

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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Lincoln has the legislature. All of you know that. Already there is complaint that it is doing nothing. Some of you have heard that. The same thing occurred two years ago and four years ago and six years ago and probably away back to territorial times. Most people are well, I was going to say fools, but that is a harsh word and not literary. But most people are ignorant on some subjects and thoughtless about a great many others. If they were not they would not make such unreasonable complaints. Now, this doesn't apply to the readers of THE COURIER. They know that it takes a week or so to get organized and ready for the introduction of bills. They understand that after a measure is introduced it has to be read on two separate days and go to a committee. The committee works in odd hours and may be delayed several days before reaching any particular bill. Then the bill comes back and goes into the committee of the whole to be discussed, torn to pieces and patched up. Finally it reaches a vote and is sent over to the other house. By this time that other house may have two or three hundred bills under way. Their sponsors are proud of them, and the stranger from across the way must take his turn which means after being read and put through its committee it may hang on the calendar for two or three weeks before its turn comes to be considered and finally passed and sent to the governor. The readers of THE COURIER also know that there are minor delays not enumerated above that may keep an unfortunate measure on the hooks weeks longer. In this way an immense amount of preparatory work is done, and in the course of two months or so there will be a lot of bills awaiting the final vote that will either kill them or give them life. Now, that's why a good many ignorant and thoughtless people set up the cry about this stage in every session that the legislature is not doing anything. Knowing the readers of THE COURIER to be an intelligent class, I am sure they will agree with me in the opinion that beyond a certain limit the less the legislature does the more valuable its service, the more it fails to do the better for the state.

THE COURIER is in receipt of a communication from a reader, and as the question asked should receive proper attention at the hands of the editor, it is to be regretted that owing to the fact that no name accompanied the letter, we must decline to answer the same. If the lady or gentleman that wrote the communication will send their name to this office—not for publication, we will take pleasure in making note as requested in our next issue.

After all, it seems the French really did want to keep "The Angelus" at home, for they have bought it back of the American purchasers. The latter have carted it about the country, giving us ignorant Americans a chance to see its "religious atmosphere" and "almost hear the bell ring." The American owners made a handsome income, no doubt, sending the painting about the country to let the curious, the religious, and the hypocritical have a chance to say, "I saw it." No doubt the satisfaction of being able to pose as an art connoisseur is worth the quarter or fifty cents that it cost, but many of us doubtless condemned the judgment of the daring speculators who paid \$110,000 for a bit of painted canvas not two feet square. It will be soothing to our national pride to know that the enterprising Yankees have made a handsome profit in selling the painting back to the French, so that we are not such big fools after all.

May Johnny Crapau never repent of his bargain. We want that hundred thousand and more to buy another curiosity and provide a new sensation. Now that we have had a white elephant, a peach blow vase and the highest priced painting in the world, we are ready to contribute our quarters to encourage other enterprising gentlemen who will furnish something for us to talk about and our newspapers to write about. If the public will permit a suggestion I would mention the wild man of Borneo, his wife, her child, its dog, the dog's tail, the hair on the tail and the flea in the hair. Several hundred thousand men, more or less—one cannot be exact in such matters—have sung the praises of the untutored gentleman from the antipodes and his very interesting family and all its dependencies, and they have been so well advised that a million persons or so would be willing to pay a reasonable sum for the supreme human satisfaction of being able to excite the envy of their neighbors.

And the painter? Millet—poor devil!—was allowed to have starvation as an intimate acquaintance for years. He got \$80 for "The Angelus," and I have no doubt some people think that was too much. He can do the thing over again in three or four days, and twenty dollars a day is pretty good pay. Of course all that occurred years ago, but we of today are too discerning to let such a genius go undiscovered and unrewarded. We are such smart people, we are, and if we should make a mistake—well, mistakes will happen, you know.

