

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES

Vol. 6 No. 21

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



My esteemed friend Eugene Field has again been burlesquing the American play writer and the following is one of his late effusions in the Chicago News. Did I say burlesquing—no it is too near the cold truth for that. But here are his witty lines:

When I was young and callow (which was many years ago)
Within me the afflatus went surging and fro;
And so I wrote a tragedy that fairly reeked
With every act concluding with the dead piled
On the floor!

A mighty effort, by the gods! and after I had read
The manuscript to Daly, that dramatic censor said:
"The plot is most exciting, and I like the dialogue—
You should take the thing to Providence and try it on a dog!"

McCambridge organized a troupe, including many a name
Unknown at first, but to Riches and to Fame.
A pompous man whose name was Rae was Nestor of this troupe—
Amphibious, he was quite at home outside or in the soup!

The way McCambridge billed him—why, such dreams in red and green
Had ne'er before upon the boards of Yankee-
dom been seen;
And my proud name was heralded—oh, that I'd gone in
When we took that play to Providence to try it on a dog!

Shall I forget the awful day we struck that wretched town?
Yet in what melting irony the treacherous sun beamed down!
The sale of seats had not been large, but then McCambridge said
The factory people seldom bought their seats so far ahead;

And Rae indorsed McCambridge, so they partly set at rest
The natural misgivings that perturbed my youthful breast;
For I wondered and lamented that the town was not as good
When I took my play to Providence to try it on a dog!

They never came at all—ah! I knew it all the time
They never came to see and hear my tragedy sublime!
Oh, fateful moment when the curtain rose on act the first—
O moment fateful to the soul for wealth and fame at first!

But lucky factory girls and boys to stay away that night
When the author's fervid soul was touched by disappointment's blight—
When desolation settled down on me like some dense fog
For having tempted Providence and tried it on a dog!

Those actors did not know their parts—they mumbled to and fro,
Ejaculating platitudes that were quite mal apropos;
And when I sought to reprimand the graceless scamps, the lot
Turned fiercely on me and denounced my charming play as rot!

I might have stood their bitter taunts without a passing grunt
If I'd had a word of solace from the people out in front—
But that chilly corporal's guard sat round like bumps upon a log,
When I played that day at Providence with designs upon the dog!

We went with lots of baggage, but we didn't bring it back,
For who would be so hampered as he walks a railway track?
"O ruthless muck of tragedy! what prodigies of shame—
What marvels of injustice are committed in thy name!"

This grieved I in the spirit as I strode what stretch of ties
"Twixt Providence, Rhode Island, and my native Gotham lies;
But Rae, McCambridge and the rest kept up a steady jog—
'Twas not the first time they had plied their arts upon the dog."

So much for my first battle with the fickle goddess Fame,
And I hear that some folks nowadays are faring just the same;
Oh, hapless he that on the graceless Yankee dog relies—
The dog fares stout and hearty, and the play it is that dies!

So ye with tragedies to try, I beg of you beware—
Put not your trust in Providence, that most delusive snare!
Cast, if you will, your pearls of thought before the western hog,
But never go to Providence to try it on a dog!

During the week just at a close Rentfrow's Jolly Pathfinders occupied the boards at Funke's, presenting a repertoire of standard plays to uniformly good business. The company contains some clever people among them a number of good specialty people and altogether the engagement has been a big success, ending tonight with "Six Peas in a Pod." At the matinee "Cupid's Capers" will be given.

A ROYAL PASS.
Geo. C. Staley, the German dialect comedian in his successful comedy drama, "A Royal Pass," is the attraction at Funke's Monday evening. He has established a reputation in other cities that entitles him to due consideration here and is described as a handsome man of fine dramatic ability, his specialty being the line of comedy. He commands a sweet voice, and introduces some beautiful songs and lullabies during the play. A Royal Pass is highly interesting and amusing, is richly and picturesquely costumed and interpreted by a strong company. Speaking of the scene showing two locomotives racing on the stage, an eastern paper says: "In witnessing this greatest railroad scene of to-day, you become so wrapped up in its startling realistic nature that you forget for the moment that it is only a stage picture, with front and back panoramas moving, the engine drivers turning swiftly around, the hissing noise of escaping steam, whistles blow-

ing, bells ringing and the engineers seen at their posts, each set striving to outdo the other in the race."



