

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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There is something that is getting to be awfully scarce in this "wild" world. Tell you what it is! It is girls. That is what is missing out of the sentiment, breathing, living world just now. We have lots of young ladies and lots of society misses, but the sweet, old-fashioned girls of ever so long ago are vanished with the poke bonnets and the cinnamon cookies. Let me enumerate a few of the kind of girls that are wanted. In the first place we want home girls—girls who are mother's right hand; girls who can cuddle the little ones best; to whom you can smooth out the tangles in the domestic skein when things get twisted; girls whom fathers take comfort in for something better than beauty, and the big brothers are proud of for something that outranks the ability to dance and shine in society. Next, we want girls of sense—girls who have a standard of their own, regardless of conventionalities, and are independent enough to live up to it; girls who simply won't wear a trailing dress on the street to gather up microbes and all sorts of defilement; girls who won't wear a high hat to the theater, or lace their feet and endanger their health with high heels and tight corsets; girls who will wear what is pretty and becoming and snap their fingers at the dictates of fashion when fashion is horrid and silly. And we want good girls—girls who are sweet, right straight out from the heart to the lips; innocent and simple girls, with less knowledge of sin and duplicity and evil-doing at 30 than the pert little school girl of 10 has all too often; girls who say their prayers and read their Bibles and love God and keep His commandments. (We want girls "awful bad!") And we want careful girls and prudent girls, who think enough of a generous father who toils to maintain them in comfort, and of the gentle mother who denies herself much so that they may have so many pretty things, to count the cents and draw the line between the essentials and the non-essentials; girls who strive to save and not to spend; girls who are unselfish and eager to be a joy and a comfort in the home rather than an expensive and a useless burden. We want girls with hearts—girls who are full of tenderness and sympathy, with tears that flow for other people's ills, and smiles that light out their own beautiful thoughts. We have lots of clever girls, and brilliant girls, and witty girls. Give us a consignment of jolly girls, warm hearted and impulsive girls; kind and entertaining to their own folks, and with desire to shine in the garish world. With a few such girls scattered around, life would freshen up for all of us, as the weather does under the spell of summer showers. Speed the day when this sort of girls fills the world once more, over running the spaces where God puts them as climbing roses do when they break through the trellis, glimmer and glisten above the common highway, a blessing and a boon to all who pass them by.

If Lincoln does not prosper, it will be no lack or fault of the local or foreign press. The following is from the *Chicago Herald* of last Saturday: "An interesting little story, with a touch of romance and a possible bearing on the 'affinity' notion, is that of the marriage last week in Lincoln, Neb., of Isaac Rakestraw, of Geneva, Neb. and Mrs. Catherine Raines, of Silver Creek, Colo., bride and groom being each 68 years old. Forty years ago they were lovers in their native village in Ohio. The course of their love ran a little lumpy, and later the course of their lives led apart. They did not see or hear of each other from early youth until a few months ago. Mrs. Raines had had three husbands and Mr. Rakestraw four wives in the mean time, but at the meeting both were unnumbered. The old love blazed furiously and the two were married, and it is possible, considering their ages, that the story may end all right by their living happily ever afterward."

Cornelius Vanderbilt has become dissatisfied with his palatial residence on Fifth avenue, New York, and will build a new one at a cost of \$2,000,000. This palace is to be erected on Fifth avenue, between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth streets, and will be the most magnificent in the city. It is said that the ball room and private theatre of the new house will be large enough to accommodate the entire four hundred.

The custom of throwing shoes after a newly married pair, which is of such common occurrence now-a-days, has a very ancient origin, among the Jews, the delivering of a shoe denotes the renunciation of any right or title to any person or possession. The family of Ruth gave one to Boaz when he entered into possession of his brother's lot. The custom in reference to marriage descends to us from our Angli-Saxon ancestors, when the father presented the bride's shoe to her husband, who touches her with it on the head in token of authority. In Turkey, on the contrary, it is the bridegroom who is to receive due admonition by means of shoes, for he is choked by the wedding guests, and beaten or pelted with slippers. But whatever custom may observe in different countries at weddings, this giving or throwing down of a shoe, is a relic of the ancient law of exchange; and when now thrown by the parents of a newly married daughter, it means that they resign all authority and all rights to her. The throwing of rice after her, another custom now so familiar at wedding feasts, is also derived from a Roman ceremony, and is a relic of the most honorable form of Roman marriage.

