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Foster, the weather prophet, is issuing a weekly letter giving a forecast of the weather, and he seems to have induced papers all over the country, respectable in number and standing, to publish it regularly. A few years ago his forecasts appeared in one paper, generally one with which he was connected, and leaked out to the rest of the country as best they could, very often in a garbled form. The newspaper wits made great sport of his predictions, but many plain folks who watched events with something like respectful consideration reported that the prophecies often came true. I have an idea that the testimony of these observing plain folk has made an impression on the unbelieving Philistines, and the newspapers are not as irreverent as they were. Many of them, apparently, have come to the conclusion that there may be something in it—there are so many wonderful discoveries in these modern days, you know—and they are hedging to save their reputations, for you know the press must be infallible.

The first time I met Foster he was at Des Moines reporting the Iowa legislature for the Burlington Hawkeye. He was a middle-aged man with a full beard and a sober face with a suggestion of sadness in its lines. In manner he was slow and methodical. The other correspondents were young, active and cheerful, and I imagine the contrast rather emphasized Foster's age and sedateness. At any rate, certain members of the legislature seemed to find pleasure in quizzing the weather prophet. In his desk were a number of charts covered with lines and figures, and circles representing planets. I am not sure that Foster ever ate dinner, for he seemed to utilize the noon hour, when the long reporters' desks were free and the big legislative hall was quiet to pull out his charts and plunge into interminable mathematical calculations. The lawmakers often found him so engrossed when they returned from their dinners, and wise in their own conceits, they boggled the philosopher for explanations of the meaning of his charts, or if they wished to appear particularly smart they asked him to forecast the weather for the following week. Sometimes Foster gave the desired information, but more often he evaded the question. He always had an air of patient endurance, as though he had long since discovered the futility of trying to educate the ignorance of the world.

The next time I met Foster was in Omaha, where he was employed as editorial writer on the Republican during the Wilcox regime. Our association at Des Moines had established a bond of acquaintance, and as I had an honest interest in the man and his theory, he talked more freely about himself than I had ever heard him before. Foster had been on the platform for many years lecturing on scientific subjects, and had then taken to newspaper work. His theory of the weather is based on the belief that all planets are surcharged with electricity. He believes that electrical energy is the only force in the universe, though it appears to us in modifrons. Hence when two planets, in their flight around the sun, come nearer each other by several million miles the result is an electrical disturbance. When the earth happens to be one of these planets the electrical disturbance results in a storm. Foster's plan, therefore, is to compute the movements of the sun, the planets and the moon. By ascertaining when these will approach the earth he fixes the date of his electrical disturbances or storm period. The severity of the storms vary according to the size or the number of the planets whose electrical force is acting on that of the earth. Knowing what we do about electricity, Foster's theory is not such a very unreasonable one, and if we once accept the proposition that the planets are overflowing with electricity, the theory is exceedingly plausible.

Quizzed Foster about various propositions that he advanced, but he had a ready answer for every objection. It was evident he had given the matter long and careful study, and he was loaded for just such attacks. The walls of his editorial den were hung with charts, and in a corner stood a rule contrivance to represent the solar system. At the top of a standard was a ball representing the sun. At varying distances from the sun were tin circles to represent the orbits of the planets. The latter were represented by smaller balls, each having a peg that went through convenient holes in the tin orbits. By this simple contrivance the philosopher could change the positions of the planets from time to time and have an adjustable model of our solar system.

Why does every pair of lovers in society deem it necessary to deny their engagement after it has actually been entered upon? The butterflies seem to think it a pretty comedy and they all play star parts in the little performance. Of course the devotion of two young people prominent in society will attract attention and cause comment long before an engagement ensues. But after the sentimental contract is made why fib about it and protest vehemently and repeatedly that "taint so"? One can imagine proud souls as resenting the unwarranted inquisitiveness of friends and gossip, but even that hardly justifies lying. Some one might set the fashion of treating the curious rabble with a lofty disdain that would disconcert them and cast doubt in their inferences. It would at least be a change from the present style of falsehood.

