

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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TOWN TALK

Our governor and our congressman have been "politicking" in Omaha this week, and though there may be various opinions as to the respective courses pursued, everybody will admit that the two gentlemen succeeded admirably in keeping themselves in the front.

The city council was reorganized Tuesday night. The new members have received a great deal of advice from their constituents and the daily newspapers, and may be some of them are already regretting their election. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to be a good councilman. It is one of the most difficult offices in the city. But the people do not expect the new members to be paragons of wisdom. If they are only honest and ordinarily intelligent their constituents will be satisfied. The council as now constituted contains some really good men. If they could do a little missionary work and convert their colleagues! The public will watch the careers of the new councilmen and the new city officers with great interest.

Congressman Bryan's home coming Tuesday night was made the occasion of a very pleasant demonstration at the Lincoln hotel, and it was a very noticeable fact that perhaps half of the crowd were republicans. The reception was thoroughly non-partisan, and consequently all the more appreciated by the guest of the evening. Republicans have all along been among the first to do honor to Mr. Bryan, and it is greatly to their credit that they join so heartily in the congratulations now being bestowed upon the young democrat. A little more of this spirit in politics would be a very good thing.

Governor Boyd has this week given a great deal of attention to the consideration of the Yocum case. Of course, no one questions the justice of a pardon for the condemned man, but for all that, there is a good deal in the remark made by an obscure weekly newspaper somewhere in the state—"If Captain Yocum were a poor, poverty-stricken wretch whom nobody had ever heard of, he would have been allowed to suffer with scarcely a protest." The captain's prominence and popularity have undoubtedly had much to do in awakening sympathy, and thousands of signatures have been obtained to petitions when, in the case of another, it would have been difficult to secure a dozen. But this is no reason why the condemned man should not be pardoned. The Yocum case is an awful example of the possibilities of sensational journalism.

Sometimes or other Lincoln may secure the national G. A. R. encampment and it will then demonstrate how easy it is for this city to take care of big gatherings without any outside aid.

As far as base ball is concerned Lincoln has apparently taken a big step backward. A year ago we had a big league club—and we had Dave Rowe. This year it seems hardly possible to arouse enough interest to organize a club for membership in the state league. The Lincoln club that was partially formed didn't have anything to lean on and it fell over. Then such cities as Beatrice and Fremont had to come to our assistance. They are trying hard to rehabilitate the club and they are not having an easy job. Surely, things have come to a pretty pass when Lincoln has to be propped up by Beatrice and other cities of her class! But the truth of the matter is, people have become tired, not of the sport, but of the way in which base ball affairs have been managed in this city. Last season, but for the profligate management of Dave Rowe, the Lincoln club might have remained in the league, and it might be in it yet. But Dave, in his capacity of wrecker, cast the club up on the rocky shoals and it could only do one thing—go to pieces. Now there are any number of ball cranks in this city who are enthusiastic devotees of the national game. They want to see good ball, however, and that's the reason why little interest has been taken here in the formation of a state league. They realize that ball that would take in Fremont and Hastings and Beatrice would not pass muster here. If they can't have as good ball as Omaha and the other big cities they don't want any. The lack of interest in the state organization, therefore, does not really indicate that base ball has lost its attraction. It merely shows that the people in this city don't care for a club at all if they can't have one which has a position in one of the interstate or major leagues.

Since the above was written it is reported that Col. Hickey has taken the matter into his own hands and has succeeded in putting the Lincoln club on its feet. There is certainly no desire to discourage the organization of a state league club, and it is to be hoped that the project will be successful. But unless we are greatly mistaken it will be found to be a difficult matter to interest Lincoln people in quality of ball which the state league will put up. Next year this city will have a place in the western league.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the admission of Nebraska into the Union as a full fledged state will be celebrated in this city in a few weeks, and it is evident from the spirit in which the work of preparation for the big demonstration has been undertaken, that the celebration will be commensurate with the importance of the occasion. To be sure a quarter of a century is not such a long time; but it has been long enough to have enabled Nebraska to shake off the territorial swaddling clothes and become one of the most progressive members of the great sisterhood of states. This "land of shallow water" has made an unprecedented advance in an incredibly short space of time, and it

is altogether fitting that the celebration of the achievements of the last twenty-five years should be on a broad and liberal scale.