A young man about 25 years old was sitting in the waiting-room of the B. & M. depot the other day with a year-old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the "young un" suddenly began to howl were so marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried:



WORLD-COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION - FISHERIES-BUILDING - HENRY IVES COBB ARCHITECT



GALLERIES OF THE ARTS - WORLD-COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION - C. B. MARSH ARCHITECT

"A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"
"Yes."
"Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"
"Of course."
"Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?"
"I think she'll come back."
"Well, this makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you're stuck. You've been played for a naysaid. Better turn the thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets on to you."
"O, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around.
"She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer! What makes you think she'll come back?"
"Because she's my wife and this is our first baby!"
"O—um—I see," muttered the fat man, who got over being tickled all at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothes-line.

Science in Everyday Life.



A BREEZY CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 29, 1892.
DEAR COURIER:—What a little place this Chicago is and how especially diminutive this Chicago! Inside of five hours your humble servant met, one day last week, a half dozen Lincoln people, all of whom she supposed were just 500 miles away. As I walked into the dining-room of a popular downtown

hotel Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hickey walked out, having just finished luncheon. On the way back to my office I met Mrs. W. R. Dennis and her mother, Mrs. Abbot. They were en route for Indianapolis—Mrs. Abbot's home—but had been compelled to stop for rest, as Mrs. Abbot is in very poor health. Mrs. A. L. Frost who, with her daughter, Florence, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Connell, Lieut. Pershing and Dr. Bailey completed the list. These chance meetings with old friends serve to make life tolerably endurable in Chicago.

The theatres continue crowded at every performance. "The Old Homestead" in the fourth week of its engagement at McVicker's, has drawn large audiences that go away well pleased. The managers of this popular theatre have had built a most magnificent pipe-organ and it is used effectively in the presentation of "The Old Homestead." Dr. Thomas preaches every Sunday morning at McVicker's and the music at the service is something to be remembered. The only drawback to the enjoyment of these meetings is, that to insure yourself a seat at the morning performance—pardon, I mean service—one must stay after the theatre Saturday evening. Then if you care to go down to Ptoles and take some light refreshment you need not go home till after the matinee. 'Tis a great saving of car fare!

It is interesting to notice the change in tone of the theatrical notes each succeeding week of a company's engagement. The "La Cigale" company, for example. When Miss Russell began her engagement the reporters were lavish with their praises. The performance was announced as "novel," "finished," "pleasing," "brilliant," etc., etc. Now Carl Streitan "makes faces when he sings" (too true!) and his voice is cold and unresponsive. The fair Lillian herself is declared to be a third-rate actress, with no dramatic ability, but little voice; in fact one whose face is her fortune. Even the painstaking, conscientious little worker, Grace Golden, is raked over the coals because her voice is not strong. Louis Harrison is roundly scored too. "La Cigale" is no better, no worse than it was the initial performance, and it plays to just as large houses every night as welcomed it three weeks ago. I heard a woman make a remark about Lillian Russell that reminded me of a conversation I overheard at Patti's appearance at the Auditorium, at which time one woman said she knew Patti were false teeth. The criticism about Miss Russell was that she had large feet. Something to be expected—I should say—she is she not a Chicago woman!