Any one who has visited the site of the world's fair must be impressed with the colossal courage of those Chicago people. The outside world understands that the fair is located in Jackson park, but to the visitor it looks as though they had chosen a most un-

promising snailbank just outside the park for the main buildings. Everything is done over. From the park proper one looks out over a sandy waste stretching back from the lake for several hundred feet without a tree or a blade of grass. At one place a steam shovel or dredge is scooping out a big ditch from the lake, and elsewhere the sand is reared in hot, unsightly hummocks. It looks like an impossible feat to make this beach a slightly and presentable place for the fair, but the Chicago people have sworn to do it, and do it they will beyond doubt. The job is a colossal one, and their courage partakes of its magnitude. The frame work of several of the main buildings is already up, and some of them are set back from the lake shore among the trees. The state buildings have been located in what is properly Jackson park, and many of its fine trees will have to be sacrificed. Nebraska has secured a conspicuous site on the left of one of the main entrances, where its building will be seen by all who pass in that way.

Rev. Mr. Burchard of "Rum, Romanism and rebellion" memory is dead. You may know nothing of that gentleman, but he elected Grover Cleveland president of these United States. The election of 1884 hinged upon the result in New York state. Blaine's friendliness for Ireland had won several thousand Irishmen to his cause, and he was in a fair way to carry the empire state. Of course a great majority of the Irish voters were Catholics. Just before the election six hundred clergymen called on Blaine in New York and Mr. Burchard, being the oldest among them was chosen as their spokesman. He made an address to the republican leader, expressing their devotion to his candidacy, and in the course of it the old minister stigmatized the democracy as the representative of "rum, Romanism and rebellion." The effect was like an electric shock. The democratic papers and speakers took it up and pretended that the alliterative remark represented Mr. Blaine's sentiments. Of course the Catholics were indignant at having their religion classed with secession and whisky, and they deserted the republican leader. Cleveland carried New York by only 1047 votes. In all human probability Blaine would have carried it and been president but for the R. R. remark. The incident shows how important may be the results flowing from a trifling bit of fanaticism.

How fast a horse may a clergyman own? A Methodist conference over in Iowa has disciplined a good brother for the offense of owning a speedy roaster. Now horses are fast only by comparison. Every equine beast is faster than some and slower than others. Now the query arises, How speedy a nag may a minister own without fracturing the clerical properties? Clearly the Iowa conference did not do a finished job. It should have fixed a gait—say about 2:30 for the mile—and thus in effect have said to its members: Thus fast may ye go, but no faster.

There are more ways than one of looking at a thing. When the average person sees a young woman putting in ten hours at a typewriter, he is likely to deplore the long hours and the stopping of the shoulders, and the young girls themselves? One of them, when these things were mentioned the other day, said: "I don't mind that so much as I do the fact that it will in time spoil my hands." I think there is nothing prettier than taper fingers—do you? The constant striking on the keys of a typewriter with the ends of the fingers blunts and spreads them, and in time makes them look as square as the fingers of a girl employed in hard manual labor. You can see the effect in my own hands. I mostly use the first and second fingers in striking the keys. See the difference between them and the third and fourth fingers. There is no way I know of to prevent this effect on the fingers except—oh, no, not yet! but he isn't bad looking, and he is a pleasant man to work for."

