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THE QUIET

Pretty much everybody in Lincoln, I take it, knows Dick Berlin of Omaha and will be interested in his social adventures. Our Dick is a great society man, as you must know, but has passed the age at which most men select mates for life. Dick's marriageable chances have been the subject of more or less joking on the part of his friends, and like a shrewd strategist, he sometime ago began taking the wind out of their sails by joking about it himself. The audacity of this thing has proved a pleasant novelty to this steady goer, and he has taken to his new sport with a keen relish. The danger with sportsmen of all kinds is that they will pursue their game with such a single-minded purpose that the chase is liable to land them over a precipice or into some other difficulty. Now that's the trouble with our Dick. The mild pleasures at his own expense with which he began pulled on his appetite, and his ingenuity invented more exciting methods. He finally reached the point of bluntly asking his young lady friends if they would marry him. It was all in a joke, which they understood, and they responded with shafts of badinage tipped with wit and sarcasm. That is, most of them did, but a few days ago he put the question "Will you marry me?" to a young lady from abroad who was visiting her uncle in Omaha. They had only met a few times, but our Dick is a winner, and in this case he had won so easily he didn't know it. As soon as the young lady in question could recover from her surprise and regain her self-possession she shyly responded: "I will ask uncle, Mr. Berlin." And that is how it happened that our Dick has been on the verge of matrimony. (Between ourselves, sub rosa—and don't tell it to Dick—the girl in all seriousness placed the matter before her uncle. The uncle, knowing Dick's propensities, laughed at the matter as a good joke, and his niece dropped it. Dick is still waiting for the returns with much curiosity and some trepidation. But, for goodness sake, don't give it away.)

Chauncey Depew made the statement in an interview published a few days ago that Americans were coming to be a nation of gamblers. In support of this proposition he called attention to the stock exchanges, the race track pools, base ball pool rooms, election betting, etc. But there is one bit of consolation: we are not quite as bad as our neighbors on this terrestrial ball. Where, for instance, is there any gambling institution in America to compare to the Monte Carlo hell? A meeting was held a few days ago of the stock holders in the company that controls the gambling privilege at that place. From the official statement it appears that the profits of the year were 21,000,000 francs (about \$4,200,000). The company set aside 9,000,000 francs for a working capital for the ensuing year, leaving a net profit of 12,000,000 francs to be distributed among the stockholders. The gambling privilege runs twelve years yet and the company pays \$250,000 a year for it. A fund of \$50,000 is set aside to influence the chief French newspapers to handle the institution gently. The actual working expenses, such as salaries to the immense staff of croupiers, detectives, dramatic and operatic companies, the orchestra, etc., amount to about \$1,000,000 a year. The company is also bound by its contract to pay the expenses of the government of the little municipality. The management have added a wing to their building and will extend operations by running more games. It is also stated that during March last several plungers bled the concern for a million francs. The prince of Monaco, who granted the gambling privilege thinks some of the refusers to extend it when its present term has expired.

It seems that the Yankee doesn't monopolize all the speculative scientific genius lying around loose. An English collector over in India has been exploding powder for the purpose of producing rain, and he claims to have met with some success. We have two methods in that sort of thing, and but we should of reaching the same result. If one should fail we may try the other—two strings for our bow, don't you see. O, you may let the eagle continue to scream!

An Illinois girl of twenty-two, Miss Fanny M. Stevens of Freeport, disputes the claim of the Des Moines, Iowa, girl to being the first female court reporter. Miss Stevens was appointed an official court stenographer in September, 1887.

This bicentennial of gold cure for drunkenness is a queer thing. It seems almost too good to be true that an absolute, guaranteed cure has been discovered for that diseased condition of the nervous system which demands alcoholic stimulants, but the evidence all about one who gets over the country a bit are too palpable to be doubted. I have recently been in Omaha, Chicago and elsewhere, and in all of these I have met either friends or acquaintances who have been cured of the terrible habit. One of the queer things is to run up against one of these reformed fellows whom you have known for years previously as a confirmed sot. The change is astonishing, and I tell you that a man can't help believing such evidence. Some smart people attempt to deny the new discovery by saying—"O, it won't be permanent." Suppose it doesn't. It will solve a drunkard for only a year it will have proved a grand blessing.

