

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

Vol. 7 No. 4

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



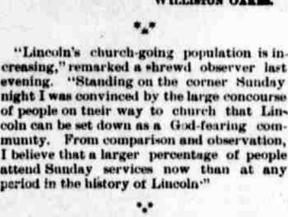
Two lovers sat together,
'Twas the eve of New Year's day,
And he muttered his confession
In a timid lover's way.



He had formed a resolution,
And he wanted her to hear
What great things he had been planning
To be done the coming year.

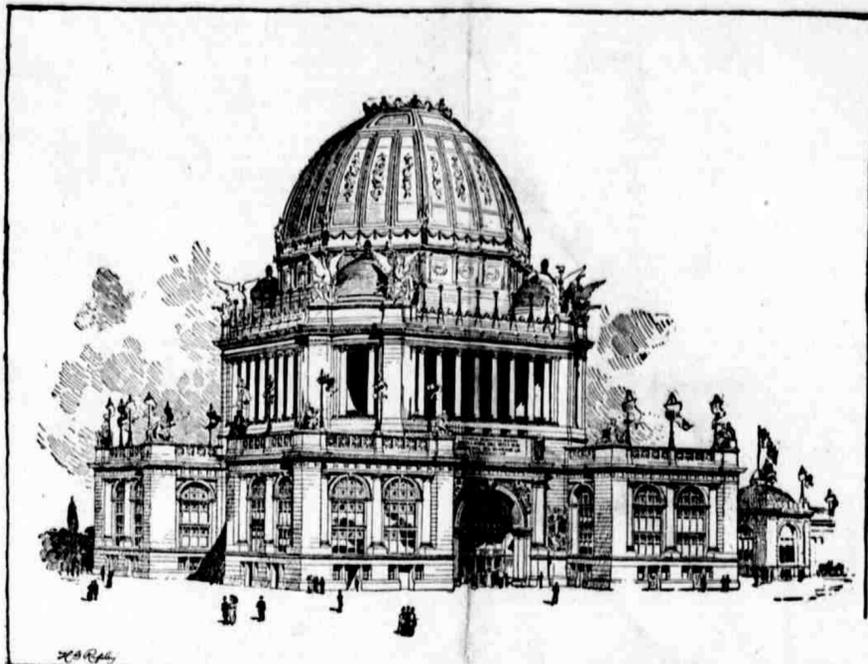


He'd resolved that he would win her,
But the maiden shook her head,
And she blushed for just a moment,
Then she answered him and said,



As her eyes in frolic twinkled
And she laughed aloud, ha, ha!
'You had better make another
That will take in my papa.'

WILLIAM OAKS



THE COLUMBIA EXPOSITION—THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

"Lincoln's church-going population is increasing," remarked a shrewd observer last evening. "Standing on the corner Sunday night I was convinced by the large concourse of people on their way to church that Lincoln can be set down as a God-fearing community. From comparison and observation, I believe that a larger percentage of people attend Sunday services now than at any period in the history of Lincoln."

An event of unusual interest in art circles is the recent presentation by George W. Childs, the philanthropic publisher of the Philadelphia Ledger, of his magnificent collection of prints, manuscripts, autographs, etc., to the library of the Drexel Institute, at Philadelphia. The collection is one of the finest in existence and represents the work of a lifetime on Mr. Childs' part. It embraces some exceedingly rare specimens, including the only complete manuscript of Thackeray in existence, and the only complete novel of Dickens in manuscript form outside the South Kensington museum. I have heard that for this latter work alone, Mr. Childs has refused \$5,000 and this is probably \$10,000 by several thousands. Dickens' in his "Mutual Friend" and Thackeray's, his lecture on George III. Both are said to be in a wonderful state of preservation. Another feature of the collection is a handsome bound volume in which is contained portraits and autograph letters of every president of the United States, from Washington down.

"What ability do you possess?" inquired the newspaper publisher of the youthful candidate for editorial honors. "I have a scissors and a self-feeding pocket paste cup" was the reply. "Young man, I see you have the necessary qualifications. Consider yourself engaged."

