

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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The "last words" of great men, which have been recorded and arranged by their associates and biographers, have been started on their rounds again by the expression of Senator Plumb just before he died. But there is a great deal of sham about these recorded sayings, and many of them, if the truth were known, would turn out to be pure inventions. One of the most celebrated of "last words" by one of the most celebrated of men, are those attributed to Mr. Pitt, the English statesman, who is alleged to have said, "Save my country, O God!" This, in the light of modern times, when the glory of past men and ages is regarded in a cold, historical way, is now doubted, and it is asserted that the dying Englishman merely said, "I think that I could eat one of Bolingbroke's meat pies."

A brief mention in the "personals" column of the Lincoln newspapers last week informed the public that "Walt Mason was renewing acquaintances in the city" that was all. Simple enough on its face, but oh, what a story one can read between the lines. "Renewing acquaintances in the city," they said; yes; but the truth is that "Walt" Mason, gifted and brilliant as he is, was on his way to the Keeley institute at Blair, a victim of the alcoholic tendency that has proved the bane and curse of his life and destroyed for him a brilliant and successful career. Unkempt and untidy as he always appeared, it is the result of over-indulgence, he carried with him an intellect unusually active, an imagination of more than ordinary fertility and brilliance and a keen perception of the humor and pathos of life which, properly directed and applied, would hardly have failed to bring him fame and fortune. As it is, though a comparatively young man yet, he is but a wreck of his former self and the only ray of sunshine for him is the hope, slender enough, Heaven knows, that he may be re-built in health and strength. I sincerely trust it may be so and that he will yet be spared for many years to brighten the gloomy side of life with those brilliant flashes of genuine wit which flow so smoothly from his prolific pen.

A gentleman in official station at Hong Kong, China, calls attention to the ruinous influence of opium, which he esteems worse than African slavery, since that often took care of the body as an economic measure. There is no disputing this. No one attempts to dispute it. Great Britain knows it all, and what is worse, defends it. What is to be the end is an appalling thought. There is need of another Wilberforce, of a spirit intrepid enough to hold up before her people and before mankind the fearful shame of England's stifled conscience.

Yes, he is leaving us! One by one the commercial traveler, he of the sample grip, is taking the train for the sunny south. He gravitates toward the gulf and we, as a city, miss his smiling features and good natured reminiscences of men and matters. Is he a desirable institution? Unhesitatingly, yes! He is not seen in the radiance of his glory here, however; it is only upon the road that he is quite himself. How often have I met him on his trip! Whether he be man or woman, it is a lucky thing to fall in with the commercial traveler when you are down in Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi or Louisiana. Reaching a new town you are perhaps in doubt where to go. Not so with the man of samples. Follow him and you, like himself, will be monarch of all you survey. He calls the bus driver by name, and cheerily calls to him to "come off his perch." His tracks will invariably carry you to the best hotel in the place and arrived there he jokes familiarly with the land lord and chucks the chambermaid under the chin. He is acquainted with everyone and knows everything about everybody. He is breezy and sociable, full of good stories and always good natured. I know him well and could hardly get along without his kindly manner and assistance. I am glad he is so numerous and that his tribe is constantly increasing. It is well.

The discussion now going on regarding the propriety of keeping the World's Fair open Sundays opens up the way for a spirited and continued controversy between those who favor the one idea or the other. It occurs to me that if there is any part of the American public whose ideas of religion will not allow them to consistently attend the fair at Chicago on Sundays, they are protected in the liberty to stay away and go some other day or not at all, as pleases them best. If there is another class whose circumstances or convenience incline them to go on Sundays, they are equally free under the constitution and law to do so.

