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Right up to the market stall strode he,
And bought a bird that was ten pounds three.
Then quickly home to his wife he sped,
And told her all that the man had said
Of how to pick and stuff and cook.
And so with loving hand she took
That tough old bird that was hard and gray,
And into the oven she stowed him away.



And then—for their married life was young—
With joyous hearts they sat and sung
Until, as around the clock hands spun,
She said with a smile that the bird was done.
And he laughed aloud, and his joy was great,
For his stomach told that the hour was late.
And he kissed his wife and he cried in glee
At the fine old bird that was ten pounds three.
And said, "I will cut him now in two!"
And took his knife that was bright and new
And hacked away for an hour or so,
Till his blade got dull and his movements slow.



And then, with prayer and a moment's rest,
He took off his coat and then his vest,
And hacked away till twilight came,
And his arms were sore and his back was lame.
And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by,
And still, with a sunken cheek and eye,
He worked away, and his wife sat there,
With patient face, in the same old chair.
Until one day, as his knife blade broke,
And his withered frame sank down, she spoke,
And said, with a smile that was half a sneer,
"I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."
—THOMAS LANSING.

Between Chili and Brazil the news editors and proof readers of the big daily papers are having a lively time. There seems to be no known rules for spelling those fantastic foreign names with which the cablegrams are filled, and you don't know who worries those conscientious newspaper workers. Every man who is proud of his calling finds some point in it that is his special pride. One of the pet ambitions of the proof reader is to have the names of prominent characters spelled properly, and the more difficult it is to learn what is exactly correct the greater is his desire and effort to discover the truth. To pick up his paper the next day and find a Brazilian name spelled with a z where there ought to be an s is a reproach that is liable to give him a fit of the blues. It is like a mild sort of a crime pointing its finger at him. It is a reflection upon his professional ability, and every paper that goes out of the office is a silent accuser. This mountain of accusation weighs upon his conscience, and he takes every precaution to free himself from such a load of misery.

How shall he protect himself? The cablegrams from South America are full of strange names, and they are abbreviated so much to save telegraph tolls as to require an expert to untangle them. The messages may start all right, but they are repeated by several telegraph operators and go to the type setters, who have no guide but the copy before them. Anyone who has had much to do with printers knows how easy it is to the letter n in copy to appear as u in print, for to be transformed to a, or e to o, or vice versa. Now do not understand me as criticizing the printer. He does the best he can, and the fault is generally in the copy. The writer can interpret his own work, but any other person is liable to make such mistakes as I have indicated. It is the duty of the proof reader to catch these errors and correct them, and he has fortified himself for the task. He has gone to encyclopedias, atlases, gazettes, government reports and other authorities, and gleaned several lists of proper names. These are written out on sheets of paper, and in most every proof reader's den in the land you are liable to see several such sheets stuck up on the wall where he can refer to them at a glance. One is headed Chili, and sub-heads facilitate reference. The names of persons are grouped together under one sub-head, the names of provinces under another, the names of vessels under a third, and so on. Brazil is treated similarly. To these may be added a map, which helps to clear up some of the obscure and tangled cablegrams, which come without punctuation or capitals and have many words omitted.

Speaking of Chile, it now appears to be pretty clear that the correspondents of the

English papers have made a systematic effort to misrepresent Patrick Egan, the American minister, and to cast odium upon him. It is easy to understand why Englishmen hate Egan. Their columns have been crisscrossed to America and have been reproduced here in the democratic papers because Mr. Egan is a republican and a bad break of his would reflect upon the republican party. Reports from American correspondents and the statements of Chilian men of affairs show that the distinguished Lincolnite has been lied about most unmercifully.

That was just like Omaha. Lincoln had hardly set the pace for the state by opening a big public warehouse when the town on the Big Muddy became ashamed of its empty boasting and followed suit. Under this state of affairs we get a chief grain inspector in the person of Gen. J. C. McBride, and that is more satisfactory than having a stranger.

Well, well! What are we coming to? Here is the Mail of Birmingham, England, admitting that Brother Jonathan is beating John Bull in the matter of fast railroad service. It confesses the insular egotism of Englishmen, and goes on to say: "One has only to travel from New York to Niagara, a distance of about 500 miles, at the rate of more than forty miles an hour, or to take one of their sumptuously furnished expresses to Chicago and cover more than double 500 at a still faster rate of speed, to be put somewhat out of conceit with the lightning-like qualities of our English trains." As a matter of fact, the empire express on the New York Central covers the 440 miles between the metropolis and Buffalo in eight hours and forty minutes, making the speed average fifty-two and one-half miles an hour. The "Flying Dutchman," of which Englishmen have been so fond of boasting, takes eight hours and thirty minutes for the 400 miles between London and Edinburgh, an average of about forty-seven miles to the hour. But America is going to do still better. The Central is figuring on a system of fast mail trains at hourly intervals between New York and Chicago.

