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Four or five of us were sitting around in the Capital hotel Thursday evening, enjoying a quiet smoke when a well known city physician came in and joined us long enough to tell a pretty good story between the whiffs of his Havana. A man of this place who is not exactly a prohibitionist, when sick generally sent for a certain physician who always gave a goodly portion of liquor with his medicine. On one occasion he did not prescribe as much whisky as he thought he ought to have and, disagreeing with the patient, was given "notice to quit." Another physician, the one who told us the story if you please, was sent for and he, in addition to the other prescription, allowed him per diem ounce of brandy. The patient not having a definite idea of just how much an ounce was in liquid measure called in his son after the doctor took his leave and said: "John, didn't I hear you going over the table of liquid measure yesterday? Bring your arithmetic and read it over to your sick father." And John, with great deliberation read, "eight drachms one ounce." "Eight drams!" said the delighted man, "that's about ten times as much as tother doctor let me have. Aint it lucky I changed! John, take the gallon jug and go down to old Reliable's and get it filled. Eight drams a day; why, that's just about my size." It took the doctor some time to discover what it was that made his patient so friendly and hilarious during his subsequent visits, but when he finally did and remonstrated against the cause it cost him a profitable patient.

A week or two ago in these columns I made a straight-to-the-point reference to the Louisiana lottery and its methods and gave a few figures to substantiate my story. The fact of the matter is that the liberty these people demand is the liberty of thieves and robbers, not the lottery and anti-lottery parties in Louisiana are so strong that neither can safely adopt the shot gun policy. In general, the clergy, the working men, and the better class of whites and blacks are in opposition to the business. Of course there is the old cry of, "Let us Alone!" and "You Yourself Used to Maintain the Lottery!" but people have outgrown all that. There are scores of abominable practices which were common among us and these have been warnings as clear as the tinkle of a silver bell that we should abandon them. We are indeed wretched reasoners if we must find in the faults and weaknesses of others the principal excuse for our own. A murderer may not erect the tombstones of his ancestors between himself and the gibbet. Right is right and wrong is wrong in him who acts—there is no dodging the issue, there can be no rational doubt of the fact. The last decade of the nineteenth century cannot justify its crimes or its follies by pleading the moral obliquity of the first. Reason and judgment both denounce it as false and fallacious.

To a practiced eye it must be painfully apparent that the lottery forces of Louisiana are preparing for a desperate conflict. The leaders will hesitate no means however despicable to carry their point and win the day. The contest will be a bitter and a five one and whatever the result, its influence will not be felt so plainly in this generation as in the ones to come. The tentacle is a foe-man as strong as it is demoralizing and it will not do for the anti-lotteryites to underestimate their antagonist's strength. They must look well if they would destroy the foul blot on the name of their fair state and deliver it from the means of upgrading devices for robbing the poor and training young men to rely upon cards or dice or wheels of fortune. Instead of honest, ennobling labor, that has ever been known or tolerated in the history of the civilized world.

I am not a pessimist. I like to repose confidence in the veracity and stability of my fellow men and to believe that they are not entirely devoid of those fine traits which we all admire. But, every once in a while something turns up that somehow or other shakes my faith in human nature for the time being and makes me wonder if the pessimistic view is not the correct one after all. As an illustration, I have just been reading the columns of my favorite morning news paper, which is usually very reliable and trustworthy in the news it publishes. Yet before me as I write is an account taken from the Tahlequah (Indian Ter.) Telephone of a single potato given the editor's family comprising himself and wife and sixteen children, which when fried for their Sunday dinner was amply sufficient for all, to say nothing of a married daughter and her husband who were spending the day there. As if this were not enough to jar my sensitive feelings, it is stated that the remainder of the vegetable was made up into potato pone and furnished dessert enough for the whole crowd—yes, not only enough but to spare. By way of emphasis it is added that all are great lovers of potatoes, and in this I cordially agree. I believe they are even more fond of them than of the truth. Before committing myself finally, however, I want to interview Colonel Bob McKeon's. He may be able to throw some interesting light on the matter.

