

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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FOOTLIGHTS

Mr. L. M. Crawford, who has been associated heretofore with Mr. Robert Reynolds in the management of the Funke opera house, is no longer a partner, his term of association having expired. Although Mr. Crawford is a gentleman in every sense of the term, his business methods have not always been pleasant to theatrical companies. He has had a large number of opera houses on his circuit on which he had large rentals to pay, and for this reason has exacted from the companies wishing to play, more stringent and heavier terms than a manager would exact if his house stood on an individual basis.

Mr. Robert Reynolds concluded that he saw his way clear to do business outside of circuit complications. He did not wish to be barred from attractions which might wish to play in Lincoln, and not desire to play Atchison or Topeka.

There is an opposition house in Topeka which Mr. Crawford has ever desired to guard against. He has had a clause placed on all his contracts that any company playing in any house in which he is interested should not play in Topeka. His Topeka stage is small and his house inadequate to big attractions. Therefore Mr. Reynolds desired to rid himself of the encumbrances of the circuit and after fulfilling to the letter his agreement with Mr. Crawford during their term of partnership, which lasted for three years, Mr. Reynolds secured a lease on the Funke opera house in his own name and withdrew pleasantly from the complications which have worked to the Lincoln theatre-goers a detriment.

The best companies would not bow to the rules. They would leave Lincoln out rather than do so. As it now stands they can play Lincoln independent of St. Joseph, Topeka or any other point. Everything is in favor of all companies playing Boyd theatre in Omaha then playing in Lincoln.

Omaha is doubly indebted to Governor James E. Boyd for supplying her with metropolitan theatres. Ten years ago he invested a large amount of money in a fine theatre at the corner of Fifteenth and Barnham streets, at a time when the city would not warrant the support of such a venture. But by judicious management, and the unprecedented rapid increase of the city, the investment proved a most profitable one, and after a successful career of ten years, encouraged Mr. Boyd to make a second venture. The result is the magnificent structure at the southeast corner of Seventeenth and Harney streets, a picture of which is shown on this page. It is five stories high, and a relict of the finest architectural style in Nebraska. The front is built of Lake Superior sandstone, which is considered the handsomest building material obtainable. Boyd's Theatre has a frontage on Harney street of eighty-eight feet, extending on Seventeenth to a depth of 152 feet. The auditorium is on the ground floor, with six exits. The seating capacity will be 1,900. Everything pertaining to Boyd's Theatre will be modern, and no expense will be spared to make it as fine as the finest. Mr. J. B. McElroy, the architect, says: "Boyd's theatre will be the finest in America until a finer one is built." It is Manager Thomas F. Boyd's present intention to open the new house on the 31st of August next, with as fine an attraction as money can obtain.

"Shenandoah" was played in Lincoln three times last week to crowded houses, and was deserving of the patronage it received. The play is one of the highest order of the melodrama and has throughout a martial spirit, that stirs the blood and awakens memories of the thrilling times of the great rebellion. Many persons enchanted with the first presentation went a second time and found even greater enjoyment at this subsequent performance. The play is not like the great bulk of performances in which a single star shines brilliantly amid an indifferent milky way support, but instead almost every participant is a constellation, in his or her particular part. This is one reason why the play proves such a grand success. Care has been displayed in the selection of the cast and not one of the players could be spared. The battle scene where the union forces yielding to the confederate onslaught are beginning to fall back but are suddenly inspired by Sheridan dashing upon the scene upon his coal black charger is so realistic that one feels like jumping to his feet and yelling "hurrah" at the top of his voice. The vein of romance that runs through the play is also very pleasing and unstrained. Whenever Shenandoah comes to Lincoln again standing room will be at a premium.

poem, "Sheridan's ride." He was probably a brave soldier like thousands and tens of thousands of men who wore the blue but unlike many of them Sheridan had not the courage to deny a fiction that added an undesired halo to his glory and unlike the heroes of old he enjoyed almost exclusively the contemptible satisfaction of cutting to the heart by his insolence the bard who made him historic.

