

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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PRICE FIVE CENTS



BOOTH ACTS

The stage villain is often a fascinating figure. If his impersonation has first class ability and by nature's endowments is adapted especially for the role, he frequently outshines the actor who is supposed to have the leading part of the play. Very often he is a better actor than the star in the sense that he is more artistic. Edwin Booth as Iago is probably the greatest of stage villains and the only Othello Booth ever played against that really did honor with his Iago is Lawrence Barrett.

"Larking" played on an indifferent house Saturday night, but a better one than it deserved, there is no excuse either for the existence of such a play or such a personnel. Manager McReynolds regretted the imposition as much as anybody, but the manager of an opera house cannot like a merchant see a sample in advance of the goods he is bargaining for.

A cold day followed in the wake of Larking and met with a rather cold reception. It was a batch of nonsense, but superior to Larking. The singing and dancing were the best features. Fisher, Horosco and Charlotte are clever in their parts, and are deserving of a better chance to show their skill.

J. C. Stewart's Comedy Co., in "The Two Johns" was greeted with a good house Tuesday evening. James Sanford and Charles Wilson as Phillip and Peter Johns kept the audience in a continuous roar whenever they appeared on the stage. Their musical specialties were good. The singing and dancing was very enjoyable and each actress and actor was heartily cheered. "The Two Johns" is an old play, but in the hands of such clever people will always draw well. This company is an entirely new one this season.

The always welcome Maggie Mitchell appeared at the Funke opera house last evening, and a large number of her admirers were in attendance to extend to her a welcome. She made her appearance in "Little Barfoot," one of the most effective pieces in her entire repertoire, as it gives the famous little lady an excellent opportunity for displaying her varied talents in the portrayal of the pathetic as well as the humorous side of life. The character of Amy is one that is admirably adapted to her powers, for she is equally at home as the little, whole-souled, but sadly neglected little bare foot, or as the happy betrothed of William, the son of the wealthy old farmer Pease. This evening she will appear in the character of Ray.

CORA TANNER

Next Tuesday evening Miss Cora Tanner, the great emotional actress, will appear before a Lincoln audience in Refugio's daughter. Miss Tanner is a tall, handsome woman with very expressive features, and she moves on the stage with superb grace. Therefore, half the battle is won at the outset, for the actress who possesses the eye nowadays needs much less artistic skill to win public favor than her less fortunate sister. Miss Tanner has learned the business of acting in a good school and her technique is excellent. The gowns worn by Miss Tanner are very beautiful. The first of these is a dinner gown and is composed of green. The bodice is of apple-green velvet mainly, with high-puffed shoulders of the velvet over a white mull cape sleeve. The skirt and train are of pea-green crepe de chine embroidered in roses of natural colors, with glowing tulle bands, and the bodice is reproduced in a pointed strip upon the bodice. This gown fastens under the arm and on the high narrow puff of velvet at the shoulders. Miss Tanner places her jewels, instead of wearing them in the old conventional way, across the front of the bodice, where their beauty is lost.

The second gown is a demi-toilette of pink crepe de chine. There are no sleeves to this beautiful gown, but, instead, long, angel-like wings of the crepe, which falls in folds from the crown of the shoulder to the hem of the gown, and beneath which the arms are hidden when hanging by the side. A high collar and zouave jacket and cuffs and belt are the only bits of decoration upon the soft pink of the gown, these being a heavy embroidery in turquoise and steel upon ruby velvet.

MINSTRELS

On next Wednesday evening Beach & Bowers' minstrels will give one of their famous performances. The following notice in regard to the company is clipped from the Nashville Herald:

"The best minstrel performance that has been in Nashville this season was given at the Grande Opera House last night by the Beach & Bowers' combination before a full house. From the time the curtain went up until the performance was over the house was in a continual round of applause. The songs were all new and well rendered. Bobby Beach in his new song, "Mary and Martha," took the house by storm. Moncayo, the contortionist, is the best that has come this way for some time. The Mexican drill was presented in an artistic manner by well known artists, led by the inimitable Bobby Beach, and introducing all the magnificent movements of that body. The whole concluded with a grand extravaganza entitled, "Aunt Hannah's Chitlens," introducing the mysterious cottage, which was very amusing. The same company the rest of the week—Nashville Herald.

