

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## TOWN TALK

There were some vacant places in the ranks of Lincoln's prominent citizens this week. Of course the city was not really crippled by their absence, but somehow things didn't seem to go the same way on Tuesday and Wednesday that they usually do, and it is not surprising that half the town turned out Wednesday evening to welcome the political patriots on their return from the Kearney convention. Tom Cooke was one of the men who went to the famous midway city—of course he was missed. Remove a man of Tom's size from any place, particularly a comparatively small place like Lincoln, and he is bound to be missed. Charley Caldwell stayed home, which made matters a little easier. Charley is all right as far as he goes, and if the path is clear he will sometimes go a long way, but there isn't much of him as there is of Tom. Charley should not be blamed for this, however, as he has done the best he could.

D. G. Courtney, with his bland smile, was at Kearney saving the country every day for two days of twenty hours each. R. H. Oakley, cool and deliberate, was there; so was C. J. Daubach, who was very enthusiastic, and Charlie Waite, L. L. Lindsey, C. H. Gere, Tom Benton, George Bowerman, F. W. Collins, L. M. Lansing, L. M. Raymond, and many others who added "dignity and beauty to the big convention." The Lancaster delegation came home in pretty fair spirits. Seven candidates for delegate at large to the national republican convention were placed in nomination, and this county's candidate had no outside endorsement. But Judge Cobb was elected without difficulty by a good vote.

By the way, Judge Cobb showed his keenness in his address to the convention. Each candidate, when nominated, was made to state his position with reference to the renomination of President Harrison. Webster, Richards, Col. E. D. Webster and the rest assured the convention that they are for the president; but somehow none of them seemed to think it necessary to be very definite. Judge Cobb took in the situation at a glance. He saw that the delegates were wildly enthusiastic for Harrison. All they were waiting for was an opportunity to give vent to their enthusiasm. Lancaster county's delegate gave them just the opportunity they wanted. He made a very brief speech and in closing remarked, "If elected a delegate I will vote for President Harrison, and for no other candidate. I am for Harrison first, last and all the time." This declaration struck the convention just right and the venerable judge was applauded to the echo.

If the best way to reach a man's heart is by paying tribute to his stomach, so it is with regard to the arousing of enthusiasm. Promoters of public enterprises of one kind and another, many years ago discovered that more could be accomplished at one banquet than at twenty ordinary meetings, and lately nearly every public movement is started around a festal table. The committee in charge of the forthcoming celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Nebraska's admission to statehood, very shrewdly adopted this method of interesting the public in the great work they have undertaken. A couple of weeks ago the project was given a decided impetus—the banquet given at the Lincoln hotel to the business men of this city. A large amount of money was subscribed and a lively interest was manifested in the plans that were discussed. Monday night another banquet was given, this time at the Linden, and to the mayors and other officials of the principal cities of the state. The response to the invitations sent out was in itself a flattering indication of the interest felt throughout the state in the coming demonstration. The expressions which came later when the guests were seated around the hospitable board were unexpectedly hearty, and it is apparent from what was then said that the cities will participate actively in the celebration. No project of this kind in Lincoln was ever developed so carefully and ably, and the 25th and 26th of May will be memorable days in Lincoln's history.

Prizes of \$100 and \$50 have been offered for the best and second best band in the procession on the 26th from outside of the city. The committee would do well to at least double these prizes if a representative competition is desired. The expenses of a moderate sized band while in the city would amount to almost \$100, and it is believed that the best organizations will not enter the contest unless the prizes are made more tempting.

Some years ago Lincoln entertained the members of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church which was in session at Omaha. The second Saturday in May an opportunity will be presented to extend similar courtesies to the Methodists in attendance upon the general conference at the metropolis, and if the precedent established on the first occasion is followed in the reception of the Wesleyans, Lincoln will acquit herself with credit. There will be a big crowd and extensive preparations must be made in order to give every visitor the proper amount of attention.

Time doesn't seem to simplify the police muddle. At the rate matters are progressing the little difficulty between the mayor and the other two members of the excise board will be settled sometime near the fog end of the World's fair year. However, the case in the district court is on the docket for today.

According to newspaper reports the "female minstrel" company at one of the theatres this week, drew a good house. Those who were present say that there was nothing objectionable in the "entertainment."

ment" from a moral point of view. But the fact that the entire theatre from top to bottom did not contain a single woman (or lady) seems somewhat at variance with the pretended purity of the production. An attraction given for men exclusively can not be very elevating in tone. You may depend upon that.