"Them damned literary fellers" seem to stand in with President Harrison. Newspaper men and college professors are getting some of the juiciest plums from the administration tree. Prof. Warner of the State University has just been appointed commissioner of public charities for the District of Columbia, and the matter gains additional interest from the fact that Gov. Thayer was slated by the Nebraska delegation in congress for that berth. When Senator Padlock was out here about two weeks ago he assured the friends of the ex-governor that the delegation had a cinch on a \$5000 position for the old veteran. The senator is said to have had in mind the fat job which has just been thrown into the lap of the professor, and that with-

out the solicitation or knowledge of our representatives at Washington. Politics is uncertain, to be sure.

Nebraska has a great many wheelmen, but her bykers seem to be woefully lacking in fraternal spirit. It requires—how many? Only a hundred, isn't it, L. A. W. members—to have a state organization and a consul and a recognized connection with the great national organization, but there are not enough wheelmen in the state with the patriotism to contribute a little fee to the L. A. W. Then, we have contests between rival clubs and state championships in other lines of sport but nothing of the sort in wheeling. Why is it? The boys ought to wake up. Here is a chance for some enterprising bykers in Lincoln to make this the center of cycling interest for the whole state.

Contests between amateur athletes can be made of great benefit outside the sporting element. Man is a social animal, and one of the most satisfactory things in life is the knowing interesting people. To a wheelman other wheelmen from other cities with other ideas ought to be interesting persons, and after two or three annual reunions what a host of good fellows one would come to know and with a friendly spirit you would never get from an ordinary acquaintance. Boys, think of it.

Readers of THE COURIER will recall Miss Elizabeth Bisland. I feel sure of this, because, firstly, Miss Bisland attracted much notice by her attempt to beat Nelly Bly's time going around the world, and, secondly, because THE COURIER at the time published a fine portrait of her that showed her to be a beautiful young woman. Then, again, those who took advantage last year of our clubbing offer with the Cosmopolitan must have enjoyed her numerous articles in that magazine, of which she was the editor. And then, too, in an autograph letter written a few days after her return from the circuit of the globe she complimented THE COURIER on having published the best sketch of her that she had found among hundreds sent to her. COURIER readers doubtless will be interested in following the career of this talented young lady. On her famous tour she made some pleasant acquaintances in London, and some months ago she ran over to make them a visit. It seems to have been a case of mutual admiration at first sight. Miss Bisland took a great fancy to England and the people have reciprocated by taking this beautiful young American into their hearts and homes. Miss Bisland has taken lodgings in London and set up a little establishment of her own, undertaking no end of social duties in addition to her literary work. She may remain abroad some time, but is writing a serial story and is turning out shorter articles that no doubt will appear in the Cosmopolitan from time to time.

Can women drive? It seems to me that if I were a woman and had a team at my command I should want to learn to handle the horses with the calm assurance that a man does. I don't know but I would want to be just a bit reckless—just dashing enough to give the onlooking world to understand that here is one woman who "can drive." You have heard of "artless artfulness," haven't you? Then why not "careful recklessness." That's the kind I mean. Now down in Cincinnati twenty-five out of a total of thirty-five persons injured on the streets during the month of December were run down by women while riding or driving. Nine to one it was the reckless carelessness of the women that did it in a great majority of the cases.

The electric street car continues to be a curiosity. If you don't believe it go down to the corner of O and Thirteenth of a pleasant Sunday afternoon and note the crowds that make trips to North Lincoln just for pleasure and the novelty of the thing. It is a four mile trip each way, and carries one out upon the hills where he may have a fine view of the country for miles in all directions. To those who do not already know it is quite a surprise to observe that Lincoln is located in a great basin with hills rising above the top of the four block on all sides of her. And he will wonder, too, how so many people ever came to build away out north there before the present era of rapid transit. And he may be mildly astonished at the number of new homes under way in that distant suburb. The foundation of the new Episcopal college is well under way, and as it occupies a rise that commands sweeping views in all directions quite a colony is sure to grow up around it.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures colds and coughs, an unequalled anodyne expectorant.