THEATRICAL TALK

H. Gratton Donnelly is writing a play for Nellie McHenry.

Ellen Terry is writing her memoirs. The book is to be called "Stray Memories."

Isaac B. Rich, the millionaire Boston manager, has gone to Florida for a short rest.

C. F. Montaine is said to be the best comedian who has yet undertaken the role of the correspondent in "Held by the Enemy." Besides being a good actor, Mr. Montaine is an

artist as well as a playwright. There is no limit to his versatility.

Garnier will not come over with Sarah Bernhardt. M. Duquesne will be her leading man.

The ladies are universally regretting that Maggie Mitchell does not give a matinee this afternoon.

Laura Ward, a dainty soubrette of "Natural Gas" company, has been divorced from her husband.

A. J. Spencer, a clever manager, is now assisting Frank Maeder in the direction of Nellie McHenry's tour.

Sarah Bernhardt may probably produce a new piece by an Italian author during her New York engagement.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is writing a book in which she threatens to "slug" her old society friends for "going back on her."

Stuart Robson is said to be drawing packed houses in the South. In the cities visited the seats are nearly all sold before his arrival.

Sol Smith Russell is buying choice corner lots in upper New York. His profits this season are the largest that he has ever known.

Wynyard Rattye, some time since a manager in the west, has settled in Mashonaland, Africa, where he proposes soon to build a theatre.

Count Tolstoi has written a satire in dramatic form, of the vanity and folly of the Russian nobles. It is called the "Fruits of Science."

Marie Wainwright is to produce her handsome production of "Twelfth Night" in San Francisco for the first time on February twenty-third.

Sol Smith Russell has in preparation a new play which, while historical in character, will have an excellent comedy part that will fit him admirably.

Clara Morris is meeting with so much success in "Odette" that manager Edwin H. Price is negotiating with Sardou for a new play for next season.

Edgar Selden, author of McKenna's Flirtation, has written a new play for Barry and Fay. It bears the imposing title of "A Scandal in High Life."

Kate Claxton is trying to infuse new life in "The Two Orphans," and speaks of a large production which will include several members of the original cast.

Herrmann promises to give America a rest soon, and accept either John McMahon's offer for a tour of Australia, or Augustus Harris's offer of a season in London.

Carl Streitmann, the \$500 a week tenor, is carrying baggage for a well-known prima donna. He is always to be found in the vicinity of Broadway and Thirty-ninth street.

Nat Goodwin has so far this season cleared \$31,000. He says he has paid the last cent on his up-town palace, bought a country seat, and that what comes in now will be "velvet."

"Guido Ferranti," the tragedy by Oscar Wilde, which was so successfully produced by Lawrence Barrett, at the Broadway Theatre, was originally intended for Ellen Terry.

The performance of "Thermidor," in Paris have been stopped until further notice. The extreme feeling caused by some of Sardou's scenes and expressions, have found vent in several riots.

During a recent engagement of Clara Morris in Sioux City, the Typographical Union of that enterprising town, presented Miss Morris with a handsome souvenir as a token of their esteem.

Robert Graham says that the prejudice against tall men as comedians is now a dead letter. The success of Hooper and Stevens proves the falsity of this statement, and Graham is right in what he says.

Sadie Martinot received over a cartload of flowers during the engagement of "Dr. Bill" in Boston. The Harvard boys with whom she was always a prime favorite, turned out en masse to welcome her.

Robert Downing has achieved so great a success in "The Saracen" that he is obliged to play that piece almost exclusively. Next season he will produce another new historical tragedy and give a grand revival of "The Taming of the Shrew."

San Francisco has lately developed a great fancy for farce-comedy. "Natural Gas," which is in the second week of its engagement in that city, has broken all previous records for that class of entertainment, not excepting that of Frank Daniels.

To create an appetite, and give tone to the digestive apparatus, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

How to Break Up a Severe Cold.