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What a pitiable sight it is to see so many well-meaning Nebraska newspapers hoot and harrumph about Rosewater and the Bee. It's really a pity, and they ought to know better, too, by this time. They have been at it for years, and all they have said against either the editor or his paper has only rebounded to the credit, in a financial way, of both. Mr. Rosewater may be a villain, an unscrupulous and infamous writer, and a rascal in general, but his bitterest enemies must confess that, as a general rule, he and his paper come out on top, and will probably survive dozens of the yelping newspapers that have tried again and again to drown him, and with little or no success. It is amusing to read some of the exchanges and note that the Bungtown Skyscraper says: "The Bee is losing ground daily and verily its list dwindles," and sundry other similar remarks. Then the city papers copy the Skyscraper's editorial (with glaring headlines and ponderous type) with the same "get there" quality. During all this time the big Omaha paper keeps on in its own tempo, mapped out its own course (whether the other fellows think it right or wrong), increases its subscription list and continues to advance in importance in the scale of American journals.

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It's about the only paper we ever see quoted in the metropolitan dailies, and all must admit that notwithstanding the attacks made upon it, the Bee is the greatest newspaper in the great mid west. A fair sample of Mr. Rosewater's "get there" qualifications was again demonstrated at Kearney Wednesday, and while he occasionally loses a battle, yet that does not cool his ardor for the next contest. He is plucky, untiring, and never to be discouraged, and therein lies the success of Mr. Rosewater and the Bee, and it would seem that after so many years of hard fights made upon him, the army of fighters would realize that to permanently down him is impossible.

He is a Bohemian, a pigmy, a rascal, a joss, a villain, back straddler, a bolter, and a dozen or more other subjects all in one, does not seem to injure him; at least it would not seem so to glance over his record for the past fifteen years.

W. MORTON SMITH

Herpolsheimer & Co., display the finest line of Millinery Novelties, new styles, new shapes, new colors. Miss Maudren, trimmer.

Grateful and Comforting.

Few readers of the great magazines or high class weeklies are unfamiliar with the title of this article. Another and equally popular phrase that appears before the eye of the average reader is "Best and goes farthest." It would be useless to add what they signify or what is thus spoken of. Van Houten's cocao has become equally as popular a household necessity in America as it has across the water and is now considered far more healthy than tea or coffee. In fact it is claimed that there is no nourishment in the latter, while in the former there is everything nutritious. Just now there are several exhibitions in the city demonstrating what the cocao can do, how to prepare it, and the various uses to which it can be adapted. Samples of hot coco in cups were served to all callers at various stores and the general verdict is that it is "grateful and comforting" to all that try it. Van Houten's coco has had a decided boom in the western states. Only a few years ago it was unheard of—today it stands like a giant among piggies. Millions of pounds are now consumed annually and the royal cocao factory at Weesp, Holland, is kept busy day and night exporting its valuable product.

See Herpolsheimer & Co., one pattern of a kind of dress novelties, fancy goods, etc., trimming to match any shade.

The COURIER went to press too early last week to receive the particulars and list of names of the pleasant surprise that was tendered Mrs. J. C. Salsbury on Friday evening. One of the treats that the company enjoyed was a characteristic speech by Judge Lansing. He addressed it to Mrs. Salsbury, whom he insisted was "sweet sixteen." The judge's reputation for impromptu speeches is widely known, and his effort on this occasion was a very happy one. Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames C. W. Hoxie, C. H. Rudge, I. W. Lansing, M. E. Wheeler, R. L. Rehlander, T. H. Benton, J. D. Tait, C. R. Stephens, S. M. Melick, S. J. Tuttle, S. K. Hale, L. C. Pace, M. D. Tiffey, J. T. McDonald, J. D. Bain, E. L. Holroyde, Alva Smith, O. M. Thompson, Ed. Bignell, M. H. Everett, A. G. Billmeyer, George Cook, L. A. McCandless, Mesdames Parker, mother of Mrs. Salsbury, Mrs. Guy Brown and John Pace of Helena, Mont., Jeanette Beardsley of Wapping Water, Clarke Pace and Minnie Melick. Messrs. John Lyon, I. A. Hill of Minden. Mr. and Mrs. Salsbury were presented with a beautiful set of solid silver teaspoons.

For really artistic ladies hair dressing try Thornburn Sisters at 1242 O Street.

Death of Mrs. Ed. Cerf.

After a lingering illness of nearly two months Mrs. Ed. A. Cerf crossed the dark river, in New York, last Friday, while visiting at her former home in the great metropolis. Mrs. Cerf left Lincoln late in February somewhat ill, but nothing of serious alarm was considered regarding her health. She expected to recuperate there under the care of skillful physicians, but the dread disease of the lungs had already too tight a grasp and the patient was soon compelled to give up an otherwise happy life in the early days of bright womanhood. The remains of Mrs. Jeannette Cahn Cerf were laid at rest in Brooklyn Monday.