Lincoln has undertaken similar though less important enterprises in the past, and it is a matter of history that she has always acquitted herself with credit. But the celebration of the silver anniversary of Nebraska's statehood calls for a greater effort than has yet been put forth. This city has in a measure, taken the responsibility of the affair upon herself, and she must carry out the project with such assistance as may be tendered by the state at large. It is a big responsibility, but Lincoln push and enterprise have seldom been found wanting, and it is reasonably certain that the coming event will be an unquestioned success. It is suggested that there should be something else besides displays of pageantry, etc. Suitable literary and historical features ought to have a leading part in the program, and if this department is to amount to anything it should receive immediate attention. There is an abundance of material for attractive features of this sort.

W. MORTON SMITH.

Kept Him Home.



Mrs. Ringo—Didn't you think Mrs. Kingley's Easter gown was lovely? By the way, I wonder why her husband didn't go to church with her?

Ringo—He told me that he had to stay home and figure up his liabilities.

Today and Monday Only.

One fourth off on all sales at J. W. Winger & Co.'s, including all the latest spring goods.

Value of "Dem Pants."

An amusing incident happened in the city court the other day. A Jew was on the witness stand testifying against a negro who had stolen a pair of pantaloons from his store.

"How much are the pants worth?" asked Judge Thompson.

"Well, judge," responded the witness, "it depends on the man that wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for six dollars, to another for five dollars, but you can have them for four dollars."

"Six," responded his honor in a disgusted tone of voice, "I want you to tell me what those pants are worth."

"Ah, judge," said the Israelite, "take 'em for three dollars if four dollars don't suit you."

"Look here," thundered the judge, "if you don't tell me the exact value of them pants I will send you to jail for contempt of court."

"Well, then, judge," pleaded the obtuse witness in a most imploring tone of voice, "take 'em for two dollars. It is giving them away almost, but you can have 'em for two dollars."

By this time the people in the courtroom were convulsed with laughter, and the judge himself was obliged to forget his disgust and join heartily in the laugh. He did not buy the "pants," however.—Louisville Times.

For Short.

In one of the smaller towns of Kentucky lives a negro familiarly known as Tim White. On one occasion it was necessary to record his full name.

The not unnatural supposition that Tim stood for Timothy was met with a flat denial.

"No, sah! My right name is What-timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be White. Dey jes' calls me Tim fo' sho't, sah!"—Youth's Companion.

An Urgent Case.

Poor Patient—I sent for you, doctor, because I know you are a noted physician, but I feel it my duty to inform you that I haven't over twenty-five dollars to my name.

Dr. Biggiee—Very well, then, we must try to cure you as quickly as possible.—New York Weekly.

A Great Lace Sale.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found J. W. Winger & Co.'s lace advertisement. The firm offers one-fourth off on all sales, but for today and Monday only.

The Pleasantest Part.

He (preparing to leave)—Assure you, Miss Smarte, the time has passed very pleasantly this evening.

She (abstractedly)—Yes, it is pleasant to know that it is past.—Boston Transcript.

Tommy's Toilet.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?

Mamma—Mercy, no! That's mucklage. Tommy (nonchalantly)—I guess that's why I can't get my hat off.—Good News.

A Good Excuse.

Mistress—Why, Rieke, is it not shameful that it has taken you an hour to fetch half a pound of coffee from the grocer's?

Servant—Please, M'm, I have brought a whole pound.—Neveste Witze.