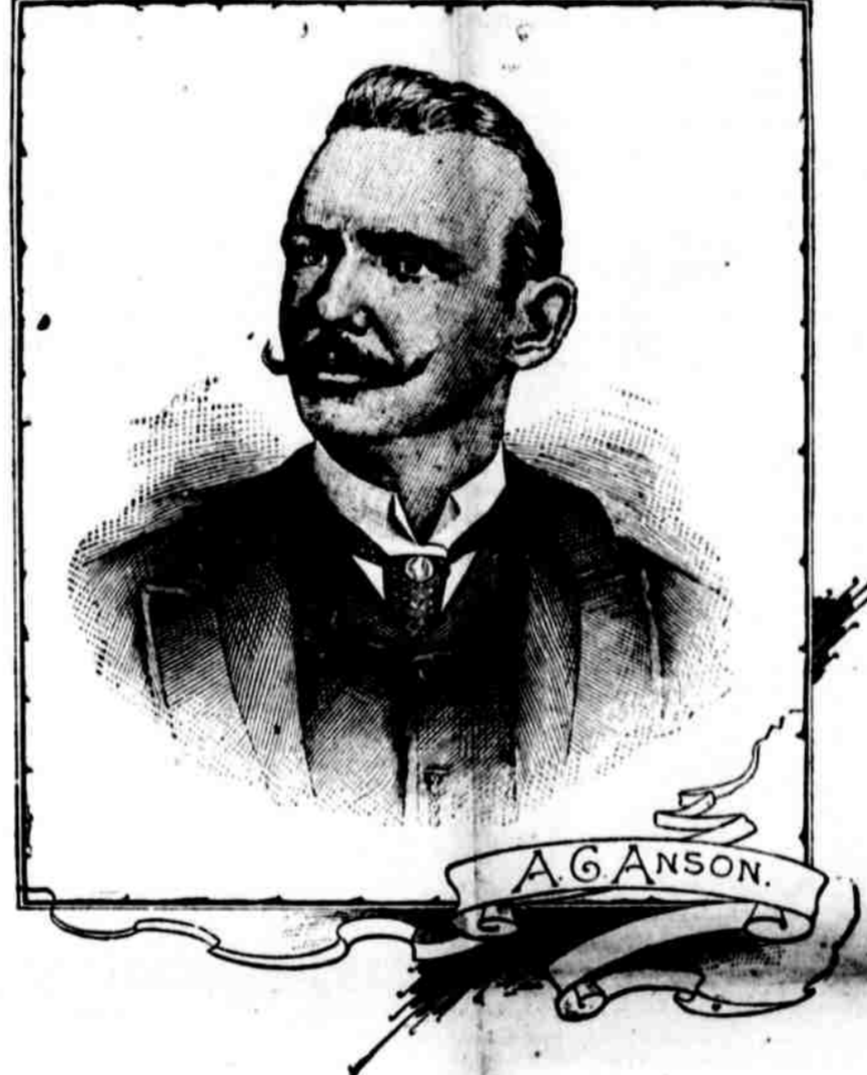
Women are getting more consideration every day in this glorious country of ours. In New York a number of the leading banks are making special efforts for the deposits of women, and the result has been very gratifying. In two or three cases banks have fitted up building in such manner that female patrons need not come in contact with male depositors. They have their own entrances and windows, also toilet and waiting rooms. The wits have often made merry at the expense of these women, and have written up some real as well as many imaginary stories of the way women "make a mess of it" in the banking business. It has been charged, for example, that women are so busy about drawing out funds that the often forget to deposit money for future withdrawal. There is the venerable joke of the woman who said to her husband: "Why, my money is all gone, and my check book is not half used up." There is the other gray-haired veteran about aristocratic women who order the bank to send money to their houses as though it were so much sugar or silk. It has been charged that women are apt to overdraw their accounts on the strength of their husbands' known responsibility, thinking that susceptible bank officials will not refuse their checks. They have been accused of pestering tellers with checks for trifling sums. It has been said that they are always surprised when their deposits are exhausted and that they invariably distrust the banks figures. The fact remains, however, that the banks which get the most of these deposits show no desire to get rid of them, but are after more.

While it may not be equally as cheap, the engraved invitation or calling card is rapidly taking the place of the cheap looking and time worn printed goods. There is something rich and artistic looking about them. They have the appearance of chaste and refined taste and in themselves speak volumes for the party using them. Nothing finer can be had. And as to the price—well, there's not a great difference between the printed and engraved. The art of copper plate engraving has gotten into so many hands in

the last few years that competition has greatly reduced the price, so that the general public has accepted the best at a little more expense in preference to the cheaper work turn out on a printing press. All engraved work is stamped by hand, engraved by hand and likewise is hand finished, while the printed stationary generally comes from a steam power press. The COURIER office, as has been the case for seven years, is headquarters for all classes of society work, either printed or engraved and its samples of work done in the past show just the workmanship that we furnish on all orders. In printed cards we have the choicest styles from one dollar per hundred upward, while in the finest engraved work we furnish one hundred cards and a specially engraved plate for \$2.50, which is just fifty cents cheaper than is charged by Chicago houses that furnish the same grade of engraving and cards. The stock used in all our engraved work is strictly first class and the very best quality



