

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

VOL. 5 NO. 49

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRIFLER.



AS I think of Ward McAllister the thought occurs to me that in the present age there is very little difference between notoriety and fame. The great majority of the men of the day who have made great names, have done not a single thing that would entitle them to real fame. They have taken a short cut to what appears to be success by choosing the avenue of notoriety. And people call them great. When Ward McAllister said a year or so ago, that four hundred people comprised the *creme de la creme* of New York society, he laid the foundation for a notoriety which serving for fame, has resulted today in an enormous sale of "Society As I Have Found It," the most ridiculous "literary" caric produced in many years. The press of the country with unusual unanimity have treated the book with contempt, and McAllister has become the laughing stock of the nation; but he takes his daily walk up and down Fifth Avenue, in blissful anticipation of the day, fast approaching, when his "fame" will have sold 300,000 copies of his book. Had it not been for the "four hundred" incident, the book would have fallen so flat that the author might have temporarily lost his appetite in consequence. If one wants to make a success in literature, on the stage, in the pulpit, or almost any vocation, one should first do something sensational or notorious. It doesn't matter very much just what it is, so that it makes people talk. In other words if you want to make a great name, first make a fool of yourself.

It is the existence of pompous nonentities like Ward McAllister that brings society into disrepute. It is fortunate that there are few men who are willing to devote a life-time to a prudent endeavor to make a reputation as a giver of dinners, a leader of the german, and the fashion.

A gentleman who hasn't had time to become accustomed to the western way of doing things, makes the following criticism on our ball room etiquette: "A ball should be a stately affair. I do not mean by this that it should be stiff; but while there should be the utmost cordiality we should be very careful lest our friendliness and sociability overstep the boundary line of good form. A dance with the preliminary courtesies and subsequent separation of the partners should be conducted with the utmost formality and decorum. Generally speaking I think the balls here are managed very nicely; but I have been struck particularly by the entire absence of formality on the part of gentlemen engaged in filling out their programmes. It is customary to approach a lady with a bow and prefer your request in some such way as: 'May I have the honor of a dance?' or 'May I have the next dance, or the next?' Whereupon the lady examines her programme and there are vacancies and she is agreeable, she hands it to you to fill out. Here I notice that the young man rushes up to the lady and frequently without even so much as a nod, grabs the programme, scribbles down his name and flees away again, never thinking to ask if he might have the pleasure, or whether she wishes to dance any more. The lady has no voice in the matter at all. Of course I understand that in a city the size of Lincoln people become so well acquainted that it is very easy to forget some of these little things; but it does seem to me that there is no excuse for the lapse of politeness I have mentioned." In justice to society at large I would say that this custom is not so generally followed, as my friend's remarks would imply.

Twist your tongue around these: Gaze on the gay girl brigade. The sea ceaseth and its suffleth us. Say, should such a shapely sash shabby sashes show? Strange strategic statistics. Give Drives the girl a whip. Sarah in a shawl shovelled soft snow softly. She sells sea-shells. Smith's spirit flask split Phillip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

After years of implicit faith in the William Tell of history, it is no small disappointment for me to realize that my hero is a myth. By the way, time with its discoveries, plays and havoc with our favorites, making us almost doubtful if anything is real. We have all been lately convinced that our well-thumbed copy of Shakespeare standing there in the book case was not written by Shakespeare, and those of us who love to read Homer are of course aware that it has been recently demonstrated that no such person as Homer ever existed. We read "The Scottish Chiefs" and the annals of Scotch history until we adore the memory of William Wallace, and then we learn from some English authorities that William was an imaginary being. Romulus and Remus, too, have been banished to the realm of mythology and recent historians have disproved the account of Jonah's adventure with the whale. And Corinne whom we have paid a dollar to see every year for many, many moons, we now learn has been dead for nigh unto a decade. It isn't strange that our faith in all things mundane is shaken.

We may soon expect to hear that Washington's crossing the Delaware on the ice (I can see the picture now) is a lie and that the cow hontas never saved John Smith's life, and that Robin Hood was never flesh and blood. Pretty soon we shall learn that Horatio never stood at the bridge, that the newspaper yarn to the effect that Caesar's wife was above suspicion, was absolutely and unqualifiedly false; that Paul Revere didn't take that ride

and that Barbara Fritchie never went through with that second story window act. Doubtless the time is coming when our faith in sea serpents will also have vanished, like wise our trust in the veracity of Daniel McGinty's historian.