Archer, dentist. Fine gold and bridge work a specialty. Brace block.

Mrs. O'Toole—An phat is that, Dinny? Mr. O'Toole—That? That is an ostrich. Mrs. O'Toole—Ostrich! Phere's the fedders, thin?

Mr. O'Toole (in disgust)—Don't show ya agnerness off, dummy. Th' burd is moltin.—Life.

## AT LONG RANGE

Where are the boys of the long, long ago, Long ago? Boys whom we loved ere our hair was as snow, Long ago. Ah, they have grown to be large, stalwart men. Those whom we loved in their innocence then: Some are in politics—some in the pen—

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It doesn't seem to be customary to "give away the bride" at swell weddings anymore, and parades it is just as well. A bride is generally nervous and distraught about the time she is being married, and it is unkind to give her away, even if you are the druggist from whom she bought her complexion, and know all about it. The proper kind of a wedding this year is the quiet, unassuming brand, devoid of fuss and feathers. The proud bridegroom leads the blushing bride to the office of a justice of the peace, and there, with a couple of reverent constables as witnesses, the solemn words are pronounced which make them One. A wedding of this sort is said to be just as hard to unravel by the divorce experts as one accompanied by the music of the timbrel, and the glare of torches, and the acclamations of the populace. The swell young men along the Platte river, and in the country adjacent, say that they would all be married quietly if the damsels would only give them a chance to get married in any way by seizing the golden opportunities of Leap Year.

Have you read "David Grieve" by the author of Robert Elsmere? If not, invest largely in a pocket book while the prices are low, and drape yourself with it and sit in the shadows and read the book. It is so bad and so stupid that societies will doubtless be organized for the "study" of it, and clergymen will preach sermons about it, and there will be a regular old "David Grieve" pestilence. It's always the way when a specialty tire-some book is published; specially tiresome people devote their time to the work of kapping it before the public.

THE COURIER'S novel readers are advised to try "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," by Maarten Martens. It is a delightful story without a higher purpose than to amuse and interest, and it does that splendidly. In these days when ninety-nine out of every hundred volumes we stumble over are published in the interest of some Great Reform, it is a positive pleasure to encounter a story without a Mission or a Moral.

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The purveyor of this department has been mingling with the elite a good deal since the last communication and is surprised to notice how many young ladies learn to paint just well enough to give a hint of "reserved power." It would be heart-breaking if you didn't catch my meaning. They prepare a number of fearful and wonderful water color daubs which have here and there a suggestion of talent, but instead of going ahead and making the suggestion a bold assertion by study and practice, they quit, and touch the brush no more, but leave their murderous pictures in conspicuous places as evidences of the progress they made. Oh, it is lamentable! This weary old world might be converted into art gallery if the young ladies would only persevere and concern their paintings in the cellar for a few years.

For weeks and weeks I had been stretched upon a bed of pain and, although attended by seventeen doctors and two veterinary surgeons, my life was despaired of. The day came when I was bled to die, and my relatives stood weeping about my couch. Realizing that the end was near I turned to the Family Cook Book for consolation, when an agent of Snootover's Improved Sarsaparilla Blood Bitters broke open the door with a jimmy and forced me to take a cupfull of the compound. Two hours later I was in the yard sawing wood and have been sawing wood at the rate of three cords an hour ever since. A thousand blessings upon the heads of the inventor and agent of Snootover's Improved Bitters!

It has been raining so much lately that the Platte river is quite damp, and the picnics which were to have been held there this week by the elite have been postponed.

WALT MASON.

Ignorance.



Mrs. O'Toole—An phat is that, Dinny? Mr. O'Toole—That? That is an ostrich. Mrs. O'Toole—Ostrich! Phere's the fedders, thin?

Mr. O'Toole (in disgust)—Don't show ya agnerness off, dummy. Th' burd is moltin.—Life.

Cranner & Co. for art goods.

Now centrally located at 1223 O street—Cranner & Co. for pianos.

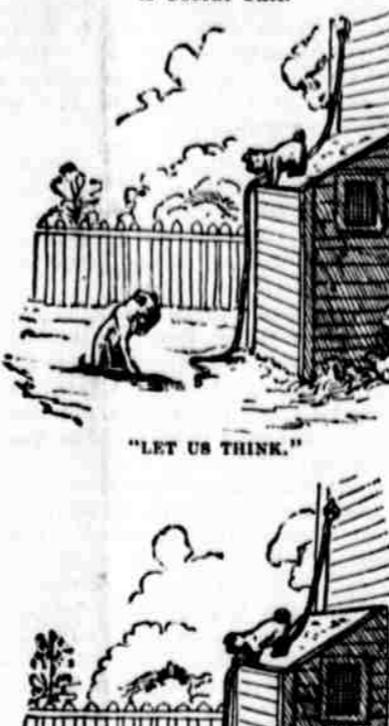
Vigorous Kissing.  
Mother—Bobby, come right up stairs this instant and change your shoes and stockings.