George H. Adams appeared in "He, She, Him and Her," at the opera house Tuesday evening. He might as well have appeared alone as his alleged support was execrable. The support was no support at all. Supes picked up at random any where could have done better. No fault could be found with Adams but there is no excuse in an actor or actress being a swine and wanting all the glory of a play and submitting the audience to a dreary lot of stuff during the interim that the star is off the stage. Such a selfish and parsimonious course is becoming decidedly antiquated. A star who is afraid to have a bright actor or actress appear on the stage with him is too contemptible for notice. People go to theatres not to humor the jealousies of actors but to be entertained and for that reason should not be forced to submit to listen to a horde of amateurs. Adams is a born clown and every action, gesture and turn that he makes provokes a laugh, but his support, particularly the female portion would be hissed off the stage at a country school house exhibition.

"LARKING" TONIGHT.
A musical farce comedy, "Larking," which will be the attraction at the Funke tonight has the prestige of being in its second successful season and comes to us well endorsed as a very sprightly and mirth inspiring production. It ranks with Hoyt's many skits, and assumes to rival "A Parlor Match." Its tour through the south was a very pronounced success. At Mobile the Register said: "Although we have had a surfeit in the farce comedy line of attractions, 'Larking' was a delight and refreshing treat, being one continuous ripple of buoyant, sparkling mirth throughout three merry acts. Each member of the vivacious company seems exactly fitted to the character assumed and few, if any, companies of fun makers have given an equally delightful entertainment."

A COLD DAY.
Next Monday evening Lincoln theatre goers will have the pleasure of listening to the musical comedy, "A Cold Day." The following comment from the Ohio State Journal gives some ideas of the play:

It would be almost impossible to bestow too much praise upon the side-splitting musical comedy now running at the Grand under the title of "A Cold Day, or the Laplanders." It is the greatest hit of the Grand season for amusing situations, and yet throughout there is nothing but a refined cast to the mirth-provoking scenes. In addition to the comedy element of the piece each act is flavored with a number of popular songs which always win favor with an audience, and especially where the company possesses so many really good voices. Some of the renditions were superb, and an encore was responded to after each. The charming little songster, Miss Carlotta, fairly captured every heart in the audience by her exquisite rendition of the song, "I'm So Shy." Nothing more taking has been given here for some time. As comedians, Messrs. Fisher and Morosco are fine and keep the audience in a constant state of merriment. Individually and collectively the company is unusually strong, and this will surely be one of the great weeks at the Grand. The audiences yesterday were large and appreciative.

THE TWO JOHNS.
That people who go to the theatres want things that will make them laugh, cannot be better illustrated than by the successful results of "The Two Johns," for eight unbroken



GOV. BOYD'S NEW THEATRE, OMAHA.

years. On Tuesday evening this mirth-provoking comedy will be presented at the Funke. There will be bright music and many pretty girls. The plot is simple but comical. It hinges upon the marked similarity, both in figure and face, of Peter and Philip, and the resulting entanglements and roaring situations in which they find themselves. The comedy is well known to the theatre-going public, but has never been put on the stage with such an excellent company as the one engaged for the present season.

MAURICE MITCHELL.
Everybody's favorite, Maggie Mitchell, will appear at the Funke on Friday and Saturday evenings of next week, presenting two of her strongest plays. Miss Mitchell will as usual

be supported by a first class company, opening with Little Barefoot and closing with Ray. The following from the Boston Journal is certainly a strong testimonial:

It would seem almost easy to describe to a dead man the song of a lark, or to convey to one devoid of sight the beauties of a spring landscape, as to adequately transcribe one's impression of the performance of Little Barefoot by the bright and winsome Maggie Mitchell. There is quality in her gay and blithesome laugh, an infection about her light and airy footstep that is as indescribable and effervescent as the sparkle of the morning dewdrop or the aroma of the rose. As indicated, the play last night was Little Barefoot, with Miss Mitchell in the title role. To our thinking, the part of Barefoot is better suited to the buoyant quality of this lady's acting than any other characterization in her repertoire. The impersonation last night commingled all the qualities for which she is so justly famous, being marked by turns with delicious humor, bubbling merriment, that seems to rise from her heart naturally as spring water gushes to the surface, and tender pathos.

