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POPULATION OF LINCOLN, 65,000. GOSSIP FROM CHICAGO.

[Special Courier Correspondence.] CHICAGO, April 27, 1922.—What would you like to hear about this week? I wish I knew, so that I might run a small risk of pleasing you. How does a very small theatrical gnat strike you? Favorably! Alright. In the first place, dear old Pol Smith Russell is here playing "A Poor Relation," and turning away crowds of people nearly every night that cannot obtain standing room. This play has been re-written, and in my opinion, spoiled. Do not look incredulous. From a dramatic and artistic standpoint it has been really improved, I suppose, but I cannot enjoy it as I did before. Your humble servant is sufficiently old fashioned to like to see the homely, honest hero win the pretty girl. The critics have made such an ado about Pol Smith—awkward fellow that he is—playing the part of the successful lover that now Dolly and Noah keep far, far apart, as they originally made such desperate efforts to do, at the same time falling so happily. Let me ask if there is not in the host of COURIER readers some one who shares my views, who rejoices to see an honest, true-hearted, noble man (in other words a man) even if he is awkward and homely, obtain the girl he loves, beautiful and wealthy though she be! I do not think that the making of two true-hearted souls should be considered a makeshift as many of the brilliant (if marriages we see everywhere in society, when spotless beauty and virtue alien herself to dissipation and vice. I believe there is many a right-minded young woman who wishes with all her heart that she might find the courage to marry some such noble man. He is what society calls a "boar," perhaps, but he loves her with an unselfish, whole-hearted, devoted love she will never find again. But she can not demean herself in the eyes of her "set," and so she marries some bright society light, and lives to regret it. I believe I was talking about Russell, the comedian. Let Noah have Dolly for his wife, I say, and they improve his company. Some one has said "he needs no support; he is a host in himself." It certainly looks as if he thought so. "Dolly" and all the troupe are poor, except "Scalops" and the duds. "The Old Homestead" and "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" still hold the boards at McVickers and the Columbia, and are playing their last week's engagement to phenomenal business. The Bostonians open a season of opera May 9th at the west side theatre, the Haymarket. The company is highly regarded because Will Davis didn't let them have the Columbia. Central music hall has had three enjoyable concerts the past week, two by Remenyi, the third by Ann Arbor's Glee and Banjo clubs. Harry Reese is one of the glee club boys, and his friends enjoyed an exceedingly diminutive visit from him. The clubs sang and played well, and the audience did its part. The regular college pound was resorted to, and encores were vigorously demanded and graciously given. I have no words to express my enthusiasm for homely little Remenyi's music. It can not be described. It is too beautiful. It is wonderful—it is divine harmony. His violin is a part of himself; of his peculiar, attractive personality. Such melody as poured forth from that violin (a violin, by the way, that with a few others is insured for \$600,000 in the rendition of the Dead March from Saul, gradually growing in volume till suddenly the climax of the crescendo being reached the trumpet accompaniment crashed from the big pipe organ. It was grand. In response to repeated encores he played again and again, and as he appeared each time, a hurrah sprang from the throats of the applauding thousands. Of Madame Hopelkirk who, with two vocalists, assisted Remenyi, I would rather not speak. Possibly she is a great pianist, but Chicago people cannot appreciate her rendition of the "Erlking" after having heard Paderewski play it. I must tell the young women how she was dressed. Her robe was of old rose, modest plumb—terrible in itself, most hideous in construction. Dress reform style—no fit at all. Zouave jacket and saah effect over puffed full waist. The skirt came just to her shoe tops in front and hung in an apology for a train behind. It was simply atrocious, and to heighten the general effect she wore red and pink roses on one shoulder. I had a fine time that evening, as the dearest girl that ever walked the streets of Chicago and myself gave a box party a la leap year, entertaining two appreciative youths, putting up for bon-bons—Huyler's best, bottles, etc. I attended the last game of indoor baseball Friday evening, and was highly delighted to have my club, the Catlins, win the last, final, decisive game from Company C's boys. It was an exciting game; score, 8 to 3. The pennant is ours, and to remember the occasion I have kept the rose that fell to my lot from the bouquet that the ladies presented to Captain Shorb. Mrs. D. E. Thompson, Jeannette Wilson, Dr. Reeves, Dr. Lord, Rev. Roberts, Mr. Wolfenberger—lots of Lincolinites have been here in the last week. I see occasionally old friends who live here now. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Frank Fulk, "Shor" Harmer, the Franklins, and others. We will have to have a reunion during the World's Fair. One must be in style, and just now it is the fashion to move, and on this account I am going to quit you right now. You would not wonder at the reason (probably you will not complain) if you could see me as I sit, clad in an antiquated old gown with a towel around my head, sitting on a dry goods box and balancing my manuscript on my knee. You will, I am sure, join me in the hope that ere another fortnight passes I may be more comfortably situated and have something to say that will be worth your while to read and print. CHICAGO. P. S.—It just strikes me that my signature might seem the reflection of some "few" conceit. I assure you I do not consider myself all of Chicago. There is the World's Fair besides myself, "Beauty and the Beast" anyway, and about 1,250,894 people besides.

