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At one time Millet's "Angelus" was the highest priced picture in existence, but the recent sale of "1814" for \$150,000 puts that canvas in the first rank for costliness. In its history we have another illustration of the fictitious value—watered stock, so to speak—injected into paintings, partly from sentiment, partly from the rivalry of rich men to prove an alleged appreciation of high art and largely from the desire of money-bags to gain notoriety by owning high priced, much-talked-about paintings. Meissonier's "1814" is twenty inches high and thirty inches wide. He got \$14,000 for it, and the last time it changed hands the buyer put up the handsome fortune of \$170,000 for the bit of canvas and paint.

The story of the origin of this famous picture is right interesting. About thirty years ago a rich Frenchman with a taste for art called on Meissonier and found him at work on one of his microscopic paintings. Asking what it was to be, he received the answer that it was a military subject and would be named "1814". It was to represent Napoleon and his great general staff riding back from the scene of their overwhelming defeat. The visitor remarked that it was a very big subject and a very small canvas, and asked why the painter didn't make a larger picture. Meissonier replied that, besides being in his style, he needed money and could finish a little picture much quicker than a big one. Thereupon the rich man, to help out the painter financially, ordered a portrait of himself and laid down the price, \$5,000, on the spot. Then he said he wanted the picture "1814" on condition that it was done on a larger canvas. When his portrait was completed, he was shown the outlines of a larger "1814" and asked if that would do. The rich man said it would and asked the price. Fourteen thousand dollars was the price named, and half of it was plunked down in advance. Of course the gushers pretend to see in a great picture nothing but genius and art, but a sensible, thinking man will see in this case that money and personal necessities had quite as much to do in the creation of this famous canvas.

Meissonier's "1814" was first exhibited in public at the Paris salon of 1864. An Englishman offered \$60,000 for it, but the owner refused it. Vanderbilt tempted him with \$80,000, but failed. Another Frenchman offered \$100,000 and got it. The next day he made fifty thousand by selling it to a countryman for \$150,000. Three other paintings have been sold for over \$100,000. "The Ascension" by Murillo brought \$130,000. "The Angelus" by Millet was bought back from America by patriotic Frenchmen for \$130,000. For Mackay's "Christ before Pilate" Postmaster General Wannamaker paid \$100,000.

What a bonanza for American charity fairs if they would only import a real live princess or two to graciously receive the donations of the thousands who would pay handsomely just for the opportunity to join the army of tuft hunters. Just imagine what a drawing card it would be if the managers of a fair "for a worthy purpose" could advertise something like this: "Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Nibs, has kindly consented to stand in the yellow Booth Thursday evening and accept contributions of \$5 and upwards (nothing less than a five, and no 10 U's go). Each contributor will receive one smile, more or less sweet, from her Royal Nibs, and the management feel confident that they can assure a large company of spectators every time a donor comes to the scratch."

This sort of thing is one of the advantages they have in old England, and the members of the royal family no doubt do considerable good by lending themselves to such schemes to bleed the vanity of the common herd. The thing is so bald as to shock our American idea of dignity and self respect, and here is the way they openly advertise for tuft hunters in the London papers.

"The Bazaar for the Hospital—Her Royal Highness the Princess Henry of Battenberg has graciously signified her intention of personally receiving from ladies and children purses of £3.3 (three guineas) and upwards for this worthy charity at the hospital on Thursday, the 6th inst., between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon."

But our cousins across the water have many ways of doing things that appear odd to us. If a company of rich aristocrats determined to present the president's wife with a silver tea set, or some such mark of esteem, we should consider it the height of delicacy to publicly advertise for contributions to the fund. But here comes an English publication with a committee of "ladies" and "countesses" who advertise that they intend to make Princess Mary Adelaide a silver wedding present. The advertisement invites contributions from all classes, and concludes: "names and addresses (but not the amount of the contributions) will be entered in an album to be presented with the offering to Princess Mary." That ought to fetch the tuft hunters sure. A queer go 'n't it!

