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## THE TRIFLER.



IN the last few years of his life, from 1825 to 1832, Sir Walter Scott kept a journal, a commonplace book which his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, used to some extent in the preparation of his biography of the great "Wizard of the North." There were reasons then, which time has now removed, why many facts and observations recorded in the journal should not be made public. Now the journal is published in its entirety, just as the author of Waverley left it. In the main the journal is a record of the brave struggle with financial disaster. At the time of its commencement the clouds of adversity which were lowering in Scott's horizon were about to discharge their contents. His business relations with Constable and James Ballentine, the publishers, involved him in the ruin wrought by the panic in 1825. Scott was a secret partner in the house of Ballentine & Co., and he undertook to discharge his indebtedness with his pen. Between 1825 and 1832 he earned £120,000 for his creditors, killed himself with the prodigious effort, but died with a clear conscience and left an unsullied name. This journal is the record of that struggle, and it cannot be read without arousing in the reader the greatest admiration for the honor and courage of the man who made so brave a fight. Scott was led to begin this journal by Byron's example. Of Byron he thought highly of both his poetry and his character. Moore, too, according to Scott, was a good deal of a man. Wordsworth's poetry he thought too full of abstract ideas. He thought Wordsworth could have been popular if he had cared to make himself so. "What I liked about Byron," he says, "besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit as well as his utter contempt of all affectations of literature." He thought Byron painted himself much worse morally than he really was. Southey he considered great, but too diffuse. Gifford used to edit Southey's articles written for the *Review*. Subsequently we see how often Ballentine thought he could improve Scott's own writings. Of himself Scott wrote: "The anxiety of a poet for praise and compliments I have always endeavored to keep down. During these years Scott was suffering from periodical attacks of his disease, gall stones, which created the greatest agony. In 1828 he was at work on "Woodstock" and the "Life of Bonaparte," and did an immense quantity of huck work in order to wipe out his debts. In writing he never could adhere to any plan. His characters became important or insignificant, not according to the original conception, but according to his success or failure in bringing them out. When the second volume of "Woodstock" was finished he did not know how the story was to be wound up to a catastrophe. In March of this year he read Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" for the third time, saying, "The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied me." Ballentine did not think very favorably of portions of "Woodstock," but "Woodstock" sold for \$2,228 cash, which represented three months' work. "I hate funerals—always did," wrote Scott in his journal. "There is such a mixture of mummy with real grief—the actual mourner, perhaps, heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, observations on the weather, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine." Then, with a touch of humor, he adds that his father loved funerals, and as he was a man of fine presence and looked the mourner well, he was asked to give funeral of distinction. He writes about reading up his room, a phrase still in common use in parts of Pennsylvania. In May his wife died. He looked at the body, but did not wish to see it a second time. Campbell, he thought, ought to have cut a bigger figure before the world than he did. "Somehow he wants audacity." In Scotland many people came to see Scott, but when he went down to London on business he was welcomed as a genuine lion. He dined with the King, talked with the Duke of Wellington, breakfasted with Rogers and Moore, went on to Paris and there met Fontenore Cooper. The king of France was also very gracious to him. The Duke of Wellington gave Scott points for his "Napoleon" or "Bony," as Scott called the life. There are several entries about Cooper and his novels. Audubon, the ornithologist, called on Scott and the latter wrote "the drawings are of the first order." In the fall of 1831 his health had failed to such an extent that a trip to Southern Europe was deemed advisable. The last entry was made under the date of April 16, 1832. Then he returned by way of Rome to Abbotsford, where he died September 21, a month after his arrival home.

The following description of the "girl we like" is taken from Mr. Dana's Son:  
There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman saying: "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is.  
She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.  
She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.  
She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.  
She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.  
She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her any place, compliments you by looking her best.  
She is the girl who is sweet and womanly to look at and listen to, and who doesn't strike you as a poor imitation of a demi-mondaine.  
She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.  
And, by the bye, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you and therefore, you like her?

