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THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

THE QUIET

I made a recent reference in these columns to the superstitions to which railroad men, from manager to track hand, are peone, but I must confess the acme of perfected ignorance in the shape of a railway superintendent has remained for the DesMoines *Mail and Times* to discover. An employe connected with one of the best known and paying systems in Iowa has written a letter to that journal. He has served as brakesman and conductor, has given good and faithful service and bears letters of the highest recommendations from the officials. Last September he was dug out of a terrible freight wreck, caused by a broken truck, with injuries that unfitted him for labor for three months. In December, although still really unable for duty, he reported for his train being a man of family and feeling that he must be doing for them. Instead of replacing him the superintendent, gave him the flattering letters of recommendation and informed him that the company could not again accept his services as it was superstitious about men who got hurt in wrecks a second or third time and makes it a rule to dismiss them before they get killed! It happened in this man's case to be the second or third time he had got hurt, but through no neglect or fault of his own, as his service had been without a flaw. He has now been nearly six months without work or a salary and is on the verge of despondency. There is no question about the utter soullessness of corporations when a case like this is laid bare, showing a contemptible cringing to silly superstitions.

And this is the nineteenth century about the enlightenment, refinement and culture of which we hear so much!

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"If you don't practice what you preach who will believe in your consistency?" This was a question I put to a man the other evening who was loud in his talk about building up Lincoln, but was inclined to send to Chicago in a sly way when he wanted an article which could be had in our own city for about the same price. Everyone who holds up Lincoln, her stores, her factories, is benefiting himself directly or indirectly. Everyone who fails to do so is disloyal to our city and citizens. A rigid rule to patronize our own people and a strict living up to it will do more good than moneyed men who come here and invest in property, allowing it to remain idle year after year in order to reap the harvest of its advancement. Give your manufacturers living prices and home patronage; if you wish them to eke out a miserable existence send the money you should pay them to enrich some eastern firm, which cares nothing for you except the money it draws from you, and thus assist in your efforts to destroy your own city manufactures, insurance companies and other institutions.

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A few years ago a green country boy appealed to the superintendent of a western railway for work, and, somewhat against the superintendent's wish, on account of the danger to life and limb attendant upon such occupation, was given a place as breakman of a freight train. On one of his first trips it happened that his train met another freight train at a station where the side track was not long enough to accommodate either of them. The conductors were debating which train should back up to a point where they could pass, when the new hand ventured to suggest that neither should go back; that they could pass each other by means of the short sidetrack if the thing were managed right. The idea excited a good deal of laughter on the part of the old trainmen, but the boy stood his ground.

"Well, how would you go about it?" asked one of the conductors, confident that the lad would soon find himself up a stump. The boy took up a stick and traced in the sand a diagram to illustrate his plan.

"Good gracious!" said the conductor, "I believe that will do it!"

And it did do it. To-day every train-man in America probably knows how to "saw by" two long trains on a short side track, but it is not so generally known that the thing was never done until an inexperienced country boy, who is now the manager of a great railway line, worked out the problem for himself.

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Hotel holocausts continue to spasmodically horrify the people of the United States and yet nothing is done by congress nor any municipality to effectually exterminate these awful possibilities. There is not a large city in the land but contains one or more old-fashioned inns or hulks that are veritable human fire-traps, without escapes by exterior ladders or rope drops. New York and Chicago have dozens of old hotels like the gutted Royal and its charnal pit. The only wonder is that more of them do not burn up and cremate scores of occupants. Since municipalities everywhere are criminally indifferent as to the existance of these combustable and escapeless hulks, congress ought to come to the rescue of the general public with stipulations that will bring cities and hotel keepers to their senses by penalties embracing confiscation and imprisonment. At least a half a dozen more hotels on Broadway, New York, are destined to pass into history as human crematories like the ill-fated Royal. Is there any city of from 1,000,000 down to 50,000 population that can boast of being without a hotel holocaust trap?