There was a large and fashionable audience on Monday evening to see Stuart Robson at the Lansing theatre in his most successful play, "The Henrietta." The piece had been seen here several times before and it had been hoped that "She Etoops to Conquer" or one of his later successful plays would be introduced. Mr. Robson's success in "The Henrietta" had not been seen here for several years and as it is the strongest in the repertoire Mr. Robson doubtless presumed that it would draw best, and he was right. There is little doubt but that "The Henrietta" is one of the greatest plays ever written by an American, and when it was first seen with Robson and Craze in the cast, it was the biggest success of a great theatrical season. With the separation of these great comedians the piece lost much of its attractiveness, for none, since Craze's retirement, has made a like success of "Old Nick in the Street," yet Mr. Woodward, the present actor of the part, is very acceptable and surpasses others that have tried it since. Of the company in general all fair-minded critics must admit that it is far below the ability of the company that succeeded the original and in fact not as good as the one seen here two years ago, with perhaps the exception of Agnes, who I believe is in the same hands—that of Miss Olive May, and Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton, portrayed by Mr. Eversham.

In Musgrave, the old servant, we find a much inferior character this season and Mr. John L. Wooderson does not fill the established bill. He was one of the most attractive features of the piece, his tactics at the tickler as the final boom comes over the wire being one of the most realistic pictures of the evening. In the present character there is not the fire or intense interest and the former well played climax now fall flat and devoid of any particular interest, save that which an ordinary servant puts into any role.

Mrs. Gabriella McKeen's part of the fascinating widow also falls short of the mark, in that it fails to show that piquant, coquetry of the gay and winsome widow. Miss Louise Thornely created the part and made it a most prominent one. She is now Mrs. Stuart Robson but is no longer on the stage, having very recently retired to private life to give attention to a new heir of the Robson family. Mr. Carl Smith did some clever work in the part of Nicholas VanAlstyne, Jr., but of the balance of the cast there is not much good to be said. It is, to my opinion, the poorest that has supported Mr. Robson in years, and it would appear that the popular favorite is doing what too many other good actors resort to, i. e., going on their own reputation with support a secondary matter. This was also noticeable here recently with Modjeska.

A sweet, gentle heroine, with plenty of reserve energy for display when occasion requires, but withal, of a modest and wholesome kind, happily free from the affectations of some older actresses of Shakespearean proclivities. This, perhaps, best describes Miss Minna Gale, who last night, at Funke's Opera House, as Juliet, made her first appearance here as a star in a company of her own. She already has many friends among local playgoers, made while with Lawrence Barrett and in the late Barrett-Booth combination; and more than half of her present support is composed of members of the latter organization. She makes an ideal Juliet and all that has been said of her previous to her engagement here was fully realized last evening by an appreciative audience. Mr. Creston Clarke as Romeo affords excellent support and all the other characters were admirably sustained. The engagement closes tonight with Miss Gale's greatest success—"As You Like It" and it is more than probable that a large audience will be present.

The very inclement weather of Wednesday evening was perhaps cause for the size of the audience at the Lansing to see Al. Field & Co.'s minstrel. There was, however, a goodly number present notwithstanding, all of whom seemed to enjoy the bill of fare. There are a number of good things in the entertainment and several of the specialties were above the average. Many new jokes were cracked and some that were not so new. The musical features generally were good, several of the selections eliciting applause. The company carries a superb orchestra which was a very pleasant part of the evening's entertainment.

A letter with photograph and illustrated circulars from Prof. Achille Pluton to the COURIER states that he has contracted with Manager Hickey for an engagement at Lincoln park in the near future during which his wonderful and novel spiral tower exhibition will be given. The credentials sent speak very highly of the professor's skill and entertainment.

Ten, twenty and thirty cent shows booked at both houses. Verily, Lincoln as a high class theatrical town is apparently losing its grip. Have the metropolitan attractions boycotted off? If not, this state of affairs will certainly lead to that end.