From the Virginia City, Mont., Madissonian.
When we find a medicine we know to possess genuine merit, we consider it a duty and we take pleasure in telling the public what it is. Such a medicine we found Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. By the use of this syrup we have relieved, in a few hours, severe colds, and in the course of two or three days, entirely broken them up as has several of our friends to whom we have recommended it. It is all it is represented to be by the manufacturers. If you have a cough and want to stop it, Chamberlain's Cough Syrup will do the work. For sale by A. Shader, Druggist.

Trickey has quite a neat little novelty in the way of a pocket lamp and a lot of them are shown in his west window. It is about the size of a pocket match safe and by pressing a button the cover springs open and instantly thereafter a light appears and remains until extinguished. It is a very handy novelty, useful for dozens of purposes, and costs complete only one dollar. Trickey will be glad to show you this little gem and if you have it once and could not get another you would not sell it for ten dollars.

Our city reporter in his rounds yesterday noticed a force of men tearing away fixtures and partition in the J. D. Licklider store and

upon inquiry learned that the Kilpatrick Koch Dry Good company of Omaha, had bought his stock and as they have been compelled to take several large bankrupt stocks in payment of debts on account of the depression of business throughout the state, they intend to move the entire lot aggregating over \$50,000 to Lincoln and sell it at such prices as will dispose of it entirely within thirty days. This firm being in the whole sale business only, have no use for broken lots of this kind as they cannot put them into their own stores and are determined to make the "welkin ring" for a month in Lincoln. We confidently predict a rousing sale for them. They will be ready for business about the latter part of next week particulars of which you will get later.

A Short Wait.



"Why are you sitting on my piazza? What do you want?"
"That's all right. I thought I'd make myself comfortable until the sun comes out."



THE SON COMES OUT. —Life.

Many Bars Rest.

Daughter—Paw, this piano is horribly out of tune.

Nervous Parent—Yes, my dear, it is. I guess you'd better not play on it any more until it has been tuned.

"Well, I won't. When will you have it fixed?"

"Oh, in a year or so." —New York Weekly.

A Difference.

Fair Shopper—What is the difference between those two pieces of goods?

Clerk—One is marked higher than the other.

"Yes; but what is the real difference between them?"

"I just told you—a marked difference." —Buffalo Express.

Her Quest.

Lady (to clerk)—I selected some silk here yesterday at 11 o'clock and ordered it sent to my house.

Clerk—Yes, madame. Haven't you received it yet?

Lady—Of course. What I want now is the change.—Puck.

Medical Item.

"Doctor, I came to see about my brother."

"What is the matter with him?"

"One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?"

"I am afraid I should limp, too." —Texas Siftings.

The Grocer's Way.

"You always want your own way," growled the grocer's wife in no pleasant humor with her husband.

"And you oughtn't to interfere," he responded with pride. "That's how we got rich." —Washington Star.

Saving Up.

"What are you going to do with all those shower predictions?" asked a signal service employe.

"I've had instructions to put them by for a rainy day," was the reply. —Washington Post.

A Close Call.

"My baby had a fearfully narrow escape yesterday."

"How so?"

"By mistake my wife left the poor little fellow alone with the nurse girl." —Judge.

Before Dinner Is Announced.

"Doctor, you are yawning. Are we then so stupid here?"

"Pardon, gracious lady, not in the least. It is well known that people often yawn from hunger." —Fliegende Blatter.

Veni, Vidi, Vici! This is true of Hall's Hair Renewer, for it is the great conqueror of gray or faded hair, making it look the same even color of youth.

The Enterprise Commission company find that owing to a delay in the arrival of some of their consignments it will be impossible for them to open their new place of business this week. However, it is confidently expected that by the last of next week all the goods will be in and that operations may be commenced by Thursday or Friday. That this new enterprise will be a success there is no room to doubt, as the evidence on every hand certainly points to a large and prosperous career. The men that back the concern here, gives us this assurance. Don't fail to watch for the opening day and what is better yet, don't fail to be present on that occasion.

Telephone at the COURIER office is 253.



