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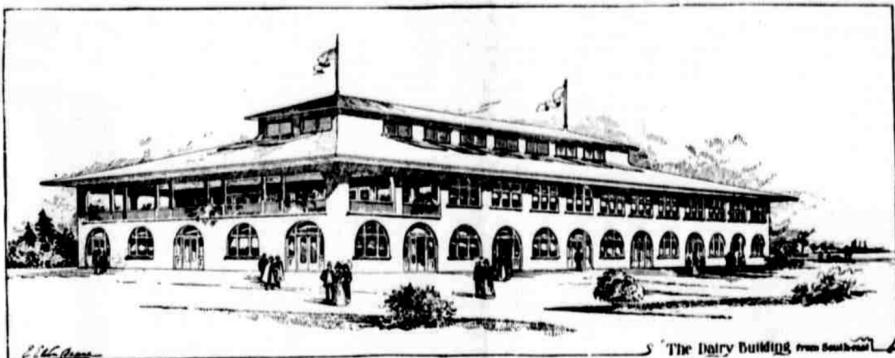
I have just finished reading in an eastern journal an account of the arrest of two highly respectable young ladies by a pig-headed policeman in Philadelphia, who escorted them to the station house and locked them up in a filthy, dirty cell over night. And for what? Simply because they had staid at the home of a friend, where a companion lay dead and it was late before they started home. The monarch of the street had his "suspicions" aroused and in spite of their protests took them into custody. At the station instead of being put in charge of the matron they were placed under lock and key. For his part in this irregular proceeding the House Sergeant, as well as the zealous copper, who glories in the name of Cronin, have lost their official heads—that is to say, both have been suspended pending the investigation of the case. But what good will either the suspension or investigation afford the outraged feelings of the two victims? Will it render less unpleasant their contemplation of the cell with its chilling iron bars and the horrors of the night spent there? Hardly. There is no remedy for that. The suspension of the entire police force would be a matter of little interest to them now.

But what shall be said of the policeman and his action? The arrest was totally unwarranted, uncalled for. It was made without process of any nature, save what his club and shield afforded, and there was no pretense that the exercise of this was justified by any circumstance whatever. The young ladies were not acting unseemly or boisterous; they were hurrying to their homes as best possible when the ill-mannered blue coat intercepted them. That is all there was of the matter; and because this man had a "suspicion" under the helmet which is supposed to cover his brains, these ladies must needs be carted to the station house like a common criminal to languish over night. One thing is certain. Such things cannot be permitted in this country. The citizens have the freedom of the streets at all hours and so long as they are innocent of crime and conduct themselves becomingly have a right to walk where and when they please, be it late or early. Vigilance in policemen is commendable, but it must be coupled with discretion or else it easily and quickly degenerates into tyranny and injustice.

In the current issue of the *Western Musician* Prof. O. B. Howell of the conservatory of music has an interesting article on the species *genus* who is always seeking something for nothing. He is a well known and multitalented individual whose features and importunities are familiar to the members of every trade and profession. Professor Howell, in his article, sums him up like this: "A person who has spent years of toil and study, besides a small fortune to procure a musical education, have in their profession their stock in trade. It does not require much brain power to comprehend that a musician, to attain eminence, must work with a personal sacrifice of time and the expenditure of large sums of money. * * * If it is desired to get up a concert to furnish aid for any charitable object, the musician is promptly called upon to exhibit his powers purely for love. Many of the musicians called upon for charitable schemes, can ill afford to devote their time and energies in this direction. He is asked to give up his time for the delectation of the people in whom he has only a public interest, and spend so much of his time that his family, in a measure are sufferers by his labor of love. If a musician is invited out to spend a social evening with his friends, it is quite natural for some dear friend to say, "Now, Professor, just play us one piece, please." Why not ask the minister, who was invited to spend a social evening, to preach a sermon to amuse the company, or the lawyer to make a plea for their reformation, or the political orator to make a free trade speech for their disgust? Why not ask the shoemaker to bring his kit of tools and amuse the company for a short time by making a pair of shoes? The true musician is a man of refinement, and enjoys social gatherings. He takes pride in his chosen work, and it is humiliating to him to be asked to play or sing simply to amuse, and he cannot afford to display his power simply for the love of art." This is only a public interest, and almost any profession. None are exempt from the something-for-nothing man's solicitations. He is a wonderful factor in the lives of many men. His modesty prevents him asking for anything more than the earth.