THE SUDAN AT FUNKER'S will be the bill Monday evening. The company carries all its own scenery, using two special cars for that purpose, and carries all its own horses. An idea of the completeness of the mechanical organization of "The Sudan" may be gleaned from the statement that in handling this vast amount of scenery the longest walk between acts is two and a quarter minutes, while the shortest is half a minute. The majority of the scenic changes are made in full view of the audience, and are in themselves almost a complete entertainment. Forrest Robinson as "Captain Temple" and Miss Maud Banks, a daughter of General Banks of Massachusetts, enact

the role of the much persecuted but finally successful heroine. The comedy element is supplied by that clever light comedian, Charles J. Jackson, nephew of "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson, who is assisted by Mr. J. C. Gollahan as the comic villain. Seats are now on sale.

A CARD FROM MANAGER CHURCH.

Having entered the field to look attractions for this season rather late, as my friends all know, it was impossible to secure enough first-class attractions to fill sufficient open time at the new Lansing theatre and as there seems to be quite a demand for cheap shows just now, I have decided to run a short season of popular priced performances. I had in my intention from the start to give Lincoln theatre-goers just such entertainments as would be best appreciated by everyone, and the time has come when I deem it advisable to open this beautiful theatre, for a limited time, to the masses at prices within the reach of all.

It gives me pleasure, therefore, to announce that on Monday evening next, the Isaac Payton Comely company will open a week's engagement at my house, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. This is one of the oldest cheap-priced attractions in the country, having faithfully served the public for ten years past and I am credibly informed, give a neat and finished performance, and this company is composed of a very clever lot of people who are well up in dramatic ability.

Isaac Payton is the originator of cheap-priced companies, and the oldest brother of the two Paytons, each of whom are now running popular priced shows. Miss Mattie Keen, a rising young emotional actress of more than ordinary ability, plays leading roles very acceptably and has met with generous success everywhere. The company carries its own band and orchestra and the costuming is equal to many of the best high priced attractions now on the road.

"The Planter's Wife" will open the engagement, and prices throughout the week will be 10, 30 and 30 cents. Hoping that my endeavors to give patrons a season of legitimate drama at low prices will meet with the hearty approval and appreciation of all, I beg to remain,

The public's obedient servant,

ED. A. CHURCH, Manager.

ALL NEXT WEEK.

Speaking of the Payton company the Council Bluffs Nonpartisan says: "Every part was well performed. The play was rendered in that smooth, even way which pleases all. Miss Mattie Keen, as Rose Garland and Lucy Ashton, completely captivated the audience with her winning ways. The cast clear through was good. Isaac Payton as Joseph Garland, a plain, bluish old farmer politician and prospective justice of the peace always brought down the house. You are missing something good if you stay away tonight or any night during their engagement." Monday evening "The Planter's Wife" will be given and ladies will be admitted free when accompanied with one thirty-cent paid ticket.

AEOLIAN CONCERT.

The program of the concert to be given April 19th at the First Presbyterian church by the Ladies' Aeolian Quartette while being of good music will please every one as it has decidedly popular marks. The "Slumber Song" from Emile, the "Cuckoo and Rustic Dance" will suggest the delights of the evening while there are some neat excellent solos.

WILL CARLETON'S LECTURE AT FUNKER'S.

Hundreds of Lincoln people have read Will Carleton's "Fairy Ballads" and other beautiful poems too numerous to mention. Few, however, have ever seen or heard him in public. The Funke management has closed a contract with the brilliant author for a one-night entertainment and he will be heard here for the first time Saturday evening, April 23d. Mr. Carleton's lectures and recitals of his own pathetic and humorous poems have touched the tenderest chords in the hearts of the people, and they have vibrated in sympathy with the joys and sorrows of his creations. His name is one of the most beloved household words in our cultured American homes. A popular poet is not always a popular reader of his own poems, but Mr. Carleton has been alike effective with voice and pen. Reserved seats have been placed at 75 cents, admission 50 and 35 cents; box seats reserved \$1. The advance sale will open Friday morning.

(continued on fifth page.)



