

# THE CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## OWN TALK

The recent exercise of the pardoning power by Governor Boyd in the case of Captain Yocom has brought the subject of pardons prominently before the public. In all of the discussions the opinion has been unanimous that the power to pardon persons convicted of crime should reside in some one within the state, though some hold that there should be modifications in the present law as, for instance, the establishment of a board of pardons of say, three members, who would divide the responsibility with the governor. This plan has been tried in a number of states, and experience has demonstrated that it is, if anything, less satisfactory than that which obtains in Nebraska. One man is more likely to give an application for pardon conscientious and careful consideration than a comparatively irresponsible board of several members.

If the railroad companies follow the precedent set this week it is probable that hereafter political conventions in this state will not be attended by the great crowds that usually gather on such occasions. The delegates from this city to a convention in another county were considerably surprised when the customary request for transportation was met by a very polite but firm refusal to put up passes, and a number of delegates stayed home. If you've got to pay your own way and bear all your own expenses, going to conventions isn't so very much fun, and in the future there may not be such a wild scramble for places on the delegations. But the railroads will doubtless relent when it comes to the conventions this fall.

Notwithstanding all that has been said the plans of the Rock Island railroad company do not seem to be definitely settled yet, and no one knows just what the company will or will not do. But if it is the intention to cross O street at grade in the vicinity of the Antelope as claimed, the objection raised by property owners and interested persons are very proper. A railroad crossing on the main thoroughfare of the city, on a level with the street, would seriously interfere with travel, and be a very unsightly obstruction. It is bad enough to have grade crossings down on the bottoms. To permit them in other parts of the city would be a great mistake.

The police injunction case will be heard before Judge Tibbets next Tuesday. In the meantime the excise board is on top, and the mayor, who is in reality the chief of police, is held responsible for the acts of persons whom he did not appoint and who are personally objectionable to him. The whole controversy is greatly to be deplored, and the fact that the provisions of the Lincoln charter relating to the police affairs of the city are not as explicit as they might be, is not a proper excuse for the confusion which has been caused by the conflict between the mayor and the other two members of the excise board. In the absence of sufficiently definite provisions for the appointment of police and the management of the affairs of the department it would have been in order for the members of the excise board to have made an amicable arrangement by which matters relating to police could be managed harmoniously until such a time as suitable amendments could be added. In affairs of the kind where the interests of the whole city are at stake, personal feeling and prejudice should be relegated to the rear. Had this course been followed the frequent conflicts in the management of the police departments would have been avoided and better discipline would now obtain. For, without casting any undue reflections, it is a fact that the efficiency of the force has been impaired by the developments of the past twelve months. It is to be hoped that in the present instance the decision of the court will be sufficiently clear to remove all doubt as to its meaning and effect.

Lincoln has never had much of a reputation as a summer resort, but Messrs. Bickley and Spencer, the managers of the two parks, have unbounded faith in the opportunities here offered for the establishment of a great resort, and they confidently expect to see this city rival Hot Springs, Manitou, and other similar places in a few years.

In a few weeks a project which has dragged along for several years will be entirely accomplished and Lincoln will have finished and splendidly equipped one of the handsomest Y. M. C. A. buildings, as the phrase goes, "west of Chicago." Those persons who have not examined the new building have very inadequate conception of the value of this, what might appropriately be called public improvement. It will offer all of the advantages of modern club life to the young men of the city, without any of the more or less demoralizing influences of purely convivial organizations, and its advantages will be available for all classes. The gymnastic exhibition given Wednesday evening at the Funke opera house under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, indicates quite forcibly the interest which has been awakened in the scientific methods of physical development and in this department especially, the opening of the new building will afford facilities unequalled in the state.

W. MORTON SMITH.

**Mahler's Easter Carnival.**  
Jacob Mahler, that genial and ever gallant teacher of dancing and deportment, sends me a pressing invitation to attend his fancy dress Easter carnival which occurred last night at his beautiful assembly hall. While I appreciate Mahler's kindness in remembering me from time to time in extending such pleasant courtesies, yet there is always a regret comes with the receipt of each invitation because I cannot avail myself of the preferred enjoyment. And by the way,



THE RUSSIAN RELIEF TRAIN PASSING LINCOLN.