PHANTASMA.
Under the Woman's Christian Association is to be given, May 24th, Wednesday, 1891, at Funke's Opera House. We have only to call to mind former entertainments given by this association, the noble purpose and the magnitude of the work, to insure a large audience. A score of earnest workers are making every effort to make this a pleasing and profitable entertainment in every respect. Come every one and aid in this good work.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN FRIDAY.
Few Americans have not in some manner either heard of or seen the great puglist. Equally as few of the American people have seen him in the role of a bright, dramatic star. For the past two years Boston's favorite man of muscle has been before the theatre loving public and made a decided hit in a play that was written especially for him. The Philadelphia Press of recent date says: "Duncan Harrison never wrote a prettier play than 'Honest Hearts and Willing Hands.' It is a pathetic Irish drama replete with episode of human interests and thrilling situations, enlivened with a happy vein of bright comedy, which makes it very palatable to all classes of theatre goers. Mr. Harrison assumes the leading role of John L. Sullivan, and has fairly won the title of 'Earnest Actor.' John L. Sullivan is a revelation. Although he has been only a short time on the stage, he has already acquired the ease of an old-timer, articulates clearly and distinctly. The company is strong and carefully selected, with a distinct view to fit the varied roles to which they are assigned. The scenery is realistic, and the entire ensemble is of much merit. The Casino Glee Club enlivens the great force scene with much melody." Seats go on sale Thursday morning at nine o'clock.

ORGAN RECITAL.
The ladies of St. Paul's Pipe Organ society have engaged Professor Sylvester of the Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis., to give the opening recital of their new pipe organ which will be a brilliant event at the church on Wednesday evening of next week.

Prof. Sylvester was formerly a resident student at Edinboro, Scotland, where he had charge of the cathedral organs and was considered an artist of unexceptional ability. The program for the notable event will be one of musical interest and you cannot afford to absent yourself.

SPICY STAGE SAUCE.
Mirrie Palmer sails for London May 15.
Etele Mackaye is writing a new play for Lewis Morrison.

Clara Morris is at her handsome home in Riverdale—on the Hudson.
Hoyt and Thomas have secured a lease of the Madison Square Theatre.

Kate Forsythe is on her way to this country. She may attempt another starring tour.
'Bretrothel' will play a short spring engagement on the road after it leaves the Garden Theatre.

Pearl Eyttinge will star next season in a play called "Vivian." Of course William Fleron will manage her.

A magnificent \$400,000 opera house was erected at the southeast corner of Twelfth and N streets yesterday afternoon.

Manager McKeon's of Funke's entertained the ball players Wednesday evening at the performance of "Fun by Express."

Keary's new opera house was dedicated last night, the state officials and other prominent personages assisting in the ceremony.

The reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood medicine, is maintained by daily cures.



Did you ever stop to think what stories messenger boys and men servants might tell if asked a woman the other day. Women who are accustomed to male servants, a butler for instance, come to regard them somewhat as they do furniture. In the cities it is no uncommon thing for them to permit such a servant to enter the room while at their toilet, if he has any duty there, and perhaps pay no attention to his presence. And then at women's luncheons what a frightful freedom of gossip! What racy stories are told and what a reckless use of names! And the quiet servant is supposed to have no ears. But suppose he had—and a mouth. U-m-m!

One of the Western Chautauqua assemblies has engaged Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage for the coming season, but instead of a lecture he will give a sermon. His lecturing last year was not altogether satisfactory, as Lincoln people will recall. The distinguished gentleman was amenable to the charge of being "chestnutty." His sermons, however, are a different matter. They are his forte and undoubtedly command his best thought. They are fresh and original, and they are full of the Talmagian personality. Most admirers of this eminent preacher have seen and heard him, so there is no novelty in that. THE COURIER offers them his sermons every week and it is a pleasure to state that many people look eagerly for the Talmage discourses in the COURIER every Saturday, regarding it as a valuable and wholesome feature.

What unexpected effects little things some times have! Now, there is the little dime savings bank which has become so common of late. The inventor conceived an attractive novelty that would appeal to man's avarice and love of change, and he hoped to make a fortune out of his trinket. But the thing is causing a deal of annoyance to the business people in some places. The "bank" is constructed to take in fifty dimes, and it cannot be opened until it is full. Suppose a thousand of them were in use in Lincoln. In due time they might have between 4000 and 5000 dimes packed away in their shining little cylinders, and the probability is that there would be such a dearth of ten cent pieces as to seriously inconvenience business people. Complaints of this kind come from several eastern cities, but the craze has not yet become general enough in Lincoln to have any appreciable effect. Or, if it has, the chief effect is an increase in profanity. If anything is calculated to temporarily knock the early Sunday school training out of a fellow it is to want a little money and have it locked up in one of those tantalizing banks—in sight but out of reach. The dime bank is a craze and like most fads will pass away. One experience in filling such a concern is enough to satisfy most people.

