

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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This is a good time for young men to learn a lesson from a study of politics. There are two candidates for the exalted position of supreme judge of the state of Nebraska, and the newspapers—chiefly the Omaha papers however, be it said, are dragging their past records to light. Measured by the rules of religion and morality, damning stories are told about both of them. There is a lesson to be drawn from this, in fact two of them. The first is, never to consent to run for a high office. The other is, make your record clean, for your sins are liable to be found out.

Apropos the subject, an old politician said to me the other day: "Young man, never allow yourself to be tempted to make a business of politics. Look at me. I have held a number of offices with good salaries, and I day I haven't enough to keep one in idleness for a year. The canvass for the nomination and the campaign for election always consume considerable money. Then there are never ending assessments for party purposes and you are fair game for every subscription paper and begging scheme that goes. Worse than these, there generally are long intervals between feeding times, and these eat up any savings that a man may have made. Very few politicians, though, save any money, and it's a mystery to me how some of them live. When a man once gets a taste of public life it is liable to ruin him. It is like an insidious disease resulting from the indulgence of one's palate. Once in office a man always hankers after it again. The great trouble is that one is lured on by the fascination of the thing to spend the best years of his life in chasing this ignis fatuus, and when he finally acknowledges to himself that he is a back number he finds that he is unfitted for any other money making pursuit, and he has no capital even if he has. No, my boy, take the advice of one who has been through it and don't go into politics."

A gentleman who has just returned from Mexico tells of a wonderful rock which seems to have contracted the habit of foretelling rain storms. It is about five feet high and ten feet long. It protrudes from the ground and stands alone in a fertile little valley. Ordinarily it is of a dull, grayish color. The surface is smooth, as though it had been polished, and it feels cold. About twenty-four hours before a rain the rock gradually warms, reaching a temperature of sixty degrees, and its color turns red. After the rain it returns to its original condition. During a thunder storm it emits a pale blue light, which is supposed to be electrical origin.

A Boston paper has been making an investigation which shows that hundreds of New England farms are abandoned. No wonder with the magnificent farming lands that Nebraska and other western states offer. Down east the rocks are so thick that the farmers have to sharpen the noses of their sheep. Out here—why, the soil laughs with a crop of tickled with a stick. The energetic young fellows flee the rock-ribbed hills of New England for the glorious west, and when the old folks die off, why the farm has to take care of itself.

The Chicago Tribune of last Sunday had a dispatch from Davenport, Iowa, exploiting a young lady of that city as the first woman appointed an official court reporter. While may be the first female stenographer in a district court, a position she has held less than two years, Miss Cora Outcalt of this city enjoys the distinction of being the first woman to report a supreme court regularly and officially. Her term of service antedates that of the Davenport lady by several years, and Lincoln's representative is one of the best stenographers in the business.

What an enterprising set of fellows these Chicago men are! One of them has just bought a building and is going to put it to a use that apparently was never dreamed of in any other city. The building will be given up to traveling men for sample rooms. The hotels of Chicago are already overcrowded, and the projector of this novel scheme thinks there are enough traveling men from eastern cities to fill his place and make it profitable. Each suite of rooms will have a bed and other conveniences, so that it will be a sort of a hotel, but the sample room is the main idea. An odd arrangement, isn't it?

It sometimes seems as though the limit of the madra in society would never be reached. A swell woman down east has given a pussy party for her cat. Engraved cards were issued and sent to the owners of other felines in her catship set. Said owners, all women, met at the time and place designated and watched their claw-footed pets "out in society". The affair wound up with "refreshments" for the cats. Imagine, if you can, the society women of Lincoln or any other western city, going through such a performance as that. And yet those people down east affect a superiority that's quite chilling.