Another of the queer things is to see the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in some sections fighting the Keeley treatment for drunkenness. Even Miss Fanny Willard, who has been a sort of a female Moses in temperance work, has been throwing discredit upon this great boon to mankind. Write in Chicago I saw Opie Read, who had

been through the mill and come out purified, and he explained Miss Willard's unreasoning opposition by the theory that she was afraid of losing her mission as an agitator if the new treatment should be generally adopted. I can hardly believe that so noble a woman as Miss Willard can be moved by so pitiful a jealousy, and yet how shall one explain her opposition to a treatment which offers so much of hope to thousands of drink-cursed human beings? And, besides, the treatment appears to be harmless so that even if it did little or no good why should anyone regret trying it?

But there is another side to human nature. In Chicago the men who have been pulled out of the slough of despond have banded together under the name of the Bicentennial Gold Club and they are nobly administering to humanity by helping other sufferers to their redemption. Now, that's what I call practical religion as well as humanitarianism. But woman, God bless her, is coming around to look at this matter from the right point of view. Up in Minnesota the W. C. T. U. has expressed confidence in the Keeley treatment and some of its members even propose to aid the cause of humanity by helping to send drunkards to an institute.

Speaking of the good impulses of this human heart, here comes the news that two of the Vanderbilts have built a half million dollar block in New York to be used for many social and educational purposes. There are school-rooms, reading-room, and bath-rooms, gymnasium, and restaurant, all large, for the edifice measures 75x100 feet and is five stories high. There are club-rooms for boys and for girls, for King's Daughters and Endeavor Societies, a penny savings bank, and apparently, conveniences for many other enterprises that have been suggested for the benefit of the very large and deserving class that is too poor to provide such things for themselves. There will be a very large and well-appointed kindergarten, and schools, both day and night, for technical classes of the most practical kind. Boys will be taught shorthand, typewriting, typesetting, woodcarving, and the use of tools, and girls will have a chance to learn their lives and save their tempers by learning cooking, dressmaking, and house-keeping. The restaurant will supply good food at cost, and the tenement-house people, of whom there are many thousands within ten minutes' walk of the building, will never lack opportunity for bathing comfortably. Lectures and other entertainments are to be given frequently, and, indeed, nothing reasonable, necessary, and practicable seems to have been forgotten.

A Mild Winter.

We were coming down to Jay street from the West Shore depot in Hoboken when the conversation turned on the weather, and after a bit one man observed: "Well, I've got my mind made up to see one of the hardest winters we have had for the last twenty years."

"Yes, so have I," replied a second. "All signs point to the fact that we are to have a long, hard winter."

"I've been out in the country," added a third, "and I've been taking notice of various signs. The corn husks are thicker than usual, the frogs have gone down deeper, the birds are going south much earlier. Gentlemen, prepare for a tough winter, and heaven help the poor!"

"Look-a-here!" said a big, ugly faced man, as he pushed himself forward, "who's a talkin' about a hard winter? I'm a-tellin' you that this is goin' to be the mildest winter we have had in twenty-five years, and I know it! There won't be a freeze-up before January, and you'll see buds on the trees in February. You won't even have to light your coal stoves."

The crowd looked at him in a doubtful way, and he unbuttoned his pea-jacket and continued:

"Does anybody doubt my word? Does anybody here stick to it that it's goin' to be a hard winter?"

He was sized up and nobody doubted. Indeed, the man who had opened the subject felt called upon to explain:

"While I said I expected to see a very hard winter, I didn't exactly mean in this locality; I meant way out west."

"So did I," added two or three voices in chorus.

"Well, that's all right," growled the big man as he buttoned up his jacket again. "I'm not running anything outside of this state. I say it's goin' to be like June all winter, and I'm aclin' to meet a feller who thinks I'm a pansy left over from last summer!"—New York Evening World.

Some of His Jokes.

