

OMAHA CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

Vol. 6 No. 11

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



The prevailing theory at present concerning the popular taste in theatrical entertainment is that people want to laugh. It is a pretty theory, in support of which many facts may be brought forward, but here comes Clara Morris and knocks it to flinders by proving that people want to cry. Clara Morris acts as a sort of a flood gate for the tears of a community, especially the woman part. She appeals more to woman than man, because women are more emotional and more sensitive than men. They dwell more on their sorrows, vexations and cares. They have harder hearts incidental to their sex, young and old. When their smothered feelings reach a certain point tears are a relief and an excuse for them a boon. They like the excitement of emotion. But there is another reason that Clara Morris draws men and women to her feast of mourning. With the heartbreaking scenes which she gives, they know that there will be a wonderful exhibition of artistic expression. Clara Morris has in a remarkable degree what is best described as artistic instinct, the keen insight which unfailingly guides her to the outward action, attitude, tone of voice and gesture which best expresses the inward emotion. And she adds to the recognition of the right thing the ability to do it. There is no actress who more vividly suggests to the imagination emotional or mental conditions. She can make an audience shudder with a sense of horror and impending evil by the tone of her voice, the passing expression of her face. When she assumes an attitude of intense listening one can hear the footfall for which she waits. There are tones in her voice and expressions of her face which suggest the tortured breaking of a heart or the crucifixion of a soul.

Upon the first performance of "Odette" by Clara Morris in San Francisco, Manager Edwin H. Price carefully collected the criticisms of all the papers and mailed them to M. Sardon. The verdict of the press was that she had Odette not simply a frivolous woman of the world, but one who possessed in the highest degree that maternal instinct which, when aroused, transforms entirely the woman of the world into the self-sacrificing, suffering and noble mother. Sardon, after having the critiques translated, acknowledged the receipt of them, and in a characteristic letter returned his thanks to Mme. Morris, and complimented her on being the first English-speaking actress who, without seeing his plays produced in Paris, was able to give to the American people a conception of them as he created them and a portrayal of the character as he conceived it and intended it to be acted.

Charlie Elliott, the boy theatrical manager as he may well be termed, continues to climb the ladder of fame and fortune. In the St. Joseph News the other day I read a most flattering account of the young man's good fortune. Elliott is undoubtedly the youngest theatrical manager in America, his age being less than 22 years. He started with Lester Crawford in Topeka when a mere boy and did chores about the house, afterward doing advertising work about town, later was his house treasurer and finally needing a good man to do the local management of his Leavenworth house sent him there where he remained two years. He was then given the management of Tootle's which he has had for the past two years, discharging such duties with credit to himself and the best of satisfaction both to Manager Crawford and the heirs of the Tootle estate, who own the house. So well did he conduct Tootle's that shortly after locating in St. Joseph he was also given charge of the Bijou theatre, another house controlled by Mr. Crawford in St. Joseph.

About the first of the present month Mr. Elliott celebrated his twenty-first anniversary birthday and on that occasion received a letter from Mr. Crawford complimenting him on his excellent work and the record made in past five years and bearing the news of his appointment as assistant manager of the entire Crawford circuit of theatres, which embraces a dozen or more of the finest western houses. Mr. Elliott will at once assume charge of next season's bookings for the circuit and in June will leave with Mr. Crawford for New York where he will be introduced to the theatrical managers as the man with whom in future they will transact all circuit business and it is expected that each season thereafter Elliott will go east to look after Mr. Crawford's interests.