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Virtue is its own reward by a good round majority. The oyster of the church social has been fished after and ate on the spot, whenever found and vilified by the press because of their fewness, in such a manner as to cause this shrinking little bivalve to become smaller and smaller each season. But now comes a story from New York which should put every woman who helps support a church by her gastronomical powers on the look out, for who knows but it may next happen in Lincoln? A lady at an oyster supper at one of the churches in New York, while eating an oyster from the half shell, struck a hard substance which she supposed to be a piece of an oyster shell, but on examination it was found to be a pearl of large size, worth, as a jeweler who was present stated, about $2,500, on account of its perfect formation, size and color. There are many people who would be willing to have such pearls cast before them and if such results could often be brought about, church oyster suppers would grow in favor east and west.

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The mileage book of the immediate future is not unlikely to be illustrated with the photograph of the purchaser. The misuse and cheating by scalpers has gone to such an extent that the railways claim there is no other alternative for them to choose. Already the Chicago & Eastern Illinois has issued an order forbidding any mileage books to be sold on that system until mounted with a photograph of the purchaser taken on the spot with a kodak or supplied from the party's photographer. The photograph ticket or mileage book, if generally adopted, will prove a disastrous blow to the scalpers everywhere if indeed it does not largely exterminate them. There will of course be a grand kick from purchasers if they are called upon to pay for their photos as well as the books, but in this era of cheap kodaks and simply pressing the button every railway passenger agent can afford to do his own photographing. All of the roads east of Chicago but one have agreed, it is said, to give the photographic mileage book a year's trial

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"Do We Live too Fast?" Is a question that has been asked a thousand times and, with a few exceptions, always answered in the affirmative. Learned and eminent physicians have written time and again their views and with one accord agree that Americans live at too swift a pace. The last physician to join the ranks of those who have sounded the tocsin of warning is Dr. Cyrus Edison. In the *North American Review* for March he talks in this strain: "In thirty years time, less than half the Biblical allowance of man's life, the United States has multiplied its wealth six times, and has nearly trebled that per capita. What energy, what work, what increasing effort has been needed to bring about this marvelous result! What can we do to retard this development of the brain and nerves at the expense of the body? Obviously it is impossible to change our surroundings, to change our food, to lessen the drive of our modern life, to relieve the strain on the mind, to make the competition less fierce. It is apparent then, that as we cannot lessen the strain, we must increase the ability to undergo it. We must, as a people, learn to understand this: that while we drive the brain we must build the body. The methods of doing this are so simple that they are apt to be overlooked; they may be summed up in two words—exercise and fresh air. As we teach our children to wash their hands and faces in the morning and continue our teachings until ablutions become a habit so fixed as to produce positive discomfort if they are omitted, so we must teach them to exercise until this too, becomes a habit, a second nature, a something that when omitted causes real physical distress, and we must choose a form of exercise which is adapted to persons of middle age as well as to children. . . . Build up the body, build up the body! In our modern life this should be dinned into the ears until it is obeyed, for, verily, unless we build up the body, the strain on the brain will ruin the American people. The very elements in ourselves that have made us great, the push, the drive, the industry, the mental keenness, the ability and the willingness to labor—these contain in them the seeds of national death. No race may endure that has not the stamina and power of the healthy animal. The American race has run too much to brain." Dr. Edison says some very plain and erstwhile practical truths. We need to give more attention to our mode of living if we would attain the highest realization of nature's plans, always remembering "it is not the work but the pace which kills."

Miss Anna Dick, Modiste. Corner Eleventh and P streets over Lincoln Savings Bank & Safety Deposit Co., entrance on P 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.

FROM FLORIDA'S SUNNY CLIME.

Mrs. J. J. Imhoff Writes a Breezy and Interesting Letter.

The following letter from his mother, Mrs. M. E. Imhoff who is spending the winter in Florida, has been received by C. H. Imhoff, and it is through his courtesy we are enabled to lay it before our readers to-day:

SUTHERLAND, Fla., Feb. 10, 1892.

MY DEAR SON:—According to promise, I seat myself to write you my first impression of our southern possessions. Of course I cannot give opinions as I could after a longer sojourn, but after these few days can form a pretty correct estimate of many things. The San Marino and Gulf View more than meet my expectations: the former is a splendidly arranged house of one hunered and fifty rooms and can accomodate very nicely three hundred guests. The ceilings are high, rooms all light and well ventilated—in size exceed that of the majority of season resorts. They are furnished tastefully and every room has a nice closet. About one half the rooms have grates which are very pretty, not the hideous little affairs we often find in hotels.