Members of the Young Men's Christian Association and the young men of the city generally, will learn with regret that General Secretary Dummett expects soon to remove to the Pacific coast. Mr. Dummett has given excellent satisfaction and during the six years that he has held the position, has done much to popularize the association.

I am very glad to see that rapid progress is being made in the erection of the Y. M. C. A. building. This building when completed will be one of the finest structures in the city, and to the young men of our city, it will be a priceless boon. Too much credit can not be given those who have by their liberality made it possible for the association to put up such a building.

Lincoln has long felt the need of a suitable hall for church and other entertainments. Bohanan and Temple halls are too large for ordinary use and, moreover, are lacking in the usual conveniences, while the Opera house is too expensive save in exceptional cases. The Y. M. C. A. building will contain just such a hall as is needed and will no doubt be very frequently utilized. It will be specially adapted for concerts, lectures and kindred entertainments.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the hand above— A woman's heart and a woman's life. And a woman's wonderful love? Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing

As a child might have asked for a toy— Demanded what others have died to win With the reckless dash of a boy? You have written my lessons of duty out, Man-like you have questioned me; Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul, 'Till I have questioned thee! You require your bread shall be always good, Your socks and your shirts should be whole; I require your heart to be true as God's stars; And pure as heaven your soul! You require a cook for your mutton and beef— I require a far better thing; A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirt I want a man and a King. A king for the beautiful realm called home, And a man that the Maker, God, Shall look upon as He did the first; And say, "It is very good!" I am fair and young, but the rose will fade From the soft young cheek one day; Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves, As you did 'mid the bloom of May? Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep I may launch my all on its tide? A loving woman finds heaven or hell On the day she becomes a bride. I require all things that are good and true, As things that a man should be; If you give this all, I would take my life To be all you demand of me. If you cannot do this—a laundress, a cook, You can hire with little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are not to be won that way. —Exchange.

It is somewhat surprising that a time when there seems to be a general approval of indecency on the stage there should be such a ridiculous outcry on the part of the prudish against what they call "suggestive literature." It may be all right to trim such books as the "Kreutzer Sonata" and the works of the modern French realists, but when it comes to expurgating Longfellow, one of the purest of nineteenth century poets, it is certainly time to call a halt. Those people in Brooklyn who have been engaged in trying to discover something improper in Longfellow might have employed their time to much better advantage in an effort to expurgate some of the glaring indecencies in recent theatrical presentations in their own city and New York. But even Anthony Comstock has allowed "The Clemenceau Case" and similar exhibitions to go on without a word of protest. My friend, Mr. Pentecost, of the *Twentieth Century*, suggests that these people who are unable to distinguish real immorality, spending their time in chasing imaginary evils, at once form a society for the "prevention of falling leaves, as the trees are becoming shockingly naked."

By the way of Philadelphia I hear of a somewhat startling innovation in the way of engagement tokens in Chicago. For centuries the plighted truth of squires and ladies, of youths and maidens, has been sealed with a kiss and a ring. Since this beautiful custom first originated time in its onward march has seen many of the traditions of the past succumb to the new ideas of a later civilization. It has seen that, it could have seen, if it had eyes) countless revolutions in the institutions and customs of the people; but the celebration of the betrothal has not changed. The iron horse and the telephone have sprung into existence, the wilderness of barren countries have been converted into flower gardens, great cities have been built, but the young man has symbolized his love in precisely the same fashion as did the youth in the days of the draw-bridge, the age of chivalry. Now, however, Chicago in that spirit of enterprise which has built a city almost an empire, on swine and cattle, has changed all this, and has introduced that which we in America are always sighing for "a novelty." "When a young man finds himself irrevocably entangled in the fascinations of some one of Chicago's generous hearted young ladies, before risking the chances of a refusal, and thus lowering his stock, with the Fair coming on, he sends the young lady as an indication of his gathering affection, a dog. Literally, he tries it on the dog, you see." These "engagement dogs" you will perceive are not intended to supplant either the ring or the kiss, and Chicago's improvement in this line is in the nature of an addition rather than a change in the old ceremonies attendant upon betrothal. If the



AND HE NEVER KNEW IT.

Lord Giltbunter—It's a great pity, Miss Follibud, that you have not titles expect, ah—Colonel and Judge. You should have your Dukes and Marquises and Lords.

Miss Follibud—We have a titled nobility. We call our Dukes, Marquises and Lords Dudes. Mr. Cholly DePhipps ever there is a Dude in his own right.

Lord Giltbunter—Fauncy now.

lady appears on the street with the dog, then the young man presents himself, and the kiss and the ring come into play. On the other hand if the "engagement dog" is dispatched to the pound, he knows that his case is hopeless and it is expected that he will drop himself in the lake or get run over by a cable car. Whether this latest Windy City fad is in the interest of a boom in dogs, I am unable to say.