When one stops to consider the age of Mr. Elliott the question would naturally arise, "Is he capable?" This has certainly been demonstrated in the past, or Mr. Crawford would never have placed so great a trust and confidence in him. Although young in years Elliott has the business head of a man of forty. He is a sharp and clever business man, yet unassuming; and more than that, his prosperity has not given him that important air and high, authoritative bearing so accustomed to the average young man in the theatrical profession of today. Speaking of his ability reminds me of a little incident that occurred in this city recently. Some of our people, and particularly those about the opera house, will remember Elliott's brief visit to Lincoln several months ago, when he followed up a certain theatrical combination that was rather "shaky" financially, and whom he had helped out of St. Joseph finally so as to be able to play Lincoln. The company arrived here. During the last act the youthful manager asked to be re-embursed, whereupon the showman claimed he had not taken in enough money to settle up. During the performance, however, Elliott was by no means idle, and hustled about town to get pointers. He soon got a "tip" to the effect that the aforesaid manager had during the day received money from the east. Nothing was said about this to anyone except an officer of the law, and when the scenery was all loaded and ready to

start to the depot, the officer was on hand with an attachment. This was entirely unexpected. No sooner was the discovery made by the showman than the money was forthcoming. Elliott was victorious and returned to the sainted city rejoicing.

You never heard of Sol Smith Russell as an actor who goes yachting or pranking around the Atlantic coast summer resorts, or strutting on the rials in New York during the summer season. The explanation is that Russell owns a pleasant home in Minneapolis (where he made good investments a few years ago), and in the summer time he lives there with his wife and two children, and goes fishing, and examines new plays, and reads for the next bout of action. Now and then he goes up into the interior with a fishing party for a week or so, but as a rule he lives quietly and enjoys himself as a scholar, modest gentleman should. He has his ideal. He loves his calling as devotedly as man ever did. It is his life. He has in his mind a certain great character which he hopes to act some day. But he will not tell what this character is further than to say that it is typically American. He says he doesn't dare talk about it. He is reserving it until he can get it written in a play just as he conceives it.

An incident occurred at Washington the other day that is interesting as illustrating the manner in which actors gather trifling touches of embellishment for their stage business. Wm. H. Crane, you know, has a play called "The Senator." He was playing in the city of Beautiful Distances, and, meeting Senator Plumb, asked him to make a speech the next afternoon. The senator promised to do so if a chance offered and Crane said he would be on hand. A fine opportunity occurred, and the senator from Kansas fairly made the American eagle scream for outlandish dignity. It was a roaring farce to the actor in the gallery, and he laughed himself sore. Plumb, following an old habit, emphasized every other sentence by reaching under his vest and with the thumb of his left hand straightening out an imaginary twist in his suspenders, and at the theatre that night the stage senator did the same thing. Probably other bits of business were copied by Crane also.

The perennial Maggie Mitchell played to crowded houses in Lincoln on Friday and Saturday of last week. She possesses the same vivacity that she did way back in the sixties and although on the verge of sixty she did not appear over sixteen. Like wise Maggie seems to improve with age, barring the single objection that her voice is not always as musical as it might have been in bygone days. There is a spontaneity and impulsiveness about her acting that gives it an air of naturalness and appeals to the feelings of the audience. She lives the part that she assumes and although it is restricted invariably to the humble peasant girl, she embodies the character with the sweetest and noblest virtues and appeals directly to the hearts of the spectators. In addition to her talents Maggie Mitchell possesses the sine qua non of all successful players or actors—magnetism, and she has learned long since how to use this power to the best advantage. Maggie Mitchell is a great actress in her sphere. There is probably not another actress living who could play the characters that she does with the same effect. Her interpretation of the parts she plays has not only caused the American people to admire but also to love her. When the paralyzing effects of old age begin to make themselves felt as they must within a few years an entire country will regret the loss of one of the greatest favorites that ever appeared before the footlights. Until then we will meanwhile enjoy the sunny presence of the little woman, and profit from the ennobling influence of her interpretations.