The wood work of the entire house is of southern hard pine and finished in its natural grain is very neat. The dining room is large, light and airy, with a large fire place on one side, from which a pine knot fire sends cheerful gleams on cool mornings they tell us, although since our arrival there has been no occasion. The office in the center of the house is very attractive, with a cozy reception room at the right as you enter, and a writing room at the left. The halls are wide and spacious; from one end opens the solarium, which is filled with lounges and easy rockers for the comfort of semi-invalids, who desire the sun baths.

Wide verandahs surround the entire main building, with stairs coming from the upper to the lower verandahs in several places, so that in case of fire, there would be easy exits every little ways. The grounds are capacious and will in time be the handsomest on the west coast. At present the trees and shrubbery are small, but in this climate they grow and mature very rapidly. The fare in the dining room compares very favorably with northern houses of the first class. Our meats we get from the North packed in ice. We have had turkey every dinner but one since we came and oysters and fish are exellent. Vegetables are the same as we have in Lincoln, only of course we have new onions, radishes, cabbage, etc., here. Last evening we had strawberries that were as large and delicious in flavor as we get in Nebraska in June. The oranges are the finest in flavor I ever tasted, so fresh and juicy. Grace said today the orange sherbet was the finest she ever had, due largely to the fineness of the fruit, I think. We have a crew almost entirely from the North, the majority from New York. The southern servants are so unreliable and inefficient we use them only as we are obliged to, to fill vacancies temporarily.

The location here is unsurpassed in the state, high, dry, with a full view of the bay from the front of the house, and pine groves in the rear, from the breezes of which we get that resinous, healthful air so desirable to the many who come south for health. As I sit by my open window writing, I cannot realize that it may be freezing cold with you. Yesterday a party of us went over to Shell Island, about five miles away. It was my first trip out on the water and I enjoyed it very much. Richard came home very happy and triumphant with his pail of shells and burned face, notwithstanding his broad brimmed straw hat. He is perfectly happy here. He had his line and hook trolling along all the way yesterday, but was not as fortunate as some of the older ones in catching fish.

We had a delightful drive Monday over to Mr. Rodgers place, about a mile and a half away, where we gathered oranges, lemons, citrons, etc., with our own hands, sampled the guava a southern fruit from which much jelly is made, saw date trees in bloom, etc., but I can't tell all, so will just close this already long letter and write again soon giving you later impressions as I have opportunity to see and know more of this beautiful southern clime. My only regret is that you are not all here—in fact I wish all our friends could spend at least the month of March here, away from the changes, colds, and coughs incident to that month in Nebraska. After that month I would be ready and willing to return to Lincoln, the "Magic City" of the West. Remember me kindly to all friends. * * * * M. E. IMHOFF.

Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware—Hallett Hallett—Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware. Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware—Hallett. Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware—Hallett. Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware—Hallett. Hallett—Jewelry, Diamonds, Silverware. Hallett—Jewelry, Diamonds, Silverware. Hallett—Jewelry, Diamonds, Silverware. Hallett—Silverware, Jewelry, Diamonds. Hallett—Silverware, Jewelry, Diamonds. Silverware, Diamonds, Jewelry—Hallett. Silverware, Diamonds, Jewelry—Hallett. Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware—Hallett. Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware—Hallett. Hallett—Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware.

Lincolnites Resort in Omaha.

Of the several hotels in Omaha that cater to first class patronage, none deserve the good will of an appreciative public like the popular Murray hotel. It is well known to many Lincolnites and is the favorite stopping place for the 400 of the capital city. The location of the Murray is central, being on Fourteenth and Harvey streets in the business center, near the theatres and all places of interest. The cuisine and service is acknowledged by the most exacting traveling public to be unsurpassed anywhere in the west and the rooms, all large, either single or ensuite, are light, well ventilated and magnificently furnished. It is Omaha's model hotel and Lincolnites are always made welcome. Mine host Silloway is making a most popular success of the Murray and Omaha visitors from this city find it a most pleasant resort to stop at. When in Omaha next time, give the Murray a trial.

Quick Time to Omaha.