The recent death of a young fireman from injuries received while following the path of duty and the fatal shooting of a somewhat notorious character have both shocked the community in an unusual degree. For the one there is admiration, for the other pity, but in both cases the sensibilities of people have been strongly affected. It goes to show how dear life is to all of us. It compels us to pause a moment in our careless, every day occupations, and brings home to us a realization of the fact that an accident or an act of another may stop our earthly career at any moment. There are several lessons to be drawn from these facts. They should teach us to set our houses in order and be ever ready for the dread summons. It should teach us the value of the services of the man who risks their lives for the public good, and it should lead us to have greater charity for those who may be open to criticism, but of whose inner lives we know little. Life is the most precious thing on earth, death the most solemn. The duties of the one and the sadness of the other are forced home to us by recent events, and it will harm no one to do a little sober thinking on these subjects.

Your average way-up musician is a crank I am wont to remark by the sarcastic remarks of one of the species at my failure to enthrone over his performance. I was willing to admit that he had lots of frills and displayed them with skill, but I did not see just why that should compel my admiration. The musical artist is apt to imagine that he is specially blessed above ordinary individuals, and thinks the Almighty has given him a slice of the divine spirit. When you get right down to the hard-pan of common sense a fine musician is simply an expert specialist. He has made a specialty of music until he has become an expert in its production. He and a lot of fellows like him make up a vast mutual admiration society, and they complain because the world refuses to take them at their own valuation. Just stop a moment and think of all the musicians you ever heard. How much has the whole lot of them ever done for humanity? You will be forced to confess that it is mighty little. They may have entertained thousands. So has the wizard, Herman, with an expertness that is quite as wonderful as that of any musician. Of course all this is rank heresy in the eyes of the mutual admiration society and a big following of otherwise sensible people who have been imposed upon by their high sounding pretensions. But I refuse to bow down in homage to a man simply because he can turn out a few more curly cuts with voice or fiddle than some other fellow. A man doesn't become a god by becoming expert in the execution of a dozen musical pieces.

General Victor E. Vifquain is preparing a book on the civil war which promises to be full of interest. The general's extensive experience and his descriptive powers are well known, and the forthcoming volume is sure to be an entertaining narrative of the leading incidents of the rebellion. Last Sunday the State Journal published the opening chapter from advance sheets. It relates the particulars of an attempt to capture Jeff Davis during the war. The story is told in an ingenious manner that is strictly his own, and the writer presents some facts which have not been hitherto published. The opening chapter augurs well for the remainder of the book.

Silverware Free. From time to time the COURIER has suggested to its readers the importance of buying dry goods and groceries at L. Mover & Co's old reliable store on Tenth near O street. We have always contended that to place your orders there for anything in their line would be a benefit to you and now more than ever can this fact be fully demonstrated. This firm not content in making prices lower than all competition, now an-



notices that they will give each customer making a cash purchase a coupon of the value of ten per cent. of the amount of their purchase, whether it is ten cents or one hundred dollars. These coupons are redeemable in silverware which they mark down in price twenty to thirty per cent less than its ordinary retail value. By this means customers secure an average discount on their general purchases of from twenty to thirty per cent, at the same time securing an elegant and useful household necessity. This certainly is an excellent opportunity for customers to get fine silverware of most any kind free. Go around and let this enterprising house explain how they do this. The idea is a good one and when you once have seen the beautiful wares it will be of sufficient attraction to hold your patronage. Their prices on dry goods and groceries are not to be compared with competitors and you always get gentlemanly attention and just what you pay for—and in this instance ten percent more.

Ladies' silk plush toilet set, three pieces, in case, celluloid trimmings, 75c, at the Great Ten Cent Store, 118 South Twelfth street.

George S. Knight visited New York last week and pronounced Broadway with his mother. Physically he is in good health, but he did not recognize his old friends.



First Turkey (on the fast freight)—Well, I don't think that we have much to be thankful for.

Second Turkey—You forget, my dear fellow, that we are going to Boston to dig.