THEATRICAL TALK.
Dan Sully's "The Millionaire" has been very successful in the west.

Agnes Herndon has been granted a divorce from Joseph A. Jessel.

It is rumored that William Collier and Jennie Yeaman are soon to be wedded.

"Natural Gas" opened at the San Francisco Bush street Theatre last Monday and made an unmistakable success.

"The County Fair" road company is ranked above the Union Square home concerns in point of cost. At any rate it is making more money than the present company. Poor old New York.

Robert Graham is an ideal comic opera company. He is not an acrobatic song-and-dance man, but has won his position by hard and legitimate work. This accounts for his remarkable success in "The Sea King."

Lydia Thompson's hair is yet as ravishingly golden as in eighteen-sixty-six, although her years are unhesitatingly boomed to be fifty-five in grand total. Age has not withered nor costume staled our perennial Lydia.

Henry E. Abbey will next season have charge of the productions at the Metropolitan Opera House. He managed the house during its first season, and was swamped, but afterwards paid up every cent of his debt and kept all his contracts to the letter.

Laura Burt, who is one of the bright spots in "Blue Jeans," is one of the quickest studies in the profession. She took the part of June, when Jennie Yeaman was sick, at eleven o'clock in the morning and played it without a break at the matinee on the same day.

Stuart Robson will be the Mardi Gras attraction at the Academy of Music in New Orleans. This is Mr. Robson's first appearance in the South as a lone star, and so far, he has had no cause to complain of a lack of appreciation and patronage.

Nearly all of John Russell's comedians are going starring on their own hook in the sweet by and by. "Twas ever thus with Augustin Daly in his earlier days, when Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Kate Claxton, et al, were on his salary list. Performers all get the natural fever in the first flush of any prosperity brought about through managerial conjuring or pluck.

Lincoln is to be congratulated that it is out of the "Crawford circuit," and now then as Manager Reynolds has full control of the Funke we may look for better management. He is popular with the profession, a fact which truly cannot be said of his late partner Mr. L. M. Crawford, with whom many of the finest attractions would not play. Lincoln, for its size has few equals in the entire country as a good show town and better

the attraction the larger the houses, has always been the rule.
Poor McKee Rankin is again in the toils. Last week at St. Joseph, it is said, Manager Crawford attached his moveables and Mr. Rankin refused to play. The house although small, had already congregated and was awaiting the rise of the curtain. About the time it was to have been rung up, Mr. Rankin stepped out to the footlights to say a few words and after giving the management a severe raking over announced that the evenings entertainment was at an end. The audience passed out and money was refunded.

Telephone at the COURIER office is 258.

Various Topics

In the course of a conversation with a bright and pretty girl the other day young men and their habits came up for consideration, and I asked her how many vice she could tolerate in a young man. "Not any," she answered very promptly. Subsequently the name of a gentleman who is a leader in Lincoln society was mentioned, and she went on to tell how "nice" he was. "But he is a good deal of a sport," she added. "I insisted on knowing what she meant. 'Oh, he gambles and drinks and runs around,' was the reply, given rather reluctantly. What a delightful inconsistency there is in woman. In a case like this is there a defect in her moral nature, or is she simply shutting eyes and ears to disagreeable facts because society will not reform its men? At any rate it's a blessed thing for men that woman is as charitable and long suffering as she is. We are

dare he allow the blood to quicken in his veins and the eye to brighten and the voice to soften in one of the old-time melodies?