Will any one dare say that religious considerations alone shall come in here as superior to the constitution and the law? If there are those who argue that the world's fair must be closed on Sundays for no better reason than that it accords with their notions of religious propriety, such persons might as well go a step farther and say that their neighbors must conform to certain articles of faith. To abridge or stifle full freedom of religious thought and action in this country, is only worse in point of degree, than the compulsory acceptance of an obnoxious doctrine. In this age and this country neither will do. For the management of the world's fair to yield to the demands of a religious faction and close the gates of the world's fair on that ground would be in its essential texture a revival of

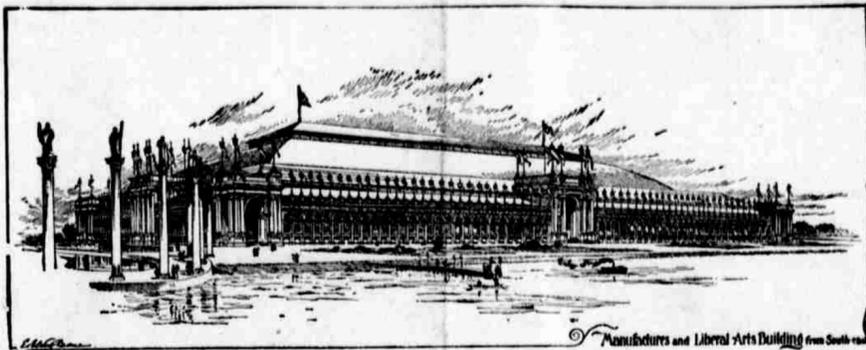
the supposedly effete subordination of public sentiment and action to religious bias. That part of the community, by no means in the majority, who demand this thing, are doing so in a spirit inherited from the same ancient intolerance that in past ages has caused the earth to run red with human blood.

It seems to be beyond the line where shadow casts its ray on the field of doubt that Lincoln is to have another daily newspaper to be called the *Evening Sun*. The first issue is promised to appear about the second of February and is to be independent in all affairs, serving no clique or faction, in short, an ideal newspaper. If the new venture is conducted closely on the lines which I understand are laid down for its guidance, it will not be at all surprising if it strips its older contemporaries of some of their laurels and forces them to get down and hustle if they want to be in the race.

They tell a good story about the early days of the Breckenridges and Henry Clay, which will bear repeating here. It seems that Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, the eminent Presbyterian divine and father of Col. C. W. Breckenridge, the eloquent Kentucky congressman, was admitted to the bar and practiced law for several years before he entered upon the ministry. The celebrated orator, Tom Marshall, was his cousin, and he used to tell with much glee how he and Cousin Bob Breckenridge, as he always called him, were once engaged on the same side of a lawsuit in which Henry Clay, then in his prime, was opposed to them. They were young, brilliant and ambitious. They concluded that the opportunity of their lives had come, and they determined to improve it by crushing Clay in argument and surpassing him in eloquence. They wanted to convince the people that, compared to them, the "Millboy of the Slashes" wasn't in it. Hence they prepared themselves carefully for the ordeal, like one who is to fight for his life. They elaborated their argument, fortifying it with apt and cogent quotations from the books, and they furnished their eloquence until it glittered and glistened with gems of wit and satire, and weighed it with logic and learning.

The great day arrived at last, as days great or small have a habit of doing. The case was called on, in due time, Breckenridge and Marshall spoke. They dazzled the big audience which had gathered to witness this battle of the intellectual giants, for there is nothing a true Kentuckian enjoys more than a contest between rival orators. Men shook their heads and whispered to their neighbors that they couldn't see how Henry Clay could beat Bob Breckenridge and Tom Marshall. At this point in the story Marshall would always pause, thus rendering the climax more effective, and then, facing his audience, would exclaim in his most impressive manner: "But at last it came Clay's turn. With one stroke of his mighty paw, the old Bon swept away our arguments like chaff, and the flood of eloquence which fell from his lips completely drowned ours. That speech of Clay's drove Bob to the pulpit and me to the bottle."

On December 1, 1891, less than sixty days ago, it will be remembered, the large brick factory of the Lincoln Paint & Color company on O street was completely destroyed by fire. It was a disastrous thing for the company at that particular time, but with energy born of the zeal which knows no failure, the progressive men at the head of this enterprising concern went to work with a will and today they point with feelings of pride and pleasure to the handsome two story brick building which, phoenix like, has risen to take the place of the one destroyed. The boiler, shafting, etc., are already in position and it is hoped to have the mill in operation before these lines reach our readers today.



WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

The new building is fitted with all modern devices for successfully prosecuting this business and there is no doubt that under the prudent guidance of the wide awake management it will attain even greater success and prominence in the future than it has in the past.

Fine Store for Rent.

The handsome new store room now occupied by the CAPITAL CITY COURIER, 25214th, with steam heat, water and all modern conveniences, will be for rent February first. For terms etc., apply at the premises, 1134 N street, opposite Herpolsheimer & Co's, exposition building.