## AT LONG RANGE

**NOTICE**—The hay contained in this column is baled expressly for THE CAPITAL CITY COURIER. I have secured the franchise to publish a certain amount which we will do it. If three sets of police officers have to be appointed to preserve order, I have been studying Sciences, Art, Etiquette, and Literature a good deal lately, and the results of my researches will appear as often as THE COURIER is published.

WALT MASON.

On, where shall we meet with the old-time girl  
Who sent to the church to pray?  
In her simple hat and home-grown hair  
And her dress of a quiet gray?

Her eyes were cast on the book she held  
And not on the youths and men,  
Oh, the old-time girls had their devot<sup>n</sup>,  
When and where shall we see her now?

When the robins nest again,  
And the bloom is on the rye;  
When the floss is on the corn,  
And the swallows homeward fly.

The Spring Poem.

I.



Fliegende Blätter.

I went to church on Sunday last. Several parties had urged me to go, saying that the Easter services would be superb, and that the decorations would be worth the price of subscription alone. I didn't notice the decorations, and I don't distinctly remember, shameful as the fact is, whether there were any services. I know that the ladies of this section of the Platte country were there in all their bravery, and that there were scores of wonderful hats present. Some of those hats were dreams of loveliness, but I haven't been educated in the ethics of millinery, and I can't describe them. They were marvelous structures, embodying lace and flowers and bunches of seaweed and kickshaws innumerable, and I was so interested in them that I paid no attention whatever to the doubtless eloquent words of the pastor. The reason I have written this rigmarole is to introduce a formal complaint against the people who regulate the fashions. It isn't fair that the women should monopolize all the attention and admiration in church. Give the men a chance; many of them are orphans and deserve encouragement. As things go now a man has to wear a hat that is an abomination; it is either a soft, fussy affair with no shape to it, or a stiff, unwieldy flower pot that leaves a crease in his forehead when he wears it. He is ashamed of it that when he goes to church he takes it off as soon as he enters and hides it, and sits bareheaded through the performance. Let man decorate his hat with herbs and farm produce as woman does. Give him a chance to exhibit that inherent love for the beautiful which is his most charming characteristic.

A Terrible Loss.  
Judge—What value do you put on the boots that were stolen from you?  
Witness—You see, my lord, they cost me eight marks when new, then I had them soled twice, which came to three marks each time—total, fourteen marks.—Buch zum Todtlaichen.

A Record.  
Algy—Why do you—aw—buy those little common packages of cigarettes, oh man?

Cholly—Aw—don't you see: I can—aw—smoke two packages while you smoke one large one. That's how I made my record.—New York Sun.

Perfectly Safe.

Miss Fortiod—Dear me, how you are freckled! I should feel awful to have my face like that!

Miss Young—But there is no danger of being freckled when one is on the shady side.—Boston Transcript.

Putting It Gently.

Olivia—Say, Lily, I saw Fred Hardup going into a pawnbroker's yesterday. Whatever could he be doing there?

Lily—Oh, I don't know—passing his time away, maybe.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

An Interested Party.

She—Oh, yes, I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you? He—Well—er—my opinion's rather biased. You see, I'm the only member of our family.—Drake's Magazine.

I notice that under an assumed name Mr. H. D. Hathaway contributed a touching four-line poem to the editorial page of the State Journal. The sentiment it contained was beautiful, and in a general way gracefully expressed, but the word "warm" doesn't rhyme with "born" to any great extent, Mr. Hathaway.

If you are going to jump off a church and drop into poetry, why not do it according to Hoyle? In a literary way you are not quite square, Mr. Hathaway; you must remember how, about three years ago, you came into the Journal editorial rooms with a half-column poem entitled "The Dying Section Hand," and asked me to publish

it, as a special favor to you; and when I looked over it and pointed out that "cylinder" didn't rhyme well with "building her," you told me to credit it to N. K. Griggs and let it go. Are you still up to those elusive tricks, Mr. Hathaway? Shame.