The contents of the Magazine of American History for February cover a wide field of subjects. The handsome features of the great geologist and geographer, Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, appear in the frontispiece, accompanied by a sketch of his notable career. The able and scholarly contribution of Hon. John Jay, L.L.D., entitled "The Demand for Education in American History," occupies the leading place and is the longest and most important article of the number. The third paper, by Rev. D. F. F. Lamson, presents a succinct account of the "Emigration from New England to New Brunswick in 1783." The fourth paper is a profusely illustrated and cleverly written account of the "Antiquity of Carriages," by Emanuel Spencer. The article which follows is also illustrated by a sketch of his notable career, being the story of Sir Walter Raleigh's settlement on Roanoke Island, called by its learned author, Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, "An Historical Survival." Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

The Burlington will advance the price of their popular playing cards to 15c per pack on and after February 1st. Those desiring to lay in a stock at the old rate of 10c should secure them at Ziemer's office at once.

Wilson Barrett will soon produce a new play in London, called "Father Bonaparte," written by Charles Hudson.

## THE LADIES BUSY AS BEES

They Propose to Do Their Share of World's Fair Work. Although little or no publicity is being given to the movements of the members of the board of lady managers, private reports from various states are to the effect that they are quietly doing yeoman service, and that the results will be more than apparent when the proper time arrives. The volunteer auxiliary associations, too, are entering into the various schemes with zeal and energy. For instance, the Queen Isabella association proposes to



hold a series of World's Women's congresses between April and November of '93, each congress to represent women workers in all professions, and invitations to that end are being sent to women throughout the world who have been publicly identified with movements calculated to elevate and advance their sex. The appeal to the women artists of all nations, for instance, and the signatures to which are headed by no less a celebrity than Harriet Hosmer, urges that a congress of this particular profession will do much in the way of cultivating a fraternal spirit, and possibly bring about a solution of many special difficulties that surround the pursuit of art as a profession for women. Talking of the gentler sex, moreover, brings to mind the fact that one of the most prized letters that Secretary Phoebe Cousins has just received bears the signature of M. Tetano, the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Japan to Washington. Like their neighbors of China, the people of Japan are pronounced in their opposition to women interesting themselves in public affairs.

But M. Tetano is evidently imbued with American ideas of liberty and progress. At any rate, he not only helps the lady managers along with words of encouragement, but says that he believes the women of his country could be induced to make a special exhibit, and even submits the names of three Japanese ladies whose cooperation, in his judgment, could be secured. These are Countess Oyama, wife of the present minister of war, and Mmes. Kurki and Musta, the two latter being exceedingly prominent and influential in Japanese society, and attached to the household of the empress.

Communications written in the Japanese language, and such in the most approved Japanese style, are now on their journey to the ladies in question, and soon circulars will be sent to every member of the diplomatic service in Washington, signed by Mrs. Potter Palmer and her associates, asking the diplomats to use their influence toward the organization of women's societies in their respective countries, to the end that an international display of women's work shall be assured.

## WILL WED AN INDIAN.

Elaine Goodale, the Poetess, to Mate with a Full Blood Sioux. Elaine Goodale's strange, romantic, poetic career ends for the present by her induction into the Sioux.

At 10 years old she was a poetess, at 12 a fairly good Greek scholar, at 20 an enthusiastic, philanthropist and all that; a little later she was a teacher among the Indians and an able advocate of their rights, and now she is to marry Tawa.



MISS GOODALE. Kahndiota, or "Many Lightnings," a full blooded Sioux, but a well educated gentleman, and known at

DR. EASTMAN. Dartmouth college as Dr. Charles A. Eastman. He is a graduate of that institution and a doctor, and goes to practice his profession in Dakota among his own people. Elaine Goodale was born Oct. 9, 1863, and her equally talented sister, Dora, three years later—both in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, where they lived in complete seclusion till, at the ages of 12 and 15 years respectively, their first volume of verses attracted attention and drew them some very pretty childish verses, which were published soon after.