Bobby—They isn't wet.

Mother—Indeed they are, just soaking. Long ago. I can hear them "sop, sop, sop" whenever you walk.

Bobby—That's sis and Mr. Nicello in th' parlor—Good News.

A Useful Tail.



AN IDEA!



STEADY.



—Life.

The Latest Ghost Story.

Landlord—Good morning, sir; hope you enjoyed a good night's rest, sir?

Traveler—Yes, thanks, pretty fair. Landlord—Saw nothing of the ghost that is said to appear from time to time in the room you occupied?

Traveler—Ah, yes! I did though.

Landlord—And how did you get rid of the intruder?

Traveler—I offered him a glass of your wine, when he vanished with a gesture of supreme disgust.

Landlord—Oh! Ah! Well, I never—Familien-Wochenblatt.

Furniss' Joke.

Harry Furniss, the caricaturist of London Punch, has made many friends in Washington. He is as bright as a silver piece right from the mint. Some one suggested to him that he should stop over and attend a dinner of the Gridiron club.

"We would like to put you on the gridiron," suggested a correspondent.

"That would hardly be right," spoke up the little artist. "I have heard of putting a gridiron on a furnace, but never a furnace on a gridiron." —New York World.

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Merry Monarch," they take possession of the Baldwin theatre in San Francisco, where both "Merry Monarch" and "The Lion Tamer" will be presented. Mr. Wilson has just engaged Miss Lulu Glasser, a young Pittsburgh girl whose voice and dramatic attainments have been so brilliantly demonstrated to New York managers that she has been in great demand for next season. Wilson has signed a three years' contract with her, and he thinks she will bring youth, tact, beauty and a remarkable voice into the field of the southerners, which has had very few acquisitions in the past five years.

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If Manager Church wants something good in a popular priced attraction, why not look up and book Frank Lindon and his New York Fifth avenue company? Frank is a great card in Lincoln and would do well here. I notice by the papers that he is in Texas and playing to big business.

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"Across the Potomac," a romance of the late war by Augustus Pitton and Edward M. Alfriend, was made known in New York at Proctor's theatre last Monday night in the presence of a large audience that included many prominent army officers. The play is elaborately produced, the scenery being unusually handsome and picturesque. Manager Pitton furnished an excellent cast that includes Henrietta Lander, Robert Hilliard, Alice Fisher and nearly a score of well-known actors and actresses. The performance was received with great enthusiasm and calls before the curtain were frequent. "Across the Potomac" is an interesting play and is certain to make a great deal of money.

  
On Wednesday and Thursday nights of next week the Lansing theatre will resound with the tuneful music of the nautical, farcical opera, "Ship Ahoy," which has met with phenomenal success in New York and Boston. "Ship Ahoy" was written by H. Gratton Donnelly, well known as the author of "Natural Gas," "Later On," etc. The music is by Fred Miller, Jr., a well known composer, who personally conducts the orchestra. Among the twenty-nine gems are "Sweetheart of Mine," "Comodore Song," "Handsome Gay Souurette," "Columbia's Song," "Where Fall the Silver Moonbeams," "Song of the U. S. Flag," "Twill be Sweet," and "Ah! This is Love." The Miller opera company, which presents the play here, has among its fifty people such well known comic opera favorites as Miss Louise Montague, who is widely known for her great beauty. Her acting and voice are said to be superb. Other principals are James E. Sullivan, Harry B. Bell, Harry Standish, Ed. Readway, Henry McDowell, Jess Jenkins, Miss Florence Dunbar and Annie Barrett. "Ship Ahoy" carries its own special scenery, the first set of which shows the Island of Palms, on the shores of which is stranded an old U. S. man-of-war. It is one of the first

scenes of the kind that has been put upon the stage, and is strikingly novel and interesting, showing all the details of one of our new white squadron vessels. It is pleasant to note that in the past few years most of our comic operas have been written and composed by Americans. It has not been long ago that it was quite a rarity to see comic opera of native birth, everything being foreign. "Ship Ahoy" has much in its favor on this account, deriving all its story from American sources, and building its comedy on the satire of the U. S. navy. "Ship Ahoy" will be presented here on the same magnificent scale that it was presented throughout the east.

LEW DOCKSTATER TONIGHT.

This well known minstrel satelite and his grand company of burnt cork comedians present their magnificent performance at the Lansing tonight. It needs no extended notice for everyone knows the great Lew and the clever company he carries.

Continued on fifth page.

Cranner & Co. for picture cords.

Canon City Coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.