In response to a general demand "the Irish Jubilee" which appeared in THE COURIER a few weeks ago, is reproduced below:  
Oh, a short time ago, boys, an Irishman named Boherty,  
Was elected to the senate by a very large majority.  
He felt so excited that he went to Dennis Cassidy,  
Who owned a bar-room of a very large capacity.  
He said to Cassidy "Go over to the brewer,  
For a thousand kegs of lager beer and give it to the poor;  
Then go over to the butcher shop and order  
Be sure to see the boys and girls have all they want to drink and eat;  
Send out invitations in twenty different languages,  
And don't forget to tell them to bring their own sandwiches.  
They've made me their Senator, and so, to show my gratitude,  
They'll have the finest supper ever given in this latitude.  
This latitude,  
Till then the music will be furnished by O'Rafferty,  
Assisted on the bag-pipes by Felix McCafferty.  
Whatever the expenses are, remember I'll put up the bill,  
And any one who doesn't come be sure and do not let them in.  
Cassidy at once sent out the invitations,  
And every one that came was a credit to their nations.  
Some came on bicycles because they had no fare to pay,  
And those who didn't come at all made up their minds to stay away.  
Two by threes they marched in the dining hall,  
Young men and old men, and girls that were not men at all.  
Blind men and deaf men, and men who had their teeth in pawn;  
Single men and double men, and men who had their glasses on.  
Before many minutes every chair was taken,  
Till the front rooms and mushroom were packed to suffocation.  
When every one was seated they started to lay out the feast,  
Cassidy said: "Rise up and give us each a cake of yeast!"  
He then said as manager he would try and fill the chair,  
He then sat down as we looked at the bill of fare.  
There was pig's head and gold fish, mocking birds and ostriches,  
Ice cream and cold cream, vaseline and sandwiches;  
Blue fish, green fish, fish-hooks and part-ridges,  
Fish-balls, snow-balls, cannon-balls and cartridges,  
Then we ate oat meal till we could hardly stir about,  
Ketchup and hurry up, sweet kroust and sour kroust,  
Dressed beef and naked beef, and beef with all its dresses on.  
Beefsteaks and mistakes were down on the table,  
Roast ribs and spare ribs, and ribs that we couldn't spare;  
Reindeer and snow deer, dear me! and antelope.  
And the women ate so much muchmelon the men said they can't cope;  
Red herrings, smoked herrings, herrings from old Erin's Isle,  
Bologna and fruit cake and sausages a half a mile.  
There was hot corn and cold corn, corn salves and honey comb,  
Reed birds, reed books, sea bass and sea-foam,  
Fried liver, baked liver and doctor's big liver pills.  
And every one was wondering who was going to pay the bills.  
For desert we had toothpicks, icepicks and skipping-rope,  
And washed them all down with a big piece of shaving soap;  
We ate everything that was down on the bill of fare,  
Then looked on the back of it to see if any more was there.  
Then the band played hornpipes, gas-pipes and Irish reels,  
And we danced to the music of "The Wind That Shakes the Barley Fields";  
Then the piper played old tunes and spit-toons so very fine,  
Then in came Mr. Champagne and handed him a glass of wine;  
They wetted the floor till they could be heard for miles around,  
When Gallagher was in the air his feet were never on the ground.  
A finer lot of dancers you never set your eyes upon,  
And those who couldn't dance at all were dancing with their slippers on.  
Some danced jig steps, door steps and High-land fling,  
And Murphy took his knife out and tried to cut a pigeon wing.  
When the dance was over Cassidy then told us  
To join hands together and sing this good old chorus:  
Chorus—(After last verse),  
Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
And never met you may be,  
Think of the good old times we had  
At the Irish jubilee.

With the next issue THE COURIER begins its sixth year. Five years ago it made a modest beginning, and each to twelve months has witnessed an enlargement, and improvement, which have made THE COURIER of today one of the leading journals of its class in the west. We appreciate the cordial treatment which THE COURIER has at all times received, and would express our thanks to all those who have in any way contributed to its success. THE COURIER for 1891 will be brightened and further improved in many ways. Volume six will contain a number of new features.