Corra Tanner, the beautiful young queen of emotion, appeared at the Funke opera house Tuesday evening in "The Refugee's Daughter." Every seat both in gallery and pit was occupied. Miss Tanner's rendition of the play was enthusiastically received. Nature has done a great deal for Miss Tanner in giving her a fine face, superb form and good voice. But she does not rely on these alone. Her acting shows careful study and her natural charms are enhanced by the exquisite taste displayed in the selection of her Parisian gowns. In fact her costumes are so beautiful that the auditor sometimes drops the thread of the plot to admire the lovely gowns. Miss Tanner appeared in "The Refugee's Daughter," and although the situations are at times unreal, still they give the actress a splendid opportunity to display her versatile powers. She carefully avoids the stage saw gestures so common, and is natural and graceful in her movements. She received a lovely basket of flowers at the end of the second act and acknowledged it in a charming manner peculiarly her own. Miss Tanner has a bright future before her. The male support was excellent, each participant being eminently fitted for his part. The female support was only passably fair.

Beach & Bowers' minstrels appeared before a gallery full of patrons on Wednesday evening, but the few persons sitting in the parquet and dress circle looked decidedly lonesome. Most of the performances and jokes were rather antiquated. Roselle, the female impersonator, made a decided hit, and the feats of Azzo, the contortionist, elicited considerable applause.

That queer character known as "The Private Secretary" amused an audience at the Funke Thursday. There does not at first seem to be any fun in the lank, effeminate fellow, but the ridiculous predicaments into which he is constantly getting keeps the audience in a continual roar.

Next Tuesday evening Pat Rooney will appear before a Lincoln audience in his great success "Pat's New Wardrobe." The following clipping from a New York paper gives an idea of how he is being received:
"Pat Rooney and his New York Star Com-

bination company appeared to a large and tickled audience last night. Rooney, that imitable Irish comedian, grows funnier as he grows older. He introduces a number of fresh and very amusing hints, and indulges in a great many rollicking Irish songs, in which he has no peer. The company is composed of excellent stock, and gave an entertainment last night so delighting the audience that when the curtain went down finally there were shouts of 'come again!'

HOYT'S "A TEXAN STEER."
Like all of Hoyt's productions, the last is always the best, and on next Thursday evening Lincoln will for the first time witness the performance of "A Texas Steer." The piece abounds in a wealth of pretty stage settings, together with the usual amount of catchy music so popular with all of Hoyt's productions; and what is still better, a cast has been secured to present the piece such as is seldom seen in the west. Each member has had months of drilling, and if anything, the piece will be seen to better advantage here next Thursday than it was even in New York. Each member of the company has become thoroughly familiar with his or her part, and we may, therefore, look for an evening of excellent comedy given by a clever company of excellent comedians.

THEATRICAL TALK.
Disney's new burlesque is called Louis XI. Ida Mülle will retire from the stage next season.
Harry Pepper is suing his wife, Carrie Tutein, for divorce.

Fanny Davenport has made a marked hit with "Cleopatra" in Boston.

Grace Hawthorne has begun a libel suit against the London Era.

Pretty little Minnie Dupree has retired from the Cora Tanner company.

Patti is dangerously ill at Bristol, Eng. All her engagements have been postponed.

Florence St. John has instituted divorce proceedings against her husband, M. Marius.

That horrid book, "Thou Shalt Not," is to be dramatized and taken on the road by W. A. Brady.

Sully's "Millionaire" has proven to be one of the most successful plays produced in the West this season.

In a letter to the New York Sun, Richard Mansfield threatens to leave the stage for the brush and palette.

Langtry has stopped all preparations for "Hero and Leander," and will do one of Ibsen's plays instead.

Jacob Litt, who has been traveling with his big success, "Yon Yonson," returns to the West next week.

"Haudsome Dan" Hart of "One of the Finest" company has been committed to the Philadelphia insane asylum.

It is currently reported that Louis James will retire from the list of stars next season, and take an engagement as a leading man.

Louise Beaudet has retired from "Babes in the Woods," and is going to be married again. James C. Duff will give the bride away.

Charlie Mitchell, the prize fighter, is to undertake a starring tour in the English provinces in a piece written by William Yardley.

A San Francisco paper says that Nadage Dorce has secured a divorce from her husband. What! She too! People in the East never believed that of her.