There is a very lively prospect that commencing sometime in December society will assume an unusual gaiety. I have been given to understand that scores of our young ladies expect to entertain friends from abroad during the winter, and I already the air is surcharged with talk of plans for their amusement. Lincoln society is noted for its cordial treatment of strangers and the young ladies who are coming will receive a royal welcome. The Christmas holidays are sure to be very festive.

The management of The Charity Ball wish it distinctly understood that there will be no printed invitations this year. I think I have called attention to this point a number of times already; but there are still a few people who do not understand. Tickets will be gladly sold to all respectable persons, and you will confer a favor by purchasing at once. Apply to any member of the committees. The arrangements for the ball, by the way, are progressing finely, and I violate no confidence in saying that it will be a revelation in its way. The state board of public lands and building, taking into consideration the worthiness of the object, have kindly granted the use of the capitol for this occasion, and representative hall will be converted into a ball room the same as last year, and Brown will serve refreshments in the senate chamber. More details will be given later.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

One-half of the store room occupied by the Wessel printing company will be rented to the right party. This is the finest furnished business room in the city and location excellent. Call at the office 1136 N. Street.

Cold weather is near at hand and blankets and robes for driving are a necessity as well as a luxury. E. R. Guthrie, 1540 O street, has a beautiful line of them. He sells them cheap. Also a fine line of whips, all kinds and all prices.

For a cut, bruise, burn or scald, there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It heals the parts more quickly than any other application, and unless the injury is very severe, no scar is left. For sale by A. L. Shadler.

Do you want to post yourself on furs? For information call at the Bazar. They will give you all the ins and outs about them.

The millinery department of Herpolsheimer & Co. promises to be one of the most attractive in their entire business. The newest styles and shapes are shown and suggested. Give them a call.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. For better, salt-rheum, scald-head, eczema and chronic sore eyes. Price 25 cents per box.

You will want a new set of harness for that trotter of yours. Remember E. R. Guthrie, 1043 O street, has the finest line in the city to select from and his prices are always an inducement to buy.

Infants complete outfits, a magnificent lot and everything that is desired for the little darlings at the Bazar.

The Whitehurst Coal and Lime company is again at the front supplying the finest grades of coal at the lowest price.

Two dollars will buy a ladies winter ulster of good material at The Bazar.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

[Special Courier Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The only novelty of the week was at the Windsor Theatre in the *Bovery*, where Miss Annie Ward Tiffany a capable and deserving actress, tried "The Stouthearted," a five-act play, by L. R. Shewell. While the work of the play-wright cannot be praised, Miss Tiffany had the sympathy of her auditors, and in certain hours when sensational dramas are liked it may be successful. Miss Pauline Hall, on Monday, made her first appearance since she became a star in "Amorita" at the Columbus theatre. There is no change in her act since she was a Casino favorite and she is now, as then, one of the greatly admired and picturesque money-making figures in contemporary comic opera. She has a numerous and well-drilled company. The choruses were well sung, the grouping effective and the principal solos carefully rendered. All that Miss L. lacks is the evidence of the artist in her work. The excitement of election seriously hurt the business in every playhouse in the city.

Hoyt's first venture in the field of legitimate comedy, "A Midnight Bell," was presented Saturday night at the Funke to a good house. It must have cost the popular play-wright a great effort to write comedy without the slam-bang element which has always been so conspicuous in Hoyt's plays. "A Midnight Bell" is as different from "A Tin Soldier," "A Hole in the Wall" and "A Bunch of Keys" as "The Henrietta" is from a minstrel show. Yet Hoyt's hand is everywhere visible, especially in the characters of *Dot* and *Martin Tripp*. It cannot be said, however, that the new play justifies the extravagant praise lavished upon it; but the author has demonstrated his ability to write something besides farce comedy, and we may look for some good work from his pen in the future. Eugene Sandifer, familiar to most of us as *Rata* in "A Tin Soldier" makes the most of the comparatively obscure part of *Martin*, and is very funny at times. Percy Haswell won our good will the minute she appeared on the stage, for in *Dot Bradbury* was at once recognized the bright girl who made such a hit last year as the general's daughter in "Shenanigans." She has a good part in "A Midnight Bell" and she is if anything more entertaining than the military miss in Howard's great drama. Miss Fanny McTavere's *Nora Fairford* is a very lady-like and charming school-ma'am, and Geo. Richards as the deacon, is a success, as usual. Richard J. Dillon's representation of the clergyman is far from happy. The other parts are fairly well done. The snow scene in the second act, is unusually pretty for a traveling company. One of the brightest parts of the play is the dialogue between *Dot* and *Lester Keene*, in the third act.