Friend—I saw some of your jokes in a book.

Humorist (flattered)—Ah, what book was that?

Friend—I forget the name. It was a book published a hundred years ago. I saw it in a secondhand book store.—Yankee Blade.

His Excuse.

Young Wife—Harry, how can you take so much notice of other women? You used to tell me that I entirely filled your heart.

Young Husband—Yes, dear; but there's such a thing as enlargement of the heart, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Limited.

"I suppose you take after your father, Johnny?"

"I do, if there is anything left to take."—New York Herald.

The New Furniture House.

When new enterprises first launch their respective establishments on the community for public patronage, little is generally expected in way of trade at the start. However this has not been the case with the new furniture house of Rudge and Morris. The firm opened business in this line only a few weeks ago and ever since the initial day the business has been large and constantly on the increase. The success has been so great

that each member of the firm is now fully convinced that what was at first considered an experiment now looms up as a flourishing business enterprise. Speaking of one of the firm yesterday regarding the state of trade, he said: "Its fine, and in some departments our first invoice has already been exhausted. For instance in sideboards we have sold all of our first cartload except one and that is about as good as sold. We have another shipment of four cars of furniture on the road now and we expect to be well supplied again next week in all departments."

Rudge, Morris & Co. are enterprising merchants, far seeing and courteous gentlemen. This new move has given them a most decided advancement in commercial circles of Lincoln and they are to be congratulated upon the success they have achieved. In the hardware-department the firm is doing its customary large volume of business and at all times the large force of assistants are found actively at work supplying the wants of a large patronage.

Only a Half Strike.

As a citizen was crossing the Campus Martius the other evening he was halted by a young man in a state of dilapidation, who said:

"Mister, I'm not asking for money to pay for lodgings, for I can sleep on the grass yet, but—"

"But you want something to eat?"

"No, sir, I'm used to going without that. I don't feel the need of eating more than once a week."

"Well, then?"

"I want you to help me get to Denver, where I know I can strike a job."

"All right—take this—good night," said the citizen, as he moved on.

The young man stood looking at the coin under an electric light, when he was joined by his partner, who inquired:

"How much did you get?"

"Ten cents."

"What did you tell him?"

"That I wanted to get to Denver."

"Jim, what a chump you are! Denver is only half way to San Francisco. Why didn't you go the full distance and get twenty out of him?"—Detroit Free Press.

Illustrated Phrases.



ACCIDENTALLY OVER-HEARD.—Life.



ALONE AT LAST.

Wedding Invitations.—Wessel Printing Co.

We sell the genuine Canon City too. Betts, Weaver & Co., 1045 O street. Telephone 40.

Grand cloak exhibit at Herpolsheimer & Co. Ladies and children's cloaks in the greatest variety at the lowest prices.

The Peninsular base burner is the latest improved heater in the market. Before buying, call and see a full line at Dunham & Buck, 1136 O street.

Hotting the O street grocer says he is human and makes mistakes but will cheerfully rectify them. That is more than some will do.

Call on Leavitt before buying your coal, 1133 O street.



DRAMA

Special Courier Correspondence.

New York, Oct. 31, 1891.—The much talked of "La Cigale" was brought out at the Garden Theatre on Monday evening. It was originally composed by Audran of "Olivette" and "Mascotte" fame, but Ivan Caryll touched it up for Londoners. Chivot and Daru wrote the original libretto and it was put in English by F. C. Burnand of "Punch." It deals in a heavy manner with the fable of the ant and grasshopper, the latter frolicking through the summer and wasting its substance in riotous living, being compelled to crave assistance from the industrious former. In the opera, the ant and the grasshopper are sisters, the former the pious donna, the latter the village maiden. There are but three catchy numbers, one beginning with "One Day Margot," the second a gavotte, and the third a concerted piece. The libretto is of course well written and the music is always agreeable. That the book is not interesting may not astonish anyone, for the English comic opera is woefully dull. The principal feature of the performance to rave about is Lillian Russell. Her voice was magnificently pure, ringing and unerring. She has never appeared to better advantage, although it is not possible to compliment her on her acting. In Paris the part Miss Russell sings was created by the wonderful Jeanne Granier. Our own Lillian sings better and looks better. The opera was put on, literally regardless of expense, and nothing produced on this side of the Atlantic speaks more plainly of managerial liberality. The Kendals, having been pulled over the coals for their poor production of "Home" last week, have ransacked the cellar of the Star Theatre, for better scenery, and rehearsed so vigorously as to give a good production of "The Ironmaster," which by the way has been done to death by the Kendal company. At the Windsor theatre, Leonard Grever let loose his "Wolves of New York," which has pleased east side audiences immensely, and which is sure to make a good deal of money for him before the flowers bloom again. Taking it as a whole, the theatrical business in New York continues poor, but few managers or organizations are making money. DUNLOP.