Lincoln people may lack in some things; but they certainly have a remarkably keen appreciation of merit in matters theatrical. Their discerning faculty is born of an extensive acquaintance with the subject. A first class attraction always fills the Funke, where as an inferior one although produced under the auspices of a great name and with a great show of "paper," is invariably greeted with an empty house. Let me give you some illustrations. "The Charity Ball," the brightest thing artistically seen this season, drew an immense house, notwithstanding a number of strong coter attractions. Dixey has drawn some very large audiences at different points in the west this season, although his company is very inferior. At Lincoln there were just enough vacant chairs to emphasize the fact that our theatre-going public recognizes the recent deterioration in the creator of "Adonis." Fay Templeton and Russell's Comedians, a combination of unusual strength so far as names are concerned, came to us most thoroughly and effectively advertised, and with a successful, though brief, record; but somehow the opinion got abroad that "Miss M. Ginty" was common-place, and hardly anybody went to see it. Even Fay couldn't hoodwink the crafty Lincolnites. Rice's "World's Fair" with the prestige of Rice's name fell flat as it deserved, while "Lights and Shadows," which in nearly all of the cities including Omaha and Kansas City has brought out large top heavy audiences, didn't even attract the gallery gods here. Funke's is always crowded when there is anything worth seeing. When there isn't the house is empty.

What It Does.  
Hood's Sarsaparilla  
1. Purifies the blood.  
2. Creates an appetite.  
3. Strengthens the nerves.  
4. Makes the weak strong.  
5. Overcomes that tired feeling.  
6. Cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc.  
7. Invigorates the kidneys and liver.  
8. Relieves headache, indigestion, dyspepsia.  
You can make a dollar go farther at Herbold's and Co's. for holiday goods than anywhere else in the west.



MOLCE FAR NIENTE.  
"Perdita"—NOW WHAT WOULD A GIRL IN YOUR POSITION DO UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES?  
"Perdita"—WELL, REALLY, I WOULD NOT WANT TO BE BOtherED WITH A PROPOSAL WHEN I WAS LOUNGING AS COMFORTABLY AS I AM NOW. I THINK I WOULD DEFER ACTION.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

It was rather singular coincidence that brought both Harry Dixey and E. E. Rice to Lincoln a couple of weeks ago, and I noticed in conversing with them that each noted it. Who doesn't remember the old Rice & Dixey combination? Those were palmy days, indeed, the days of the wonderful success of "Adonis." It was a strong team, and both comedian and manager made lots of money. And that reminds me of Dixey's first success. He was playing in Rice's "Evangeline" doing the "hind legs of the heifer" part, and he did it so well that he made a hit. Rice often speaks of this rather inglorious beginning of Dixey's career. Indeed he has a fondness for talking about his erstwhile partner, and in speaking of "Harry" as he invariably calls him, he evinces a tender regard for his quondam protégé. Dixey, too, has nothing but good words for the veteran burlesque king. But how times have changed! "Tisa melancholy fact that the Dixey of today is not the Dixey of old, as Lincolnites who attended the two performances recently given at Funke's can attest, and Rice, who used to be known as the most celebrated burlesque manager in the country has allowed the lustre of that once magic name to fade sadly. Traversing different paths Rice and Dixey are today journeying to the same goal—disappointment and failure. But both are comparatively young; let us hope the younger man will fill a new vent for his genius outside of "Adonis" now out of date, and "The Seven Ages," and that the elder may win back success by some means worthier than the "World's Fair."