VARIOUS VERSES.
English as She Is Spoke.
Mr. A. Gay Youngman, of Columbus, Sundayed here with friends.—Lancaster Gazette.
He Sundayed there, we must presume,
Because he wanted quiet,
And dinnered there because he liked
The Lancasterian diet.
He may have papered there awhile,
Or yellow cover book-ed it,
Or marvelled, after he had meal-ed,
How well the people cooked it.
Perhaps he hammock-ed in the shade,
And just cigar-ed a little,
And puffed the smoke into the air,
And expir-ed the spittle.
Or maybe he'd a sweethear there
And afternoon-ed about her,
And vowed that never till he was graved
Could he get on without her.
Perhaps her mother at that point
Came in and mother-in-law-ed him;
Perhaps her father carried up
In style and overwound him.
Perhaps, however, they were not
Disturbed in either fashion;
They may have parlor-ed it alone,
And rocking chair-ed their passion.
Perhaps he supper-ed with his dear,
Then hurried to the station,
And train-ed and street-car-ed to his home
In great exhilaration.
—Orillia Patriot.

out, probably kept many people away from the Funke Tuesday evening. Those who purchased seats expected an indifferent performance. All things considered it was better than one could well expect under the circumstances. The performance was on the plane of mediocrity; but there was nothing very bad. Hilda Thomas, a charming young woman whose movements are full of grace, essayed the part of Gabrielle and the audience approved her work. Mr. J. S. Moffitt was very good and Irvin Bush's impersonation of Catherine was the poorest character it has ever had. The company is unusually large for a traveling combination and every member of it earnestly tries to do his or her best.

Primrose and West's Minstrels at the Funke Monday evening deserved a full house. Primrose and West have without question one of the strongest minstrel organizations on the road. Everything is clean and comparatively refined and there is no sacrifice of fun either. The first part was particularly pleasing. From a musical standpoint there was much that was really excellent. Mr. Oakland's "Little Darling, Now Goodbye" elicited appreciative applause. "The Red Hussars" march with electric light effect was as usual very effective.

Roy L. Royce presented "Tom's Vacation" at the Funke last evening to a small audience.

W. J. Florence who was to have appeared as "Lucius O'Trigger" in "The Rivals" with Joe Jefferson and Mrs. Drew at the Funke, Monday evening November third, died in Philadelphia Thursday. It is said that his part will be taken by ex tragedian, Louis James. Louis has been doing melodrama in New York this fall.

All this week workmen have been busy night and day in the Lansing and to good purpose, for a visit to the new theatre last last evening by a COURIER representative disclosed but little to be done. Everything will be in readiness for the opening Monday evening. There will be a number of prominent people from abroad and the dedicatory exercises will be of a high order and very interesting.

The second Perry Bagnall concert occurred Wednesday evening. In attempting to render five of the most difficult compositions of Liszt on the program Mr. Bagnall had a great task, but the technical difficulties of the numbers performed, seemed nothing in the hands of this artist. The notes of the brilliant passage work fell from his fingers like crystals, and the cadenzas were often played with marvellous delicacy of touch. Mr. Bagnall rendered that labyrinth of notes "La Campanella" with wonderful grace and clearness, and the "Gondoliers" with deep poetic sentiment, while he rose to the heights of artistic interpretation in his grand performance of the "Tarentella." Mrs. Wadsworth's singing was one of the enjoyable events of the evening and Miss Richardson who is one of our latest acquisitions, proved herself an artist of merit. Mrs. Bagnall rendered the Overture to Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," with fine orchestral effect and brilliancy of execution, while Mr. Geo. W. Hill showed marked advancement in his art, in an interesting dramatic setting from Hall Caine.

LILLIAN LEWIS AT THE LANSING.
Miss Lillian Lewis will open her week's engagement at the Lansing Monday evening which will be the formal opening of the new theatre. The talented young emotional actress is supported by a coterie of known and capable artists. Monday and Thursday evenings and Thanksgiving matinee "Credit Lorraine" will be presented. Tuesday, Friday and Saturday matinee "As in a Looking Glass" Wednesday and Saturday "Article 47." Seats are now on sale for the entire engagement.

WHITNEY MACKRIDGE CONCERT COMPANY.
This well known company will open the Y. M. C. A. popular course in the First Congregational church Wednesday evening, December 2. The company consists of Whitney Mackridge, Mrs. Mayo Rhodes and Arthur Beresford, three of the leading soloists of America, and Belle Warner Botsford, who is one of the few really great lady violinists of this country. The Y. M. C. A. should receive the thanks of the music-loving people of Lincoln for securing this celebrated company for their course. We predict for them a full house. The reserved seat sale begins Saturday morning, November 28, at 9 o'clock, at Clason & Fletcher's book store. Price 75 cents.