It is largely due to Marcus Mayer's indefatigable energy that Fanny Davenport has been able to reproduce her representation of "Cleopatra" in Boston. Mr. Mayer is an ideal manager.

Unlike most stars playing a repertoire of legitimate plays, Robert Downing has surrounded himself with a strong and well-balanced supporting company. The result is that the ensemble in the productions of "The Gladiator" and "The Saracens," is equal to that of any of our metropolitan stock companies.

The Denver Republican says, "Miss Mamie Cerbi, the jolly little soubrette, who is at present captivating all the men as well as the ladies with her performance of the favorite Page to Dan Graham's Don Bamboula in 'The Sea King,' is rapidly becoming one of the most charming actresses on the comic opera stage. She possesses the rare qualities of grace, modesty and originality, combined with a magnetism that is irresistible."

"Larry, the Lord," is the name of an operatic farce-comedy, that R. E. Graham and Will S. Rising propose to put on the road next season. Speaking of his plans, Mr. Graham says: "The piece really has no author. It is a sort of composite production, but with a very clever one. It is something more than the average farce-comedy, for it has an excellent plot. Mr. Rising and myself will be associated together. I consider him one of the cleverest men in his line on the stage. He is a good singer, a good actor and a very popular fellow. Most of the people are already engaged."

No greater triumph in medicine or chemistry has been recorded than Hall's Hair Renewer, to revivify and restore gray hair to the color of youth.

MR. JACOB MAHLER takes pleasure in announcing to his patrons and friends in Lincoln that he will reopen his classes in dancing for ladies, gentlemen and children on Wednesday, April twenty-eighth. His St. Louis address until April twenty-fifth is 3545 Olive street.

No such line of fine vehicles as is kept by E. R. Guthrie 1540 O street can be found elsewhere in the state. Everything stylish and novel in the carriage line is there to be found. Step in and look over the line—even if you don't want to buy. It will afford you a few pleasant moments look at the various hand-some turnouts.

The Whitebreast Coal and Lime company is again at the front supplying the finest grades of all kinds of coal.



Several weeks ago I had occasion to comment on the fact that Nebraska had no bicycle organization with a connection with the League of American Wheelmen. Attention was called to the fact that it needed only one hundred individual memberships in the L. A. W. to entitle Nebraska to a division in the national organization. The state has at last reached the hundred mark, and Omaha has carried off the honors by having A. H. Perri go selected as chief consul. He announces but two local consuls, Frank L. Ellick at Fremont and Samuel Patterson at Plattsmouth. Lincoln should be consoled by the selection of Frank Van Horn as vice consul. Lexington, which is said to have more wheelmen proportioned to its population than any town in the west, lends N. T. Fisk for secretary and treasurer. In a letter to L. A. W. members Chief Consul Perri says: "The league membership for this state has reached 100, making us a full-fledged division. This is a small number for the great and prosperous state of Nebraska. Now, if you will all lend a helping hand and every man of you bring in one or more members, we will have a division to be proud of. We must have 400 before another year and this cannot be accomplished unless all of us do our best and pull together. There are no local consuls in the state to speak of and I would like to have clubs and individual members send in their applications and preference as soon as possible, so they can be acted upon at once."

While on the subject of sports which enlist the enthusiastic interest and support of so many ladies and gentlemen, many of the latter will be interested in knowing that the National Lawn Tennis association the other day adopted a new definition of an amateur. It was put in the following form, which is somewhat different from that of other athletic organizations:

An amateur is one who has never violated any of the following conditions:

1. He has never entered a competition open to professionals nor played for a stake, public or admission money or entrance fee.
2. He has not competed with or against a professional for a prize.
3. He has not played, instructed, pursued or assisted in the pursuit of tennis or other athletic exercises as a means of livelihood or for gain or any emolument.
4. His membership in any tennis or athletic club of any kind was not brought about, or does not continue because of any mutual understanding, expressed or implied, whereby by his continuing a member of any such club would be of any pecuniary benefit to him or his club.
5. If connected with any sporting goods house, such connection was not brought about, or does not continue because of his proficiency in tennis or any other form of athletic exercise.
6. The executive committee shall be the tribunal to decide whether a player is a professional or an amateur.