Like a refreshing breeze in a desert waste came "The Charity Ball" at the Funke Wednesday night. The modern taste for screeching, howling comedy and sensational melodrama has almost crowded out such sterling attractions as "The Wife," "The Henrietta," young Sothern and the Kendalls, and it is only occasionally that we can obtain a relief from the most touching incident in David Copperfield, the color of the story being heightened by the brilliant background and society in New York. It is very pathetic at times, and in the third act I noticed quite a fluttering of handkerchiefs among the ladies. The stage effects, while not very dazzling, were pretty, and all the details were carefully guarded. There are no stars in the Lyceum Theatre company; but each member of it is a finished artist. Boyd Putnam as the rector

was very effective in one of the leading parts, and Henry Herman as *Dick VanBuren* was fortunate in interpreting a somewhat difficult role. The youthful characters were happily done by Bessie Tyros and Walter Thomas. Thomas H. Burns as *Judge Knox*, and Harry Morgan as *Franklin Cruger* were both successful in making the most of comparatively unimportant parts. Ethel Greybooke's *Mrs. DePyster* was a good representation of the frisky widow, and *Phyllis* and *Ana* were both prettily portrayed. It was a smooth performance in every particular.

Fay Templeton and Russell's Comedians gave the first presentation of "Miss McGinty" at Funke's last evening. When it is said that this is a farce comedy and one remembers the name "Miss McGinty," it is not necessary to dwell on the character of the performance. Fay is very attractive, and there are a good many bright things in the farce. The Comedians goes to press too early to give a more extended mention, but same will appear next issue.

FAY AGAIN TONIGHT. Fay Templeton and Russell's comedians will give a second presentation of "Miss McGinty," at the Funke tonight. This will be the last chance this season to see the charming Fay.

HENRY E. DIXEY. The organization which is to be at Funke's opera house Tuesday and Wednesday next is conceded to embody all that is represented in American burlesque, and it is doubtful whether the English burlesque can show anything better. Mr. Henry E. Dixey, young as he is and rapid as has been his success, has no rival at the present time. The play of "Adonis" will be seen the first night of the engagement and it will have a rather fresh flavor on account of the many changes that have been made since its last visit. But Mr. Dixey in his elaborate production of "Seven Ages" is said to show that his ambitions are away ahead of "Adonis." The "Seven Ages" which will be seen here for the first time on Wednesday night can hardly be called a burlesque, though its frame-work belongs under that hand. As its title would suggest, the idea has been taken from Shakespeare's sublime soliloquy in "As You Like It."

"All the world's a stage And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and entrances And one man in his time plays many parts. His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, 'etc., etc."

Mr. Dixey is first seen as Bertie Van Loo, son and heir of an old Knickerbocker family, and sitting in his arm chair in his ancestral library he wonders which career would be the most preferable, the army, the navy or the stage, and knowing his wish to live over again the exciting revolutionary life of his ancestors he invokes the bronze statue of Shakespeare. The statue comes to life and tells him his wish may be accomplished by the power of imagination and thus illustrate his "Seven Ages." Bertie falls asleep, the curtain falls and the succeeding sketches or tableaux show the comedian in a character study of each of the "Seven Ages." The scheme is helped by a sort of dramatic story laid in revolutionary times. Dixey is first as baby Van Loo at the early age of four months. In his character of the justice and the old man Dixey is said to have surpassed all that his most ardent admirers thought him capable of. It is not to be inferred from this that the "Seven Ages" is a one-part piece; it takes fifty-three people at the least to render it, and the Adonis favorites Herbert Gresham, George Howard, George Schiller, and Miss Carrie A. Perkins have equally good opportunities as in that merry success.

THE WORLD'S FAIR. Rice's World's Fair is booked at the Funke for next Friday and Saturday. This is a spectacular production introducing many new and dazzling effects. It has had a most successful run in Chicago, and will doubtless be a drawing card in Lincoln. The company is a good one.