Now that it is all over and the "big Indians" of both parties have laid down their implements of warfare and taken up the pipe of peace, the country will resume its wonted appearance of serenity and prosperity, as though it had never happened and everything and everybody will be generally contented, that is, of course, excepting the newspapers, who will continue to discuss the election and kick against the decision like the true soldiers they are. But as their little editorial fusillades are in main a harmless sort of pastime which seem to do no injury while affording them a good deal of satisfaction, there can be no particular objection to their continuing the fun. It occurs through to one looking at it with an unprejudiced eye that there is a time and place for everything and that the controversy has had its time. Its place is in history now.

It has often been a matter of wonderment and surprise to me how good books could be furnished and sold as cheaply as they have in the past few years, and I confess I am still at a loss to understand how it is done. My publishing friends must have some secret method of their own which they are carefully guarding, for the more one thinks of it the more inexplicable it appears. Take, for



The Dairy Building from southeast

instance, the books which are offered as premiums by the COURIER, look them over carefully and then tell me if you can see how it is possible to furnish them at the price asked. There is Charles Dickens in fifteen volumes, handsomely bound in the best binders' cloth and embossed in original designs in black and gold, which are offered with the paper a whole year for five dollars. Allow two dollars for the COURIER, its regular subscription rate, and you have Dickens, who is essentially the novelist of the people, at your command for twenty cents a volume—an insignificant price! On the same principle, you may have Thackeray in ten volumes, cloth, and the paper, for \$4.25 or Elliot's six volumes for \$3.25, with the paper for a whole year as a gift. What puzzles me most, though, is the superior get-up and attractiveness of the volumes. They are not the cheap, imperfectly printed and still more imperfectly bound books one would expect to obtain at these figures. On the contrary, the plates are excellent, impression sharp and clear, and the paper is very good and even the illustrations show up well, while the binding and embossing are equal to many two dollar volumes I have seen. As I said before, it's a mystery to me how the books can be offered at such a price, but the fact remains that they are and that hundreds of copies of them have been taken within two months. If any of my friends contemplate purchasing the works of these standard authors, I would advise them to get in on the ground floor for I really anticipate the failure of the publishers, unless prices are advanced. Frankly, I cannot see how it can be avoided.

The growing demand for literature of the civil war is bringing out a good deal of what may be called novelty in war literature. The numerous histories and magazine and newspaper articles written seem inadequate to appease the public appetite and so a Philadelphia journal, *The Inquirer*, has commenced the publication of the daily news dispatches of thirty-one years ago and published in its files at that time. This is history repeating itself with vengeance, and it is not unworthy of note that the articles are warmly received.

There is little wonder that the Rock Island has made such rapid strides into popularity. A year ago not a passenger train was moving in or out of Lincoln—today the line is as "hull fellow" well used, and it is a very peculiar occasion when a Lincoln paper comes out these days without some good remark about the new line. Rutherford is always ready to give a few moments time to the news huffers and if any information in his profession will be of service to them, they never fail to get it fresh and intelligently. Ever obliging, courteous and companionable, Mr. Rutherford has found in his new home an appreciative public and a host of friends of all classes and the company is to be congratulated upon having the services of a gentleman so well liked and so well qualified to serve its interests.

It has come to be generally accepted as both meet and proper that women could enter the professions with perfect confidence and propriety. The many thousands of them engaged throughout the country are sufficient evidence of that. When, therefore, a reputable physician who has enjoyed years of practice and experience stands up and proclaims that this is all wrong, his or her remarks are apt to be received with more than ordinary attention. This is precisely what Dr. Arabella Kenesly, a distinguished London M. D., does in just those words: "Women should not attempt to carry on a profession after marriage. I mean the women of the upper and middle classes who go into the professions. It is not necessary that they should be the breadwinners; that duty should devolve upon the husband, and I am confident that the rising generation would be healthier and stronger in every way if the mothers would exert themselves less.

look anxiously at every baby that comes under my notice in the hope that I shall find some improvement in the type, some increase in stamina, compared with the generation that has preceded it; but instead of this there is only steady deterioration observable. This deterioration is particularly noticeable among the children of very active mothers. The cleverest and most highly educated women, the women who take the most active part in public affairs, have the most weakly and puny children. Another thing, women are going into too active forms of exercise. When a young married woman tells me that she is captain of a cricket eleven or a football team I can only say I am perfectly aghast. Women must pace before themselves the alternative, to earn their living, to exercise their faculties, and to gratify their ambitions in a professional career, or to become good wives and mothers, and if they choose the domestic life they must recognize that they must sacrifice their personal happiness and ambition in the future happiness and success of their children." There's a good deal of solid horse sense in what Doctress Arabella says. She will find many who, like myself, will readily acquiesce in her opinion.