On Easter day he went to church With one five dollar bill; And that he had no other change He did not dream until

The box came round. He searched in vain. His girl began to grin. What could he do? He shed a tear. And dropped that bill right in.

—TOM MASON.

Dr. Troplen has moved into the new Lansing theatre building.

Finest bread in Lincoln at the Bonton bakery, Twelfth and P streets.



There are few railroad men that have more friends than Ed. Slonson; there are also few men that deserve promotion more. Mr. Slonson was recently appointed city passenger and freight agent of the Union Pacific, assuming control of both city and depot business. There are few people in Lincoln or, in fact, in the west, that have held a railroad job down longer than Mr. Slonson, his experience in this city alone going into the seventies. Always courteous and upright in all dealings, he has made friends by the score, and it would not be putting it too strong to say that no railroad man in the state stands better in the community. With the "press gang" he has always been popular, and nothing that they could do for him was ever allowed to go by unnoticed. In commercial circles he is well and favorably known, and notwithstanding occasional drawbacks, has been favored with an immense volume of business, and why not? He has always taken particular care of all business entrusted, used the people well and thereby made friends, all of whom now join in congratulating both himself and the company on the advancement which cannot but result in benefit to both sides.

Every little while we read of the assaults and beastly conducts of some of the Yale students, and why they are not suppressed is a mystery. But, of course, they are generally sons of some of the 400 element, and therefore must be allowed their full sway of "fun." It does seem strange that an institution with the record and reputation of Yale should suffer such conduct, even though it be after school hours and away from the premises. I have just finished reading an account of one of their "jolly larks," as they would call it, and I reproduce it as taken from an exchange.

The Ladies Home Magazine, conducted by Mrs. John A. Logan at Washington, will be sent free one year to all new subscribers to the COURIER that pay a year (\$2.00) in advance. Old subscribers may also take advantage of this offer by paying up arrears.

It's not always the paper with the largest circulation that gives the best benefits to advertisers. At a banquet of newspaper men in New York the other day a prominent publisher remarked: "Keep your columns clean. A paper which women can read is worth as much, ten times as much—to the advertiser as that which is read on the street, and thrown away. Shrewd businessmen regard the character of a paper's readers as much as their number."

A party of 300 Yale students attended the performance of the other day of "Fazio Grand opera," at Bunnell's Grand opera house in New Haven. During the last act one of the students threw a snow ball which struck Harry Linton, one of the actors. He went on with his lines, however, paying no attention to the interruption, but when a minute afterward, a second snow ball fell Miss Francis Field on the stage, Linton came to the footlights and denounced the thrower as a brute and a coward, and offered to throw him out if he would step upon the stage. The offer was not accepted, but another student arose and apologized for the act, saying it was not intended to hit anybody. The curtain was rung down and the performance closed. The student who acted to leave his seat, and on the way out one of their number lighted a cigarette and acted in a boisterous manner that the head usher remonstrated, and a rough-and-tumble fight ensued between the two. Officers were summoned and the student was arrested. After the performance a crowd of students gathered around Actor Linton and Miss Field. One of the young men attempted to take Miss Field's arm and was knocked down by Linton. He was afterward arrested.

"This is leap year, but strange to say, leap year parties have not put in an appearance to any great extent," remarks a society young lady. "There was a time when the girls found delight in giving leap year parties, but then that was a time when our mothers were young. We girls don't see as much fun in such arrangements. To tell the truth it costs too much."

"A most amusing incident occurred in our bank the other day," said the cashier in an O street banking institution to me recently. "The wife of a prominent merchant came in to draw from her husband's account for shopping expenses. She threw down on the counter a check bearing the signature of her husband. It didn't state, however, how much money she wanted, and when I told the lady she said: 'Well, I'll take \$2,000.' The check was filled out and the money handed to her. I've been afraid to meet her husband ever since."