What rot some newspapers do print! Here is a sample extract from an article going the rounds: "One doesn't hear much about it, but a great many of the well-dressed men of today wear corsets. It is said, but true, that a large majority of the society fops who pose as models of masculine beauty are as completely made up as any ball-room belle with her touches of paint and powder. According to tailors, who ought to know, more than half of the straight-backed, handsomely formed Apollos with whom unsuspecting maidens fall in love over their symmetry of figure to genuine whalones and steaks. I venture the opinion that there is not a gentleman in Lincoln who ever knew of a man

wearing corsets, or who was ever told by a truthful friend that the latter had personal knowledge of such a man. If this sort of thing was at all common some man out of the thousands in this city would have run across a case of it. There may be a few cases where men, like actors, may for some special reason wear a contrivance similar to corsets, but the papers which ponder to a morbid desire for the unreal seek to make it appear that the custom is general. The article quoted above says that "more than half the handsome Apollos" are made up in that way. What arrant nonsense and sickening rot that is to dish up to intelligent people!

In all college towns we find among the residents a tendency towards intellectual pursuits for entertainment. The literary club in its various forms flourishes, and in its functions a considerable number of persons find that social element which human nature seems to crave the world over. This seems to be true, in a measure, of Lincoln also, although its college element is overshadowed by that which is purely commercial. Only the other day a club composed of ladies held a meeting and from the published proceedings it appears that they discussed such subjects as these: "The Aryan Controversy," "The Asiatic Theory of the Origin of the Race," "Wave Theory of Schmidt" and "Mythology of the Aryans." Now the things we do not know about those old Aryans would fill a library, and what we do know about them we have mostly guessed at. I grant you that these ancient ancestors of ours make an entertaining study for those who have a penchant for ologies, but, just the same, I can't help wondering what benefit this misty speculation is to common-everyday people in this practical age of ours.

It is dollars to doughnuts that some of the good women who belong to this club will feel indignant, because they will jump at conclusions by inferring that the foregoing is a reflection upon them or their club. Wait a bit. Their work was only used as a text, and leads up to another thought. In conversation with a highly educated gentleman the other day he made this assertion: "Except for men pursuing lines of work that absolutely require a special preparation like doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, etc., book learning beyond that of the public schools cuts no figure in a man's success in life. The advantages of a college education, of which you hear so much, are largely mythical. Look about you in any city, east or west, and the successful men, excepting those who have inherited fortunes, are mostly, not all, mind you, but mostly self-made men."

When pressed for his idea of higher education this gentleman gave expression to these thoughts: "A college course increases our knowledge of things. The benefit of knowing things is largely in the satisfaction of knowing. If we run across a magazine or a newspaper article advancing some new theory about the Aryans there is a mental pleasure in having already known something of the subject. If we run across some old egotistical man finds a world of gratification within himself, and all of us are more or less egotistical. The chief value therefore, of knowing things consists in knowing them. Should any of my readers not agree with me in this, THE COURIER columns are open to them for discussion."

**The Almighty Dollar.**  
The purchasing power of a silver dollar in these days of sharp and close competition makes it a veritable study for every consumer to "look before you leap" into purchases. L. Meyer & Co., than whom not to know argues oneself unknown, can better illustrate the great purchasing power of a dollar—be it silver or otherwise—than any other house in Nebraska. Mr. Louie Meyer is a shrewd and careful buyer, has been a regular visitor to America's foremost markets each season for ten years; knows where goods are made, where they are best sold for his advantage; knows how to buy, when to buy and where to buy. His purchases are always in extensive quantities and paying spot cash for every purchase thereby saving big discounts. It may readily be conceived how and why L. Meyer & Co. can do better by you and why the purchasing power of a dollar is greater at their place of business than at any other store in Lincoln. Just now their stock is elaborately complete, and everything in the line of dry goods and groceries is shown in great variety. In dress goods the latest fads are to be seen, while in the staples lines everything seasonable is being shown and offered at actual bargain prices. In the grocery line the firm is just now introducing a line of delicatessen goods never before handled in Lincoln. They include the finest and rarest of imported viands put up like canned goods and in other sealed packages so as to retain original flavor. In staple groceries you can ask for nothing that L. Meyer & Co. cannot promptly supply. Yes, the purchasing power of a dollar can no where be better tested than at their store.