VARIETY

Almost every ball club in the country will be a pennant winner the coming season if the predictions of managers and zealous correspondents are fulfilled. Patriotism is all right in its place, but in base ball matters it may be carried beyond the limit of sense. About seven out of eight clubs are bound to be disappointed in this championship business. Even Dave Rowe is quoted by outside correspondents as claiming a mortgage on the pennant. Manager Rowe doesn't know who his players will be and it would be rather ridiculous for him to make such a boast in earnest. If Dave has made a claim of this sort he was "joking" some other fellow who had the big head, depend on it.

It is doubtful if Dave Rowe wants to win the pennant. He cannot afford to do it, if he wants to continue in the business in this city. No city of less than 300,000 population can afford to have its club capture the pennant if it would have the game flourish in its midst. After a base ball team has once set its gait its home patrons, or a great many of them at least, will not be satisfied with a poorer game. If a club wins one season and fails to take the lead from the start the next year its patrons will desert it. And what are the chances for any given city to win the championship two seasons successively? Leave out Chicago, Boston and St. Louis and how often has it occurred? Then look at the cities of less than 200,000 population that have had winning teams? How many of them have continued in the business except at a loss simply because they could not keep up their winning gait? Look at Omaha, Des Moines, Detroit, Providence, Cincinnati and others. Omaha lost \$7,000 last season, and the prospect is not particularly bright for this year.

No, Dave Rowe can't afford to have a pennant winner. If he can start out about third and occasionally jump into second place and tie for first and at the end of the season land in third, it is all the people in Lincoln can reasonably expect. It will keep our interest to the close of the season and leave us with the hope of doing better next year. The base ball crank is a man of much pride and boasting. Rob him of the pleasures of those intellectual vices and he will quit your game.

Met of us were on the qui vive the first of the year for the advent of the Rock Island and the inauguration of through trains between Chicago and Denver by way of Lincoln. Most of us were disappointed, too, when the bridge trouble at Omaha suddenly blasted our bright hopes. But, after all, perhaps that seeming disaster was only a blessing in disguise. Already there are evidences that the Rock Island will make a survey early in the spring for an independent line from this city southwest to Fairbury or Nelson. The chances are that some kind of a compromise will be made, if the Union Pacific succeeds in maintaining its position, and the Rock Island will temporarily use its bridge. The squabble will delay the opening of the new line, but if it results in giving us another railroad, bringing new territory tributary to Lincoln, we can stand it awhile.

"The Angelus" has reached France safely and has been hung in the gallery of its new owner. Monsieur Courhard, who invested so many thousand dollars to get Millet's canvas back to his native land, gave a dinner to celebrate its installation in his collection of paintings. One of the features of the entertainment which came as a surprise was that each guest on opening his napkin found in it a silver medal in commemoration of the event they had met to celebrate. On one side was a fine engraving of "The Angelus" and on the other the date of the dinner and an inscription setting forth the object for which it was given, as well as a list of the names of the persons who composed the party. Of course everybody was delighted with the souvenir, which will surely be a valuable relic in years to come, probably more so than the silver pass issued by President Meers of the Silverton road out in Colorado.

In the other case a business man had been in the habit of making business appointments at evenings at his house. He retired to his library, with his visitor, and then it was talk and figuring until eleven o'clock or midnight. He noticed a reproachful gaze on his wife's face as he left the family circle for his den, and after long and patient forbearance she gently asked him if he would not leave his business at his office instead of bringing it home. The next engagement he made for the evening was appointed for the office. When he got home that evening he was filled with a sense of dissatisfaction, and he soon found it so distasteful to leave the comforts of his home that he gave up doing business in the evening. He found that by staying at the office a little later or getting down a bit earlier or working faster during the day, he could keep business out of his home. Both he and the family and the children are the happier for it.

