally located, handsomely furnished and ably managed. Terms moderate. Direct your friends to stop at the Merchant's, Eleventh and P streets.

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.

Mrs. E. C. Rewick has arranged with Foreman & Crowe for the sale of Madame Rupperts Complexion remedies, and heretofore these excellent goods may be found at either place.

The largest and finest stock of millinery in the city can be seen at Mrs. Gosper's, 1114 O street.

Miss Johnston's hair emporium is headquarters for Bang Cutting, Curling and Shampooing. New fashion plates showing latest design in coiffures, bangs, etc. Call and see the new styles.

Photographic views of the city of Lincoln, public buildings, business houses and fine residences in book form, pretty souvenirs, may be had at the Wessel Printing Co., 1139 N street, price fifty cents.

H. P. Sherwin, 1124 O street, has a present for every one of his customers that cannot fail to be appreciated. He will give to every customer a fine crayon picture made from any photo that is desired and it will not cost you a cent. Call in at his drug and shoe store and see how it is done. 1124 O street.

There may be persons in this community who are at times troubled with colic or subject to attacks of bowel complaint. If so, they should try Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy. It will afford almost immediate relief, and when reduced with water is pleasant to take. If taken as soon as the first indication of the disease is felt it will ward off the attack. Many people use it in its way, and find that it never fails them. A 25 or 50 cent bottle may be obtained from A. L. Shrader, the druggist.

Centlemen desiring the latest in fine neck wear will do well to call at the new Boston Clothing House, 1039 O street. Styles correct and prices the lowest.

Finest dress patterns, latest Parisian styles at the Bazar, 1025 O street.

be happily forgotten; but there are few who can or desire to forget "Francesca da Rimini," "Rienzi," "York's Love," "Pendragon," and the other poetic dramas which have been identified with Mr. Barrett. It is not too much to say that there is no actor on the American stage who has exercised so potent an influence for the benefit of the theatre in his day.

Mrs. Leslie Carter assembled her company at Proctor's theatre, Wednesday, on her first rehearsal of "The Ugly Duckling," in which she begins her season at the Broadway, Nov. 10. It is a comedy-drama, the first act suggested by Tennyson's poem, "The Sisters," and the others by Hans Christian Andersen's dainty fable. While depicting fashionable life in New York, it is free from personalities, and there is no truth in the rumor that the eccentricities of particular individuals are to be held up to ridicule.



AT THE CLUB.
Young Cadsboro—"I say, old fel' saw you at Barnum's circus on Tuesday, but you didn't see me."
Young Van Gawk—"Ah, indeed, which cage were you in?"

Gentlemen's Fine Suits.

Such an elegant stock of fine suits is now being shown at the new Boston Clothing House in Lincoln and Mr. Milntownburger is having a big trade on them from the start. The reason is plain—prices talk. The line embraces an excellent assortment of cutaways, sacks, and Prince Alberts in all the newest patterns and colorings and if you want anything in this line these goods cannot fail to please you. It will be worth your while to go in and look them over.

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FAMILIAR PEOPLE.

Arthur B. Smith passed through Lincoln Wednesday accompanied by his bride. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been on a ten day's bridal tour, starting from Boston and going as far west as Denver. Mrs. Smith is a charming and estimable lady.

George Foresman, who returned from the east Monday, was struck while away with the fact that Lincoln people are ubiquitous. In New York and nearly every place he visited he ran to use his own words "into the arms" of somebody from Lincoln. He met them every where.

The late Justice Miller was quite well known in Omaha, having paid several visits

to the family of Hon. James M. Woolworth. His daughter, now Mrs. A. E. Touzalin, paid a visit to Omaha several years ago before either she or Mrs. Guy Howard were married. Miss Miller made a most pleasant impression upon all she met, and no one then thought of a marriage between her and the popular railroad official, Mr. Touzalin. And now she mourns the loss of both father and husband. Mr. Frank Irvine is a nephew of Justice Miller.—Omaha *Excelsior*.

The Omaha *Excelsior* announces the engagement of Miss Minnie Hawke of Nebraska City, to Lathrop Karnes, the wedding to occur December 20. Miss Hawke is well known in this city, having been a frequent visitor here for a number of years.

James J. Condon of this city, who purchased one ticket in the recent raffling enterprise at Tecumseh, won the prize—a three-year-old filly, valued at \$1,000.

Ernest Funke has gone to Charlottesville, Va., where he has entered the University of Virginia. He is taking a course in medicine.

John Barber after a residence of over a year in Omaha, has returned to Lincoln and will have charge of the dress goods department of the New Bazar. Mr. and Mrs. Barber have taken up winter quarters with Mr. and Mrs. Tate on A street.

On November first H. W. Minor, who for years has been a fixture in the carpet store of A. M. Davis & Co., will become a knight of the grip, having accepted a position on the road with Trotlicht, Dunker & Renard of St. Louis, wholesale dealers in carpets. His friends will be glad to learn that Lincoln is included in his territory.

R. A. Eaton, one of the best known young newspaper men of Omaha, formerly city editor of the *Republican*, is now editing the *Nebraska City Press*. Mr. Eaton is a man of ability and wide information, and the *Press* already shows evidence of his handiwork. It is becoming a bright paper.

W. W. Wilson, one of Lincoln's noted travelers, is back again after an absence of five months, during which time he has visited England, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Germany and Russia. His Russian experiences were particularly interesting. He is able to supplement Kenhan on some points.

No fictitious certificates, but solid facts, testify the marvelous cures by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Betts & Weaver, the live coal dealers have now been in business two years during which time they have established a remarkably fine patronage, such seasons as the business. This result has been attained by a thorough attention to the wants of their customers and keeping a line of fuel that always gives satisfaction. Prices have always been right and delivery prompt. Betts & Weaver's office is in the Academy of Music block, corner Elv-euth and O streets, telephone number 440 and when you want anything in the line of coal or wood you will never go amiss by patronizing them.