**It Was a Great Event.**  
Promptly at eleven o'clock last Saturday morning the huge train of twenty cars containing the new stock of furniture for the mammoth store of A. T. Gruetter & Co., pulled into the Burlington Passenger depot witnessed by a large number of citizens who had gathered to see the arrival of the largest shipment of furniture that had ever left any city in the Union. It was a grand sight. The great train as it came around the curve just north of the station showed the placards heralding the fact that the entire trainload was going to Lincoln.

Nebraska, and that it was all consigned to one firm, made a most pleasing picture and certainly a big advertisement for our fair city. The enterprise of this move reflects great credit upon the firm whose name is so very popular in Lincoln and especially just now, which is caused by the great advancement that the firm is making in commercial circles.

All day Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the famous train of twenty cars rested on the side tracks and as the dozens of trains passed the banners still proclaimed to the amazed travelers that the entire lot was but one consignment for a Lincoln house. During these three days all Lincoln was invited to go down to the tracks and see the sight and many there were that took advantage of the opportunity to view a sight that would perhaps never present itself again. Tuesday morning the seals on the cars were broken and the goods commenced to be loaded into drays. Over forty wagons, vans, and other large transfer wagons were loaded and after using all the available vehicles in the city it was found that even then, all together, they could only haul the contents of three and a half cars. Those who saw the great parade of wagons and may have thought that that was a great showing will now more than ever appreciate, in reality, the immense extent of this huge stock. The parade was headed by a brass band which discoursed sweet strains of music for the spectators to enjoy while looking with wonderment at the long procession. It was a great stroke of liberal enterprise and one that will have the effect more than ever to popularize the name of A. T. Gruetter & Co. with the people of the city.

**We Press the Button, Etc.**  
Showing the modus operandi of an invaluable appliance for nonfighting editors:



"They told me outside dat book agents what come in here gets fired out. Now, I'm a book agent. See? An if dere's any frin out goin' in, I want to be right in it. See?"



"Well, we are a trifle busy today, but I think we can accommodate you."



"GOOD MORNING." —Life.

**Shot from Many Lockers.**  
A dog out in Idaho turned into bone and died. He died hard.—Yonkers Statesman.

Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place.—Atchison Globe.

The bass drummer in a parade may be perfectly honest notwithstanding the popular impression that he beats his way.—Yonkers Statesman.

This is the season of the year when the young man goes to his funeral and pull his gun over the fence after him.—Columbus Post.

It is a well established principle of economics that the young man who would get up with the sun should not stay up later than 10 o'clock with the daughter.—Lancaster Times.

There are compensations for the want of riches. When a man is obliged to be his own valet it is his own fault if he hasn't the services of a gentleman.—Cape Cod Item.

One can hardly expect a basso profundo to pursue the even tenor of his way.—Rochester Post.

After a scorching September experience it is refreshing to get a raw day.—Columbus Post.

A button on your shirt is worth two down the back of your neck.—Richmond Recorder.

See Hotaling the grocer for new, pure maple syrup.

See what Herpolsheimer & Co., have in cloaks, dress goods and millinery. Prices the lowest.



NEW YORK, October 20, 1891.—The principal production of the week has been Sardon's famous play "Thermidor," produced by manager Charles Frohman at the Twenty-third street theatre. It is the great dramatist's latest work, and many declare it to be the crowning effort of his wonderful talent. "Thermidor" is a fierce arraignment of Jacobin excesses. The horrors of the worst days of the French Revolution are spoken of at length, and for that reason it is not tolerated in France. Here there is no such feeling, and the plot of the play will be watched rather for the love story running through it, than for its politics. Manager Frohman's company handled the play masterly and splendidly, and the play achieved a well merited success.