A LINCOLNITE'S RAMBLE

[Special Courier Correspondence.] NEW YORK, April 19, 1922.—The COURIER's wandering scribe called his first halt at the national capital and started out to see the sights, taking in those in the theatrical line first. This is not a very large task, as the national capital is not as good a town for theatrical amusement as the capital of Nebraska. Society includes most all other branches of amusement. The first place visited was Albaugh's Grand opera house, the best theatre in the city, and that is not saying much, as it is a large "barny" place with the most uncomfortable seats mortal man ever sat in, and there it shows the difference between eastern and western people, for certainly either of our genial managers would not allow such abominable seats to remain in his house a week. During my stay here Margaret Mather is playing "The Egyptian" at Albaugh's. Miss Mather is undoubtedly a very strong actress, and her support is excellent, the strongest of which is Mr. Otis Skinner as "The Arc Deacon," and Mr. Whiting, who plays the role of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" in such a realistic manner as to be hideous yet fascinating. His description of love, while differing vastly from Dutch Dalov's in "U & I," is nevertheless fully as amusing. "The Egyptian" does not give Miss Mather sufficient opportunity to display her ability excepting perhaps in the prison scene where she is confined awaiting execution, as the supposed murderer of her lover. In this scene "The Arc Deacon," who is in love with her, confesses the murder of her lover, but that if she will consent to marry him he can save her from the executioners; she refuses, declaring that death was far more preferable than to see the murderer of her only friend. The deacon, angered by her refusal, allows her to be led forth to her execution when she is saved by "The Hunchback," who is also in love with her and loses his life at the hands of the deacon while concealing her whereabouts. But before dying he kills the deacon by throwing him off the church balcony, and lives to see the Egyptian safe in the hands of her lover who has only been wounded and recovers in due time to have the play wound up in the usual happy and satisfactory manner. Following Margaret Mather at Albaugh's came Digby Bell in the "Tar and Tartar," and it is to be regretted that Digby Bell does not leave the unappreciative east and do as the American people. As is true of most all comic operas the "Tar and Tartar" possesses little plot, but what there is deals with shipwrecked sailor who finds his way to the shore of the City of Morocco where he searches for a situation, and is dumbfounded when the people make him sultan, for it appears that the original sultan got tired of "his job" and committed suicide, decreeing the throne to the first shipwrecked sailor who was cast upon those shores. The lucky Tar assumes the throne and encumbrances—300 wives—without much hesitation, but gets into difficulty with an officer of the guard and to prevent a duel allows this officer to reign with him, each having control over the other. Never before has the writer seen so many pretty girls in one play. There was enough beauty upon that stage to make even a "woman hater" use his opera glasses with great regularity. While in the "City of Hotels," as Washington has been very properly named, the writer met Hon. J. E. Hill, wife and daughter, Miss Carola and Winnifred, Auditor Benton, Land Commissioner Humphrey and wife, Secretary Allen, wife and son, Attorney General Hastings and wife, and Harry Krug. L. C. Burr and J. H. Ames were also there, attending the supreme court.