The subject of a state base ball league for the season of '92 is being discussed with becoming regularity about now. An Omaha writer in the Sporting News is the first to sound the tocsin. He is impressive—nay, he is enthusiastic. Listen to this outburst of his poetic base ball soul: "What joy would thrill the hearts of the cranks out at Grand Island, Hastings, Fremont, Lincoln, Beatrice or any of the other cities likely to be included in such a circuit, if they could down Omaha in a race for the State championship, and in the event of a close race between any of these cities, how the all-sustaining checkles would pour into their various coffers."

And so, after all, the joy we would experience in downing Omaha would be a mere bagatelle compared to Omaha's joy in raking in our "all-sustaining checkles." Funny baseball. Funny people. Funny world. The more one sees of it the more he is forced to agree with the sub-title of Hoyt's "Texas Steer" that "Money makes the mare go."

Appropos of this, it may be gently remarked that when the proper time comes Lincoln will have her little say in the base ball arena. We are not here exactly to dance when the other fellows whistle, and if we must pour in

our all-sustaining checkles, as the Omaha correspondent suggests, we want to know where we're going to get value received.

Mr. Charles I. Tiffany, of the well known New York jewelry establishment, has been married and living happily with his wife for the last fifty years. At the recent celebration of the golden anniversary, the employees of the firm presented a solid gold medal on which were elaborately engraved medallion portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany. This is all right. A husband and wife who can live together peacefully for fifty years in these days of divorce, animosity and separation deserve something more than a gold medal.

The attention of star gazers in Lincoln were attracted by a brilliant meteor the other evening. The serotile descended slowly from a point seemingly in close proximity to the constellation of the little "dipper," describing in its gentle descent a very graceful arch. It was surrounded by a bright light of greenish hue, and just before disappearing burst into sections, like a falling rocket. An astronomical friend who stood at my elbow watching the unusual spectacle insisted that the missile struck earth at a point not to exceed sixty miles south-west of Lincoln; but what the artillery of heaven could have seen worth shooting at in Omaha is more than I can determine.

The new postal cards, which were placed on sale at the Lincoln post office Monday, are of an amberish color, nearly one-third larger than the old size. The lettering and general design are quite dissimilar to Uncle Sam's old message bearers, and afford a welcome change from the barren monotony of which the old cards were so suggestive. The upper right hand corner is adorned by an excellent vignette of General Grant.

The Hayden Art Exhibition came to a conclusion at Armory hall last evening after one of the finest and most interesting exhibits it has yet made. The friends of art in Lincoln are indebted to the members of the club for their efforts, in the face of most discouraging circumstances, to place before them all that is good and true and beautiful in fine art. It may occur to the individual members that their task is a thankless one, but this is not truly so. In the years to come their efforts, and the practical result, will be felt and appreciated in Lincoln, where it will be richly approved.

The value of the exhibit was much enhanced by the loans of the Western Art association and special loans by General Russel A. Alger of Michigan, Mr. George W. Liningier of Omaha and the Art Institute of Chicago, Ger. Alger's oil painting, "The Last Hours of Mozart" by Munkacsy formed the principal feature of the exhibition. It is a superb masterpiece, and Lincoln was indeed fortunate in securing a chance to see this great painting. In the local department there were many fine offerings in oil and water colors, our own artists making a very creditable showing.

Ladies hair dressing, Miss Johnston, 1114 O street.

The only place to get the "Time lock register bank" at the great 19 cent store, 118 south 12th street.



The January number of *Outing* opens with a delightfully interesting story—"The Bear's Head Brooch," by Ernest Ingersoll. The scene is laid in Colorado during the early Seventies, and an episode of a prospector's life is well treated. Numerous fine illustrations by William A. McCullough adorn the tale. In addition, there are a number of absorbing special features, beside the usual editorials, records, poems, etc.