TOPICAL THEATRICAL TALK. The following is an extract from the New York letter in the *St. Louis Spectator*: "Mrs. Leslie Carter, who opens here next week, has caused it to be noised abroad that she has

something startling in store for those who will go to see her. What this "something" is is beyond conjecture—unless she is to take a shower bath in juris naturalibus in full view of the audience. Nothing short of that would be considered startling by the modern New York play-goer. What with the discussion of obsterics in a stage drawing-room in "Reckless Temple," the exoteric study of anatomy in "The Clemenceau Case," and the depiction of the orgies of certain palaces of iniquity scarcely mentionable in polite or even eremiticous gatherings, in "Dr. Bill," stage realism and stage prurieny seem to have come to fullest development. And is this the modern taste? We are told that these things are "artistic." If such be the case it is singular that the applause only begins when a woman's knees are disclosed. It is more likely the case that those of us who do not want to be real devils are dominated by an entirely different motive. The fact remains that the success of this season's new plays increase in a direct ratio with their indecency. Virtue was never so lazy in New York as it is now—nor the societies for the "suppression of vice" so conspicuous by their lousiness. As a matter of fact, the district attorney seems to have gone out of business. Perhaps the various candidates for that office do not want to get themselves disliked until they are sure which way the elections have gone.

The Kendalls changed their bill on Thursday to "All For Her," which was done by Lester Wallack at Wallack's theatre twelve years ago. Her many press agents say but little of the play but as usual, boom the lady's virtues, and the continual harping of Mrs. Kendal, her children, and the parade of her virtue and her charity, and her gowns, make me very, very weary. It was supposed that Mrs. Kendal was enough of a lady to keep her family affairs and her chastity and her good works and deeds out of her advance agent's notices, but, it would appear that such is not the case. Mrs. Kendal is no more chaste, no better than a hundred actresses, and she is showing the very poorest taste in her interviews by allowing rot of this kind to go out from her. She is a charming and good woman, no doubt; she is the daughter of "Tom" Robertson, a clever play-wright and general good fellow, and the wife of Mr. William Kendal, a dignified, stupid, and heavy Englishman, and only average "walking gentleman" of an actor, but she is no better and no worse than anybody else.

Edward Elusive Rice has found a new capitalist as well as a new play-wright. In the latter he professes to have unbounded confidence, and perhaps it will be justified, because the dramatist is a bright writer for the Omaha Herald, W. R. Goodall, who has finished a comedy called "An Absent Minded Man." John W. Norton will be the financial sponsor for the venture, which will probably be made at St. Louis in a month or so. There is a fair chance that Rice will put "The World's Fair" on the shelf in order to test the Omaha writer's farce.

Actors seem to have no politics. During the last election they took no possible interest in it, not so much because they felt afraid that the democrats would not like them did they espouse the republicans, and vice versa, but simply because they didn't care a rap which side won.

John R. Rogers is negotiating with Rudolph Aronson to get the right to produce "Poor Jonathan" in certain cities outside of New York. What a chance for Minnie Palmer.

The Emma Juch Grand English Opera company which has rested during the week owing to Miss Juch's indisposition, will appear in Philadelphia next week.

The Eden Musee has a strong list of attractions for the coming week. Business is steadily increasing at this popular place of amusement.

Special sale on Tea Gowns Tuesday and Wednesday at J. H. MAURITIUS & CO.

Special Underwear and Corset sale at The Bazar, 1025 O street, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Such prices as given on the popular makes of Corsets never before equalled. Read their advertisement on page eight and note their wonderful bargains.

Sacrifice in Corsets. We offer 50 dozen standard make Corsets, Ball's, Dr. Warren's, Duplex and other well known makes worth \$1.25 to \$1.75. Not a Corset in the lot worth less than 75c. Your choice for 33 cents, at Maxwell, Sharpe & Rose Co.

Ladies should not fail to attend the great Underwear and Corset sale at The Bazar next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. No such bargains were ever before offered.

Brown's new branch restaurant, 1418 O street, is doing a large business, and persons in the east part of the city are to be congratulated on having so nice and convenient a place to dine at.

Ladies should not fail to attend the great Underwear and Corset sale at The Bazar next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. No such bargains were ever before offered.

Winter is coming and it is but fair to remind you that Louise Meyer & Co. have on sale the largest and most complete stock of blankets in the city. But then Louise Meyer & Co. have everything in the way of general merchandise, dry goods, notions, groceries, etc. Their stock in all the various lines is carefully selected by Mr. Meyer himself, and nowhere in the city can a better assortment be found. At this store you are always sure of obtaining the most reliable goods at the most reasonable prices. Home-st dealing has given this firm an immense patronage and their trade is constantly increasing. Remember the store of Louise Meyer & Co., on Tenth street for any thing in the way of general merchandise.

An elegant Remarque proof etching, nicely framed, only 85 at Crancer's, 212 South Eleventh street.