A few years since she went to Dakota as a teacher for the Sioux, mastered their language and soon became a recognized authority on Indians. Her recent letter from Pine Ridge agency—a pathetic appeal for the Sioux—attracted much attention. She now takes a Sioux husband, and proposes to devote the rest of her life to labor for this people.

The picture of Miss Goodale here given is from a photograph taken several years ago.



A beautiful picture of rural life embellished in a graphic manner, with incidents and scenes which are not at all uncommon in our rural districts today, is "The Canuck," briefly summed up, which was given at Funke's opera house last Monday and Tuesday nights, by Mr. McKee Rankin and his excellent company. To elevate and ennoble should be the aim of the dramatist, not simply to amuse and tickle the fancy of the public. When he gives to the public a play which has in itself this power, aside from its entertaining qualities, then his mission is fulfilled. That is what the authors of "The Canuck" have done. It is full of beautiful things, with touches of pathos and comedy, so happily blended, that the auditor is carried back to the scenes of his childhood days, bringing to mind memories almost forgotten. The characters are not uncommon in real life.

Mr. Rankin as Jean Baptiste Cadieux, gave an artistic impersonation of the old Canadian farmer, who is one of those big-hearted, affectionate fellows such as we often find along the Canadian border. As a bit of character work it is indeed a masterpiece. Next to Mr. Rankin is Miss Mabel Bert, who assumes the role of Archange, his daughter. Miss Bert has a sweet and sympathetic voice, and in her song "Down on the Old Farm," at the close of the third act, touched the hearts of her auditors in an effective manner. Chas. Cowles as "Cyrus Stobbins," an old Vermont farmer—who was not so green as he looked—gave a delightful performance. Mrs. Fred Mower, who appeared as Cyrus' wife, was without a doubt the best we have ever seen in her line. Miss Lorenz Atwood gave a very finished characterization of "Hester Keene, a New York Adventuress." Her acting is natural and shows careful study. "Zeb Hawley," an old farm hand played by Fred Mower, was an excellent impersonation; Jim Hogan, a New York sport, taken by Mr. Clarence Arder, was a realistic piece of acting.

California seems to be rich in young ladies gifted with dramatic ability. This is particularly instanced in the case of the three charming Tittell sisters. Charlotte, the eldest, is making a name for herself in Daniel Frohman's "Wife," company, in the character "Miss Georgia Cayvan" so successfully created. Elsie, the second one has just elicited the greatest enthusiasm from the Seattle press for her performance of Hazel Kierke at Corliss' Theatre. They even go so far as to pronounce her equal, if not superior, to the original of the character, Elsie Elders, and the youngest of the family, Minnie, leaving her sisters to look after the emotional roles, has plunged into comedy, and by her recent success as Dolly Dutton, proved that she is a desirable acquisition to the soubrette ranks, a line of business in which she will find her skill as a vocalist and danseuse a powerful adjunct.

In "Shenandoah," which is being presented for the second time in this city at the Funke, Mr. Bronson Howard, it is said, has contrived to dramatize a story of the war for the Union without introducing any incident that might justly wound the sensibilities of either Northern or Southern. The narrative of incidents and principal events related are of the battle field. The hero and heroine are separated by the lines of warfare, the heroine being a Southern girl who is in love with a Northern officer. The officer is true to his flag, true to his love, and, of course, all ends happily. But before the denouement the young officer is under suspicion of having wronged the peace of his commanding general, as there is a villain in the drama who throws doubt upon a woman's honor and stabs his enemies in the back. But there also is, too, a pathetic figure introduced in the movements of a misguided young man, who wipes out the stain of his youthful crime by a daring deed for his country, which costs him his life. He is the discarded son of General Haverhill, and the father stands by the grave, little thinking it is his own son who lies upon the pier upon which his tears are falling. There are details in "Shenandoah" that are said to be most original in design and dramatic in expressed result. Mr. Howard's dialogue throughout is described as bright, forcible and telling. There are numerous light comedy scenes furnished that are an agreeable relief to the gloomy suggestions of carnage and strife. Everything possible has been done to have the production here as complete as any the play has yet received.