The Columbian Exposition.

Notable for its symmetrical proportions, the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts building, which is illustrated today, is the mammoth structure of the Exposition. It measures 1,687 by 787 feet and covers nearly 31 acres, being the largest Exposition building ever constructed. Within this building a gallery 50 feet wide extends around all four sides, and projecting from this are 86 smaller galleries, 12 feet wide, from which visitors may survey the vast array of exhibits and the busy scene below. "Columbian Avenue," 50 feet wide, extends through the mammoth building longitudinally and an avenue of light crosses it at right angles at the center. The main roof is of iron and glass and arches an area 385 by 1,400 feet and has its ridge 150 feet from the ground. The building, including its galleries, has about 40 acres of floor space. The Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building is in the Corinthian style of architecture, and the long array of columns and arches, which its facade presents, is relieved from monotony by very elaborate ornamentation. In this ornamentation female figures, symbolical of the various arts and sciences, play a conspicuous and very attractive part. The exterior of the building is covered with "staff," which is treated to represent marble. The huge fluted columns and the immense arches are apparently of this beautiful material. There are four great entrances, one in the center of each facade. The building occupies a most conspicuous place in the grounds. It faces the lake, with only lawns and promenades between. North of it is the United States Government Building, south the Harbor and in-jutting lagoon, and west the Electrical Building and the lagoon separating it from the great island, which in part is wooded and in part resplendent with acres of bright flowers of varied hues.

The cold, crisp weather this week has produced a myriad of glittering frost particles, which gleam and sparkle under the glare of the electric lights until the effect is really dazzling, but even this does not compare with the scene presented at the store of Hallett, the jeweler, where many beautiful diamonds throw their scintillating rays and sparkling reflections in the eyes of the beholder. It is a veritable little paradise of beauty where the most precious stones in Nature's realm are clustered to please the eye and interest the fancy. A visit there will hardly fail to be an interesting and profitable one, especially if you have an idea of buying anything in the line of diamonds, silverware or fine jewelry.

Choicest cuts in all kinds of meats may always be found at Chipman & Shoen, 1541 O street, Phone 189.

Chipman & Shoen are gaining a well deserved reputation for high grade meats. It is an excellent place to trade and deliveries are always prompt.

Odel is doing a fine business in his new stand (Masonic Temple corner) near the location of his former successes. The place is as neat as a pin, the service par excellence and the fare identically the same as in past years, notwithstanding the fact that his price now is but 30 cents. No tickets, no trust, and no bust, but a fine meal for cash and cash only.



"The Burglar," as nearly everybody knows, is an elaboration of the familiar skit entitled "Editha's Burglar." The introduction of a burglar into polite society is certainly an original idea and whatever criticism is bestowed on the play, its uniqueness cannot be assailed. Though the plot is at times a trifle startling and sensational, yet there is nothing positively unreasonable or impossible. It might be said that the situations are possible, but not probable. The company engaged in the presentation of "The Burglar" at the Lansing Saturday afternoon and evening, while including some good people, was not in the best trim possible. Much of the best work was done by Carleton Macey and "Little Katie Hughes." The former took the part of "Paul Boston" and he interpreted it gracefully and intelligently. Katie Hughes was "Editha" and her rendition of the part was an exceedingly good juvenile performance. Right here it might be suggested that a hundred or so of the words "Papa" and "Mamma" might be erased from the manuscript without spoiling the play. John Strauss tried hard as "Edward," but the attempt was at times amateurish and the same can be said of F. E. Cooke as John Hamilton. "Gertie" Perry was an indifferent "Fannie." Beatrice Atherton was a painstaking but not very vivacious Alice. William Lewis, the burglar, was a little too unctuous. However, barring the occasional ranting, he was quite successful in what is at best a difficult role.