(Special COURIER Correspondence.)
New York, Sept. 30.—"Nero," an Italian drama in five acts, by Cosca and Geozetti and worded into English for Richard Mansfield by T. Russell Sullivan, was produced at the Garden Theatre on Monday before a large audience. The play is consistent, dignified and on the whole well written. Mr. Mansfield's Nero is the jaded, vicious, callous, cowardly Caesar handed down by history to ignominy—a Caesar whose bestial instincts have been sated with lustful caprice whose loves are sensual and tigerish, his only redeem-



that money can buy. As to prices of our finest engraved invitations, they range from about ten dollars a hundred upward, depending altogether on the number of lines needed. The fair sex of other cities are gradually accepting the engraved work in preference to that formerly used. Seven years ago comparatively few of our ladies used an engraved calling card—today over one-half of their calls are made with them. After the first order is given, the plate is the property of the customer and may be left with us for safe keeping, after which each 100 cards cost only \$1.50. This price, after the plate is once engraved, is fully as cheap as a good printed card. We are always glad to show our samples and fully explain the work. Ladies are invited to call.

A. C. Anson, captain and manager of the Chicago club, whose picture appears on this page, is now the biggest man in the base ball business. With a team of Colts, he will probably beat the veteran clubs of the National League in their race for the pennant of 1891. Anson was born in Marshalltown, Ia., and has been a prominent figure on the ball field for many years. His base ball career began with amateur nines of his native city, in 1869. He remained an amateur until the end of the season of 1870. His first professional engagement was with the Forest City of Rockford, Ill., in 1871. Almost from the start Anson was a brilliant success as an all round player. He gained such a reputation while his experiential team to that extent, but to make it a weekly practice is taking advantage of good nature. THE COURIER has two reporters out all week gathering social news for which it pays them well. Why then should the Journal not do likewise if they want to cover the same field? Certainly they can afford it as well as THE COURIER.

ing quality being the love of art. Bill Nye's first attempt at comedy, "The Cad," was seen for the first time in New York also on Monday, at the Union Square Theatre. Thomas Q. Sealrook appeared in the title role, a personage supposed to represent Nye himself. He has more lines than Hamlet and is made up as a bald-headed, red-nosed, thin-voiced and spectacled individual who says funny things in a quaint manner. John J. McNally's newest farce comedy, "Boys and Girls," received its first Metropolitan representation on Monday at the Park Theatre. It is made up of such antics as boys and girls are commonly supposed to do and is sure to repeat the success achieved on the road. John Douglas' "Darlington's Widow" has also made its Metropolitan debut during the week at the Columbus Theatre. It has material for a good play. The fun of the piece consists of the attempts of Adonis Featherfield and Mrs. Darlington to hide from each other the fact that each one has a stepchild—a boy and a girl—who are older than themselves, and the attempts of Mr. Featherfield to marry his daughter Felicité to a Captain Compass. Sydney Rosenfeld's new play, "The Club Friend," in which Roland Reed is playing at the Star Theatre, is doing a very poor business and will probably not serve the talented comedian. For some years everybody has been looking toward Mr. Rosenfeld to write a great play, but he has missed fire once more and will have to try again. "The Soudan," at the Academy, is also doing badly and the play will not have as good a New York run as was allotted to it. Neither will "Niobe," at the Bijou, which shows unmistakable signs of weakening. "The Struggle of Life," at the Standard, and "The Dancing Girl," at the Lyceum, at first not well received, have both jumped into popular favor.