Somewhere in my reading I have run across two incidents that have quite a bearing on home life and have illustrations aplenty right here in Lincoln. One was the story of a young man employed in his father's office, who left home in the morning before the late rising family were about. He took lunch and dinner down to town and generally put in the evening at the theatre or at the club. He was not wicked or vicious, but between his business and his pleasures he came to see his mother and sisters about once a week, at Sunday dinners. One day his father made an engagement for the following evening and asked the son's company, which

was readily granted. The old gentleman made a formal engagement to meet the young one at a down town hotel early in the evening. On meeting, the father said he wished to call on a lady he had known intimately for years, and they started out. The son soon noticed that they were approaching the neighborhood of his own home, and on his making a remark about it the father explained that the lady was stopping there at present. Well, when they went in the young man was formally introduced to his mother and sister. He thought it a joke, and began to laugh, but neither the mother smiled, and his laughter died away amid a feeling akin to shame. His mother shook hands and said she had known him as a little boy but had not seen very much of him of late. Then she told some anecdotes of his boyhood, "when she used to know him." That broke the ice, and between their chat and a game of whist the young man had a pleasant evening. On retiring his mother invited him to call again. On thinking it over the young man concluded that he had as bright and good and sensible a mother and a sister as any other fellow, and he made it a rule to spend a part of his evenings at home. A clever father that, don't you think?

The Hotel Lincoln is a handsome and substantial building that evokes general admiration, but so many people add to their compliments: "What a pity it isn't located farther up town," or words to that effect. Now, there are more ways than one of looking at that. Located as the Lincoln is, it leaves a desire among the owners of property further up town to have a big hotel in their midst. The result will be that in time we will have two large, first-class houses instead of one, and each will catch its share of custom.

There is something new under the sun. The Western Union telegraph company has adopted a new blank for writing messages. Have you seen it? The "condition" have been taken from the top of the face of the blank and are now printed in large type on the back. This is perhaps the most noticeable change. To any one who has used telegraph blanks for years it is a relief. There is a mystery about telegraphy that leads a curious person unconsciously to study even a message blank in a vague expectation of learning something new about the mystic, mighty element, but after one has done it in printed "conditions" take on something of the nature of a bore. Then there is such an impersonal, automatic air about everything belonging to the Western Union. It challenges one's pride and arouses his combative tendencies. He reads the "conditions" to see if he has any right to come into the office or use a blank without paying another cent, and the old blank was a constant irritant to a high-spirited, sensitive soul. The change will be a relief. Very few of us have ever been a student of the "conditions," but then it will be a relief not to be stared in the face by a printed form that purports to limit our omnipotence as free-born Americans.

There is another change that may not convey its purpose to the thoughtless man. Across the blank, at right angles to the line of writing, are five lines dividing the writing space into four equal lengths. Have you ever watched a man at work composing a telegram and noticed him counting the words and figuring on a combination to hit his purpose? He is trying to compress his message into ten words which are the basic unit for the ordinary business of the Western Union. Now if a man in writing on the new blank will begin at the left hand space and put one word in each space, the ruled blank will have five words to the line. He can count them at a glance and mark out enough superfluous words to get the message within the limit if he wants to.

It is a trifling annoyance, an infinitely small loss of time that this new blank seeks to save. And yet life is made up of trifles. Many people who use the wires but little will pay little heed to the ruling, but others who wire a great deal will doubtless come to find it a real convenience. If generally adopted it will be of considerable help to the company's employes. The ruling may have been suggested by a practice in vogue among bright operators. Even so, it is a thing that routine duty that is regarded as a thing that cannot be dispensed with. Counting words may appear like a past-time to many people, but to an operator it is a bit of a mechanical drudgery because his soul is attuned to loftier deeds. When it comes to "taking" a long newspaper message, say of 1000 to 5000 words, the work of counting is something more than a nuisance. Some operators adopt a plan to avoid that necessity. They put five words to a line, let it be long or short, and the lines are quickly counted. This is something of a mental feat itself. If you don't think so sit down and try it.

The following item appeared in Wednesday's issue of the Nebraska State Journal: "St. Joseph, Mo., has been perhaps too often, termed a sleepy old town. In many particulars she is not so slow as many of her more clamorous neighbors. Colonel Lou Wessel of the COURIER is fortified with ample proofs of this fact, as witness the following from the St. Joseph Daily News of Monday evening: "L. Wessel, Jr., editor of the Lincoln, Neb., COURIER, is at the Pacific. Mr. Wessel is a fair young friend in St. Joseph, and his visits are not especially few or long between, and rumor says that ere the roses come again St. Joseph bells will take up her residence in Nebraska's capital."