What varying ideas of "honor" different men have. An old newspaper man tells one of the queerest yet reported. Among his acquaintances was one of those Bohemians who constantly borrow small sums without any effort or intention to repay them. The teller of this story had been "tapped" frequently for small sums, and was dumb-founded one day when the deadbeat asked him for \$5 all in one lump. The fellow pleaded so hard he made such earnest promises of pay that he finally got the money. Ten days later he surprised the lender by returning the five and the latter expressed his astonishment.



Mrs. HIGHTONE—"What an awful bore the monthly magazines are nowadays. With their long-winded and antiquated war stories, tiresome biographies, and vainly written autobiographies, their never ending discussions on the McKinley bill and such horrid stuff, they are positively depressing."

Mrs. GOODTASTE—"That's true, my dear, of the majority of the magazines, but there are one or two exceptions, the most brilliant of which, is the always clever and beautiful *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. I wouldn't miss a single number of it for a dozen invitations to the Astor ball, and that is putting it very strong, as you know, my dear."

Mrs. HIGHTONE—"Of course, I quite agree with you as to the charm of the *Cosmopolitan*; indeed I never put that fascinating periodical in the same category with the other magazines, any more than I would wear a breakfast gown to a four o'clock tea. Shall we go into the drawing room, my dear?"

It might have been added that the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and THE COURIER will be sent to any address, one year for \$3.00, payable in advance.

The deadbeat explained that an old sweetheart of his had come to town, and meeting him on the street, invited him to escort her to church on Easter Sunday. The fellow was a graduate of West Point and had been brought up as a gentleman in the east. He said: "I would no more think of taking a lady to church on Easter, without presenting her with flowers than I would think of paying for a meal if I could get around it." Then he told how he spent that \$5 in preparations for beating his old sweetheart to church. Here are the items: collar, 15 cents; shave, 10; shine, 5; cigarettes, 10; breakfast and car fare, 25; flowers, \$4.25; balance, 10 cents. When asked what prompted him to pay back the loan, the fallen gentleman drew himself up proudly and said: "Flowers and a woman will bring out the honor in a man if he has any. I would as soon beat you out of the price of a beer as to look at you, but sir, I am too much of a gentleman of honor to beat you out of the money expended to entertain a sweetheart with flowers."

Have you ever observed women at a bank or postoffice window where a number of persons are waiting to be served by the teller on the other side of the opening? There is an unwritten law among men of first-consequence in such cases, and they unconsciously drop into line to await their turn. But you never see a woman doing it. There may be a dozen persons who have been at the window long before a woman, but she coolly ignores their rights, and crowds in at the slightest opportunity to stick in an elbow. The effrontery with which the average woman commits this discourtesy, the supreme indifference to the delay caused eight or ten other persons, is one of those things calculated to make a man's hair turn gray. He cannot swear at her, and the pent up mad bleaches the coloring matter in the roots of his hair.

I think I have already remarked that women have their peculiarities. A fellow scribbler relates an incident, and the dear girls are invited to explain it to the boys as best they can. What is there about a brass button that does so strike the core of a woman's heart? "A man's man for a" of most anything, but he is a good deal of one if he can appear in some kind of a brass-buttoned military uniform. A striking illustration of the influence of buttons was furnished recently, by an unassuming American who has been spending the season at Bermuda. Last summer some pets of Queen Victoria belonging to the Grenadier Guards were naughty and had to be punished. So they were banished from the charmed circles of London and sent to pin-away at Bermuda. When the Lenten season came and society rested in sackcloth and ashes, a good many American sinners decided that Bermuda was a much better place to do penance than home. So they exiled themselves, and it came to pass that they further added to their

sacrifices by bestowing all of their smiles upon the brilliantly uniformed banished pets from England. A plain, every day American gentleman in civilian dress was of no account whatever; could not even be seen 'midst the flash of brass. One enterprising true American, not willing to succumb to the inevitable and be ignored by his capricious countrywomen, thought him of his rank in the state militia and of his uniforms, which happened to be among his effects. That evening he appeared in the dress suit of a colonel, and from that time was not seen without military trappings. His success was perfect. An Englishman and an American in uniform was charming, but an American in uniform, with his attentive respectful manner to ladies, was more. He could almost make them forget it was Lent, and they were all at Bermuda to rest and pray.