While the form is different the essence and the purpose are the same. The aim is to draw the line between gentlemen who practice sports purely for recreation and men who follow them for the money there is in them. It is not only an unfair deal to let a professional wheelman, tennis player or oarsman go into competition with soft, partially trained amateurs, but whenever professionalism has been allowed to control a sport (with the possible exception of base ball) that sport has been tainted with corruption and fallen under the ban of suspicion. All amateur athletic associations adopt a rule defining an amateur in order to put up a bar between gentlemen and the class of fellows known as "sports." All these associations prohibit an amateur from receiving money, directly or indirectly, as a reward for winning contests or as a compensation for pursuing the sport. So jealous are they of their reputation that they prohibit an amateur from even engaging in a contest with a professional.

If an amateur violates one of these rules he is immediately classed as a professional, and he can never purge himself from that taint. He may have only got ten cents as his reward or compensation, but he is forever barred from reentering the ranks of amateurs. This may appear a trifling thing to some people who plug along through this world without any enthusiasms to shed light and happiness on their lives, but to thousands of high-spirited young fellows with a keen love for athletic sports it is an important matter not to have the stigma of professionalism on their names.

The rule in most all amateur organizations is substantially this: An amateur may compete against amateurs for prizes such as medals, banners, badges, cups and the like, but never for money. He may compete against a professional in a private match contest between the two if there be no prize or money at stake. He may not compete with a professional for a money or any other kind of a prize or enter a contest open to professionals, but he may hire a professional or a dozen of them to train him. Clubs are prohibited from engaging even experts as members by compensating them indirectly. In the old days of amateur base ball it was a common practice to get good players by giving them nominal clerkships in business houses with an understanding that they should play ball when needed.

A person who has made money by teaching or playing any athletic sport is barred from being classed as an amateur in most if not all of the amateur athletic associations. For example, a person who has received a cent's compensation for teaching in a gymnasium cannot be an amateur tennis player or an amateur oarsman, though he may never have picked up a racket or handled an oar. This

may seem unreasonable and unfair, but think it over a moment. A trainer or professional on any sport is likely to have hardened his muscles, made his joints supple and gotten his wind in condition. It is not fair to let him compete in other sports with amateurs pure and simple who may be able to give only a few old hours a week to their particular recreation. Rule 5 quartered above seems to have been adopted to meet an abuse peculiar to tennis.

Thus, it will be seen, all these organizations try to keep amateurs in a class by themselves and to guard against every possible taint of professionalism. In boating it is carried even farther. When an oarsman or sculler has won in any contest but a match race between two crews he is classed as a senior, and, being supposed to have the advantage of training and experience, is not allowed thereafter to compete against juniors, who have never won in open contests. Then there is the distinction between a sculler and an oarsman. The former uses two oars called sculls. The latter handles one big oar known as a sweep. There are single scull boats (shells) rowed by one man (a sculler) with two oars (sculls) and double scull boats pulled by two men with four oars. A pair-oared shell is rowed by two men (oarsmen), each of them pulling one oar (sweep). In the four, and eight-oared shells the number of oarsmen and sweeps is indicated by the numeral. A man may be a junior sculler and a senior oarsman and vice versa.

But even with all these restrictions amateur contests will be abused by men who put in so much time training at a particular sport as to leave little chance for amateurs. Only the other day I noticed an item in a daily paper that J. F. Corbett, the noted Chicago sculler, had been barred from one of the amateur rowing associations. Obviously he works at a trade, but for years he has spent a part of every summer in training and attending regattas, and he has represented two or three different boat clubs. It was not encouraging to aspiring young amateurs to see him carry off the medals about three-fourths of the time. While there was no proof positive that Corbett received compensation from the clubs for carrying their colors and giving them the glory of his victories to add to their records, indications pointed that way. The boating associations have met this abuse by empowering their executive committees to bar men whom they have good reason to suspect of violating the spirit of the amateur definition.