In addition to the above it is learned that on Sunday last the announcement was made among the young lady's friends of her engagement to Mr. Wessel. The prospective bride is Miss Emma Ehrlich, the extremely popular, agreeable and accomplished daughter of a prominent St. Joe wholesale merchant and a cherished member of one of the oldest and most highly respected families in the ancient city. It is not often that a Lincoln young man is constrained to go beyond

the city limits to meet his fate, but when one does it can be reasonably surmised that he is after a capital prize. Every assurance points to the fact that Mr. Wessel's matrimonial prize is of that character, and his friends will congratulate him accordingly.

Halter, the meat market man, has outdone all the other competitors in point of generosity. Any deservingly poor person will be given meat free on an order from Elder Howe. This certainly speaks volumes for our big hearted cornbelt alderman.

Already a Washington Society Favorite. Mrs. Brown, the wife of the recently appointed justice of the supreme court of the United States from Michigan, is a woman



MRS. HENRY BILLINGS BROWN. of whom the west is proud. Mrs. Brown was born in Detroit, and all her life has been spent there with the exception of three years, which were passed at school in Portland, Me. This lady prides her self on being essentially an American product. On her father's side she is a direct descendant of Gen. James Pitt, of revolutionary fame. It will be recalled by students of history that Gen. Pitt had six sons, all of whom were soldiers in the revolution, and one of whom is credited with having been the leader of the Boston tea party. Maternally Mrs. Brown is related to John Alden, Priscilla Mullins and Governor Bradford, all passengers on the Mayflower. Although Mrs. Brown has been but a short time in Washington she is already a social favorite. The life is new to her and she enjoys it. There are noticeable in Mrs. Brown many of the charming characteristics of high bred English women. She has her reputation of manner, and her voice is of the peculiar quality described by Walter Besant as "vocal velvet."

Colored People and the World's Fair.

The colored folk may in numbers seem infinitesimal beside their white brethren, but what they lack in this regard they are preparing to make up in work and energy. When the idea of a separate colored exhibit at the World's fair was first proposed there was a disposition on the part of many prominent members of the African race to frown it down, but since the Irish-Americans, the German-Americans and other nationalities have come to the front with their demands for special recognition and special privileges, the colored man and brother, spurred on by the colored sister, has arrived at the conclusion that he also is entitled to something more than a place in the general swim. Accordingly, a central board has been established in Chicago, presided over by Mrs. Trent, and auxiliary organizations are being brought into existence throughout the country. A number of members of the senate and house of representatives, together with colored men and women both north and south who are a credit to their race and reflect lustre upon it, have written their personal endorsement of the movement, and have promised to perform any duties which may be assigned to them to further its interests.

A Trial to Correspondents.

A correspondent says that one of the trials of journalism in Washington is denying the request of statesmen, large and small, generally small, that their speeches be telegraphed in full. When a statesman makes a speech he imagines the world is hungry for a full report thereof, and he cannot imagine anything more stupid or neglectful of duty than the correspondent's decision that he cannot put the ten thousand word oration on the telegraph wires. The new congressman is particularly urgent; and persistent in this sort of request, and if he introduces a new bill, even though it be one of little public interest, and one that is sure to sleep the sleep of death in some committee room pigeon hole or on the calendar, he wants it telegraphed to his home paper in full, even to the "Be it enacted," etc., just the same.

The latest social sensation in Paris was the golden wedding of a cab driver who was once Ledru-Rollin's private coachman. The aged Jehu is now in the service of a private company with whom he has been for forty years.

Tried and True

Is the positive verdict of the people who take Hood's Sarsaparilla. When used according to directions the good effects of this excellent medicine are soon felt in nerve strength restored, tired feeling driven off, a good appetite created, headache and dyspepsia relieved, scrofula cured and all the bad effects of impure blood overcome. For a good blood purifier, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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 done will warrant the publishers in so doing. Call or address this office.

Hyacinths, both cut and potted, and roses can be found constantly on sale at the Home for the Friendless. Telephone number 728.