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PRICE FIVE CENTS



WHAT EASTER BRINGS.



Another scare has gone glimmering, dispelled by the cold logic of sober fact. A few years ago many good people with the supremacy of the white race very much at heart, were alarmed by the story that the negroes of the United States were increasing much faster than the whites, and threatened to overrun the continent in time and control the government by the pure force of numbers. The census of 1880 was quoted to support the theory, and it did lend some color to the alarm. The census of last year, however, shows that the whites increased in number more rapidly in the western states than the colored people, and that part will settle another scare. It is now asserted that the census of 1870, being so soon after the war, and while there was a rare fight in progress in the south, did not report the full number of colored people. Hence the enumeration of 1880, taken with more care, indicated an abnormal increase among the negroes. Brother Jonathan will be boss of the ranks yet awhile.

The papers in the other cities having western association base ball clubs have awakened to the fact that Lincoln has a team that will make the fastest of them "get a bustle on 'em," to use the expressive idiom of the day, early in the winter, because Lincoln was not as large as some other towns in the association, the arrogant big papers predicted that Nebraska's Capital city would have no club, or if it did that it would be too weak to amount to anything. The change in their tone since they have seen the make-up of our club is something amusing, and none more so than that of the Omaha Bee. The sporting reports of that sheet in times past got the peculiar idea in his head that by depreciating Lincoln he magnified the glory of Omaha as a sporting town, and he has lost no opportunity to sneer at the Capital city. For two or three weeks past, every since Lincoln's full club was announced, he has been tumbling over himself warning Omaha that it had "no pudding" (to use his classic style) in our team. Last Sunday he advised Omaha cranks who might follow their club down here to buy round trip tickets before starting.

When it is remembered that Lincoln has won the majority of games in which the two cities were pitted against each other, all this "guff" (another classic Omahaism) is extremely funny. But the Bee man's change of front is not so much for the purpose of acknowledging Lincoln's strength or to warn Omaha's enthusiasts. From a review of the records of our players he measures the ability of our team, and he issues his warning to Omaha in order to be in a position to say, "I

told you so!" Your thoroughbred sporting editor knows everything about the business. To admit that he does not know how a contest is to turn out is to damn himself as an authority. To preserve his reputation for infallibility he must play double, just as the Bee man is doing.

Speaking of Indians—we were a week ago—did it ever occur to you to wonder what they did with their wounded and how they treated them? Many of them who were injured at the fight on Wounded Knee creek were taken by the whites to the Pine Ridge Agency and turned over to the army surgeons. A singular fact was brought out and that was this: The Indians would not permit the amputation of any of their limbs. Rather than have an arm or a leg taken off they would let blood poisoning set in and lie on their cots rotting away until death relieved them of their sufferings.

"Of what sex are angels?" asked a smart friend the other day. "Females, of course," was the reply. "They? You make the same mistake that everybody else does. If you will read the Bible carefully you will discover that none of the angels of which it speaks have feminine attributes. They have masculine names to begin with, and are described as though they were male beings. Another thing. This idea of representing angels with wings is another big mistake. The scriptures do not represent its angels as having wings, and that is purely a human invention. Angels are supposed to embody a light and sweet influence, and as no man could fill the bill, the early christians selected lovely women as the type of angelic perfection. Then again, angels were supposed to move about through space, and the only physical apparatus for that purpose known to man was a pair of wings such as birds use. A perfect wing is a beautiful thing in itself, and so it is very easy to see how man came to picture and to speak of angels as female beings having wings with which to fly through illimitable space.

In a way every citizen of the United States is as good a man as the president, and at least he can freely express his sentiments towards the national ruler without fear of being jailed or otherwise punished. Secretly at least, we cannot help admiring the courage of any Englishman who expresses contempt for any action of the royal family that deserves such a sentiment. It is rather startling, however, to notice that certain English papers are openly expressing the wish that Queen Victoria would retire and let his royal highness, the Prince of Wales boss the royal circus. The good queen is too old and too much a lover of her own ease to run a continuous ceremonial show, and the younger element in England want his dubs at the head of the government in order to have a brilliant court that will compare with the finehaired and gaudily expensive courts on

the continent. Unfortunately the Prince, who would manage things on a magnificent scale, is getting well on towards sixty years of age and his good mother may yet outlive the son, whose mode of life and private conduct will not stand the test of the American standard of morality and manhood.