We have all heard more or less about the pluck of the Kansas girl, but here's one that, until something more daring comes to notice, is entitled to take the cake. The story goes as follows: "William Hawkins arrived in Snyder two weeks ago. Two days afterward he became acquainted with Miss Nina Terrill. It was love at first sight, Miss Terrill, who is but 18 years of age, informed her mother that Hawkins had proposed and asked her mother's consent to an immediate marriage, and was refused. Upon being informed of Mrs. Terrill's decision Hawkins proposed an engagement, to which Miss Terrill consented. According to agreement, Hawkins procured a team and a carriage and drove to a spot near the Terrill residence Wednesday night. Miss Terrill has a twin sister, Nona, who was also greatly smitten with Hawkins. Her sister confided in her that she was about to elope with

Hawkinson. Just before the appointed hour Nona locked Nana in her room, left the house and went to the place agreed upon. A few moments later Hawkins appeared. She sat herself beside him and they drove to Dodge City. Hawkins was so excited during the drive and ceremony that he did not notice that he had the wrong twin, and only made the discovery after he and his bride had been duly tied. He was greatly chagrined at first, but soon decided that in view of the fact that he had married Nona he would retain her as his wife."

Man's Reasoning.



She—You men are so changeable! Before we were married you didn't go to the club every night.

He—I couldn't, my dear, when I had to call on you every night. I'm not away from home any more now than I was then.—Harper's Bazar.

Bridal Gifts.

Or all gifts that one is called upon to make, the bridal gift is undoubtedly the most difficult to select. It most generally occurs that you get something that someone else has also thought of and in that way presents are so frequently duplicated. Fact is, it's a perplexing question, what to buy, where to look for it, how to send it and what to pay for it. All these queries and perplexities could easily be done away with if you would do as most other people—go to Hallett and get his advice.

In this beautiful store there are dozens, yes, hundreds of handsome articles when shown suggest themselves admirably for such occasions and they can be bought at prices within easy range of fat or lean pocketbooks. Now, for instance, there is silverware, both solid and heavy plate, in endless variety—too many articles to mention. Watches from the daintiest and most elaborate to the plain and most inexpensive time piece; clocks in all the newest designs and makes; diamonds in almost every conceivable style of setting imaginable; brooches, pins, rings, pendants, lockets, necklaces, hair ornaments, watch chains, collar and cuff buttons, etc., etc. Oh, there's no end to the list and there is nothing half as nice for a wedding gift as a piece of silverware or jewelry. It is a life-time token and ever remains green in the memory of the recipient. Call and see Hallett about this. 113 North Eleventh street.

An Unequivocal Ambiguity.

Primus—Morton gave a dinner last night to his friends.

Secundus—I thought he was too stingy for that. Not a very merry party, eh?

Primus—Oh, yes; there was many a jest over the wine and cigars.

Secundus—After the guests left the house, I presume.—Life.

Full Stock.

Customer—Have you any rare old cheese?

New Boy—Yesir. Got all sorts—rare, very rare, raw, or alive.—Good News.

A Great Success.



He—Did you have a good time on your camping party last summer?

She—I should say so. We had seven girls and seven men, and when we came home there were forty-nine engagements in the party.—Life.

The "Ta-ra-ra" Boom.

I am shrouded in impenetrable gloom-de-ay. For I feel I'm being driven to my doom-de-ay by an aggravating ditty.

Which I don't consider witty. And they call the horrid thing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Every bus conductor, errand boy and groom-de-ay. City clerk and cheeky crossing sweep with broom-de-ay.

Makes my nervous system bristle As he tries to slag or whistle That atrocious and absurd "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

So I sit in the seclusion of my room-de-ay. And deny myself to all—no matter whom-de-ay!

For I dread a creature coming Whose involuntary humming May assume the fatal form "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Oh, I fear that when the summer roses bloom-de-ay. You will read upon a well appointed tomb-de-ay!

"Influenza never lick'd him, But he fell an easy victim To that universal scourge—'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!'"

—London Punch.