The first public performance of Pietro Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" or "Rustic Chivalry" at the Casino took place on Monday evening, and the young composers work received enthusiastic endorsement. It is charmingly original and accompanied by a depth of feeling and a certain abandon which compel first attention and then admiration. Like Moskowski or Saint-Saens' finer compositions, the results in "Rustic Chivalry" are decidedly only after frequent hearing. It was preceded by the "Tyrone," a comic opera by Carl Zeller, made chiefly interesting in that it introduced Marie Tempest, the clever English soprano, as a Casino star, for the opera itself is of the ordinary light German style, neat and pleasing but with nothing else to recommend it to attention. At Manager Dunlevy's New Park Theatre, "Tuxedo" was brought out on Monday. It is a combination of minstrelsy and farce comedy that is sure to please, at any rate it creates plenty of laughter and has brought plenty of dollars to the box office. A poorer play than "The Volunteer," presented at the Harlow opera house, has probably never been seen. It stalks on the bill-boards under the personal direction of Col. J. H. Haverly, but as the gallant Colonel has never seen the play or given it a second of his personal direction, he is not to be blamed for the fiasco, which rests on the shoulders of the author-actor, George T. Ulmer and on Manager William L. Lykens. "The Patrol," an American melodrama by Scott Marble, suggested by the Tascott-Snell Chicago tragedy, was brought to town by Manager "Bud" Givens and presented at the People's Theatre. The scenes of the play show how skillfully the Chicago police track down a murderer, and an excellent feature of the performance is the patrol station, depicting the life of the thecats when not on duty. The play is sure to do well. Long-legged DeWolf Hopper and dainty Della Fox have vacated the Broadway with Empress "Wang," and "The Merry Monarch" in the person of Francis Wilson ascended the throne on Monday before over 2,000 of his most loyal subjects, who admired the wonderful curves of his lower limbs and laughed at his jokes, just as if they had not heard them a hundred times before.

"Our Irish Visitors," Murray and Murphy's great success was produced at Funke's Monday evening to an appreciative but not heavy audience. The piece has undergone but few changes, and although Mr. Murphy is no longer in the cast his place is admirably filled by Mr. J. L. Davis. Mr. Murray is the same jolly, rollicking, comedian and continues to draw applause loud and frequent. The supporting company is fair, except the female portion which is rather weak. "Eriz," the dutchman, has a clever slang and the dude character was a good piece of acting. However, the show without Murray would be a dismal affair, but with him "Our Irish Visitors" may make the rounds for a number of seasons yet and meet with generous success.

"A Social Session" was given Tuesday night before a small audience. It is a combination of fun and nonsense in which there are some meritorious points and some otherwise. It seemed to please the people present.

Jarbeau's "Starlight" was presented at the Funke Wednesday evening was substantially the same as the previous exhibitions of the absurdities which have been seen in this city. A number of changes have been made in the supporting company, but the average remains unchanged. The songs and specialties are as of yore. Jarbeau sings, "Where are you going my Pretty Maid," "Wink the Other Eye," "I May be This," etc. with her accustomed sprightliness. Nat Haines as "Quackleton Quaver" and Harry Crandall as "Old Muddlebrain" as the principle comedians, got in some effective work, and some of the musical specialties with which the farce-comedy abounds were not bad. "Starlight" is sufficiently familiar here not to call for extended comment. It would however prove more successful in a financial view if Jarbeau would give us something new.

O'Dowd's "Neighbors" with the popular Mark Murphy was the attraction at the Funke last evening but THE COURIER goes to press too early to give the price and extended criticism.

Mr. Russell has found a veritable gold mine in his new play "Peaceful Valley." Ever since leaving New York City he has played at advanced prices and the receipts have been phenomenal. In this city the usual prices will remain with the exception of the first four rows of the dress circle seats which will be raised fifty cents.

The Denver Music and Drama says: The CAPITAL CITY COURIER of Lincoln, Nebraska, has reached us containing the dramatic news of the city together with much that is inter-

esting of a social and general nature. The most important and interesting item in this issue is a description of the handsome new theatre which will be opened there on November 23, by Lillian Lewis. The new building is another evidence of western progress and will be a factor in an artistic education for Nebraska people. THE COURIER will be a welcome exchange.