Lincoln is a metropolitan city at last. There can be no doubt of it, for we now have two men parading the streets at night, a big tin bucket in one hand, a basket in the other, and wailing the echoes of the dark hours by shouting, "Wienerwurst! Hot wienerwurst!"

Do you know that it is a growing custom in the East to present relatives and friends with Easter gifts? A few years ago it was a dainty thing to send a beautiful card with some decoration symbolic of the day or a bunch of flowers. The mania for giving has grown among the well-to-do who wish to impress friends with their ability to buy things, and it is quite the proper caper to distribute expensive gifts. So much so is this the case in some circles, that in the larger cities dealers in trice-a-brac and articles of virtue make a special display of bits of fine and costly wear for the purpose, and many of them have no connection with the religious significance of the day whatever.

It is safe to say, however, for the benefit of Lincoln young men, that a pretty Easter card or a few cut flowers are in better taste if they wish to pay a compliment to some lady fayre, and one can hardly name a prettier way of expressing that nice sentiment among men which is something less than love and something more than formal friendliness. Nothing is more grateful to a high-bred woman than fragrant flowers, while on the other hand, the beautiful Easter cards now in vogue have the merit of being a lasting remembrance.

Speaking of society in the East, what a funny thing it is in its selection of fads; for example, when Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, appeared in Lincoln last season she created no sensation, and to our way of thinking, the loud stamping of her feet and other actions were rather coarse and not calculated to inspire admiration. The effect in Lincoln was not exceptional, because this alleged beauty of castilian race attracted no great notice throughout her tour. On her return to New York she began dancing in a concert hall of doubtful reputation. By some mysterious operation of chance she soon became an object of fashionable attention, and it was "the thing" in the high-toned, exclusive circles of Gotham to go and see Carmencita dance. Of course the plea was that the visitors were simply called to the low theatre by their admiration of art. The truth is that the belles of Murray Hill, suffering from the ennui of being good, wanted to do something naughty to relieve the mo-

notony. Under the pretense of paying homage to art they really went "slumming." These dainty ladies, who made up parties for the beer garden, sat among the abandoned women of the town and were wrapped in the fumes of tobacco and beer. What a queer freak for high bred, pure-minded women.

After the death of Gen. Sherman an entertainment for a monument fund was given at a high-toned theatre, and Carmencita participated. This created no enthusiasm, and is said to have scored a failure. Outside of the surroundings of the concert hall she was commonplace, and one of the curlious results of the affair is that she is in a fair way to be dropped as a fashionable fad. The belles have discovered a new freak in the person of Jennie Hill, a homely, coarse and very cockneyed example of the London music hall vocalist. See is forty-five years old, but she pictures the tough girls of London, doncher know, and the dainty woman of Gotham can get a glimpse of the nether world by visiting the concert hall in which she performs. What a shammer society is—some times!

A lady friend sends me the following in which much logic is to be found:

Mothers have a care that you do not urge your children into society before they are men and women and able to resist the alluring temptations of the social world. A mother is too often flattered by the attention paid her pretty young daughter by some society swell, and before she is through playing with her dolls, launched into the dizzy whirl, where, often a few months has no greater desire than to help toss and catch the reputation ball of any one who may be so unfortunate as to be within or without the narrow circle. The happy and innocent doll aspirants are transformed into the more injurious atmosphere of this social whirl. If there is any one time when the "rod of iron" should be used it is at the time when the daughter begins to think she knows more than those who have raised her, when her own desire is to stop school, draw up her corset laces, have her skirts made plain and tight and parade before her mirror until it grows too small for her and then become one of the brainless lights that are so often thrown into the arms of that tyrant, termed "society." "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is the rule rather than the exception, and as Gen'l Breckenridge says, "a longer switch and a shorter cutchick," applies equally as well to obstinate girls as to boys. This may seem hard to those who believe in gentle persuasion. The rule of persuasion may work with tractable children, but there are others for whom stronger medicine is required.

And then here comes another from the self-same writer. It is full of good sense and furnishes ample food for thought:

Selfishness. "A vice utterly at variance with the happiness of him who harbors it, and as such, condemned by self love."