That woman, who is now a mother, who has long been the true wife of a good husband of her choice, shall she think now and then of the man who surely loved her in days long gone by? And when she notes the progress he has made and the friends he has won and the deeds he has done, shall she go back there to the past and live over again some of the moments that were very dear to her when her heart and her hand were pledged to no man? Shall she keep a chamber somewhere in the castle of her thought where the memory of one man rests undisturbed, and where he never grows old and never changes, but is forever the same tender, considerate lover he was away back there in the days of her youth? May she look back with innocent delight at the gentle pressure of his hand that night or the tender touch of his lips?

Somewhere in an art store, I have seen the picture of a woman standing at her window in the evening, her hands clasped behind her,



EXPRESSIVE.

Mrs. Freshleigh: Can't we run into Conroy's and get some oysters, Ned?
Mr. Freshleigh (who has left his pocket book on the piano): I'm afraid it would be a dead give-away on Conroy's part if we did.

full of faults and foibles at best, and if she were to compel us to live up to her standard before enjoying her sweet companionship how full of social exiles this world would be.

Speaking of superstition, it is bad enough to be afflicted that way and expose the weakness in private life, but to make a public exhibition of it—what monumental weakness! At the coroner's inquest over the late John Sheedy a fortune teller was called in, presumably to give a clue to his murderer. And what a stupid lot of drivel she delivered herself of. She told nothing of consequence that had not already appeared in the papers, but she pretended she knew it before the assault. And this woman was actually simple enough to think the public would believe that and believe she was gifted with miraculous foresight. But ought not the people of Lincoln and of Nebraska to be ashamed that such a circumstance occurred in their midst? The person who brought this mountebank into the case to give her a little free advertising ought to hate himself for the rest of his natural life. It is a fortunate thing for his piece of mind that his name has not been given to the public.

Many curious things come of every legislature, and the present body is keeping up the gag. The sugar factory at Grand Island makes it possible to raise \$30 or \$40 worth of beets per acre on ground that grew \$8 to \$10 worth of corn, and the establishment of the factory will bring hundreds of thousands of dollars to the farmers of Hall county. And yet a representative from that county has introduced a bill for the repeal of the bounty on sugar. Last week a representative put in a bill to reduce the railroad rates, but on investigation it was found the figures were fifty per cent higher than those now charged by the railroads. Another farmer legislator wants us to go back to the practice of several centuries ago, when questions of public concern were settled at the town meetings. He wants the people to have a chance to make laws without sending representatives to the legislature. He wants matters so arranged that when 40,000 voters ask for a certain law, the governor must submit it at an election. If it gets a majority of the votes it is to be a law just the same as though it were passed by the legislature in the usual way.

What shall we do with our first loves—our older people who feel the cares of a grinding world and some of us with families to maintain? Where shall we store the memories of the first girl we ever loved or the man we once thought was perfect? Or shall we store them at all? Is it safe or loyal for a man now the husband of a good wife to go on to the end of time with tender thoughts of her who first waked sentiment within him? Should he sometimes, in the evening, before the lamps are lighted and when his tasks for the day are done,—should he recall the memories and the longings, aye, and the ecstasies of that long time ago? When he hears again the name of that woman, now separated from him by years of life and mountains of circumstance,

take all the gate receipts, and he has sent a contract to that effect to Omaha. "And you bet I am going to have a club that will win that money," Dave says with a wink and a smile. The rivalry between the two cities will bring out immense crowds and make a pot of money for the winner. Here's to Dave.

And you don't know what "joshing" is? Well, well. To see it in all its pristine vigor you ought to catch Dave and Ed at it. They go it for an hour at a stretch. Each of them has forgotten more about base ball than the other ever knew. Each thinks his own city the best base ball city in the association. Each has always had the better club, and neither has ever been downed by the other. Brant knows his club, will win the pennant next season, and Rowe is ready to wager a million—or less—that Omaha will not be it with Lincoln. Rowe knows he has the finest battery in the country, and Brant swears they can't pitch hay. Brant brags of his stonewall infield and Dave says complacently, "Yes, they are a stone wall, and just about as spry." They compare notes on players. Each has the best and surest in the market. And thus they keep it up—a good natured contest of bluff, brag and bluster. Most of the boasting is a pretense. They understand it and never lose their temper. It relieves them and amuses the crowd that is always sure to gather to hear the moguls. Oh, you wanted to know what "joshing" is? Why, "joshing" is "chaffing." You ought to have known that.