It cannot be said that cremation is moving upon us in the shape of an avalanche. It has much to commend it, and yet it moves with measured tread and slow. In the city of Buffalo, for instance, a beautiful crematory has been holding its doors invitingly open to the public since 1885, and in no year since that time has it paid expenses. Nothing is said against this crematory, as such. It affords every facility for the prompt and satisfactory incineration of customers, and yet business is dull to the point of discouragement. The probability is that the prejudice which exists in the minds of the people of

this country against cremation, as a means of disposing of the dead, will be eradicated with great difficulty. In the meantime it is pleasant to note that the cremationists are not discouraged, but are pressing on to a bright future.

The man who retains his seat in a street car and allows a lady to stand is not the only one who comes in for a share of public censure. Gentlemen sometimes have rights which the traveling public are not slow in recognizing even on a street car, as is illustrated by an case in point. I happened to be a passenger on an east side car one day this week. Opposite me was a well dressed, but stout and defiant-looking woman with a hand-box and bundle which she had arranged to occupy about three seats. The car was crowded—all the other seats were taken. Presently, we came to a stop and an old gentleman entered, leaning heavily upon a cane. After searching about for a seat he approached the stout-looking woman and paused to give her an opportunity to move along. She glanced indifferently at him and looked unconcernedly out of the window. "Madam, will you please move along and give me room. I am very tired."

The request was met with a strong stare from the stout lady who evidently knew her rights and was prepared to maintain them at any cost. "You shall have my seat, sir," cheerfully said a winsome looking young lady who sat near by, and before the old gentleman's protest was half uttered she had arisen and gently seated him. Several of us sprang up to give our seat to the girl, but she refused them by shaking her head. She simply bent a steady penetrating look at the space between the stout lady and her hand-box, as if mentally calculating the consequences, and then going to it she faced about and sat down very much after the style in which a trip hammer or pile driver might descend. The stout lady, wearing a look of disgust that would have stopped a gas metre, instantly drew away to the other end of the seat, making almost room enough for three passengers. If we didn't applaud her openly it wasn't because every one of us in the car didn't feel like doing so.

Sam Jones, the only original and genuine Sam, is meandering about the country delivering his peculiar rambling discourses, directed at nothing in particular and everything in general. A well-informed friend of mine who heard him a couple of weeks ago said to me: "His lecture was simply a combination of droll anecdotes, so chained together as to bring down the house, when they did." If the Georgia evangelist is not a success in the pulpit he is specially fortunate as a humorous lecturer for he is greeted everywhere by crowded and appreciative houses. In many respects he is certainly a wonderful man and while as a preacher he offends more frequently than he pleases, as a lecturer he is very generally praised.

A peculiar charm lingers about relics of by-gone days that possess, to the antiquarian, a strange fancy. The general distrust with which the valentine of to-day is looked upon is a striking contrast with the position it held in the minds of those who were young fifty years ago. In the olden times on this day, for St. Valentine's day is older than the postal service, messengers were busy exchanging missives between young people, but they were all of a tender, sentimental nature, for the day was then sacred to love and lovers. In speaking of past customs and of St. Valentine's day a Lincoln lady who has every reason to review her days of courtship with the fondest recollections, recently produced from among her old treasures a beautiful valentine sent her nearly fifty years ago by a handsome and gallant young man. The missive which is large and square, is made of white satin. On its top

are myriad folds of white lace, diamond shaped, which when lifted reveal a touching and pretty sentiment neatly engrossed on the card underneath. It is a dainty and elegant piece of work and is to-day as bright and clean as when the messenger delivered it to her so long ago. The gentleman who presented it is now her husband and as handsome and gallant as ever, though more streaks of silver can be noticed in his hair, notwithstanding the fact that the weight of fifty valentine days have been added to the years which have been such short and happy ones to him.

When you take up a book of to-day, one of



THE NEW PULLMAN STREET CAR—INTERIOR VIEW.

those delicate, fine appearing volumes, and carefully turn over its calendar pages, did it ever occur to you that it might fall to pieces before the mill of the next century? Well, it is very apt to. The paper in the books that have survived two or three centuries was made by hand of honest rags without the introduction of strong chemicals, while the ink was made of nut galls. It is very different now. Much of the paper for books to-day is made, in part at least, of wood pulp treated with powerful acids, while the ink in a large majority of cases is a compound of various substances naturally at war with the flimsy paper upon which it is laid. While the printing of two centuries ago has improved with age, that of to-day, I fear, will within fifty years have outen its way through the pages upon which it is imprinted. It's just a little curious isn't it, when you pause to consider? And this reminds me that a heartless eastern publisher to whom I mentioned the matter not long ago sardon-

ically remarked that the matter was highly unimportant to the great majority of authors anyway.