There must have been just the least suggestion of a satisfied feeling in Manager Church's boom as he contemplated his audience and listened to their roars of laughter over the grotesque performances of the Byrne Brothers in "Eight Bells" Wednesday evening. Standing room only, and not so much of that, was all that was to be had. In "Eight Bells" the stage carpenter, property man, scenic artist, the four Byrne Brothers and an exceedingly clever company of accomplished artists are striving to outdo one another throughout the three acts of the piece in their efforts to make the audience laugh and the result is a combination of wonderful stage mechanism, special sets, ludicrous situations, witty dialogue and pantomimic acrobatic agility that would bring tears of laughter to the eyes of the most indifferent auditor. Standing out from all the rest is the singing of the Electric quartette the whistling of Tom Browne, the amazingly skillful jugglery of Matthew Byrne, the magnetically electrical acrobatic and pantomimic work of the three Byrnes, John, James, and Matthew, and the unromantic name, McGozzle, Messrs. Primrose & West have a piece of property in a "Rich Harvest" which is sure to yield them a rich harvest and go a long way toward bringing the Byrnes on a footing with the Hanlon's in the public mind.

McKee Rankin as "THE CANUCK." McKee Rankin needs no introduction to the people of Lincoln who have seen the sublime character of his work in "The Danites" here some time ago, and the announcement here that he will appear at the new Lansing Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week is sufficient to recall the satisfaction with which his efforts were received. Mr. Rankin has scored another success in "The Canuck" and it is in this that he will be seen Tuesday night. "The Canuck" deals only with natural incidents and natural effects in a natural way, introducing a character entirely new to the stage, that of "John Baptiste Cadeaux," a French Canadian, as the name implies

Like the majority of contemporaneous plays special pains have been taken to depict the lonely life of the country and in this Mr. Rankin's play is decidedly a success. "The Danites" will be the attraction Wednesday evening. The reserve sale is now on at the box office.

NEWTON BEERS' "LOST IN LONDON."

Lincoln devotees of the stage will next week have an opportunity of seeing Newton Beers in "Lost in London," as he appears at the new Lansing for two nights, Friday and Saturday. Mr. Beers is a strong actor and has surrounded himself with a company of more than ordinary merit in the presentation of this play, which is one of unusual interest. One critic speaking of the production says: "No stronger presentation of the 'legitimate drama' has been witnessed by our people since Keene played 'Richard III' here some years ago." This is certainly strong commendation, but if one may judge by similar expressions from all over the country it is certainly well deserved. The box office opens Wednesday morning.

"A FAIR REBEL."

Of all the war dramas which have been written, none have achieved such distinctive success as has been awarded "A Fair Rebel" by Harry F. Lawson, which will be seen at the new Lansing February 1 and 2. The story is a pretty and fascinating one, the company above the average and the beautiful scenery and elaborate mechanical effects give startling realism to the stirring events of the late unpleasantness.

Lincoln ladies should not fail to show due appreciation of Manager Church's efforts to furnish a high class of matinees. Ladies that cannot or do not care to attend night performances, may visit the theatre at the matinees and see the productions mounted exactly the same as at night, with equal precision as to scenic effects, etc. The theatre is illuminated exactly the same, the complete orchestra renders the same musical program, the ladies toilet rooms are carefully looked after, and in fact every inducement that would tend to deepen the pleasure is offered the ladies and children. It is therefore a matter of importance to the ladies that they show due appreciation by liberal patronage, or matinee arrangements will be discontinued as a regular feature. In the eastern cities the afternoon performances Wednesday and Saturday are a most prominent feature of the week. Ladies attend them alone, with profit and satisfaction. The Lansing is on the ground floor, has no stairs to climb and is therefore easy of access. Special matinee prices are always made. The question now is—will Lincoln ladies support manager Church's enterprise?

DIFFERENT CUES.

The "Money Mad Company" struck a cold wave in Minneapolis, and has gone into winter quarters.

The first number of the Chicago *Dramatic News* will be issued by Leander Richardson, next Tuesday, January 26th.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh" is now the advance announcement of Stuart Robson's engagements in the West.

Harry J. McGuire, press agent of "The Hustler" company, was run over by a cable car in Philadelphia and seriously hurt.

E. D. Shultz, formerly manager of "Fern Cliff," is now business manager of Jefferson Klaw & Erlanger's "Soudan" company.

February will be a big month at the Lansing. Over fifteen nights are booked and the attractions comprise some of America's very best.

The theatrical business in the West is not good this season, generally speaking. Cause: too many theatres, and too many light-weight attractions.