The annual session of the Nebraska press association held at Beatrice last week was one of the most enjoyable yet known. The election of officers for the ensuing year and delegates to the National Editorial Association resulted as follows: President, F. G. Simmons, Seward Reporter; vice-presidents, C. M. Huebner, Nebraska City News; S. R. Razez, Curtis Courier; Judson Gravel, Ne-Neigh Advocate; secretary and treasurer, Ross L. Hammond, Fremont Tribune; delegates to the national press convention to be held at St. Paul, Minn., in July, J. D. Kluebeck, Lincoln Free Press; J. D. Stine, Superior Journal; L. Wessell, Jr., Lincoln, CAPITAL CITY COURIER; H. M. Bushnell, Lincoln Daily Call; George P. Marvin, Beatrice Democrat. Fremont, Neb., was designated as the place of the next annual meeting of the state association.

The Saturday Mirror will make its bow in the newspaper world next Saturday at Platte mouth. Mr. George B. Mann is the publisher and if his paper shows up as neatly as does the announcement received at this office, we may look for an excellent paper.

Another communication, signed "Floss," has been received this week without the writer's name attached and in accordance with our rules cannot be admitted to these columns. While we are always glad to receive interesting communications yet we cannot in justice and protection to ourselves and readers publish anything unless the authors name is known to us.

CHARITY.

BY AUNT SAMANTHA
[Written for THE COURIER.]
No sweeter word from tongue or pen
Was ever handed down to men
And now if you'll listen to what I say
I'll tell you what I heard today
'Twas the best sermon I think I ever heard,
I wish I could repeat it every word.
Our minister seemed inspired from above,
When he took for his subject "Faith, hope and love."

And showed to us all, what few could explain
Every form of religion is right in their main.
I agree with them here, by whatever name
Give over the world religion's the same yet
All give each man a chance and the devil his due
You'll find 't's the best policy for me and for you,
Whatever the creed or name they may own
If their hearts are all right by their God they are known.

For Charity is long and broad and deep,
The soul that hath Charity is never asleep,
But up and at work from daylight 'till dark
Kindling bright glowing embers from a very small spark,
"Charity" suffereth long and is kind,
(But love you know is something blind.)
Of all the words, I like "Charity" best.
It covers much more than all the rest
I wish it spread all over the land,
From the largest down to the smallest hand.
An open purse for the deserving poor—
This is sweet charity I am sure.
Kind words for those who are in the wrong—
This is kind of charity will help them along.
Kind acts and deeds from a loving hand
Is truly charity good and grand.
And a few kind words to the sick ones speak
'Twill strengthen the heart though the flesh is weak.

Let the heart speak out—be honest and true
And you'll be surprised at the good you'll do.
'Faith, Hope and Love' with Charity combined
Make as fine a character as you can find.
To Rev. E. S. Halston I accord the same
And think he well deserves the name.
'To duty first to conscience true
However, hard he's pressed
In God's clear sight he works for right
And seeks to do his best'
And when his work is ended and he from earth
has gone
May the Master bid him welcome and say to him
'well done.'
Sunday, February 1, 1891.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and expels all poisonous elements. Sold by all druggists.

WANTED:—A good canvasser to solicit subscriptions for THE COURIER. The control of the circulating department will be placed in the hands of a such party if work one will warrant the publishers in so doing. Call or address this office.

Burlington Route Playing Cards.
I now have a large stock of these playing cards, which are sold at the low rate of 15 cents a pack (not one-quarter the price usually paid for such cards). Call in and get a dozen packs, they are just the thing for your euchre, whist and high five parties this winter.
A. C. ZIEMER, C. P. & T. A.