Speaking of new hotels, how often is the remark made: "The Lincoln ought to have been built on the site of the old Capital," or "What a pity the owners of the Capital don't tear it down and put up a fine big hotel." The wish to have the location of the Lincoln changed is all wrong. It was built by the owners of adjacent property to keep business from drifting out town. It is a magnificent building, and it is serving its purposes admirably right where it is. If it had been located farther east it would very likely have been the only building of its class erected for many years. As it is now there are plenty of people who think another big hotel located somewhere on O or F street from Eleventh to Fourteenth would catch the cream of the business. Some of these people are ready to put money into such an enterprise and it seems that it will only be a question of time until they enthrone enough others to bring forth their castle in Spain to a state of sober reality. But that is not what I started out to say. It is not beyond the line of possibility that there will be a new and magnificent hotel on the site of the Capital. The owners of the property, Harwood, Ames and Kelly (who bid it in at a big bargain, by the way), have engaged T. J. Hickey to run the hotel two years. They make a success of it during that experimental period, they purpose replacing it with a large and handsome modern structure. They will buy out the lively stable property on the Eleventh street alley and make the new house cover a quarter block. At least that is the talk at present and these gentlemen have plenty of cash within command to carry out any project of the sort.

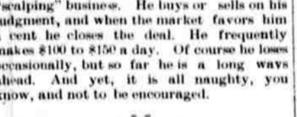
And, after all, since the adjournment of the legislature the Capital seems to have resumed its position as the meeting and lounging place of the politicians. One may drop in almost any evening and see ex-Attorney General Leese, Judge Mason, ex-Senator Hoover, Judge Reese, ex-Representative Olmstead of Hastings, ex-Oil Inspector Smith Caldwell, Willis Richardson of David City, Posh Ball, Walt Mason and a dozen stars in the local political firmament, and well known politicians from all parts of the state are almost daily visitors. Such seems to be the force of habit and the wonder is, how long will it hold.

Many good people, I imagine, are prone to think of all board of trade dealings in grain as a species of gambling and highly reprehensible. The sensational writer in order to present a picturesque account has dwelt upon the feverishness, the excitement, the avarice and all that sort of thing, and many simple minded people who do not know the truth have let their imaginations loose with somewhat disastrous results to the facts. Now Lincoln has a branch of the Chicago and St. Louis boards of trade—in fact there is quite a bunch of them on N street, just off Eleventh. The scarcity of grain has sent the prices skyward this season, and a number of fortunes have been made in Lincoln by trading in,

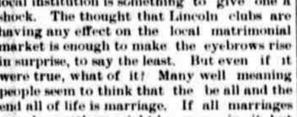
rain during the last two months. And yet, it is all done so quietly as to attract little attention. One may pass by the open door of these commission houses without hearing a sound but the tick-tick of a telegraph instrument, and yet there may be several thousand dollars at stake on the operator's interpretation of that ticking. A dozen men may be watching the board upon which the operator is chalking the sales actually made at Chicago and St. Louis, and they may engage in a passing conversation with each other, but the casual observer may not see a purchase or a sale made. Among the favorites of fortune is an ex-oil inspector, who is said to be \$10,000 to \$12,000 ahead of the game. Another politician, a well known young fellow who lives in Lincoln, has made about \$5,000 by "trading on the board." One of the suitors of a beautiful fortune does what he calls a "scalping" business. He buys or sells on his judgment, and when the market favors him a cent he closes the deal. He frequently makes \$100 to \$150 a day. Of course he loses occasionally, but so far he is a long ways ahead. And yet, it is all naughty, you know, and not to be encouraged.

The other day a well known citizen, discussing the project of a new building for the Union club, made the remark: "I do not approve of clubs—they encourage the development of bachelors." The idea is not new, but to hear it urged in Lincoln against a local institution is something to give one a shock. The thought that Lincoln clubs are having any effect on the local matrimonial market is enough to make the eyebrows rise in surprise, to say the least. But even if it were true, what of it? Many well meaning people seem to think that the be all and the end all of life is marriage. If all marriages were happy there might be sense in it, but look around you and try to measure the misery entailed by the yoke. Most of us can call to mind dozens of cases in which couples have been mismatched, and in which it would have been better for the husband to have remained a bachelor, better for the wife to have remained a maid, better for the children if they had never been born, better for the world if none of them had ever been. It is true, probably that the social clubs of the country lead men to delay marriage, but it is an open question if they and their families and the world in general are not better for the delay, because of their maturer judgment, their better sense. Because times and customs change it is not necessarily for the worse, the croakers to the contrary notwithstanding.