In the *North American Review* for January, Lady Henry Somerset contrasts the slums of London and New York, and Madame Adam's recent article on "Do French Novels Represent French Life?" is awarded by Andrew Lang. Under the head of "Ninety Miles in Eighty nine Minutes," the general superintendent of the New York Central railway contributes a picture of the life and work of locomotive engineers. The other features are of an unusually high standard of excellence.

The reliable fashion journals published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th street, N. Y., are too well known to require any special mention at our hands. "La Mode de Paris" gives the latest French styles. "Album des Modes" gives a selection of styles which are serviceable to the family. The former is 35 and the latter 15 cents a copy of all newsdealers or direct.

"Why Socialism Appeals to Artists" will be answered by Walter Crane, the well-known Englishman, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January. A collection of letters written by John Stuart Mill, while conducting the Westminster "Review," and an important paper on "Boston," from Mr. Emerson's unpublished manuscripts, will appear in the same number.

Scribner's for January is an unusually brilliant production, even for that high class publication. It begins its sixth year and eleventh volume with that number, which is replete with all the good things of the season. William F. Apthorp discusses "Paris Theatres and Concerts" at length, and throws considerable light on this interesting subject. "Crime and the Law" by Recorder Smith of New York, deals with his experiences among crimes and criminals, and will repay a careful perusal. There are a number of other articles of special merit, and the illustrations, as usual, are of a high order.

The January *Forum* is as bright and entertaining as ever. It has been enlarged, both in the size of the pages and the number of pages; and the magazine is sewed with thread and no longer stitched with wire. The leading articles in the current issue are: "The Louisiana Lottery—a History," by Judge Frank McGeoin, of the Louisiana court of appeals, a scathing arraignment of the lottery traffic. "The New Theological Teaching," by the Rev. Dr. Briggs; Heresy Trials and the Briggs Case by Rev. Dr. Philip Scoff and "Pension Legislation Again," by Gen. H. W. Slocum. The *Forum* is now one of the longest and handsomest, as well as the most popular of the reviews.

In the *Magazine of American History*, which opens its twenty-seventh volume with the New Year, appears the first part of "A Critical and Common Sense View of the Enterprise of Christopher Columbus," by Hon.

Arthur Harvey, president of the Canadian Institute. Rev. Dr. Glover discusses the question "Was America Discovered by the Chinese?" and Hubert Howe Bancroft tells us something about "Colin P. Huntington." A number of other articles, with the usual array of short contributions, complete a splendid issue of this excellent magazine.

One always turns to the *Century* with the expectation of enjoying a rare intellectual feast, and he is rarely, if ever, disappointed. The January number is an improvement on the December number, just as the December issue was an improvement over that of November. The frontispiece is a charming portrait of Gounod, the celebrated French composer and musician, which is accompanied by a paper of his early life. "The Jews of New York" are discussed by the Rev. Dr. A. Brown, while Mr. J. R. Dodge of the Agricultural Department, explains "The Discontent of the Farmer." There are many other articles of striking interest, including the usual budget of poetry, and illustrations of an exceedingly fine character.

Dissolution of Prominent Firms. With the close of the old year the well known firm of Parker & Sanderson has been discontinued. Mr. Sanderson retiring while Mr. Parker continues the business, assuming all debts and collecting accounts. Mr. Sanderson informs a *Courier* reporter that as soon as a central location can be secured and a new line selected, he will open a shoe store again.

Mr. Fred H. Houtz for three years a member of the firm of Brown and Houtz, wholesale cigar merchants, has sold his interest to his partner, Mr. F. A. Brown, who will continue the business at the old stand under the title of F. A. Brown and Co.

The Columbian Exposition. The progress of the Worlds Columbian Exposition, which opens next year at Chicago, is a matter of universal interest throughout the land. The administration building, an excellent illustration of which will be found in to-day's *Courier*, is by popular verdict pronounced the gem and crown of the Exposition palaces. The most conspicuous object which will attract the gaze is the gilded dome of this lofty building. This imposing edifice will cost about \$450,000 and covers an area of 260 square feet. The general design is in the style of the French renaissance. The first great story is in the Doric order, of heroic proportions, and the second with its lofty and spacious colonnade, is of the Ionic.