Manager Church has arranged for a new drop curtain for his pleasant Lansing theatre and \$1,200 worth of additional scenery has also been contracted for.

McKee Rankin began suit January 5th at San Francisco for divorce from his wife, whom he married in Boston in 1889. His alleged desertion on the part of Mrs. Rankin as ground for divorce.

Max Freeman is to stage the English Opera Manager Oscar Hammerstein will put on at his new Manhattan Opera House, during the coming summer. Max and Oscar! Dunder and Blitzen!

Wm. H. T. Shude, formerly manager of Cleveland's minstrels, and late press agent of the People's theatre, Denver, is a recent addition to Fowler & Warrington's "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" company.

The first opera season at the Lansing will be inaugurated at that popular play house February 6th, when "Poor Jonathan" the greatest success that the Casino has ever known, will receive its first presentation in Lincoln.

Annie Ward Tiffany presented "The Stepdaughter" in Cleveland to unusually large receipts. Miss Tiffany is a strong matinee attraction and at these performances always draws enormous audiences, chiefly composed of ladies.

Henry Irving produced his long promised "Henry VIII" on Tuesday, in London. Irving as Cardinal Wolsey, Ellen Terry as the injured Katherine, and William Terriss as King Henry all made hits. The production was magnificent.

Frank Melville, the old time circus rider, claims that "The Country Circus," which followed "Cinderella" at the Academy of Music, New York, last week, is stolen from an old play of his entitled "In the Ring." The assertion is exciting a ripple of interest.

Exactly two months ago today the new Lansing theatre was opened to the patronage of a discriminating public. The great upward bound into popularity which it has taken proves conclusively the wisdom of the management and needs no comment from us.

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

There are times when the proudest of heads must bow,
And the sunniest face wear a cloud on its brow;

There are times when the lightest of hearts must ache,
But the lips must smile though the heart may break.

For 'twill never do for the world to know
That your heart is burdened with grief and woe.

There are times when girls on the street must go,
Though they are oft accused of hunting a beau.

Times when they all have played a part
In the aching and breaking of some true heart.

By a tender glance from a beautiful eye
Or bewitching smile as they pass by.

Then continue to smile as though life you go
Though eyes may brighten and cheeks may glow.

For if they are foolish and can't withstand
A pleasant smile or clasp of the hand.

Or a tender glance from a beautiful eye,
Just give them a smile as you pass by.

And if they are silly and get stuck on you
Because your hair is golden, your eyes are blue.

Your conscience is clear you've done no harm
Except to show forth your brightest charm.

If for this they condemn you, why then still
Try to give them a smile as you pass by.

But the time is short you'll admit the same
When the boys catch on to your little game.

Then your eyes won't play such an active part
In the aching and breaking of any one's heart.

With a scornful glance from a piercing eye,
And a sneering smile they'll pass you by.

AS OLD MAID.

Five Playing Cards.

Send ten (10) cents in stamps to John Sebastian, Gen'l Tkt. and Pass. Ag't Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry., Chicago, Ill., for a pack of the latest, smoothest, slickest playing cards you ever saw. Just the thing for High Five parties. For a 50c. express money order or postal note will send you five packs. 1-25-4t

Misfortunes never come singly and certainly Mr. M. Well is no exception to the general rule as a recipient of such favors. Recently he bought an interest in the Lincoln Paint and Color company. Shortly thereafter the great fire took place. Sunday morning he returned from Burr Oak, Kansas where he went last week to attend the funeral of his late partner and manager in the Well Mercantile company, in which Mr. Well owns a majority of the stock. The deceased was a warm personal friend in whom Mr. Well had the greatest confidence. Mr. Well's many friends sympathize with him and beg to remind him of the fact that "there's a silver lining in every cloud."

Oscar Wilde's mother, when a young woman, had the ambition to become qualified for conversation in any intelligence company. She studied several languages and covered a course of advanced education, and then found that it all was as nothing in competition with talk about the weather, fashions, and the score of usual trifles.

Ladies hair dressing, Miss Johnston, 1114 O street.

Geo. A. Raymer, coal and wood. Phone 350. 1134 O street.

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

One hundred finest engraved calling cards and plate only \$2.50 at Wessel Printing Co., 1136 N street.

Miss C. J. Guilmette, modiste, Latta Block over Miller & Payne. Take elevator.