Under the heading of "Danger in Door Checks" the New York *Theatrical World* gives space to the following: The melancholy tidings regarding the terrible affliction which John A. Hunter, manager for Gray & Stephens has met with should be a warning to people who occupy positions necessitating the handling of theatre tickets. Mr. Hunter is today totally blind and in the opinion of the most celebrated oculist, the cause of his sudden and sad misfortune is due to the poisonous ingredients used in preparing the coloring for pasteboard tickets. It appears that during last season while Mr. Hunter was busily engaged in giving out return checks at the door of a theatre, he had occasion to rub his eyes, and in doing this the supposition is that the moisture of his fingers having become contaminated by the deadly color, he accidentally came in contact with the ball of the eye. At any rate, shortly after the rubbing process the eye became much inflamed, and on the following day the suffering was so intensely painful that Mr. Hunter sought the advice of a physician who, upon investigation, found that such serious complications had resulted that it was beyond human power to preserve the sight. All that medical aid could do was done. In a few days, however, the sight had left the eye forever. Every attention was now directed to the other eye which had begun to grow alarming, but nothing serious was surmised. Aside from a peculiar sensation, now and then, there seemed to be no need for uneasiness and Mr. Hunter continued arranging the details of his business until the close of the season. A few weeks ago, without the slightest warning the awful realization came and now the victim is at his home in Newark, N. J., unable to behold the sunlight as it streams through the window. While sympathizing with Mr. Hunter, we cannot refrain from cautioning ticket sellers and takers against the deadly poison contained in some of the colors of the tickets, especially green and blue. Be careful how you handle them.

Manager Ed Church is happy in the assurance that despite all predictions to the contrary the Lansing will positively be completed and ready for the opening several days in advance of the advertised date. Much of the interior decorating is now done; the scenery is nearly all painted, and the principal work remaining is putting up of the seats which have already arrived, hanging the draperies and the final finishing up. The heavy work is all done, and by the way, as the decorating progresses it becomes plainly evident that the interior of the new theatre will more than justify the most extravagant promises that have been made for it. The private boxes, especially, will be marvels of beauty and luxury. Sol Smith Russell, while in the city a few days ago, informed Mr. Church that the Lansing, in his opinion, would be one of the handsomest theatres in America. He likened it to the Tremont, Boston. Invitations to the opening which will occur Monday evening, November 23d, have been sent to many prominent men: John M. Thurston, E. Rosewater, Ex-Gov. James E. Boyd, Gov. John M. Thayer and many others of equal note are expected, and there will be the usual speaking incident to such events. It will be a gala occasion in every way. Miss Lillian Lewis, who is meeting with wonderful success everywhere this season, will give a magnificent presentation of "Le Comte de Monte-Cristo." Applications for seats are much more numerous than was expected, and everything points to a brilliant social as well as a memorable dramatic event on the twenty-third. The arrangements have not been fully completed

as yet, and further particulars will be forthcoming in a week or two. It is Mr. Church's intention to give a private reception to the press a few days prior to the formal opening. The date will be announced later.

The following correspondence will explain itself.