The authors of "The Charity Ball" and "Lord Chumley" brought to the construction of "Men and Women" consummate ability in dramatization. Perhaps no two men at present writing for the American stage possess a similar aptitude in literary composition and a like knowledge of dramatic prerequisites. DeMille and Belasco form a singularly fortunate combination, their long acquaintance with the practical of the theatrical profession added to their acknowledged creative ability and lightness of touch, giving them a decided advantage over most playwrights who write plays as they write books. Their work is invariably skillfully done and is withal distinguished by its artistic finish. "Men and Women" is a fit comparison of the earlier pieces. A simple story, not strikingly original, is told in a way that must charm the most callous and indifferent. There are no iridescent flights of genius, rather a steady stream of finest art. Realism is the end sought for and in the successful attainment of the desideratum there is no sacrifice of the subtlety which is sometimes supposed to accompany only the ideal. Humor in its purest strain is blended with real pathos harmonizing perfectly, and the story of real life is told as only artists can tell it. The basis of the narrative is the loss of valuable bonds from the vault of the Jefferson National bank and from this somewhat commonplace beginning is woven a natural and

reasonable story with the interest always centered in the bank, around which the shadow of bankruptcy seems impending. Defalcation and intrigue are involved with love and matchmaking and seriousness is mingled with fun. It is a play with wrong doing without a villain. Even the defaulter is raised from self imposed infamy to a moral hero. The tone throughout is elevating. "Men and Women" is a play the seeing of which leaves one with a more exalted idea of mankind with more consideration for man's infirmities. 'Tis too bad there are not more such. Charles Frohman, under whose direction it was produced, following the custom which has selected his company with care and intelligence. The ladies and gentlemen to whose care the piece is committed are in every way calculated to do it full justice, and THE COURIER but echoes the judgment of every person who was at the Funke Monday night, when it says that no more finished performance has ever been seen in the city. It ranks with "The Charity Ball," Young Sothorn and his support in "Lord Chumley" and Robson's "Henrietta" and it has some points superior to them all. There are no "stars" in the company; neither are there any sticks. All are capable actors. Miss Eleanor Tyndale familiar to Lincoln theatre goers through her painstaking work in "Shenandoah" and other productions and who possesses a double interest with many through her relationship to the Westernman family of this city was given a very cordial reception in the important role of "Mrs. Kate De-la-field." She devoted honors very evenly with "Agnes Rodman," portrayed by Miss Esther Lynn; who married her otherwise effective acting by indignant speaking. The latter's fainting scene in the third act was thoroughly original; so much so as to effect the risibilities of a portion of the audience. It could not be called unnatural, however. The minor female parts were uniformly well taken. Mr. Hardy Vernon as "Mr. Steelman" succeeded admirably in personating a cold blooded, hard hearted attorney with selfish motives under a friendly and pleasing exterior. In the third act his was a trying position; but he sustained himself well. The "Governor Rodman" of Mr. Theodore Hamilton, with his imperturbability and coolness, his gentleness and manly bearing was a telling bit of stage art. Mr. Oulton represented the president of the bank in a way that left little to be desired and Mr. Byron Douglas as the cashier made the most of a difficult part. "Zachary T. Kip," Mr. Thos. J. Wise, the jovial congressman from New Jersey gave us something new and fresh and was altogether enjoyable, his interview with the widow being particularly entertaining. "Sam De-la-field," just a bit suggestive of "Bertie the Lamb" was a prime factor in the play and the originator of much of the fun. The bank cashier and "Mr. Pendleton" were equal to their parts and not a single character was in incapable hands. The climax of excellence in "Men and Women" is in the third act, the midnight meeting of the bank directors. It is the culmination of stage realism and there are few more effective scenes in the whole realm of modern theatricals. It is a pleasure to be able to say that the play in every way deserved the attention it received in this city.

Every vacant seat at the Funke Wednesday evening represented somebody who wasn't "in it." The audience while not small "was not as large as it should have been." "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" is the story of the complications which ensued after the death of Mr. of Mr. Wilkinson, who like Jim Blodso had two wives, one in Edinburgh and one in London. The Edinburgh wife was inclined to flirt. After the demise of Wilkinson both widows remarried and Major P. Ferguson Mallory a gay lothario, creates a sensation by recounting to the husband of the London wife, the innocent one, the story of his little affair with the former Mrs. Wilkinson. Of course the husband imagines that his wife is the one implicated and from this follows a story of misunderstanding in which affairs become hopelessly tangled. Miss Essie Tiltell, "Mrs. Percival Perin" the innocent widow won applause for her superior work. The other widow, Nina Hayward did not do so well, but then so much was not expected. Frank Norcross, "Mr. Percival Perin" had a keen appreciation of the possibilities of his part and his creation was delightfully facile. Neil O'Brien made a jovial and taking "Mullory" with his smiling visage and easy laugh.