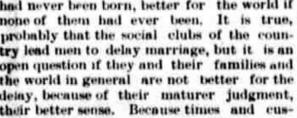
Fun in Four Acts.
Golly, won't there be fun when I gets this over his head!



BAH!



!!!



An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

Diamonds are all the rage again—in fact, they always have been notwithstanding the constant talk that this or that stone has replaced it in popular favor. Fact really diamonds are always in popular favor. Their present value better than all other precious stones, look better, more chaste and refined and wear better than all others. A diamond as a rule cannot be marred or scratched, but when cleaned is as pretty and equally as valuable as when purchased. Hallett has lots of them. Call and see him.



Saturday, after a hot fight, Lincoln was downed by a score of 3 to 1. Clime made the one run for Lincoln while Carley, Goodenough and Hamburg scored for the Apostles. Stafford was in the box for Lincoln, Hart for St. Paul. The game was won in the fifth inning.

Over 3,000 people witnessed St. Paul down Lincoln Sunday afternoon. It was a good job too. There was some bad luck on Lincoln's side of the game; but St. Paul really outplayed us. Burkett started in to pitch for the home club but gave out and was relieved by Darnbrough in the fourth inning. The Apostles reached the home plate six times; Lincoln got there twice.

After three straight defeats Lincoln pulled herself together and wrested a game from St. Paul Monday—the last of the series. The score was 15 to 11. Our boys manifested an unexpected ability to hit the ball, and there was some very pretty slugging. Stafford twirled the ball for Lincoln and although he was hit frequently, he pitched a fair game, striking seven men out. Osborne was in the box for St. Paul. He let eight men take their bases on balls. Tomney, who played second partially redeemed himself by making a couple of neat plays, and Jack Rowe and Irwin were "in it." Patton was injured during the game and was succeeded by Traffley.

The young ladies are not in favor of Sunday base ball. Many of them have conscientious scruples against the desecration of the Sabbath; but the objection to the Sunday game is inspired by another reason. Usually, in the upper tier of the 400 Sunday afternoon is the favorite time for calling, many of the young men being too busy engaged through the week to devote much time to matters of this sort. They enjoy dropping in on the ladies on the day of rest, and it is supposed that the ladies like to have them drop in. But last Sunday you could have counted the callers on the fingers of two hands. The rest of them were out on the rooster watching St. Paul walking over Dave Rowe's pets. The ladies say they are willing to let their charms compete with anything except base ball. There they draw the line.

Collins has a great reputation as an umpire, but he failed to sustain it in Thursday's game. In fact he out ranked Collins in the rankness of his decisions. Lincoln might not have won anyway, but a large share of the responsibility for our defeat rests on his shoulders. He made one close decision early in the game in favor of the corn huskers. Then in the ninth inning he declared a perfectly good ball sent by Traffley out in the left field a foul. This was pretty bad. Then Roach got to first all right, but was declared out in the face of Genning's fumble. This was rank. It was hardly surprising that Lincoln lost. Dave Rowe played a good game in center field in place of Patton, who was laid up with a lame ankle. Roach and Rogers were evidently not in good trim, though Roach succeeded in striking men out. He was pounded unmercifully when he knocked a beautiful two bagger out to left, off Dewald, everybody held their breath. The score stood 9 to 7.

GENERAL SPORTING NOTES.
Dave Rowe has released Pitcher food and he has been secured by St. Paul.

That must have been a great game at Denver Monday—Milwaukee 1; Denver 0.

New York won for the first time Monday, downing Brooklyn by a score of 6 to 5.

The Buffet, 128 north Eleventh, now bulletins the scores of the home games by innings.

After the games with Sioux City the Lincoln club will start on its first trip lasting three weeks.

If the weather is propitious some of the young people will picnic either at Cushman or the new park, early next week.

Umpire Collins is not a special favorite with Lincoln fans. But then he labored under a disadvantage coming after Kamsie, who made himself popular in his short stay.

There is a strong demand to have the game commence at 4 o'clock instead of 3:30 or 3:45, and it is believed that when this is made the starting time there will be an increased attendance.

The Lincoln and Sioux City series terminate with tomorrow's game. It does not look at this writing as if the Sunday game would be stopped.