Man's untidiness is acknowledged and his selfishness is proverbial. From time immemorial man has been in the habit of falling back upon the transgressions of Eve, which were it not so amusing would be almost pathetic; for had it not been for Adam's extreme selfishness he would have insisted upon Eve eating the whole of the luscious apple and found satisfactory enjoyment in just looking on, not so, curious that he wanted a part and we will let him alone for getting the larger half and then wanting the seed to be an age where wickedness is held up to one's reverence, and vice is extolled. Ah! does the young man of today think he can set up a standard of his own, and for the four cardinal virtues substitute intemperance, profligacy, egotism and selfishness. The pure moral atmosphere of a home has given place to clubs with all its contingent vices. He who plays with fortune must take the consequences. "Coming events cast their shadows before" and the shadows cause almost as much anxiety as the reality and when the crisis comes, as it surely will, the anxiety is thrown upon the shoulders of the so called weaker sex, who are then accused through man's selfishness of having been the cause of their imprudence. But why should the young man of today split on the ancestral rock? Is it a decree of fate? Is it disbelief in the Divinity that shapes our end?

Stand Your Ground.

When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's" and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine.

A Big Opening.

Yesterday was opening day at the Famous and how the ladies did crowd in to see the pretty effects shown in Spring millinery. Mr. Ackerman and his right bowler, Russell Brydon were both on hand assisted by a bevy of accomplished salesladies, and the large gathering was easily and most satisfactorily handled. The store is very prettily arranged and decorated for the opening which ends this evening and is proving one of the most successful millinery openings ever undertaken in Lincoln. Having a curiosity to peep at some of the pretty things, Mr. Ackerman showed our reporter through and for a moment the gay scribbler almost wished he were a female simply to enable him to wear some of the beautiful head wear shown in the display. Trimmings this season on the finer pattern hats are composed principally of jeweled gilt and silver laces while others show the new steel effects and make a beautiful appearance. The predominating colors for spring are silver drab, silver grey, yellow, carnation pink, the usual amount of ordinary colors following in popularity. It would be but a feeble effort at best for the

Courier to undertake a description of what the reporter saw, but in as much as the Famous will continue to appear in his holiday dress all of today and this evening, we would suggest that our fair readers call and be entertained. It will be time well and pleasantly spent.

Mrs. Gosper's new line of spring millinery has all arrived, and the stock is all complete in every department. The beautiful assortment of pattern hats, bonnets, toques, etc., surpass anything heretofore shown in Lincoln. Ladies are cordially invited to call and see them at any time. Remember the place. Mrs. Gosper's, 1114 O street. 3-28-91.

South Lincoln.

Mr. C. F. Woodbridge of Omaha, was the guest of P. Lancton Tuesday and Wednesday. Arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barr Parker, a young shoe merchant, on last Friday, March the 26th.

As news is scarce, I will say we have a big snow in South Lincoln, expect the mud next week. Side-walks would be very acceptable in this part of the 5th ward, at the present time. AUNT SAMANTHA.

Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B. She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Plymouth Rock Pants Co. has opened a branch house in Lincoln at 143 south Twelfth street and placed Mr. J. J. Murphy at the helm as manager. The company is one of the most extensive clothing manufacturers in the country and the location of one of their houses speaks well for Lincoln, as in none but the metropolitan cities do they open stores. Mr. Murphy has many friends in Lincoln and will make the company as good a manager as they could have selected, and being well versed in the clothing line makes a competent and genial gentleman with whom to transact business.

Save your nickels until the twenty-five cent store opens. It will be ready for business April first, at 1124 O street. (Sherwin's old shoe stand.) Nothing higher than twenty-five cents nor lower than a cent. Wait for the great twenty-five cent store opening.

12 pieces 40 in. spring dress flannel for Monday 15 cts. a yd worth. 35 cents. J. W. WINGER & Co.

Think of it—The Cosmopolitan Magazine, a giant among the great monthlies, and THE COURIER will both be sent to any address one year for three dollars. For further particulars read large advertisement on page eight.

5 pieces all silk "Faille", for Monday at 50 cents. J. W. WINGER & Co.