The interior features of this great building even exceed in beauty and splendor those of the exterior. Between every two of the grand entrances, and connecting the intervening pavilion with the great rotunda, is a hall or loggia 30 feet square, giving access to the offices and provided with broad, circular stairways and swift-running elevators.

The under side of the dome is enriched with deep panelings, richly moulded, and the panels are filled with sculpture in low relief, and immense paintings representing the arts and sciences. In size this rotunda rivals, if it does not surpass, the most celebrated domes of a similar character in the world.

The series will be continued next week and thereafter until all the principal buildings have been shown.

Ladies kid gloves cleaned or colored at Lincoln Steam Dye works, 1106 O street.



It was sorely disappointing to many theatre goers who had arranged to witness the performance, that A. M. Palmer's "Captain Swift" company were unable to reach Lincoln, owing to a series of petty delays, in time to fill their Christmas engagement. The tickets sold on the advance, amounting to more than \$400, have all been redeemed, and the entire expense of the theatre has been manfully borne by Palmer's manager. We do not mind telling you on the quiet, however, that the company will be seen at the New Lansung upon its return from San Francisco, when you will have an opportunity of seeing "Captain Swift."

Jerome K. Jerome is the author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Three Men in a Boat, to Say Nothing of the Dog," books that have recently enjoyed a wide popularity; also "The Master of Woodbarrow," one of young E. H. Southern's latest and most pronounced successes. When, therefore, it was announced that the comedy of "Dr. Bill," the Christmas attraction at the Funke, would be preceded by a one act curtain raiser by this author, there was some reason for the expectation that the miniature play would be interesting at least. But "Sunset" has been presented in Lincoln this season it has escaped the watchful attention of *THE COURIER*. It is a desultory string of cheap and meaningless sentiment. To attempt to criticize it seriously would be a waste of time.

"Dr. Bill" came to Lincoln with the prestige of a long run in New York. The play itself is all right for those who have a liking for French fun and French suggestiveness, resembling not a little in plot Roland Reed's last year's success, "Lend Me Your Wife"; but the company deserved and received small attention from Lincoln play goers, who can tell real merit when they see it. Briefly stated, the play is a portrayal of the difficulties arising from an old gentleman's forcing his son-in-law, who is wealthy, to practice his profession—medicine. The young doctor, recently married, makes a professional call on a gay married woman whose husband is much away from home, and in the confusion incident to several unexpected arrivals a single man and a married woman get locked up in one room, the doctor and his mother-in-law are hidden away, unknown to each other, in another, and adjacent apartments open up to receive other variously disjointed couples. That's the kind of a story it is. There is some really innocent fun; but there is an element of the sensational running throughout the whole comedy, and somehow western audiences do not seem to care for this sort of thing, much as it is applauded and appreciated in Gotham. William Wilson, who did the part of "Dr. Bill," was excellent when compared to the other members of the company, and not wholly bad when judged by his own merits. The kangaroo dance introduced in the play is a novelty in its line and Miss Stokes' agility and grace were warmly applauded when

ever she appeared. The attendance was light at both performances.

Mr. William H. Sherwood of the Chicago conservatory of music appeared in a piano recital at the Funke Monday evening before a small audience. His delicate and artistic execution was highly enjoyed by those present. His efforts deserved wider recognition than was accorded.