There was no humbug about the death of P. T. Bateman, and he set an example worthy of general imitation when he directed that his funeral be strictly private. Alleged friends tried to have the family ignore his injunction. What a queer-phase of human nature it is that wants to make a gay show of a funeral! And yet we see it about us every day. People take a petty pride in having a big funeral for a dead relative. If it insured the deceased's salvation there might be justification, but it only flatters the vanity of some one left among the living.

Here is a gem that appears in the autograph album of one of our Lincoln belles that lives on the south side, its of course understood that it means south of O street. Some of the young gentlemen that are callers at the lady's home will readily recognize who the owner of the book is, but here's the verse: "Ripest apples soon get rotten, Hottest love soon gets cold, Young men's vows are oft forgotten, Lookout, girly, you'll get sold." And here's another that is full of meaning: "Happy is the cat, Happy is the kitten, Happy is the girl, That gives a fellow the mitten." These are certainly two very eloquent and hearty expressions of friendship, but as they have been copyrighted I would suggest that my readers use a generous amount of precaution in making use of them.

A House Wanted.
About July first, an eight room residence with modern conveniences in central location, or will give lease on residence built to my order. Address, L. WESSER, JR., 1134 N. St.

Harness and leather goods of all descriptions made to order by Henry Harpham, 142 North Eleventh street.

Parisian millinery including all the latest novelties at Hames & Haskell's new millinery store, 1138 O street.

evening without any thought of suppressing such an exhibition, and passed the interim leaving at the few unfortunate ladies who went to the show to be entertained instead of being insulted by the performers on the stage and the performance of the two-legged brutes that sat in the auditorium. It was a noticeable fact that both evenings the majority of the audience was composed of debutantes who seemed to resent the nature of the play by an animal instinct, and were on hand. As long as Manager McReynolds allows such indecent exhibitions as that of Monday evening he will and ought to lose money. As long as he secures such plays as "Shemmlon" and a "Texas Steer" he will and ought to make money. One fact seems to be overlooked by many theatrical managers and that is that the majority of humanity respect virtue and purity.

It is announced in the eastern papers that Edwin Booth has informed his manager that he will not play next season, and has cancelled two weeks in Brooklyn. This means in the manager's opinion, that he will never appear again. It is quite certain that his late engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music was his farewell one. The health of the famous tragedian has, it is claimed, made this step imperative, but he bows to fate gracefully and cheerfully. Edwin Booth was born near Baltimore in 1833; is a son of Brutus Booth, and was trained for the dramatic profession. He excels in tragedy, and especially in Shakespeare's characters of Othello, Hamlet, Shylock, Richard III, and Iago. He has performed with great success in the United States, Europe, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands. He began in 1858 in New York city, the construction of a theatre, which was completed in 1870. Although he was compelled to dispose of it for financial reasons it still bears his name.

"Starlight" was the bill at the Funke Wednesday evening, with Verona Jarbeau as the star. The piece is a conglomeration of specialties and absurdities, illogically connected and while the witticisms are good and many of the songs new, still there is nothing very striking about the piece. The same may be said about the participants. Jarbeau, herself is almost a failure. She has very mediocre ability in singing and acting and possesses but little beauty and less magnetism. Her support was a wretched edition of herself and tiresome almost to excruciation. The German was good and the tenor sang divinely. If he had sang more and not attempted the silliness of which he delivered himself the audience would have been better pleased. Two or three women evidently of loose morals made a disgusting display of underwear.