EDITOR COURIER:

Two weeks ago I wrote you in reference to extortionate prices that the Funke management was charging to see plays that in other cities the regular prices were charged. In your issue of October 24th you print an item defending the opera house by saying Manager McReynolds says "Russell charges \$1.50 everywhere." Now I am prepared to show Omaha, Denver, and other papers which show that Russell's best seats were sold at \$1. Is this fair to Lincoln amusement patron? I don't think so.

FREQUENT THEATRE GOER.

Lincoln, Nov. 3, 1891.

Upon the receipt of this communication a reporter called on Manager McReynolds to ascertain the facts in the matter. At first he declined to give any explanation saying he was no novice at managing an Opera House and did not see why he was called upon to defend his business acts in matters of this sort, but finally favored the reporter with the following letter from Mr. Fred G. Berger, Sol Smith Russell's manager, and it will be seen that in order to secure this attraction he was compelled to submit to the prices demanded. Mr. McReynolds endeavored to get a regular rate and the following letter, which may be seen at this office was the reply:

TABOR GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
DENVER, OCT. 16, 1891.

MY DEAR MCREYNOLDS:

As before, there will be no agent in Lincoln for our company and I know that you will see that all is attended to properly. The paper is no doubt at hand and I herein send you copy for all that is required. The new play is a great success and will fill the house I am sure. Now regarding prices, we are playing everywhere this season to \$1.50 for best seats and I must ask you to make some portion of your house at that price. No trouble whatever to get it and it adds just that much to the receipts. We are turning people away more than half the time. Drop me a line so I shall know all in time. I shall arrive Monday afternoon direct from Denver. Kindest regards,
Yours etc.
FRED G. BERGER.

Mr. W. H. Crane, whom Lincoln theatre goers have not had an opportunity of seeing for several seasons, reappeared at the Funke last evening before an immense and cultivated audience. The enthusiastic character of the reception given Mr. Crane recalled the old time popularity of the famous dual combination of which Stuart Hobson was at the head. "The Senator" which, by the way, has seldom been seen outside of the leading cities of the country, is essentially a political comedy, and the talented authors have with rare tact and discrimination produced a clear cut, powerfully drawn portrait of one of the most absorbing phases of American life—a photograph that is remarkably life like. Plays dealing with politics are plenty enough, but "The Senator" sheds a new light on a subject which if properly treated, cannot but be interesting. The title is a fair index of the character of the play. Mr. Crane's impersonation of the Senator is an ideal bit of stage craft. He has modeled his characterization upon the noted United States senator from Kansas, Mr. Plumb, and those who saw and heard the fluent statesman last evening at the Funke witnessed what is said to be a striking imitation of the Kansas senator. Even the peculiar use of thumbs is a Plumbism. Mr. Crane's versatility is patent to the least observant and his artistic personation of the title role in the comedy must take high rank with the actors' greatest achievements. Members of the supporting company were given frequent opportunities for the display of real theatre ability and to their credit be it said, they generally embraced the occasion.

Mattie Vickers appeared at the Funke Monday evening in "A Circus Queen." The attendance was not very large, but liberal applause was bestowed on some bright points in the comedy. It is not a strong play and can not be said to add to Miss Vickers' reputation as an actress.

TONIGHT'S BILL.

To witness the exciting scene of two locomotives racing on double tracks, with all the attendant noise and startling effects, is something of exciting interest: to say that such a scene is now being produced, is to say a good deal for the one who is responsible for it, but such is the fact. This scene is the work of Geo. C. Staley, a very clever actor, who will appear tonight at Funke's in his successful comedy drama, "A Royal Pass." It is not a senseless farce-comedy, nor a wild and improbable sensation, it is a drama of the best class, calling forth a few tears and much laughter. A number of pleasing songs are appropriately introduced. Great praise is bestowed upon the supporting company. We predict that Geo. C. Staley in "A Royal Pass," will prove one of the finest attractions of the season.

PERRY-BAGNALL CONCERTS.

The first of these concerts will be given Wednesday evening next by the great blind pianist, Edward Baxter Perry. Tickets at N. F. Curtis & Co's. and Clason & Fletcher's.

THE HUSTLER.