It's remarkable, the time that the Burlington line can and does make. The other day after leaving Lincoln fifteen minutes late, the great long line of eleven coaches, pulled into Omaha promptly on time. When it is understood that the time given for the trip is 75 minutes and for the train to make the distance of 55 miles in sixty minutes, those accustomed to traveling will readily realize the high rate of speed that is required. The line between the capital city and the state metropolis does not run through a country that might be termed "table land." After leaving Ashland the train begins to climb a heavy grade and for more than half the distance it is an "uphill job" in the fullest sense of the term. The Burlington is the old standby and has always given Lincoln quickest time and unequaled service to all prominent centers. To Omaha it is the shortest line by over five miles and makes the trip in about half the time of its most pretentious rival. Constant heavy travel between the two great cities shows public preference and appreciation and as our friend Ziemer would say, "the Burlington does the business.

The new Lincoln frame and art company make a specialty of frames for fine crayon work, with Elite Studio 226 south Eleventh street

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 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 readers of the COURIER, will find the finest line of baked goods in the city at the New York Bakery 136 south Twelfth street.

The attempt to make capital for the Paris (?) gaiety girls, who were at the Funke Friday and Saturday evenings, by circulating a report that the police would interfere with the performance was not as clever an advertising dodge as it might have been. Of course it increased the attendance the first night but the house suffered fearfully for it on the second, as might have been expected. The performance itself does not deserve criticism, outside the few legitimate parts which were introduced; these were noticeably good, standing out in bold relief against the brazen efforts to excite man's curiousity for the other portions.

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BERNHARDT IN OMAHA.

Monday evening Boyd's new theatre was literally packed, the audience being the largest and most fashionable that has enjoyed the drama in the new theatre. It was the largest audience of the season, even eclipsing the notable opening of the beautiful thespian temple. Sarah, the divine, interpreted the entire play, that of Sardou's "La Tusca" in French as did also the entire support, which throughout was uniformly excellent and the principal characters very fine indeed. To witness Bernhardt's dramatic work is a genuine treat, for although one does not understand the French, her deliverations are so sharp and clear that the thread of the story can be fully realized nevertheless. In fact to sum it up more clearly the play could not have been better understood had it been enacted a pantomine. However, the writer had seen Fanny Davenport's presentation of the same piece and therefore the work of the artists were fully comprehended. As an emotional actress Bernhardt undoubtedly has no living equal. Her work is so clever that the auditor, even not understanding her tongue, forgets that she is merely acting. In the love scenes she is tenderness in its very simplicity; in contemplation she is keen and calm, while in passion and hate, she is full of fire and determination. It was a grand production by a grand player, and candidly I must admit that contrary to my expectations I was magnificently entertained. There was quite a party of Lincolnites present, among them being Misses Gertrude Laws, Lelia Shears, Rose Carson, C. J. Guilmette, Cora Hardy, Kittie Weston, Mr. Clinton Briggs, Kate Stoddard; Mrs. Dowling, Mrs. G. L. Laws; Messrs. Oscar Funke, Frank Hathaway, Lou Wessel, Sam Laws, H. T. Westerman, E. N. Nash and Dr. Gapen.

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The Noss Jollities appeared at the Lansing Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, under the auspices of the local Knights Templar in "A Quick Match", and gave a clean cut, refined musical entertainment. They are certainly a gifted family and their musical milange, as it might be called, is among the best instrumental expositions before the public today. Their excellent deportment and undoubted ability left a very favorable impression here.

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Hanlon's "Fantasma" drew a crowded house at the Lansing last evening. Its many quaint and original mechanical devices, tricks, illusions and gorgeous scenic effects pleased and delighted all. It will be repeated this evening and this afternoon a matinee performance will be given.

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MANAGER M'REYNOLDS BENEFIT.

A farewell benefit to Robert McReynolds, the retiring lessee and manager, will be given at the Funke this evening, when the Carleton Opera company will sing Genee's sterling opera, "Nanon," for Mr. McReynolds' benefit. The Carlton company is one of the largest and best before the public and as "Nanon" is a captivating operatic production, there is every reason to believe the attendance will be large and fashionable and that Mr. McReynolds will be greeted by a crowded house. The advance sale has been very large, but there are good seats to be had yet.

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SPENCER CONCERT.

The Universalist ladies have secured Frederick W. Spencer for a concert at Conservatory Hall, February 29th. Prof Spencer comes highly recommended. This entertainment is unique, and of such variety as to interest and charm all. Admission 35 cents.