Marie Tomsett in "The Tyrolean," is a clever actress in a pretty comic opera. When she sings her nightingale song she is simply fascinating. Saturday night the company sang "Nanon" for the one performance only, and was greeted by a large, enthusiastic house. It has not been produced in Chicago for several seasons. Miss Martinot in "Pompadour" is not achieving brilliant success. D'Albert and the Marine Band furnished us music last week. Of the former only highest praises may be spoken. He is simply a great artist. Only 38 years of age, he is considered by many the greatest pianist now living. The Marine Band disappointed those who heard it in the afternoon. The programme was played in a careless, indolent way that was far from pleasing, and then—Mme. Deca!—she has a beautiful voice that has been highly cultivated, but her singing has no soul in it. She sings Italian airs and difficult operatic music in a finished, artistic way, but she should leave "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Last Rose of Summer" for others who can put some feeling in the singing. Her rendition of these beautiful songs for encores was something painful, and one remembered Patti with a wild hope that she would make another farewell tour.

Chicago is enjoying "lovely spring weather," and the parks are thronged with residents to do perfectly "balmy." The lake breeze, however, reminded Nebraskans very forcibly of one of our old time winter blizzards, consequently we did not order our carriages out, for two very good reasons: one, as I said before—the weather; the other, well—!

It is time to go to work; so with my two-cent edition of the *Chicago Tribune* under my arm, I'll board a cable-car, that in all human probability will be bloskaded "three times and another" before we even reach the tunnel.
Yours truly,
CHICAGO.



AT THE PLAY.

Off at play in trance I seem to stand
Until the last shrill bell of warning rings,
Long ere the upward rolling curtain flings
Its glory outward, a fantastic band—
Wealth, Love and Hatred, Glory and Command—
Troop to their places, as the moment brings
The prompter, Passion, forth to yonder wings.
Where the scene-shifter, Time, is close at hand,
And well I know that presently will One
Let that curtain of Oblivion fall.
Then shall we walk abroad, the pageant done,
And to each other in amazement call,
"How could we think that stage glow was the sun
Or ever fancy this were life at all."
Andrew B. Saxton, in Century.

The American Extravaganza company gave two productions of "Sinbad" at the Lansing Thursday afternoon and evening, and never before did such large and cultivated audiences assemble in this city. It even surpassed the opening night at the Lansing, for not only did the "Four Hundred" of Lincoln appear in gorgeous array, but also that of Beatrice Hastings, and other neighboring cities. One could easily distinguish the theatre parties that were scattered here and there over the house, and the costumes of the ladies in these parties were only surpassed by some of the exquisite attire on the stage. Of the piece itself little can be said, for it is practically plotless, but as a spectacular production "Sinbad" undoubtedly has no rival, for from the raising of the curtain in the first act until the close of the last, the audience constantly see before it a gorgeous spread of scenery, numberless pretty forms, faces and costumes so picturesquely grouped together that the effect even bewilders an ordinary vivid imagination. The music throughout is very catchy, in fact so much so that the most of it has been stolen and sang here before by other companies. Mr. Norman made his usual hit in the pretiest of these songs called "The Bogie Man." It is a strangely weird thing and the accompaniment by the cannibals makes it both pleasing and novel. Eddie Foy and the quartette were sparkling with wit and humor in their topical songs and local hits. The dancing was perfection itself, the most noticeable of which was the serpentine dance and the wonderful work of Mr. Dunn, who is inimitable as "The Old Man of the Sea." Miss Eising makes a splendid "Sinbad," and is especially taking in the wedding march with that petite little boy, Miss Mulle, who as "Ninetta" is most charmingly fascinating. "Cupid," Miss Raymond, captured the audience at once with her beautiful face and charming manner as she daintily guided the footsteps of the lovers. The great acting card of the occasion was the irrepressible Eddie Foy. As a vocalist he is not at all, but as a comedian it would be difficult to secure his equal—a fact, by the way, which Manager Henderson has already ascertained. His makeup is entirely original, the facial expressions unique and his brogue always pleasing and laugh-inspiring.

All in all "Sinbad" is more than deserving of the reputation that preceded each performance for it more than surpasses all of the famous Hanlon brothers' presentations as a spectacular entertainment.