There will be a matinee this afternoon and another appearance this evening.

## HE, SHE, HIM, HER

Geo. H. Adams, the well known clown and pantomimist, will be seen in his burlesque, "He, She, Him, Her," at the Funke next Friday. Since his last engagement here he has had the piece re-written and is funnier than ever. Of the plot the Brooklyn Times, March 4, 1890, says: "The plot tells the story of a child deserted at a tender age by her parents and who was given to the care of a kind old farmer, who looks after her until the girl is acquainted with the fact that she has fallen heir to a fortune. Then naturally she desires to retrieve her good guardian of her burden and goes to the city to reside, where she and Toby (George H. Adams) become engaged. There is a villain in the play, but he is a very mild and not altogether detestable scoundrel."

Little Tonina gives him admirable support as Tootsie Brandt, a fortunate wife. It would be difficult to find one better able to impersonate the role than Little Tonina. She is pretty, graceful, a fine singer, and, without exception, both Mr. Adams and Tonina received marked applause and they deserved it. J. L. Guilmotte led much to the laughter as Otto Schmeitz, and Andy Morris as "A Silent Man," who wants a rabbit stew.

blinded surprisingly and suffered in silence while he waited for his meat."

## THEATRICAL TALK.

An effort is being made by blackmailers to deny the play of "Reilly and his 400," now being played in New York City, but still it is having a wonderful run. The average New Yorker has no use for Ward McAllister nor the upstarts whom he toadies. This is the main reason that the play is meeting with such condemnation and such patronage. It is true to life.

The Jefferson-Florence combination will stop at Sioux City, Des Moines, St. Joseph and a number of other country towns this season, but will snub Lincoln, one of the best theatre-going cities in the west.

The success of "The Soudan" in literary Boston has not been so much an account of intrinsic merit, but because of judicious advertising. The managers of the play are following the example of Barnum.

Nat C. Goodwin returns to New York next Monday night at the Bijou Theatre appearing in Lennox Richardson's new and successful comedy "The Nominee," which is expected to make a run.

W. J. Scanlan is the big winning star this season. His business is phenomenal every-where and his profits for the present tour will probably reach eighty thousand dollars, a pretty large figure for these hard times.

A well-known Southern critic says, "Alberta Galatin is a handsome young woman and her impersonation of Juliet shows her to be an artist of ability. She triumphed in the famous potion scene which she acted with great intensity."

In the military drama "A Woman Hero," written expressly for Kate Purcell by Donald Smelt, this dashing equestrian actress will impersonate four distinct characters; Kate Marshall, Lieut. Varley, Private Jones and Trapper Jack.

"A Texas Steer," Charles Hoyt's latest and best comedy is in the eleventh and final week of its very successful run at the Bijou Theatre, New York, where it could be continued for a much longer term had not a contract been signed eighteen months ago to take the piece to the California Theatre in San Francisco.

All Lincoln theatre goes admit that Clara Morris is unquestionably the greatest emotional speaking the English language today, and her wonderful genius, it would be unjust to call it talent, shines forth with greater splendor than at any time in her past. To see Clara Morris is too feeble with her, to laugh and be gay when she is gay, to weep with her when she weeps. In "Othello" she has evidently made the greatest success of her life.

Manager Augustus Pitou has engaged John H. Young and Homer Emmens to paint the elaborate scenery for his new play "The Power of the Press," which he produces at the Star Theatre New York, on March 16. All of the local scenes will be painted from photographs made by these artists and are to be of the most realistic description. The query is "will the company bring the scenery west when it comes?"