World's Columbian Exposition - The Dairy Building.
The Dairy Building shown to-day is quite sure to be regarded with great favor by World's Fair visitors in general, while by agriculturists it will be considered one of the most useful and attractive features of the whole exposition. It was designed to contain not only a complete exhibit of dairy products, but also a dairy school, in connection with which will be conducted a series of tests for determining the relative merits of different breeds of dairy cattle as milk and butter producers. The building stands near the lake shore. It covers approximately half an acre, measuring 35x100 feet; is two stories high, and cost \$30,000. In design it is of quiet exterior. On the first floor, besides office headquarters, there is in front a large open space devoted to exhibits of butter, and farther back an operating room, 25x100 feet, in which the Model Dairy will be conducted. On two sides of this room are amphitheatres seats capable of accommodating 400 spectators. Under these seats are refrigerators and cold storage rooms for the care of the dairy products. The operating room, which extends to the roof, has on three sides a gallery where the cheese exhibits will be placed. The rest of the second story is devoted to a cafe, which opens on a balcony overlooking the lake.

The New Shoe House.
Cyrus Sanderson late of Parker & Sanderson and one of the most popular shoe men in Lincoln, is now hard at it arranging for the opening of the new shoe house, 1225 O street, and of which he will be at the head. The new firm will be known as Sanderson, Schurman & Davis and having ample capital to back it, will undoubtedly flourish from its inception. Mr. Schurman is an experienced shoe man, well known here and Mr. Davis is an old citizen who has many friends. The popularity of the members of the firm will be sufficient to draw a large patronage. The opening day has not as yet been decided upon.

The changes of styles and fashion in jewelry are no less frequent than in other departments of human attire. For instance, gold rosaries are now ready for the eastern trade. Some rosaries have the beads connected by links. These make the rosary more flexible, and as it is often held in the palm of the hand the links make it more pliable and manageable. Plain gold crosses without the figure are also used. You can find gold crosses and everything else in the way of fashionable jewelry and fine diamonds at Eugene Hallett's. Make a note of this fact. Manufacturers say that the bowknot will last another season. It has crowded out many other styles, mainly because of its adaptability. It is very commonly used to fasten watches at the side and for pinning draperies. Bow knots five inches across have been made for fastening drapery on the hips. It is polka dotted with tiny brilliants.

The new Lincoln frame and art company make a specialty of frames for fine crayon work, with Elite Studio 236 south Eleventh street.



Maggie Mitchell, who for years has been a prime favorite with the general public, was at the Funke Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in her new play "The Little Maverick." While it is a decided improvement over anything she has recently played, there is nothing out of the conventional sourette play to attract special attention. Miss Mitchell is still little and graceful and dances as nimbly as ever, though her age is beginning to tell plainly. Her support, as it always is, was excellent.

Luavitt's "Spider and Fly" aggregation at the Lansing Wednesday attracted a large audience. Just what there is about the extravaganza to give it the title of "The Spider and the Fly" is not clearly apparent, for it is nothing more or less than a vehicle for the introduction of variety and burlesque specialties, but these are so well put on as to bring down the house. Messrs Ford and Morris in their laughable absurdity "The Tandem," have brought out some funny features which kept the house ringing as long as they were on. Their comic pantomime "Rally, Rally," was another clever and laughable bit of work. The twin sisters, Patsman, are vocalists of a high order and their efforts in this line, as well as their refined dancing, brought them a merited encore. Chas. H. Kenyon as "Horatio Pickles," an author in hard luck, is a comedian of entertaining power, who has a fortune in his mouth. Altogether, the spiders and the flies gave a clear, bright, entertaining with just enough snap and vim to render it enjoyable throughout.

Thursday was essentially a Sullivan night. The Boston Gladiator, with John Barleycorn, was at the Lansing in all his glory, in company with Duncan Harrison in "Broderick Agna," a four act Irish comedy-drama. The play is Sullivan and Sullivan is the play and Sullivan is the same old John L. The attendance was large.