The semi-centennial of the Brook Farm Experiment has come around and we will be deluged with another flood of reminiscences, anecdotes and biographies. A small company of dreamers went out of Boston away, picked out the poorest farm they could find in the neighborhood and straightway proceeded to make a Utopia of it—or at least they made the attempt. They were a literary lot, who probably had talked and written about the dignity and nobility of labor, and they proposed to show the world that they were honest about it. They intended to work when they felt like it and lay off when they pleased. It was a gossamer-please arrangement, and if a member preferred to read novels or write poetry rather than hoe corn that was his privilege. It was a sort of a family affair, but every individual was pretty much his own boss. It was a curious affair. Charles A. Dana helped to mate pigs. Nathaniel Hawthorne milked a cow. George Ripley fed the pigs. George William Curtis washed the dishes. And so it went. Of course it didn't last long and it never had an atom of observable effect upon the world at large, but for fifty years now newspaper and magazine readers have been bored with articles on the Brook Farm. The transcendentalists who left the comfort of Boston for an instant impracticable life on a stony farm happened to be intellectual people who developed into famous writers and came to control a number of newspapers and magazines. Their vanity and egotism have kept the history of their abortive Utopia before the public for half a century, and their tardiness threaten to seize upon this anniversary year to give us a bigger dose than usual.

The mail has just brought a letter from Mr. Mahler announcing that he would be in Lincoln to open his classes on April twenty-eighth. On his last visit Mr. Mahler came alone, but this season will be accompanied by his estimable lady and charming little daughter Rosaline. Mr. Mahler is just bringing to a close the present season of dancing in St. Louis which he says has been the most successful and largest that he has ever had. It seems with each season that this gallant instructor of the light fantastic grows in popular favor, and in this respect Lincoln is no exception. His welcome here for the coming term will be a warm one.

A Business Enterprise Started Under Bright Prospects Brought to a Sudden End.

The announcement that the Bazar, 1023 O street, had been turned into the hands of a receiver has been undoubtedly a surprise to everybody. The store, through the activity of its members and the neatness of its general appearance, had acquired a good patronage for the short time of its existence. The good start had warranted the general belief of a bright future. To get to the bottom of the many rumors our reporter called on Mr. Bonwit, the resident partner, who expressed himself thus: "This store was started in October last on a (to me seemingly) sound basis, has always met promptly its liabilities, and is able to pay if all claims are made. We would be still in a flourishing condition if it had not been for the failure of Heyman & Deiches of Omaha whose unwarrantable actions as members of this firm have forced me to adopt the course I have taken." Mr. Bonwit made the following statement for publication: "On Saturday evening last I received a telegram from Omaha, informing me that Mr. Heyman had arrived from New York and wanted to see me. I had not seen him for four months, so went down on Sunday anxious to meet him. After being sent for hours

in vain search of him from one place to another by friends and relatives of Mr. Heyman, I met an employee of the Omaha concern, of whom I learned that Mr. Heyman had not arrived in Omaha only the day before, but had been there the entire week. This naturally aroused my suspicion, and it seemed to me that the relatives of Mr. Heyman were very anxious to have me stay in Omaha over night. I rushed to the station in time for the last train. At the depot a trusted employee of Heyman & Deiches met me and wanted me to go with him somewhere uptown where Mr. Heyman, for whom I had been vainly searching all day, was expecting me. I saw that this was a scheme to make me miss the train. My answer to the fellow was not the most polite, and I doubt if he transmitted it verbally. Next morning four gentlemen walked into the Bazar, claiming possession under chattel mortgage to Amy Hoffman, a stepdaughter of Mr. Heyman. This mortgage being given without my knowledge and signature, I refused to give up the store, unless they would revoke the state of affairs they refused to do, and it was plain to me then that it was a scheme to defraud the creditors of E. Heyman & Co. out of their just claims. As the gentlemen above mentioned then tried to take forcible possession I had them ejected. I informed our creditors of the state of affairs and asked them to appoint their attorneys. In common agreement with them I made application for a receiver to wind up the business and dissolve partnership. Our store remains in the hands of the sheriff until a permanent receiver is appointed. I hope the doors can be re-opened on Monday or Tuesday next, when the closing out of our stock will begin."