"A Trip to Chinatown" was given its second performance in Lincoln at the Funke Thursday evening. It is the same conglomerate of inconsistencies as of yore, with the same doubtful humor and brood suggestions.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock the Golden organization will give a grand ladies and childrens matinee. The piece selected is "The Little Duchess" a very clever comedy. To night the engagement closes with "Our Bachelors." The company engaged to interpret these plays are of the best available talent. Matinee prices are child ren 25 cents adults 50 cents.

MORRISON IN FAUST.
That powerful American actor, Mr. Lewis Morrison, will be seen at Funke's Tuesday evening in a version of that part of Goethe's immortal Faust which tells the story of Marguerite. The study of Faust is elaborate and carries the proper impression of austere gloom, and the jolly square is very clever. Bernard's jewel business is placed in Marguerite's room, but Mr. Morrison adopts the device of the opera and puts it in the garden, which is set almost precisely in the same way but very handsomely. The "square of the fountain," in Nuremberg, with the spires and roof of the city thrown into high relief against the sunset sky, is a very handsome scene. The fourth act is on the summit of the Brocken mountain, and is remarkably striking. Very few plays other than those which were avowedly spectacles and little or nothing more, ever having been produced in

this country, with equal scenic and mechanical elaborateness.

THE SHENANDOAH.
Few American people have won the success and admiration that has been accorded this great military drama, and although in its third season, its popularity remains un-



diminished. It is needless for THE COURIER to introduce the company to Lincoln theatre goers, but an extract from the New York Herald which appears below will prove ample recommendation for its merits this season: "Shenandoah" is a far better play than "Henrietta." The second and third acts show us a charming view of the Shenandoah Valley and the interest deepens until



it culminates in a distant battle scene and the temporary defeat of the Federals. The retreat of the Union forces is singularly effective. The Evening Telegram says "Shenandoah" will take from the picture gallery the verdict is the same. The Shenandoah Valley scene is admirably staged and Sheridan's ride down the ranks causes an explosion in the house." Shenandoah will be at the Funke's Wednesday evening.

FRANK DANIELS' "LITTLE PUCK."
Who is there that knows anything about the stage or that goes to the theatre that does not know of Frank Daniels? Lovers of pure comedy that have seen the greater number of successes remember Mr. Daniels in all his varied triumphs. Starting in ten years ago in Atkinson's Electrical Doll, then as "Sport" in a Rag Baby and perhaps a half dozen other successful characters. He has always been that jolly, good natured and clever entertainer. Daniels has a peculiar style of acting that actually belongs solely to him. His every move is quaint and unlike any one else, and his dialogue is pe-



culiarly his own. Others have tried to imitate him, but made a dismal failure of it—most notably Charles Reed in the Rag Baby, this play by the way having lost its brilliancy abandoned by Hoyt shortly after Daniels took the road as a star. Likewise the character of Johnny Bobb Twit in the "Electrical Doll" which character he made famous and died with his withdrawal from the company. THE COURIER has watched Mr. Daniels' course from the start, and his successes everywhere have placed him in the front rank with America's most celebrated comedy artists. He will be seen at Funke's Friday evening, supported by a clever cast in the greatest success of his career—"Little Puck," which was seen at Funke's last season and gave universal satisfaction.

TROPICAL THEATRICAL TALK.
Arthur B. Chase is building another New York theatre—on paper.

The Minnie-Hank Opera Company began its tour at the Chicago Grand Opera House Monday.

Gossip has it that Marie Jensen, just returned from Europe, is to marry R. C. Bass, of Bass ale fame.

Edward Harrigan has begun rehearsals on his new play, yet unnamed, which will be put on when "Reilly and the 400" begins to drop.

McKee Rankin has become a grandfather, his daughter Gladys, now Mrs. Sydney Drew, having presented her little lord with a bouncing baby boy.

(Continued on page 5.)