THE NOSS JOLLITIES.
The celebrated Noss Jollities which will be seen at the new Lansing for two evenings, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week have a high reputation as refined musical comedians. Of all the entertainments that have contributed to the delight of an audience, we venture to say that none have excelled the Noss Family. Pure chaste and refined, this remarkable company compass in their program a bewildering variety of most enchanting music drawn from the most unreasonably sources imaginable, which embrace the finest and most elaborate instruments down to bottles, buckets, saw cutters, sticks and chains. It is a remarkable family, each one gifted with rare musical talent, which crop out in every movement. The audience would willingly consent to be entertained until midnight. They are under the auspices of the Knights Templar here.

HANLON'S FANTASMA.
Hanlon's "Fantasma" in all its original brilliancy and grandeur of mechanical effects, mystifying illusions, and laughably absurd pantomimic situations will be seen at the Lansing Friday and Saturday evenings next, with a Saturday matinee for the benefit of the ladies and children. The Hanlon's, or their charming productions need no introduction here, for most of us have seen and laughed at the picturesque novel features evolved in their "Le Voyage en Suisse," and their latest offering "Superba." "Fantasma" is not a new creation; we have seen it several times and always with manifestations of delight; but "Fantasma" as we have seen it and "Fantasma" as it is today are entirely different—in fact, aside from the mere matter of name, there is no relation between them to speak of. As I have said before, it seems as if the Hanlon's are endowed with a never ending fund of inventive genius, for year after year rolls

by without any apparent degeneration of their resources, though the labor of revising and originating goes steadily on. In the new "Fantasma" they have reached as near the dome of perfection as it is possible for mortal man to do. And when the stage carpenter, the scenic artist and the ever gorgeous property man combine their energies with three Hanlons, it is hardly to be wondered that even such a mirth provoking, brilliantly spectacular pantomime as "Fantasma" should be the result. My own opinion, after seeing it, is that it would make you laugh if every dollar you had in the world was lost and your bosom friend had deserted you. Can I say more? Yes, the advance sale opens Wednesday morning.

"THAT GIRL FROM MEXICO."
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who have been called the "American Keadals," will be seen at the new Lansing March 1st and 2nd in their latest comedy success, "That Girl From Mexico," in which they have pleased and delighted so many audiences throughout the country.

JAMES O'NEIL.
The talented actor James O'Neil, whose name is inseparably connected with Alexander Dumas' "Monte Cristo," will appear at the Lansing, March 8 and 9, on which occasions he will present "Monte Cristo" and his new magnetic spectacular production, "A Dead Heart."

Manager Pitou reads more plays than any other theatrical manager in America. "Never in the history of the drama has there been such a scarcity of good plays. Every well-known manager in this country to day is in want of a good play, and each is willing to pay a good price for the proper material. I am surprised that our bright young newspaper writers do not devote some of their spare time to the writings of plays," says Mr. Pitou. "It pays far better than any other kind of work in the literary line. There is a great field for American dramatists."

A bewildering array of new plays, if reported truly, are soon to be transferred from type written copies on the stage. Dr. Daly's purification of the psycho-sentimental French play, "L'Amoureuse," is to succeed "Nancy and Company." Charles Frohman has a new play for John Drew, when he leaves Daly's management, written by Bisson and Carre Bronson Howard is on his way from France, homeward, with a new play in his Gladstone. Cora Tanner is to star in "Husband and Wife," under the management of Col. Sims and T. Harry French. A Sims-Buchanan drama called "The Trumpet Call," will be done next week in Boston. Marie Madison has rewritten "The Little Shamrock," and Martha Morton has finished "Circumstantial Evidence" for Pitou. Kate Claxton is soon to do Clay Green's "Blackberry Farm." He on Byths will produce "The Wide, Wide World," and "The Hon. Herbert," in manuscript, has reached Dan Frohman from London. Henry Guy Carlton's, "The Prince of Erie," is soon to be done at the Boston Museum, and Margaret Mather is rehearsing "The Egyptian," another version of Hugo's "Notre Dame." Rosina Vokes has a new play named "Maid Marion," by Mollie Elliott Seawell. Harry Hine has a new comedy in his new and elegant trouser-pocket, and Charles Frohman has acquired the American rights to "Gloriana," Richard Mansfield's "Ten Thousand a Year," is also promised. Blanche Marsden has finished a play called "Dan O'Hara," which is a continuation of "The Kerry Gow." Dan having grown old. J. M. Hill is soon to produce Lew Rosen's "The Kickers," and W. W. Randall is contemplating a new country circus play.