I can't truthfully say that I admire the clothing worn by fashionable men this spring. The brown cloth of which it is composed looks as though it had been rained on and allowed to become rusty. As for myself, I am wearing a mohair sack coat and a plus hat and other garments. People say that the effect is picturesque. I am training to wear eye glasses now, and have purchased a pair with a chain on them. I can't see through them very distinctly, but a man has to sacrifice something for style, and so long as I write for the COURIER I intend to be the glass of fashion and the mould of form, no matter what the expense may be.

A good many people throughout the state are glad that Dick Johnson is manager of the Capital Hotel. By his winning ways he has made scores of friends, and the historic building doesn't seem right or natural with out him. It is to be regretted, however, that he is losing the English accent that used to distinguish him. We rolicking blades who are sticklers on style cannot unreservedly endorse a man unless he talks the blooming and bleeding British like a native, baw jove, don't chew know.

Col. J. D. Calhoun has been relating some of his exploits as a hunter and tells in stirring language how he killed a great white heron, or great red herring, or something of that sort, on the Republican river before that stream changed its politics and joined the Alliance. The killing was entirely accidental. The colonel aimed at a delinquent subscriber who dodged, and the contents of the gun hit the Great White Heron, or Green Red Herring.

The immortal Mr. Lister must have sized up his luck as having a wire edge when there were two sets of policemen on duty in Lincoln a few days ago and he wasn't counted in on either side.

The best authorities on the etiquette of the table inform me that when eating soft boiled eggs it is not good form to hold the egg in the hand and scoop out the contents with a fork. Neither is it en regle to dump the empty shells into the finger bowls, or to try to knock flies off the cake basket with your aspkin. I took dinner the other day at the residence of an elite and fashionable family, and was surprised when the hostess asked me not to pour Worcestershire sauce on the desert. I would like some information as to whether that sort of thing is au fait or de trop? I have always used the table sauce freely on pudding and ice cream, and pound salad dressing with the soup, but if such conduct is vulgar I would like to know that I can reform. I expect to mingle with society a great deal this summer and fall and would like to be as charming as possible. I wish, Mr. Editor, that you would tell me how to learn to play on the zither or mandolin or xylophone. I have no musical accomplishments whatever, and sometimes when I am in the parlors of the wealthy and aristocratic I am urged to do something to entertain the company, I am compelled to tell over again the archeological stories I have told so often, and which were handed down from Mount Ararat on tablets of stone by Noah. Then I will fain be a troubadour and touch my guitar. Please wrap up all the books on this subject you can find and mail them to me by express.

WALT MASON.

Notice to Subscription Solicitors.  
All offers to canvassers and solicitors for securing subscribers for THE COURIER are hereby withdrawn. For work thus far turned in, canvassers will please report at office and be paid in full for same.

Special inducements of a high order are now being arranged that will soon be announced to canvassers, who will then have a better show than ever to roll in coin and subscriptions.

L. WESSEL, JR., Publisher.

April 19, 1892.

Fine bread in Lincoln at the Bonton bakery, Twelfth and F streets.

which fastens itself to a well trained and capable actor, and consequently Mr. Payton finds himself at home in most any role. The support of the company in general is very fair, though there are some in the cast that a little extra work at rehearsing would not injure. The costuming is far above the average, and the company carries a very creditable band and orchestra. At the matinee today "Mother and Son" will be repeated, and 20 cents will admit to the best seat in the house. The engagement closes tonight with "Rose Garland," pieces for which remain 10, 20 and 30 cents.