Mr. Aschman, the new leader of the orchestra at Funke's is furnishing the best local music that house has had for several years past. In the short period that the orchestra has been under his direction there has been a marked change for the better, and the audiences have on several occasions testified their appreciation of the change. The action seems to be more spirited, every instrument is given the desired volume of tone, and the selections are more of the popular air music. While the orchestra is not quite up to cue music, yet the overtures show a decided improvement, and if Mr. Aschman's limited good work of the past continues, the former may also soon show itself.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL IN "PEACEFUL VALLEY." To formulate a character for Mr. Russell which should successfully follow his admirable artistic success of Noah Vale in "A Poor Relation" was not an easy task. It is therefore gratifying to know that Mr. Edw. E. Kidder, the author has in "Peaceful Valley," met with success in giving Mr. Russell another great character in which he has found another artistic and financial triumph. In this new play the admirable com lian has recreated the character of "Hosia Howe" a native of the White Mountains. Full of integrity, nobility of soul, with absolute scorn of vice, yet with keenest sense of humor and quaintest methods of imparting it, Hosia stands like a rock amid the shifting and exciting scenes. The play, it is said, is full of the spirit of humanity and creates interest both in its comic and pathetic portions. Mr. Russell has surrounded himself with one of the strongest supporting companies on the road and the play is mounted with special scenery. The appearance in this city of Sol Smith Russell and the production of "Peaceful Valley" will take place at Funke's Monday evening.

AN AMERICAN BOY. The new singing comedy, "An American Boy," will be presented for the first time in this city at Funke's Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The play opens in a country tavern with a good-natured landlord, who is also the postmaster. Johnnie Potts, the American Boy, hangs around the tavern and does odd jobs and occasionally plays a trick on him. Mrs. Potts, a dressmaker, lives in the village; also ex-judge Stebbins, a widower with a pretty daughter. Both the judge and the landlord are paying attentions to Mrs. Potts, and are both jealous. A commercial drummer, who visits the town now and then is in love with the judge's daughter, and would like to marry the girl, but the judge would have it. So between the landlord, the widow Potts, the judge and the drummer things are kept lively during the three acts, and Johnnie Potts, the American Boy, together with Teddy Phillips, his chum, keep matters interesting. The Chicago Inter-Ocean of October 8, says: "An American Boy" drew two large houses at the initial performances Sunday at the People's. The piece is filled with a number of good things. Among the specialties are: A clever quartette, and the American Boy trio singing a number of new songs and sing them well. The most deserving of the several soubrettes are Lizzie Anderson, Ida Pomeroy and Frankie St. John. Willie McDermott plays the irrepresible American youth with cleverness."

"SKIPPED." The general desire of amusement patrons throughout the country to be amused is shown by the success of "Skipped by the Light of the Moon." On Thursday evening this laughable piece, in a reconstructed form and freshened by the introduction of much new music and many specialties, songs, dances, etc. will be presented at Funke's. The most solemn-minded of men cannot resist the temptation to laugh at it. The Philadelphia Ledger says: "One might as well hope to successfully photograph a man as to describe 'Skipped by the Light of the Moon,' or say why it is funny. It is simply and sublimely defies analysis. Its sole object is to raise a breeze, and the breeze which has been raised by it has got quite beyond control and grown to the unmanageable magnitude of a cyclone."

THE STILL ALARM. The successful play, "The Still Alarm," will be seen at Funke's Friday and Saturday evenings, and it is safe to say that the house will be accorded two large audiences. The cast this season is better than ever before. Nothing in the way of sensational realistic episodes has ever been shown that can equal it. Mr. Joseph Arthur must be given credit for originality and novelty in his well-written drama. There is nothing among the happenings of everyday life in a great metropolis that awakens so much interest as the work of the gallant fireman and the clashing of the engines through the streets drawn by powerful, spirited horses always attracts the attention of the throngs. So it is little wonder that a similar scene with a real engine and real horses should, when seen on the mimic stage, amuse an audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. "The Still Alarm," outside of its sensational element, is a cleverly written play. The story has a charming and natural love element running through it. Virtue triumphs over vice, the villain meets his just deserts, and a happy denouement brings down the curtain.

GILMORE'S BAND. This famous aggregation of musical talent which is always so popular with Lincolnites will appear Tuesday evening at Bohannan's hall, corner Tenth and N streets. With the company this season are four distinguished vocal soloists and the band is stronger than ever.