BILL NYE AND A. P. BURBANK.
The two new princes of humor will appear at the Funke tonight. Bill Nye needs no introduction as he is avowedly the greatest humorist of the age. He is ably seconded in his entertainments by Mr. N. P. Burbank. The following comment clipped from the

DRAMA
[Special COURIER Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, April 4.—On East: Monday three new plays were brought out, "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" at the Twenty-third street theatre, "Thou Shalt Not" at the Union Square, and "Bethrothed" at the Grand Theatre. "Bethrothed" is Alphonse Daudet's "L'Obstacle," very badly done by some one who has so far kept under cover. It is effective in France, as everything from M. Daudet's pen is sure to be, but here it is an unmistakable failure. A grim audience submitted to three weary hours of dreary nonsense beautifully staged and splendidly acted, and then went home thinking about the motive of the play which is insanity. It is a harmless, pretty, lack-lustre sort of play, without the slightest strength. It doesn't offend, it doesn't excite, it just occurs nicely and properly—and fails. "Thou Shalt Not" is a horse of entirely different color, as the name implies. It is an adaptation of one of Albert Rose's best known novels by Max Freeman, and Freeman has done his part of the work well. The story of the play is the boasting of a young man about-town that he can betray any woman in a certain time. This motive is pursued through the play which may be viciously attractive to the hoodlums of Gotham, but excessively indelicate to the wickedly inclined. "Thou Shalt Not" was well acted, and may succeed in the same manner as "The Clemence Case." The great success of the week is "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," which with one voice is called the best comedy of the season. It is a bright wholesome play that keeps the audiences in roars of laughter from start to finish, and is sure of a very long run.

Pay Foster's English Gaiety company played to slim audiences on Monday and Tuesday evenings, but to much larger audiences than such a company deserved. What little there was creditable in the "show," for it cannot be called by any better term, was overwhelmed by the coarseness, vulgarity and suggestiveness that characterized the audacious speech of both the males and females who participated in it. Most of the women were repulsive in appearance but in more so in actions. The presentation of such a play is an insult to decency. The great substitution of every participant seemed to be to do or say something disgusting or indecent. Persons have been seen in the police court for less offenses than were committed on the stage last Monday night. A number of lecherous policemen, however, sat and enjoyed the disgusting performance of Monday

laughing and applause proved. Nye was as grave as an owl, even when he convulsed his hearers. His stage manner is very unorthodox—prying in itself. One never tires listening to him. The occasion was also made notable by the appearance of Mr. A. P. Burbank, of New York, whose numerous recitals have already won for him many friends. Mr. Burbank's selections, with one exception, were humorous, and such as were best calculated

Continued on Fourth Page.

BASEBALL

Shannon's Lamb came down Wednesday prepared for the sacrifice at the hands of the Lincoln farmers, but somehow or another got the impression in their heads that they were in it towards the close, and before we recovered from our astonishment had folded up the game and walked off with it. A terrible high wind prevailed during the game, and prevented anything like good ball playing, except in the matter of judging high flies, both sides performing prodigies in that department. The first act Lincoln wrapped her lily-white hands around the game. Eiteljorg and "Old Sy" Rutcliffe were in the points for the victors, while O'Day and Wilson held down the same job for the home team. O'Day has not recovered fully from his attack of the gripe and gave way in the sixth inning to Rosch, who held the other fellows down. Twichell relieved Eiteljorg also, and ran getting was practically stopped. There were a number of fine plays made, despite the bad weather. Raymond distinguishing himself by several pretty stops and throws, and Wilson catching a very fine game. Raymond, Burkett, Rowe and Tomney for Lincoln, and Twichell, Halligan and Eiteljorg did excellent work with the stick. This is how the runs were made: Lincoln 1 3 0 2 0 0 1 0 -7. Omaha 0 0 3 1 2 0 0 x-8.