Mellie Thompson, the talented and dashing young comedienne who has attained such wide popularity as "Pussy Winks," the leading sous-brette role in the farcical play of "The Hustler," which will be seen at Funke's Thursday evening is a daughter of the veteran John Thompson, of "On Hand" fame. It can truthfully be said that Miss Thompson was "born in the business," she having made her professional debut in her father's company, at the California Theatre, San Francisco, at the tender age of two years, and has been an active and valuable member of the craft ever since. Miss Thompson possesses

rare versatility, being an accomplished singer, a graceful dancer, and a well-schooled all-around actress. The sous-brette song and dance, as performed by Miss Thompson in "The Hustler," has brought the little lady more renown than she craves for. "The Hustler" is a fine production and deserves a big house.

THEATRICAL Gossip.

George Barrett's English company disbanded at Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 26.

The Mary Eastlake English company is to be reorganized under the management of H. B. Taylor.

Seats for the Jefferson and Florence production of "The Rivals" will go on sale Monday morning.

"Spoke" Hennessy and "Kid" McCoy of "The Stowaway" company are said to be writing a book.

Mrs. Langtry is booked at the New York Standard for January 25th, when her American tour begins.

The opening of the new opera house will be one of the leading social events of Thanksgiving week.

"Yon Yonson" has been booked for a run in New York this winter at Manager Dunlevy's Park Theatre.

The sale of seats for the Lansing opening night will positively take place Monday evening at eight o'clock at the Capital hotel.

Mr. William H. Crane's new play "Newport" by Clinton Sturart, is not regarded as a very brilliant success by the good people of Milwaukee, who saw it for the first time on Monday.

Rudolph Peters, a former stage attache of the Funke, but for two years past stage carpenter of the Salt Lake theatre which was recently destroyed by fire, has returned to Lincoln to accept a similar position at the new Lansing.

McKee Rankin will not make a starring tour with Frank Mayo, but will give "The Canuck," which was presented here last winter, another trial. His opening was in Omaha Sunday at the Grand and on Monday he introduces the piece in San Francisco.

Geo. C. Staley's "A Royal Pass" which was seen here for the first time last year, will be repeated tonight at the Funke. On the occasion of the opening performance of this stirring play in Omaha this week at the Famous star theatre, the "S. R. O." sign was displayed long before the curtain went up.

Jack Royal, the part Mr. Harry Lacy plays in Mr. A. C. Wheeler's play by that name, is an entirely new role, for which the talented young actor is receiving praise from all quarters. The play has made a marked success in the East and next week begins its tour of the West, opening at Cincinnati on Monday. Jack Royal will be seen at the Lansing this season.

THE RATING PASSION.

Papa—Well, daughter, did you give that poor country editor the mitten, as I told you to do?

Daughter—Yes, papa.

Papa—And what did he say?

Daughter—He asked if it were by your request, and I told him it was.

Papa—What did he say to that?

Daughter—He asked if you couldn't make it a pair of mittens and a full suit of clothes to match.—Detroit Free Press.

Still Something to Learn.

Mrs. Wickstaff—I hear that your daughter has just graduated from a young lady's seminary. Has she entirely finished her studies?

Mrs. Bings—Oh, no! She is studying English now.—Truth.

See the new 1892 score cards for card parties at the COURIER office.

Few of our people are aware of the fact that there is a place in Lincoln where bicycles and safety wheels may be rented by the hour or day. E. R. Guthrie, 1540 O street, now makes a specialty of this branch of his business.

Never buy a bicycle or wheel of any make or description until you have seen E. R. Guthrie, 1540 O street. He handles the most selected wheels and makes prices that never fail to effect a trade.

Hotting the O street grocer has full line of Batavia, New York, fruit and vegetables, also their mincevat.

The Ferguson Music house has moved to 1332 O street, where they still sell the famous Fischer, New England, and Washburn pianos, also the Story and Clark organs. Don't forget to place 1332 O street.

In another part of today's paper will be found the display advertisement of P. Barton, the exclusive agent for the genuine Canon City Coal. Read it, then go and give your order for the coal you really want.

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