Mr. Bonwit said he could not tell us yet what the final outcome would be. He stated that two large eastern firms had offered him financial assistance, but he had refused their offers as he wants to face the storm alone until things are more settled.

A Great Highway Favorite.

Within the past few years carriage building has been a wonder and the constant improvements brought to light amidst daily have been both interesting and wonderful. In this respect the Henney buggy comes out of Freeport, has constantly kept pace with these rapid strides of advancements, and the Henney buggy to-day stands before the world as one of the finest specimens of modern day skill and genius. Happening up on East O street yesterday a COURIER reporter observed Kaley, that ever genial carriage dealer of the Sultan Cart and Carriage Co., entertaining a number of gentlemen in front of his repository. He was cracking jokes and occasionally an audible smile would break out over the congregation. On seeing the reporter pass, Kaley yelled out, "Hey, there, old man, come here, I got an item for you." Approaching the then solemn assembly, Kaley smiled and said: "Didn't know 'I am now Lincoln agent for the Henney Buggy, did you?' Admitting that he didn't, Mr. Kaley remarked, "well I am and I want you to tell all THE COURIER readers about it. I will have one of the greatest carriage displays here that you have ever seen—every thing new—not an old idea in the lot. Come in and see me about the first of the month and I'll show you something to open your eyes." Kaley is a great pusher and if ever the Henney buggies fail to get to the front it will be no fault of the company's enterprising agent.

A New Dancing School.

Prof. W. E. Chambers, a teacher of dancing of more than ordinary repute will on next Friday evening open a class in dancing at the Masonic temple. Classes for ladies and gentlemen will be conducted in the evenings and for children in the afternoon. Children's class will be formed Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. The school will be particularly select and all the new society dances will be taught. Mr. Chambers is a thorough gentleman in every sense of the word, well versed in his profession and as an instructor has met with flattering success everywhere. He comes highly recommended by the people of Omaha, Council Bluffs and other points where he has given lessons. Speaking of his success in Council Bluffs the Critic says: "Prof. Chambers deserves the hearty commendation of the people of this city for his untiring efforts and success in promoting social circles to the highest point of praise in the ball room. He has elevated his dancing class, a large number of whom were present last evening, until now they can trip the light fantastic equal to the best dancers in the large eastern cities. All his dances are the latest in the social world and are derived directly from the east. Some of the latest dances in the west was introduced through him and among them are the following: Minebaha, New Gavotte, Bon-Ton, Duchess, Detroit and Highland Schottische. He is an able instructor, without a peer in the west, and has organized and successfully conducted one of the best and largest dancing schools ever known in the city."

The Sale Opens Today.

The much advertised bankrupt sale of four stocks of dry goods opens today at Lickbider's old stand, 1528 O street. All week a large force of busy salesmen have been hard at work arranging the immense consolidated stock and to-day it will be offered at such prices as will surely move the goods. There will be a grand rush and you had better go early.

Elegant line of new gingham, in Scotch and American, just opened at Herpolsheimer & Co.

Wedding invitations, either printed or engraved in the finest style of the art at THE COURIER office. Correct forms and best quality of stock guaranteed. Samples cheerfully shown.

J. B. Barnaby, the tailor, may be found at rooms 12 and 13, Newman block, 1025 O st.

The Rambler bicycle is coming more in popular favor daily as the machine comes into general use. It is undoubtedly the best adapted for speed, comfort and safety, of any of the machines. Call and see it at E. R. Guthrie's, 1540 O street.