Paul Blouet or "Max O'Rell" told some very plain truths in those short jerky sentences of his at the opera house Tuesday evening. This is especially true in speaking of the accumulation of wealth, when he said: "Europe, and especially France, can teach you one thing—how to live, to rest. You do not live. You burn. You are never satisfied. Having \$1,000,000, you must have \$2,000,000, and \$2,000,000, you must have \$4,000,000. But you can never possess \$10,000,000. Ten millions possess you. A French-

man makes less, but he keeps it. His wife makes him. You lose one fortune only to make another. French fortunes are small, but they are stable. The French provincial tradesman that looks his shop door that he may not be disturbed by customers, has better learned how to live than the American that puts on his office door "Gone to Dinner. Back in five minutes." Five minute dinners are what makes your lovely scenery plastered over with advertisements of liver pills.

space is occupied. The arrangement of the seats above is such that passengers face outward, keeping the total height of the car down to the lowest possible limit. The upper deck is reached by four winding stairways, especially graceful and compact in design. The advantage of this is obvious. It permits of the rapid loading and unloading of the car, and so divides the passengers that they can not interfere with each other. The design and construction of the stairways combines lightness with great strength, and secures an economy of room that is remarkable. The central opening takes up a space which is no larger than two ordinary street car platforms, yet it serves for the handling of three times as many passengers. The arrangement of the lower compartments materially increases the seating capacity independent of the double deck, while the absence of doors from the ends prevents annoying drafts through the car. The platform is equipped with two gates, each of which is provided with a seat. In most of the cars and omnibuses arranged with an upper deck, no provision has heretofore been made to protect passengers seated thereon from the weather. In this car, the upper portion is completely covered with a roof carried on light bronze uprights, placed back of the seats, so that while the passenger is fully protected from sun or rain, he has nothing to obstruct his view. Roll curtains of awning material are hung at the edge of this roof, with which, if desired, the open sides may be completely closed in.

The floor and decoration of the car leaves nothing to be desired. The inside finish is of mahogany, with quartered oak ceiling, decorated. The windows are of crystal sheet glass, and the doors are of French plate, embossed. Mirrors are placed in the upper deck on each side of the doors. Spring seats with spring backs, finely upholstered in tapestry are suggestive of comfort. Each compartment has one double oil lamp, in addition to the electric lights, for use in case of an accident to the current. The stairways, platforms, upper part of the railing that surrounds the upper deck and the roof supports are of polished bronze.

A very effective friction brake is used, the brakes being applied to each of the eight wheels. The car has been in practical operation in Boston, on the West End Street Railway Company's line for over a month. President Whitney, of the above road, says in regard to this car: "It gives excellent satisfaction to the public, and carries more passengers than the other cars, and to that extent helps to solve the transit question for large cities."

More passengers are carried on the upper deck on the lower deck, and this in winter weather. Between Harvard Square and Bowdoin Square, on the afternoon of December 13th, the car carried 288 passengers on the upper deck, and 710 on the lower deck. On this basis the car would earn over \$50,000.00 per year.

Three of the principal points that are claimed for this car are:

1. It doubles the carrying capacity.
2. It increases the comfort of passengers.
3. The cost of operation, per passenger is reduced nearly half.

The first two points, as will readily be seen, are of great importance to the traveling public, as well as to street railway companies, while the reduced cost of operation will also cut considerable figure with rail way managers and eventually with the traveling public.

The readers of the COURIER, will find the finest line of baked goods in the city at the New York Bakery, 126 south Twelfth street.