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THAT GIRL FROM MEXICO.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, "The American Kendals," will be at the new Lansing Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week in their latest comedy success "That Girl From Mexico." "That Girl From Mexico" is a piece with a history. Its plot belongs to the French vaudeville. Charles Mathews made an adoption of it called "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Archibald Gordon, a New-Yorker, worked over the piece and called it "That Girl from Mexico." Mr. Drew helped in the adoption. The piece is a wild farce. Jack Randolph is compelled to marry Diabella Smythe, who inherits a fiery disposition from her Spanish mother. Diabella has saved the life of "Dicky" Bird and loves him. In order that he may marry Diabella Jack tells her that Bird has been murdered. Circumstances convince her that Jack is the murderer and she consents to marry him to wreak vengeance. The situations are amusing from their pure absurdity and extravagance. The advance sale is now on.

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MC KANDLESS, NEGRO MINSTRELS.

McKandless gigantic minstrel combination comprising thirty five people will appear at the Lansing theatre Friday evening of next week. There are no less than seven drum majors appearing in the parade, which you are invited to witness. The aggregation is said to be possessed of some superior talent and to give a clean cut performance. The box office opens Wednesday morning.

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"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

There is an everlasting sweetness and charm continually hovering about Mrs. Stone's pathetic story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." For more than thirty years this play has been on the stage and it has been seen by a larger number of persons than any other production, yet that does not alter the fact that its business is today as large as ever and the sale of the book goes steadily on. For those who enjoy the antics of the funny "Topsy," the angelic nature of little Eva and the clever picture of southern life as it was before the war, Manager Church has provided the opportunity for them to satisfy their longing, for Uncle Tom's Cabin will be presented at the new Lansing Saturday evening of next week, with a matinee, by a competent company, in which are such people as Maude Sutton, Linda Tucker and Jack Myers. The sale of seats opens Thursday morning.

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"MONTE CRISTO" AND "A DEAD HEART."

James G'Neil, the brilliant and talented actor is to appear at the Lansing March 8th and 9th when he will present his sterling success, Alexander Dumas' "Monte Cristo" and his new magnificent spectacular production "A Dead Heart." O'Neil is such a favorite and his ability is so well known to Lincoln play goers that nothing more need be said.

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A learned Boston professor has discovered how to make artificial lightning. He has produced flashes twelve feet long and can have them zig-zag at his sweet will, and now a playwright has gone all the way to Boston to find if the professor can make them a little bit shorter for theatrical use. The professor's artificial lightning is accompanied also by artificial thunder, like the report of a gatling gun, and that seems to be the worst defect, as it would raise the roof of any theatre. If the professor succeeds in reducing both a play will be written around them to be called "Thunder and Lightning."

CALCIUM REFLECTIONS.

Milwaukee is to have a new $100,000 theatre, to be erected on the site of the present Standard Theatre.

The New York society women are feverishly wondering whether Paderewski does up his hair at night in curl paper, or uses pins.

David Henderson's new extravaganza, to be produced next summer in Chicago will be called "Ali Babali; or Morgiana and the Forty Thieves."

Gossip has it that a theatre will be erected where the Hotel Royal stood. It may be another "paper theatre," but the site is an excellent one for a theatre.

The clever young man about town says that Wilson, Hopper, Bell, et al are the Christy, Byant and Seymour of the present age, without the burnt cork, and the poor Dan and Nels turn in their graves and groan.

Gossip says that T. Henry French has gone to Europe because Lillian Russell has broken his heart by refusing to be his wife. It would take a 400 horse-power smashing machine to break T. H. F's heart, if it could be found, but his pocket is very sensitive, and a threatened suit to be brought by Isabelle Everson for $36,000 has probably more to do with his escape, if he has made his escape, which is not probable, as he is worth a million of money.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

At the World's fair exposition, which is shown to-day, is an imposing structure. It is classic in style, and bears a strong resemblance to the National Museum and other Government buildings at Washington. It covers an area of 350 by 420 feet, is constructed of iron, brick and glass, and costs $400,000. The allotment of space for the several department exhibits is: War Department, 23,000 square feet; Treasury, 10,500 square feet: Agriculture, 23,500 square feet; Interior, 24,000 square feet; Post Office, 9,000 square feet; Fishery, 20,000 square feet, and Smithsonian Institute, balance of space.