I am at a loss to understand how a man of Rice's judgment could ever have consented to risk his name and reputation on such a wobbly enterprise as the "World's Fair." It has been a dismal failure; but the patient manager has refused to give it up. He has lost, I am told, not less than \$15,000 already in this burlesque, and he keeps on losing every day.  
Rice is a peculiar man. One would think he would be greatly discouraged by his recent experience; but he isn't. Not a bit of it. He is just as chipper and light hearted as of old, and apparently not in the least disheartened. The manager of the Warder Grand at Kansas City, had to advance money to get the "World's Fair" out of town, and the baggage of the company was attached during the engagement here. Rice smiled through it all. He has had to cut down the company from week to week, until it is now only a suggestion of its former self; but he has borne it without a murmur. Some would be inclined to call this flying in the face of Providence. With Rice it is only patience. And there never was a more popular manager. The people who saw the "World's Fair" in this city, saw it given by men and women who hadn't received their salaries for six weeks. At the close of the two night's engagement he divided the spoils left over after paying hotel bills, etc., the members receiving sums ranging from \$1 to \$3 each. Was there any caviling? Not a sign of it. The party pittance was received without complaint, and the company went on their way rejoicing. They say they are perfectly willing to stay by Rice as long as he wants them

## ARIZONA JOE.

Saturday night, December 6, Arizona Joe and his big Eastern Dramatic Company will present to the Lincoln public for the first time the sensational comedy drama, "Black Hawks." The play is of the sensational order, but is free of all objectionable features and the plot is a good one. The shooting done by the star "Arizona Joe" surpasses anything ever seen in this city, and he is well worthy the title "champion rifle shot." The company is above the average and well balanced. The comedians, O'Brien, the musical wonder, and C. C. Allen, the comic song and trick dancer, are well selected for their parts. The rest of the company play their respective parts well. The performance of the dogs of which there are four, seems almost impossible as they work almost the same human beings. "Jumbo" the champion St. Bernard is a beautiful big fellow and shows to advantage during the progress of the play.

When the name of Kiralfy Brothers is used in connection with a dramatic display, it is equivalent to declaring the production will be of such spectacular grandeur as is seen under no other management, therefore "Around the World" will be seen next Monday and Tuesday evenings at Funke's Opera house will be a production of such extravagance with dazzling costumes, beautiful scenery and wonderful mechanical and calcium effects. The ballets Mikado, ballet and bric-a-brac, ballets are introduced which form an ensemble, one of the grandest pictures the stage has ever seen. In the ballets are introduced the "three little maids" dance. The "three little boys under a big umbrella," "Katisha," "Koko" and "Too Hahs," dance, all to the tune of the music of the opera "Mikado." The live trick elephant "Manak," is very clever and is one of the features of the attraction.

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## ARIZONA JOE.

When George Marion made his appearance before the footlights in "A Brass Monkey" Wednesday evening, a round of applause greeted him that must certainly have been both pleasing and encouraging to that clever comedian. Mr. Marion's last visit to Lincoln was with the Dockstaders minstrels two years ago, and many of our theatre-goers still remember his very fine impersonations and other good work. His new role, that of farce comedy, comes to him naturally and in his present character he has made a great hit everywhere. Speaking of his career to a "Columbian" reporter in his dressing room during the progress of the piece, he said he is done for ever with black face work, and only regrets that two years of his life were "wasted" (as he termed it) in that line. He has been with Hoyt for the past year and so great has been his success that the famous author and playwright is now arranging a piece especially for him. There is something peculiarly Marion in his style of acting. Unlike most comedians he does not resort to loud or boisterous maneuvers to win applause. His work is all on the quiet order, the facial expressions and movements together with excellent dialect being his strong fort. For next season he already has a number of tempting offers, but with commendable judgment and foresight he has as yet accepted none, preferring to remain with a good thing and a success. THE COURIER congratulates Mr. Marion on his present work and hopes he may soon revisit Lincoln, where he will always find friends and willing hands ready to enshrine his entree on the stage.