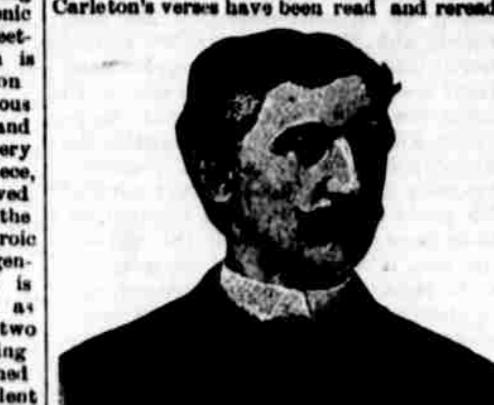
The fine audience that braved the heavy rain Tuesday evening to reach the First Presbyterian church, felt well repaid for the venture before the first burst of harmony had ended. The Aeolian quartette, composed of the clear, powerful soprano voices of Mrs. Wadsworth and Miss Richardson, Mrs. Bagwell's sweet alto and Mrs. Campbell's rich full contralto, is certainly well named. The perfect harmony of the well modulated voices, the varied program, the artistic arrangement of colors in the beautiful dresses (a thing not to be despised in a ladies' quartette) and the pleasing personality of the ladies all combined to make a most charming entertainment. The quartette were well received and each afforded the audience great pleasure, "Legends" being encored heartily and "The Cuckoo" with enthusiasm. For encore the ladies gave "Forlorn" and "A Little Bird." In the trio, "I Waited for the Lord," Mrs. Campbell's deep contralto was used with fine effect. Hers is an unusual voice, taking the low bass notes with remarkable ease. Mrs. Campbell certainly has a future before her. While Mrs. Bagwell possesses a sweet, plaintive alto that is valuable in the quartette, yet her accomplishment in that line pales in the glow of her wonderful power in manipulating that mastodon of instruments, the pipe organ. Her rendition of the caprice was pleasing, but she played the Sonata with a spirit and grandeur that aroused her audience to the unusual tribute of applause before the piece was finished, and at the end was recalled and bowed her acknowledgments.

Miss Richardson in the Schubert selection charmed her auditors, but did not prepare them for the seemingly endless power of her clear voice in Testi's "Good-bye" with its passionate ending, into the spirit of which she threw herself with true, artistic abandon. Not satisfied with two numbers, a third was clamored for and her sweet voice was heard again in Dr. Koven's "Promise me." Mrs. Wadsworth's flute-like tones were never heard to better advantage than in the Indian Bell song from Lakme. The extraordinary compass, wonderful smoothness and flexibility of her voice and her charming manner while singing won great admiration and afforded all much pleasure. In response to an encore Mrs. Wadsworth sang with tenderness and pathos, "The Last Rose of Summer." Following is the program:

1. Quartette.....Rustic Dance.....Resch
AEOLIAN QUARTETTE.
Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Richardson, Mrs. Bagwell, Mrs. Campbell.
2. Trio...I Waited for the Lord.....Mendelssohn
Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Richardson, Mrs. Campbell.
3. Solo...Indian Bell Song from Lakme.....Delibes
Mrs. J. G. Wadsworth.
4. Quartette.....Legends.....Mohring
AEOLIAN QUARTETTE.
5. Organ (a) Caprice B flat.....Guilmant
(b) First movement from B minor.....Guilmant
Mrs. Geo. Bagwell.
6. Quartette (a) Stay With Me.....Otto Lob
(b) Cuckoo.....Cari Fetting
AEOLIAN QUARTETTE.
7. Solo (a) Auf dem Wasser zu Singen.....Dunlop.
(b) Good-bye.....Testi
Mrs. Richardson.
8. Duet... "A Night in Venice".....Arduiti
Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Richardson.
9. Quartette....Lullaby from Ermine.....Jakobowsky
AEOLIAN QUARTETTE.

### WILL CARLETON TONIGHT.

There has been a generous demand for seats today to hear Will Carleton, and when the curtain rings up this evening at the Funke the clever author will be greeted by a large and most intelligent audience. Mr. Carleton's verses have been read and recited



by the literary world and the genius of his gifted pen has been pleasant material for many an evening's enjoyment for all. Carleton is not only an able writer, but an eloquent and interesting talker as well, and his audience tonight will certainly appreciate his lines as they flow from his own lips. Some good seats may yet be had.

Continued on fifth page.

Today and Monday close the offer made by J. W. Winger & Co. of one-fourth off on all laces. Ladies should remember this and act promptly.

Its the handsomest place in the city—the COURIER News Depot, 1134 N street. Ladies in particular will find it a most convenient place to select reading matter of almost any description. Any publication not in stock will be pro pably ordered.

Craner & Co. for picture frames.