THE SPOONER COMPANY'S BIG HIT.
"Popular prices and good comedy have indeed met with favor," is the remark heard from many who have visited the Funke this week, and the Spooner Comedy company continues to please immense audiences, for at every performance the house is packed to its utmost capacity. Saturday this company gave two entertainments, presenting "Reddy's Luck" at the matinee and "A Fight for a Million" in the evening. "The Judge's Wife," "Pearl of Savoy," "Octoroon," "Little Miss Mab" and other plays have been presented in the same entertain-

ing and deserving manner during the week. This is undoubtedly one of the best companies to be seen for the price, and they exact each piece of their large selection with equal merit. Manager Ogston is so pleased with their work that he has made arrangements for the company to continue at the Funke all of next week. Several new plays will be put on besides a reproduction of several others which have made a hit this week. Edna May is a charming artist and Mr. Spooner cleverly assumes the various characters, each of which he portrays in a manner that never fails to win admiration and applause. For a 10, 20 and 30 cent company this beats all past records and deserves to continue in popular favor all next week. Attend the matinee to-day and take the children. Seats for to night and Monday are now on sale.



POOR JONATHAN AGAIN.
Conried's Comic Opera company will sing the great New York Casino success, "Poor Jonathan," for the second time this season at the Lansing Theatre on Monday evening. "Poor Jonathan" was written by Carl Millock, the composer of "The Black Hussar," "The Beggar Student," and other comic operas, about two years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Conried, who was then visiting Vienna. Mr. Conried wanted something novel—different from the general run of comic operas—and the idea struck him that one with an American subject, devoid of the picturesque and gorgeous costumes, which is considered the necessary adjunct of a comic opera, would take in America. No sooner said than done, and "Poor Jonathan" was the outcome. Either Carl Millock became very much Americanized or Mr. Conried conveyed to him his idea in very complete form, for it must be admitted that the production is thoroughly permeated with the flavor of Americanism.

The plot is infinitely amusing and interesting. New York is the scene of action. "Rubygold," a bonanza king, luckless in his suit for the fair "Harriet," and weary of supporting the responsibilities of his vast wealth, transfers it all to "Jonathan Trip," his cook. Poor "Jonathan" takes every advantage of his change in position, and here is where some of the most excellent morsels of the opera are developed. Finally, true love conquers, and "Harriet" and "Rubygold" coming together, "Jonathan" and the latter arrange about the wealth, and all goes merrily on.

THE GREAT LILIPUTIANS.
The household favorites and pets of the children, Mrs. Gen'l Tom Thumb and her company of Liliputians will appear at the Lansing Wednesday, giving two performances, evening at 8 o'clock, and a grand family and school matinee at 3 p. m., presenting the new pantomimical musical extravaganza, "The Rivals," and "Gulliver among the Liliputians," introducing Mrs. Gen'l Tom Thumb, Count Magri, Baron Magri, and the smallest and most versatile little actors and musicians in existence. Besides the pantomime, a coterie of European and American refined specialty entertainers, give a bright, brilliant and bustling performance, pleasing, harmonious and refreshing.

Of all the attractions that visit Lincoln certainly this is the most attractive, the most innocent and clearest performance extant. And not only for the ladies and children is it pleasing and interesting, but for the older heads as well. The bill presented is one of unusual strength and besides the piece put on the specialties are of a high order, refined and all new.
Popular prices will prevail during this engagement, evening, 75, 50 and 25 cents. Matinee, 50 and 25 cents; children under 12 years of age, 15 cents. There will be no reserved seats to the matinee and all wishing good ones should go early.
ROBSON IN "THE HENRIETTA."
As a play it is unique. A clever satire on the ways and means of legalized gambling in stocks, the "Ticker" plays throughout an

important part. The rise and fall of stocks is made to point a moral as well as to afford amusement; and Bronson Howard's skill as a dramatist is admirably shown in the blending of comedy and serious interest which makes this story of love most characteristic among the stage offerings of the times.