"For or Jonathan," the comic opera from the Casino, by Carl Millocker, the composer of "The Boggar Student" and "The Black Hussar," was sung by the Concord Comic Opera company to a large and cultivated audience at the new Lansing Saturday evening. The plot hinges upon the change of fortunes of Ruby Gold and Jonathan Tripp, both of whom are on the point of committing suicide, one because he has no money, the other because he has too much. It is agreed that should either tire of the arrangement they will assume their former positions at the stinging of an air which they have decided upon as the signal. Both have a series of more or less interesting adventures after that, finally ending by another transformation in which both resume their places. It can hardly be said that the music is as pretty as either of Millocker's former compositions. The prettiest air in the whole opera is Molly's "When I was a child of three" on which she was deservedly encoiled. The duet between Ruby Gold and Harriet, "Dost Thou Then Love," and that between Jonathan and his wife in the second act are very pretty. Mr. Mac Collon and Miss Hall were exceedingly clever throughout. In fact, the entire company were good. The introduction into comic opera of the evening full dress costumes against the more romantic and gorgeous ones with which we are all familiar, has been criticized severely in some quarters. At most it is but a question of individual opinion and individual taste, neither of which incline toward the full dress at present, however.

Manager Pearson's five act melo drama, "The Midnight Alarm," was seen at the new Lansing, Monday and Tuesday evenings by large audiences. The piece, which is founded somewhat on the lines of "A Still Alarm," is realistic in a marked degree, and some very good effects are produced. The railroad bridge at Shark Run on the Jersey coast and the attempt to wreck the South Shore express, which goes thundering over the bridge, is a scene calculated to bring the gallery gods to their feet, hat in hand. The midnight alarm, in the fourth act, where engine number 6, with smoke and sparks issuing from the smoke stack, is driven across the stage, is another bit of realism in keeping with the character of the play. There is an interesting story unfolded as the five acts go on, and some very clever dashes of comedy are introduced in the person of Sparkle and E. Chippington Chaser, who pleased the audience greatly. Altogether the play is up to the average of realistic dramas, and ahead of a good many of them, but for all that there are unmistakable indications that realism as applied to the stage has almost had its day.

Miss Neely Stevens of Chicago appeared at the Funke in a piano recital under the auspices of the St. Andrews Brotherhood for the benefit of the mission in South Lincoln, Monday evening. She was assisted by Miss Richardson, Miss Rice, and Messrs Barnaby, Seymour, Raymond and Sanders, well known local musicians. The program was very much enjoyed by those present. Miss Stevens is an artist of considerable ability and her delicate and finished execution was well appreciated here. The vocal numbers were very cordially received.

M. Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell," was at the Funke Tuesday evening before a good sized audience being them of "America as seen through French spectacles." There is a certain something about O'Rell, a charm or magnetism as it were, which makes him, more than what he says, humorous and enjoyable. For an hour and a half he entertained his auditors with those telling epigrammatical cuts and dashes which are peculiar to him and with which those of us who have read his "Jonathan and his Cousin" are familiar. He kept the audience in good humor from start to finish.

"SPIDER AND FLY."

M. B. Leavitt's millionaire feast of merriment, the new grand spectacular pantomime, the "Spider and Fly" will be presented at the new Lansing Wednesday evening of next week. The company was organized in Europe and comprises forty-six well known European celebrities of opera, spectacle, pantomime, comedy and specialty in this brilliant blended and popular success. The costumes are by Alias, of London, and are said to be oriental specimens of magnificence and beauty, while the gorgeous scenery is by Martin and Young of New York. Marvelous electrical effects are introduced throughout the play and the ballet is claimed to be unusually strong and well balanced. Altogether the "Spider and Fly" has proved a source of pleasure and amusement to those who enjoy the spectacular in presentations of this class, with pretty girls and hoarsely clowning with clever specialty and operatic artists in producing a cyclone of fun, laughter and enjoyment.

HONEST HEARTS AND WILLING HANDS.

The well known drama which the distinguished Boston gentleman, John L. Sullivan, and that other noted individual, Danvers Harrison, have achieved dramatic fame, will be put on the boards at the Lansing one night only, Thursday evening of next week. The mere announcement of the Boston slagger's appearance will go a good ways toward assuring a crowded house but, aside from that, the play itself is one of intrinsic merit and has many good points to commend it to the public. The sale of reserved seats opens at the box office Tuesday morning.

[Additional Dramatic on 5th page.]

Whitebreast Coal and Lime Company.