TWO GRAND CONCERTS. The Lincoln Musical public will look forward with a great deal of interest to the coming of Edward Baxter Perry, the re-

nowned blind pianist. Two concerts will be given on Wednesday evenings, Nov. 11th and 18th. Mr. Perry will occupy the evening of Nov. 11th. The entertainment on the 18th will consist of a recital from the works of Franz List by George Ragnall, the program being varied by vocal, organ, and elocution numbers. The names of assisting artists and other particulars will be given later.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP. "The Volunteer" went to pieces at the Harlow Opera House on Tuesday.

"Incog" has achieved a success at the Bush street theatre, San Francisco.

Harry Baggis, a well known English actor received two weeks notice and will probably disband.

The "Abraham Lincoln" company have received two weeks notice and will probably disband.

Patrice, the well-known soubrette, was married to W. H. Gunning at Akron, Ohio, last week.

Gossip about New York positively asserts that Maude Harrison was married to Edward Bell last May.

"The Country Circus" of which so much is expected, will be put in rehearsal this week in New York.

Harry B. Smith, dramatic editor of the Chicago Tribune, has written a farce-comedy for Jack Mason and Marion Manola.

By the death of a cousin, George H. Joseph, the dramatist, has fallen heir to a considerable estate in Ireland; something like \$50,000.

Fanny Davenport is taking the far west by storm. She played to an average of \$1,400 during five performances at Salt Lake City last week.

It is estimated that Roland Reed has lost \$10,000 during the six weeks run of Sydney Rosenfield's "The Club Friend" at the New York Star theatre.

Maude Grainger tried her new play "Gabrielle" at Johnstown, Pa., last week and made a success. It is a dramatization of a French novel called "German."

Manager Church is kept on the jump nowadays. At present he is commencing to advertise the opening of his new theatre, a fact which the newspapers and bill boards begin to show.

The box office at Funke's is undergoing some notable improvements. New decorations on floor and wall, together with new paint and other changes make a handsome appearance.

A good many plays by women will be used this season. Martha Morton has two, Etta Henderson and Matilda Estrau one, Blanche Marsden two, Adelaide Ober one, Agnes Monroe one.

Flora Moore has kicked over the tracks of the "A Wolf's Wedding" company and left for pastures new. Miss Stella Mawhew, the lady who played the juvenile part, succeeds her in the soubrette role.

Manager Charles Frohman will produce "The Lost Paradise" at the Twenty-third street theatre after the run of "Thermidor." It was tried in Chicago by Mr. Frohman's stock company a month ago and made a very strong hit.

Mr. Jacob Litt, the fortunate and enterprising manager of the Northwest, has joined forces with Thomas H. Davis. The firm will be known as Litt & Davis. The new company will handle the twin successes Yon Youson and "The Esquimau."

Nellie McHenry's new play, "A Night at the Circus," is a great go. It packed the Haymarket Theatre in Chicago on Monday, and will play to more money during the week than any other organization that has played there, so far, this season.

Sol Smith Russell, William H. Crane, Jefferson and Florence, and Donnelly and Girard are some of the people whom Manager McReynolds has booked for the next three weeks. The Funke has been unusually successful in its bookings this season.

Keenan's great lecture on "Russian Political Exiles" takes place Monday evening at the Methodist church. It is under the auspices of the Paladian society of the State University and promises to be an event of unusual interest. Mr. Keenan is an able speaker and fully realizes the work before him. Admission will be 25 and 50 cents.

As to the prices charged to see Sol Smith Russell, Manager McReynolds states that the comedian appears nowhere at a less rate and that in Lincoln fewer seats are reserved to be sold at \$1.50 than elsewhere, there being but four rows in the dress circle held at that figure and all the balance at regular prices. This should certainly be satisfactory to Lincoln playgoers.



First Scientist—They must have been remarkable people. Their women were apparently Amazons and their men fierce and warlike.—Life.

Wedding invitations—Wessel Printing Co.