DRAMATIC DOTS.
The Dora Wiley "Vera" company went to pieces in Vermont last week.

"The President" is making its way eastward and coming money as it goes along.

Henry Miller is going to star next season in Lester Wallack's "Roselala" which Arthur Wallack is revising.

Jacob Litt will take "Yon Yonson" to London next summer. It will be seen at the Lansing next month.

Charles E. Locke and the Emma Juch Opera company are not stranded as reported, but they are on the "ragged edge."

Salvino, the younger, is in a fair way to succeed to the pressage and popularity which his father won when he first played in America.

ton and Philadelphia. In the spring Mr. Dixey returns to New York with a new play, "A Trip to Chinatown" which played at Funke's recently to but fair business, is evidently in New York for a run at Hoyt's Madison Square theatre.

"The Country Circus" has made a success in Philadelphia, and if its time in Chicago can be cancelled it will be put up at a Broadway theatre for a long run.

Robert Downing's latest fad is a woman press agent. Her name is Miss Belle McElroy and she is said to be a vivacious and clever young lady, both buxom and dresy.

Robert C. Hilliard has had another misunderstanding with Jos. Arthur, and the consequence is he retires from "Blue Jeans" November 21. His role will be played by William Harcourt.

The souvenirs for the opening night of the New Lansing are being executed where all other fine printed work is done—at the COURIER office. Extra copies will be on sale there Tuesday morning.

"Sinbad" has been transferred from the Baldwin to the Grand Opera house in San Francisco, where it will stay indefinitely. It has made a tremendous hit. After its run at San Francisco the piece comes to the Lansing.

Marie Tempest has made a great hit in singing the nightingale song in "The Tyrolean." Lots of New York people, who are not particularly fond of the opera, go to the Casino again and again at ten o'clock in the evening, just to hear the song.

Bernhardt has not made much of a sensation this time, many seats are vacant at each of her performances in New York. It will be wise for Sarah to go back to the Comedie Francaise and stop there, as another American tour might not be profitable.

The most important theatrical news in Germany is the sailing for America, October 28th and 29th, of 130 members of the company and staff of the famous Meininger Court theatre. The artistic triumphs of this company will be reproduced at the Thalia in New York.

E. D. Price is directing the tour of Richard Mansfield and Managers Mrs. Leslie Carter and the production of Audran's musical comedy, "Miss Helyett," besides attending to a few other little things. With him it is like a circus with three rings—something going on all the time.

And now they say that Lillian Russell is soon to marry William Sanford, son of the millionaire carpet manufacturer of Amsterdam, N. Y. If she does, it will be her third venture on the sea of matrimony, which has been very boisterous for the fair nightingale who is not alone the best singer America has produced, but one of the prettiest specimens of womankind ever created.



Shots from Many Lockers.
The man who wants the ether is satisfied if he secures the dust.—Pittsburg Dispatch.
I know a bank whereon a wild time grows. There is a run on it.—Lowell Courier.

The man who makes a bad break ought not to be employed on a railroad train.—New Orleans Picayune.
The farmer who closely packs his load of wood is sure to strike the popular chord.—Lowell Courier.

The theatrical mechanic is not quarrelsome, but he often finds it necessary to raise a scene.—Dramatic News.
"That was the stroke of a master hand," said the boy when the school teacher punished him.—Washington Star.

"What would you do if you were in my shoes, Jephson?" asked Hobbs. "Black 'em," replied Jephson.—Somerville Journal.

Why is it said that the doctor pays visits, when every one knows that it is the visits which pay the doctor?—Baltimore American.

Whether or not a cheap coat makes a cheap man, there is no question that a seakink sack becomes a dear girl.—Philadelphia Times.
We do not wish to be severe upon philosophers as a class, but we are forced to the conclusion that they seldom turn out well.—Boston Transcript.

There is only one person more interesting than the man with a fund of stories, and he is the fellow that prevents them from being told.—Elmira Gazette.
"Do you think those shoes are worth mending?" "Well, yes, if I sole and heel them and put new uppers on 'em. The strings are still good."—Leather Dealer.
"How astonishing that your parrot can remember such long words." "Not at all. It is quite natural for a parrot to use words of polysyllables."—Baltimore American.

Wedding invitations—Wessel Printing Co