John Hoey is to have an express company all his own, with which he hopes to down the Adams Express. It used to be said that John Hoey and old Dinsmore made the old company for Adams Express, but Adams and Dinsmore are the able men who made Adams Express are dead, and hence Mr. Hoey was made to go, although very much alive. In fact so much alive and frisky was the old gentleman that after May the Adams

Express people will be unable to send a liver pad over the extension of the Penn. R. R. system or connect with the Southern Express company. John Hoey is the husband of Mrs. John Hoey, for many years leading lady at Wallace's, and both are so popular in the theatrical profession that it is dollars to doughnuts the trade of the profession goes to the new concern.

Samuel Popular Cox, of "Natural Gas," called the other day on a well known New York manager that he wanted to see in a great hurry, and this is the way he did it: "Tell the manager, if you please," he said, to the same gentleman in the box office, "that a man wants to see him who does not want any tickets, and is not trying to borrow, but who owes a bill that he wants to pay." The manager shook hands with him in just one second and a half.

There was a sad incident at the Grand opera house at Columbus, Ohio, recently, while Clara Morris and her company were playing "Olette." In the rear part of the house sat a young man whose mental agony was more intense, not to say more real, than that of any of the people on the stage. It was a Columbus boy who had been called home from the theatrical company of which he was a member by a telegram announcing that his mother was at the point of death. When he reached home the attending physician refused to allow him to enter the room, even though it was but a question of a few hours until death must come. The young man almost heart-broken, wandered away to find something to divert his mind, for he time being, from his great sorrow, and entered the theatre during the closing scenes of "Olette." The scene on the stage was such as to increase rather than relieve his mental agony, and his sobbing of genuine anguish were added to the tears of many in the audience, who sympathized only with the mock sorrow of "Olette." Such is life.

Alexander Salvini is probably the only actor now before the public who was born in a palace. He first saw the light of day in Florence at the Palazzo Capranica, that has since been renamed, the Palazzo del Grillo, and which was also the home of another famous professional, the great Histor. Young Salvini's mother was Clementina Gazzotto, a young and beautiful actress and one of the leading artists of the Italian stage. She died when but thirty years old.

Margaret Mather seems to be to the chilling blizzard of what Kate Claxton is to the fire heat. It will be remembered by theatre goers that the blizzard Memphis suffered from five years ago was ushered in by Miss Mather, and the sleet remained on the ground throughout her stay of a week. The Memphis Theatre was the only one then, and people had to walk or hire a hack, as no cars were able to run. Yet throughout the engagement she played to big houses.

The ministry has furnished several shining lights to the dramatic profession, but there are very few instances on record where the latter has contributed anything to the work of the religious field. Such a case, and a prominent one, too, is now found in the retirement of George Hanlon of the famous Hanlon Brothers, producers of "Le Voyage en Suisse," "Fantasma," and "Superba." Mr. Hanlon is in Philadelphia, preparing to engage, it is said, in evangelistic work of a special field.

STAGE NOTES.
Lyman B. Glover has resigned his position as dramatic editor of the Chicago Herald.
Mrs. Scott Siddons' tour has ended, as every one said it would, in disaster. The company, all of whom are English, will see their delinquent country woman, also Harry St. Maur, who was leading man, backer and manager.

And now some of the New York critics will imitate the English custom of giving grand opera in their homes with all the accessories of the stage. Two "leaders of fashion" have already hired the Abbey-Crau company and orchestra. It comes high, but they must have it.

Written for the COURIER.
A VALENTINE.
For my friend,
May you send richest blessings here
To guard and guide you through this year,
May truth and honor, ever bright,
Be your guardian angel day and night;
May the sun's bright rays around you shine
And shed their brightness o'er this Valentine.
May God your prospects ever bless
And crown your life with great success;
May a cloud of darkness and dismay
No more across your pathway stray.
May kindly thoughts sometimes entwine
Around the author of this Valentine.
May your earthly home be a garden spot,
Where thorns and thistles flourish not,
To cheer your pathway to the tomb,
May loving thoughts with God combine
To bring you a heaven born Valentine.
May every blessing that God may send
Be used aright by you, my friend,
And when the time for blessings cease
May you reap the reward of joy and peace,
And when God calls for your valentine
May you gladly answer "I am thine."
J. E. M.

The readers of the COURIER, will find the finest line of baked goods in the city at the New York Bakery 130 south Twelfth street.

The new Lincoln Frame and Art Co. has just received a most elegant line of beautiful new spring mouldings and art goods. No one should think of placing an order for this class of goods until they have inspected the new designs that we are showing.
Miss Anna Dick, Modiste, Corner Eleventh and 4th streets, over Lincoln Savings Bank & S^t Deposit Co., entrance on F street.