"Lights and Shadows" is a dime novel story and political corruptionists, detectives, policemen and gypsies, a "tank" scene of some what original design, a burglary, requested love, a silly slip of a girl and a brainless dude with some every-day people to fill up the chinks,—the whole constituting a story on the order of "Captain Kyd, the Crushing Crusher of the Caribbean Sea," intended to be very thrilling—was what the few people who attended the two performances of "Lights and Shadows" Friday and Saturday, saw.  
"Lights and Shadows" is a dime novel story and Mr. Gayler's company is what is known as a "ten, twenty and thirty cent" combination. It appeals only to the gallery gods and it apparently made but a small impression on these divinities of the upper tier in this city.  
Perhaps it is only fair to say a word for Miss Nannie Palmer's painstaking portrayal of the part of the victim; but of the company as a whole, the less said the better. "Lights and Shadows" didn't take in Lincoln, to the credit of Lincoln it is said.  
"A Brass Monkey" was given its first presentation at the Funke Wednesday evening.

It convulsed a large audience; consequently it must be voted a success.  
Excepting "A Texas Steer" and "A Midnight Bell" Hoyt's comedies are all constructed on one principle—the production of hilarity and racket. His fun is measured by the noise it makes. It is always fast and furious.

"A Brass Monkey" is one of the loudest of Hoyt's creations, and judged by his own idea of fun, it is perhaps the funniest. It is a tumult, a furor, a cyclone—a circus. There is not a quiet moment in it. A piano comes crashing down the stairs, a vicious bull dog makes the building echo with his deep and penetrating yells, "The Royal Bengal Tiger of the Southern Mines" and "Editha Work" meet in an encounter accompanied by a most vigorous rattling of stage thunder. Dodge Work, Mr. Hazen of New York, and Mr. Patter of Texas, sing "Harlequin Duet" with a noticeable emphasis on the "don't give a damn," et cetera. It is an unceasing racket fit to begining to end.

If one likes loud fun he cannot help but derive much enjoyment from "A Brass Monkey." There are a great many very bright things in it, and while at times it is suggestion "Little Fuch" and other well known comedies, there is much that is new and fresh—in fact a great deal that is fresh. Superstition is the theme of the farce, and George F. Marion, as Jonah, the victim, puts originality and force into the leading part. His success is unqualified. The leading actor in all of Hoyt's "plays" is largely responsible for their success, and it is doubtful if any one could do more than does Marion to compel favorable recognition for "A Brass Monkey." Alice Evans, who is somewhat noted as a comedienne, does the part of "Haggy," a good, but melancholy child. She is a very lively and easily wins the good will of an audience. Her "Whistle and Wait for Katie" was far and away the best rendering of this popular song that has been heard in Lincoln. Miss Maude Williams' singing is a bright feature of the entertainment. Nearly all of the important characters are represented by capable people. The dances and songs are unique and pretty. Altogether "A Brass Monkey" is a very fair farce-comedy—from the slam-bang stand point.

"U. S. Mail," seen here a couple of months ago, was reproduced at the Funke Thursday evening before an appreciative audience. The farce has improved somewhat, but there have been no important alterations, and the performance was substantially the same as the first original presentation. Frank Davis, *Hi Ho!*, renewed his former success, and the other members of the company acquitted themselves creditably. "U. S. Mail" is, in its way, a go, but it will probably not be long lived.

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Miss Adele Pavn will be at the Funke Wednesday evening, December 10th. The *Beacon Daily*, of Akron, Ohio, speaking of Miss Pavn's work, says: "The performance of 'Lady Macbeth' Miss Adele Pavn, entitles her to rank among the very few able exponents of that most difficult role now upon the American stage. It is a character calling for the exhibition of the most widely different mental and physical qualities. The ferocity of an aroused tigress, the intense pathos of a remorse which finds 'no place for repentance,' must all be expressed by the actress who undertakes the characterization. It is not usual to find a fusion of such qualities in a single individual, the blending of hardness and tenderness and the mastery of love, which includes terrific intention and horrible deeds among the gift which it brings to the shrine of its idol. Her work is polished, the voice of an angel, musical and powerful, is used with excellent discretion. Her gesture with her is not wasted, but used. In the scene where she is inciting Macbeth to the murder her acting was impressive and startling. This thing won her an enthusiastic round of honest applause. The finest piece of work during the evening was the sleep-walking scene, which was weird and terrible in its pathetic realism. She was called before the curtain twice.

The severest cases of asthma are immediately relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.