There was another ball game at the big M street Thursday afternoon. A cold raw air was moving itself aright, and the six or seven hundred fans set and shivered and cheered, and then stood and shivered. But it was a good game, all the same. Billy Hart the old Lincoln favorite, occupied the box for the Cornhuskers for five innings, and but five hits were made off his delivery. Seibel was then substituted, but he was pie for the home team, and they alternated in taking large slices. Burkett did the twirling for the home team and but seven hits were made off him. The young man had addressed himself with his batting close also, and in the seventh inning he fell upon the ball with a noise like an independent primary, and when the smoke arose from the battlefield he was perched upon the homeplate, while several Cornhuskers were chasing themselves over the field. Cline gave the center fielder another chance to chase his face in the ninth inning. There were fifteen hits in all garnered by the Lincoln boys. Some excellent batting was done by several of the visitors, while Patton of the home team ran bases and caught flies like a man working by the piece. Following is the score: Lincoln 0 0 0 2 0 2 3 3 -10. Sioux City 0 1 1 0 0 0 3 0 -5. Yesterday the Sioux City nine evened up matters by beating the Lincoln players by just one tally. The score was five to four. It was a good game and very interesting.

The bicycle race at Bohanan's hall this week have been the most remarkable that have probably ever occurred in the country. There have been five competitors—Mockett and Clark of Lincoln, Fletcher and Wertz of Omaha and Mears of Fullerton. A better matched set of men never competed on the track. Mockett has been the favorite on account of his brilliant spurts and for three nights he was a lap ahead of his competitors. On Thursday Mears made a magnificent spurt and caught up with Mockett. Clark through two bad falls lost three laps, but managed to make good one of them.

Lovers of athletic sports have had enough to engage their entire attention this week. The baseball season has opened in earnest and one of the most exciting series of bicycle races ever known in the history of the wheel have been going on this week.

On Sunday the Lincoln team met the Omaha side on the diamond at the metropolis and came back with the sculls of the Omshangs dangling at their belts. The score was 11 to 10 in favor of Lincoln.

The lawn tennis season will open in a few days and already the garrets are being ransacked for the rackets and balls put away last fall for future reference.

Hereafter the sporting department will be made a regular feature of THE COURIER.

Archery promises to be a favorite pastime this season.

Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 30. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

Hallett, the jeweler, still keeps on selling diamonds, while competitors stand by and look on. Hallett's energy and push has made for him a name that is both popular and well known. He believes in selling goods at living prices, and giving 100 cents worth for a dollar. Just at this particular time he has some excellent bargains in diamonds and other precious stones, and it will pay you to take a look at them if you contemplate making a present soon.

Our special lines in Ladies Silk Vests will be offered at low prices on Monday. J. W. WINGG & CO.

Five thousand different articles from a cent to twenty five cents, nothing over a quarter at the Great Twenty-five cent store, 1124 O street.

Henry Harpham's saddlery and harness emporium has been moved to 142 North Eleventh street, opposite Capital hotel.

Monday will be your time to secure spring hosiery and underwear at special prices. J. W. WINGG & CO.



EDGAR NYE.

Rochester N. Y., Herald, is a sample of thousands of eulogiums published in the papers wherever these gentlemen have appeared: "To attempt to give any description of the various selections rendered by Mr. Nye would be futile. All that can be said is that they were like Nye himself, and that everyone of his hearers laughed until his sides ached, not less at the appearance of the speaker than at the selections. Perhaps the best of Mr. Nye's efforts was the reading of a story, with a moral, about a boy named George, and his reunion with his long-lost father. Mr. Nye's ambition was to have this story incorporated in some school-reader, and in his reading he mimicked most cleverly the sing-song and intonation of the average school-boy. The entertainment was a most delightful one. It is very enjoyable to read this gentleman's pen-pictures, but it is doubly enjoyable to hear them presented by their author. That he pleased the auditors greatly, the hearty



A. P. BURBANK.

laughter and applause proved. Nye was as grave as an owl, even when he convulsed his hearers. His stage manner is very unorthodox—prying in itself. One never tires listening to him. The occasion was also made notable by the appearance of Mr. A. P. Burbank, of New York, whose numerous recitals have already won for him many friends. Mr. Burbank's selections, with one exception, were humorous, and such as were best calculated