If the audience which assembled at the Lansung Monday evening expected as many of them apparently did, to see Charles L. Davis in the title role of "Alvin Joslin," they were doomed to disappointment. Just what created this impression it is difficult to determine, unless perhaps it arose from the fact that the combination was advertised as Mr. Davis' company. Mr. Charles Willard, who essayed the role, has performed this character for many years and his work is regarded as being equal to that of Mr. Davis', though it cannot be said to have given the same satisfaction here. It takes four acts to enumerate the adventures of Joslin, a Vermont farmer, who comes to New York at the invitation of his nephew, to see the sights and he sees them. He has the same experience every farmer is popularly supposed to have on his first visit to Gotham—bunco men, extortionate baggage transferers, pretty women, wine and all that, and finally ends up by being arrested, charged with murdering a young woman he has undertaken to befriend. The natural shrewdness and ingenuity of the Vermont farmer enables him to extricate himself and to baffle his enemies at every point until the curtain falls and everybody is reunited and happy, not excepting Theophilus Ogleby Doris, who was always too late. The characters throughout were commendably interpreted, the work of Esther K. Stratton as Alvin's better half being away above par, but the play has lost that snap and vim and interest which made it popular when first produced here. Viewed in the light of calm consideration, the impression steadily deepens that the situations and incidents are entirely overdrawn and unnatural. No farmer of our acquaintance has ever undergone such adventures, grave or gay, on his first visit to the city, as befell Alvin Joslin. The more one thinks of it, the more he is forced to the irresistible conclusion that plays of this class, of which there are multitudes, have really had their day. The attendance was good.

Roland Reed's vanity, a quality always present, was not flattered by the attendance at the Funke Wednesday evening, and his address, when called before the curtain at the close of the third act, was little more than a wait over the fact that there were a couple of hundred or so unoccupied seats in the house. However, the audience was not small and Mr. Reed's remarks did not come with the best grace. "The Club Friend," by Sydney Rosenfeld, a somewhat pretentious "society" play is intrinsically one of the best things the actor has introduced. Between the character of "Captain Abner Tarbox" in "Lend Me Your Wife" and "Stuyvesant Filbert" in the present comedy there is a wide divergence, yet each is made potent by the mannerisms and peculiarities of the artist. "Stuyvesant Filbert" is an eccentric money maker of forty who has remained a bachelor through an early and unrequited attachment for a pair of "hazel eyes and golden hair." After an absence of twenty years he appears just in time to avert a financial calamity which threatens the husband of his first and only love. This done he straightway falls in love with and wins the daughter of the dulcinea of his youth, in whom is reproduced the hazel eyes and the golden hair. The character is altogether different from "The Senator" to which it has been likened, but it must be confessed that "Maximilian" is only suggestive of "Bertie, the Lamb" in "The Henrietta." Albert Roberts did the part well, however. George F. Nash, who takes the part of "Perival Jarvis, M. D.," is regarded as the ablest of Reed's support, but his work done by Charles A. Sully, who appears as "Abram Oaks" merits quite as strong approval. Miss Isadore Rush, who has been seen here before gave a striking portrayal of "Evelyn," while Miss Edna Wallace was captivating as "Sybil." The entire company was well up to a high standard.

Young W. S. Cleveland's minstrel's appearance at the New Lansung Wednesday evening and gave a performance as enjoyable as it was original. That minstrelsy has taken a great upward bound within the past decade no one will attempt to deny, but with all that you can count on one hand all the companies who really deserve to be called minstrel. They are Low Dock-stader's, George Wilson's, Primrose and West's, Cleveland's, and the Gorman's. Critics differ as to which of these is in the lead, but it is safe to say that Cleveland's are a long way from the rear. The singing in the first part Wednesday evening was very finely rendered, the "Noah" of John H. Blackford, Harry J. Howard's "Picture That is Turned Toward the Wall," Banks Winters' "I can't Believe her Faithless," and the topical ditties by Arthur Rigby and John Queen deserving especial mention. The "Descriptive Lyons" was true to his title and cleverly hoodwinked seven-eighths of the audience by his misdeed. He is truly one of the best, if not the best, female impersonator before the public. Howard, Russell, Blackford, and Talbert in their musical exposition have managed to make highly interesting what is usually a very dull part in the average minstrel entertainment. Arthur Rigby in his quaint coincidences and queer sayings is just as funny as ever and his voice is even improved by time. A marvel in his line is "Dada" the gymnast, who has been termed "The embodiment of Moor's young goat." His delicate and difficult balancing and heel and toe pedestrianism in mid air, head downwards, is enough to excite the wonder and admiration of the most disinterested observer. If the audience was not as large as it might have been, it made up in appreciation what it lacked in numbers.

Continued on FIFTH Page.