Manager Rowe makes it a point to have all employes about the grounds pay proper courtesy and particular attention to ladies, a fact duly appreciated, which is demonstrated by the constant increase in attendance of ladies.

The members of the tennis club are endeavoring to interest more of the ladies in the game. Two years ago they were very enthusiastic supporters of tennis; but last season for some unaccountable reason their interest flagged a little.

It is doubtful if any man in the state gets as much enjoyment out of lawn tennis as S. L. Geisthardt of this city. He is the most indefatigable player Lincoln ever introduced. It's a very cold day when you can't see him wielding a racket at the club grounds.

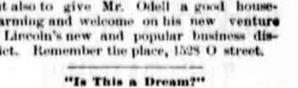
What is known as the "Sandy Griswold Style" of base ball has become very common hereabouts. Watch any of the Nebraska newspapers and you will see what we mean. Griswold has made a mark on the Bee as an original writer on sporting matters, and as might be expected, all of the lesser lights imitate him. The young man who reports the Lincoln games for the World-Herald has about the worst attack of the Griswold mania.

A Great Sunday Dinner.
All week S. J. Odell and his large corps of assistants have been hard at it moving into the new place in the Brown block, 128 O street and when a reporter called there yesterday he found things in a progressive condition. The store room is a large one, 142 feet deep and amply wide to set two rows of

tables, with convenience to guests equal to that had in the old location. The walls have been beautifully decorated and papered and all the fixtures present a new and neat appearance.

Tomorrow the first meal will be served and Mr. Odell promises all patrons one of the finest Sunday dinners that he has ever spread. Everything delicious and new on the market will be served and the town with its surroundings will be scoured for the season's most toothsome delicacies. It will be a fine meal, in a fine place and by the public's most popular dining-room caterer. It will therefore be duly in order for you to arrange to take dinner there tomorrow, not only to enjoy the excellent fare that will be offered but also to give Mr. Odell a good home-warming and welcome on his new venture in Lincoln's new and popular business district. Remember the place, 1528 O street.

"Is This a Dream?"
I.



II.



III.



Life.

A Product of Modern Culture.
She can tell where every nation started in at the creation.
And she much prefers cremation
When she dies.

She can name each bone and sinew,
And if you're too fat or thin you
Soon will have her daily din you
Remedies.

She can write the chemic symbols
Of all compounds; play the timbrel
Till right through your ears she wimblel
Yes, she can.

She just dotes on Athabasca,
Has a mission in Alaska,
Flannels sends to "Madagascar,"
With a fan.

She'll smile o'er a conic section
That in you would rouse dejection,
And her love ne'er knows defection
From her books.

But one day her husband fainted,
And her right cannot be painted,
For she'd never been acquainted
With such looks.

For a cure her fond heart bled;
But of one she'd never read,
So she stood him on his head,
Till he died.

Though the jury learned she cherished
Him next to her Hindoo "Verisid,"
"He of too much learning perished,"
They all cried.

—Pharmaceutical Era.

A Nice Distinction.
A guest at one of our leading hotels waited for his dinner as long as patience allowed and then rapped smartly for a waiter. The head waiter approached.

"Hasn't any gentleman taken your order, sah?" he asked blandly.
Being told that "no gentleman" had yet volunteered for that service, he said in a most stately manner:

"You must have been overlooked. I will see that it do not recur agin."—Detroit Free Press.

A Precedent.
Alumnus (during a baseball game)—What makes your lemonade so weak this afternoon, Jimmy?
Jimmy J.—Y-y-you know the g-g-good book says, "Wh-when y-y-you meet a st-stranger y-y-you must ta-ta-take him in."—Princeton Tiger.

Literary Item.
Jones—What are you doing now for a living?
Smith—I live by writing.
"For the press?"
"Oh, no; I write to the old man twice a month to send me some more money."—Texas Sittings.

By Fire and Water.
Mr. Jinkster—Ah, Miss Bosstone, I hear you have had a fire in your house?
Miss B.—Yes, quite a serious one.
Mr. J.—Was there much damage done?
Miss B.—Oh, yes; the building was destroyed from garret to cellar.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Knew Already.
Mr. Anglomaniac—Here's an article on the dissolution of parliament. Shall I read it to you?
Mrs. Non-Anglomaniac—No, you needn't. I always knew those lords were a disolute set.—Princeton Tiger.

Where the Trouble Was.
Mr. Snopps—Snipps, your chickens come over into my yard.
Mr. Snipps—Yes, and they do not come back.—Life.