The prima donna Melia, who will probably appear in Italian Opera next season is from Australia. She has a powerful dramatic voice.

Mr. Steele Mackaye is in the country, said to be at work evolving a new play.

Liberti, the favorite cornetist has been engaged at a large salary for the Alhambra Palace, London.

Next Monday night at Miner's Theatre in Newark, N. J., Minnie Palmer begins her starring tour under the management of H. S. Taylor and Harry Williams appearing in an important and costly production of a melodrama called "A Mile a Minute," in which this clever little actress will have a chance to display her versatility to the very best advantage.

Barrett's "Ganelon" has proved a failure. It was hoped that this elaborate work would run from four to six weeks; but its gloomy atmosphere, its lack of human interest, the inferiority of its feminine element, overbalanced its literary merit, and the public did not respond to the exertions of the actor-manager. "Ganelon" has therefore been withdrawn from the stage.

Edith Murilla has been warmly commended by the Boston press for her excellent work in "Ship Aboy." Her dancing and singing are a feature of the performance.

Charles Frohman has gone to St. Augustine, Florida, on a short visit to William Gillette.

Nellie McHenry's "Chain Lightning" will strike New York February 1.

Rose Beaudet was married last week to S. A. Edward, a very clever young artist.

Amos Phelps Pond's great military drama, "Her Attonement," has again made a telling success in San Francisco. The play has been rewritten by the author, and will probably be produced in New York. It ranks among the most successful plays written.

Charles Reed and William Collier will star next season under the management of Matthews and Synthe, in a new farce-comedy, entitled "Hos and Hoss." This will not interfere with "The Burglar," which has already been booked for a third season.

Moljeska will have a new piece next season on the subject of "Marie Antoinette."

Dr. J. B. Hancock, of Duluth, has weathered few financial squalls that threatened him and has, after quite a struggle, got his grip on the new Lyceum Theatre of that city.

Emma Mabelle Baker is to be the new prima donna in the re-organized Emma Abbott troupe, which will open in New York in a week or two.

Sarah Bernhardt will remain at the Garden Theatre for four weeks, before beginning her tour, and during that time she will be seen in "La Tosca," "Cleopatra," and "Joan of Arc."

## THE CHARMING WIDOW.

[Special COURIER Correspondence.]

The widow then doth try with all her charms, To win the wily doctor to her arms. Then doth she brew the fragrant, rich bohea, And seek to win him with a dish of tea. —From Housby's Life of Johnson.

New York, Jan. 28, 1891.—Of all the specimens of femininity which man encounters to his alternate delight and vexation, it is universally admitted that the youthful widow is the most fascinating, attractive and bewitching. Talk of the bud who has just made her debut into the charmed world of society;—of the belle and beauty of several seasons whose conquests are counted by the score, or of the charming married woman who is equally irresistible in the hunting field or on the ball room floor—why there's none of them 'in it' at all with the young widow. And if old Weller could have had a pre-emption of the fair widow as attired by Godefron, surely Samivel would have received a copper plated injunction against her wiles and winning ways. If you don't believe me, see this picture of one as she looks in the first month of the new year, when attired in her latest Reiter costume for church, or for her daily constitutional on the avenue.



The material of her gown is the finest of cashmere, and is bordered with ermine, and has extremely large pockets of the same below the hips. The coat has long tails of the same and double sleeves. The very small bonnet has a coronet front, and the veil is worn pendant from the back.



This second costume is Reiter's idea of an indoor costume for a widow who has attained to the period of slight mourning. Her gown is of light weight cloth, with border, vest and sleeves of ermine. The bodice is slashed to show the vest which has no visible fastenings. It is probably of such indoors of these that a clever woman writer remarks—'they like babies, cry a great deal at first, then they begin to take notice, and it's hard to bring them through the second summer.'

Catarrh in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy. Like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, makes the weak strong, restores health. Try it now.