Nicholas VanAlstyne is Mr. Geo. B. Woodward's role. He is an "operator" of boundless wealth, utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which he adds to his millions. But there are as good traits as well as bad in this magnate among bulls. His absolute confidence in his rascally son, Nick, who is all the time planning the "old man's" ruin, is a curious and unworthy son. Bertie, a younger son of the wall street potentate, and "the" former despises him for his lack of aptness for "business." The piece will be played at the Lansing Monday evening, April 11th, with a strong cast and all its wealth of scenery.

That was an ingenious stroke of Ed. Church and showed the enterprise, push and zeal of the Lansing's showman manager. Although he had but six hours in which to work up the matinee, it was ample for him to draw that magnificent audience. At first each telegram sent to the company's management was answered either by a refusal to play or a discouraging predicament, but like a sleuth-hound after his prey, he continued to use electricity and coin to secure his end. Ed. is a personal friend of Henderson's, and hearing that he had arrived in Omaha sent a last resort message saying he must have an extra performance of "Sinbad" for matinee, and nothing but an "O. K." would be an acceptable reply. The wire soon brought a reply: "Friend Church—If you must have it your way we will obey; will arrive on early flyer, 5 a. m., and give matinee." "Perseverance always conquers," and if there's anything good in the theatrical market and it can be obtained with money, friendship or extra inducement, Manager Church is sure to capture it. (continued on fifth page.)



Getting Impatient.
The Doctor—Now 'membah, Mistah Pillscuddy, you's ter tek dis 'xtu'nally, in'tu'nally an—
Mr. Pillscuddy (irritably)—An e-tu'nally, I's'pose!—Harper's Bazar.

THE GREAT COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Description of the Fisheries Building and the Art Palace.
The Fisheries Building embraces a large central structure with two smaller polygonal buildings connected with it on either end by arcades. The extreme length of the building is 1,100 feet and the width 300 feet. It is located to the northward of the United States Government building. In the central portion is the general Fisheries exhibit. In one of the polygonal buildings is the Angling exhibit and in the other the Aquarium. The exterior of the building is Spanish-Renaissance, which contrasts agreeably in appearance with that of the other buildings. To the close observer the exterior of the building can not fail to be exceedingly interesting, for the architect, Henry Ives Cobb, exerted all his ingenuity in arranging innumerable forms of capitals, modillions, brackets, cornices, and other ornamental details, using only fish and other sea forms for his motif of design. The roof of the building is of old Spanish tile, and the side walls of pleasing color. The cost is about \$300,000.

The total water capacity of the Aquarium, exclusive of reservoirs, is 18,725 cubic feet, or 140,000 gallons. This weighs 2,192,425 pounds, or almost 600 tons. Of this amount about 40,000 gallons is devoted to the Marine exhibit. In the entire salt-water circulation, including reservoirs, there are about 80,000 gallons. The pumping and distributing plant for the entire Aquarium is constructed of vulcanite. The pumps are in duplicate, and each has a capacity of 3,000 gallons per hour. The supply of sea water was secured by evaporating the necessary quantity at the Woods Holl station of the United States Fish Commission to about one-fifth its bulk, thus reducing both quantity and weight for transportation about 90 per cent. The fresh water required to restore it to its proper density was supplied from Lake Michigan.

THE ART PALACE.

Grecian-Ionic in style, the Fine Arts building is a pure type of the most refined classic architecture. The building is oblong, and is 500x320 feet, intersected north, east, south and west by a great nave and transept 100 feet wide and 70 feet high, at the intersection of which is a dome 60 feet in diameter. The building is 125 feet to the top of the dome, which is surmounted by a colossal statue of the type of famous figure of Winged Victory. The transept has a clear space through the centre of 60 feet, being lighted entirely from above. On either side are galleries 20 feet wide and 24 feet above the floor. The collections of the sculpture are displayed on the main floor of the nave and transept, and on the walls both of the ground floor and of the galleries, are ample areas for displaying the paintings and sculptured panels in relief. The corners made by the crossing of the nave and transept are filled with small picture galleries.

The construction, although of a temporary character, is necessarily fire-proof. The main walls are of solid brick, covered with "staff," architecturally ornamented, while the roof, floors and galleries are of iron.

Cramer & Co. for picture frames.