The best place of amusement visited by the writer was in Boston, where an evening was wasted, so far as he was personally concerned, listening to Sarah Bernhardt and her company deal out French in "Frau Frau" as though paid for by the yard. To any one who is interested in French, or to any one who is not but wants others to think they are, Bernhardt may be entertaining; but to persons who are thoroughly Americanized in their tastes the madam is not a successful entertainer. She has been drawing only fair houses here and again says that this is her farewell tour. I sincerely hope she will keep her word for a change. Of the company the same can be said, for if one enjoys her she will likewise enjoy that of her supporters. Madam Bernhardt is now playing at the Tremont, a very convenient and handsome theatre. It is the custom here to promenade between acts, which is most thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the young folks. As my time was limited in Boston the Tremont was the only theatre visited, for I took the boat for New York the following evening which was the 16th of April. That night a terrible snow storm struck us and it was impossible to be on the deck and see one of the most beautiful water trips along the coast that is to be seen in the east. But New York was reached without a touch of seasickness, thank heaven! The hub of theatrical events reached at last, and like all other westerners, the first play I witnessed was Francis Wilson in "The Lion Tamer" at the Broadway. If a Lincolnite in New York has a touch of homesickness he immediately goes to the Broadway and imagines he is installed by the side of his best girl in the Laning, especially when he looks about and sees such familiar faces as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheldon, L. C. Burr and daughter, Miss Mae, and his niece, Miss Beatie, and, on this occasion, that of Jno. Day, whom many will remember as having visited in Lincoln during the session of the legislature in 1898-9. Of the Broadway and Francis Wilson little can be said that would not be a repetition, as they have both been ably described to the Lincoln public heretofore and no changes have taken place since in either, except that Marie Jansen is no longer in the company,

Miss Glesser taking her place as well as can be expected, for Miss Jansen always leaves a hard place to fill. Miss Glesser is a very clever little actress, with winsome manners and a fascinating face, but she is lacking of a good voice which greatly handicaps her. Francis Wilson starts on a tour of the principal eastern cities May 7th, and his place at the Broadway will be filled by DeWolf Hopper in "Wang." Tomorrow night "Across the Potomac" will be presented for the first time to the tender mercies of critical New York's theatrical public and press, which makes or breaks so many plays, authors and managers. This will be quite a theatrical event and the fortunate ones who expect to be present are waiting with a great deal of impatience. Quite a representative crowd from the "City of the West" will be there to see if they agree with the New Yorkers. So much, so good—more anon. CHAS. L. BURN.

All the latest magazines, periodicals etc. now on sale at the new COURIER NEWS STAND, 1124 N Street. 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.

General M. E. Conference, Omaha. The B. & M. will sell tickets from all points to Omaha and return at one fare for the round trip for the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. Tickets on sale April 28th to 30th, inclusive, good for return until June 1st. For full particulars call at B. & M. depot or city office, corner Tenth and O streets. 4-9-22 A. C. ZIMMER, C. P. & T. A.

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Fashion and Art Papers, and all kinds of magazines, periodicals, novels, etc., always to be found at the new COURIER NEWS DEPOT, 1124 N Street.

The elite resort for ladies and gentlemen is Browns cafe removed to 1225 O Street.

Nothing like New England graham for breads or graham gems. Dealers sell it.

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Leave orders at the Bonton bakery, cor. Twelfth and P streets, for ice cream, fancy cakes, etc., either for family orders or parties. Superior goods, prompt delivery and reasonable prices. Telephone 457.

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Latest studies and a full line of artists materials at popular prices at the new Lincoln frame and art company, with Elite studio, 226 south Eleventh street.

Mrs. Gospers millinery store is now headquarters for all the latest in spring headwear for the fair sex. No lady should buy a spring hat until she has seen Mrs. Gospers attraction line.

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Finest ice cream in the city and hand-somest refreshment parlors, at the Bonton-Poebler's old stand, Twelfth and P streets.

Fountain syringes of all kinds, ladies' gossamer and everything in the rubber goods line is being sacrificed in order to close up the business of the Lincoln Rubber Co., 1326 O Street. Now's your chance.

Only Ten (10) Cents a Pack. The celebrated "Burlington Route" applying cards are now sold at ten cents per pack, (5 cents is the usual price) for such cards. White, high-five and such parties will soon be in order, and we would suggest that you lay in a stock of these cards for future requirements. A. C. ZIMMER, City Passenger Agent.

The General Assembly at Portland. All who desire to attend the General Presbyterian Assembly at Portland, Oregon, in May, should make due arrangements to save over twenty-four hours in time by taking the Original Overland Route, the Union Pacific. Fast time, unequalled service, Pullman sleepers and diners, and the grandest scenery on this continent. E. B. SLOSSOR, C. T. A., 4-1-106 1044 O Street.

CREED-MINING CAMP. A Second Leadville—Fourth Place Already Gained by the Young Giant.

The whirligig of fortune has stopped at Creede, nothing yesterday, it is a town today and will be a city tomorrow. Many a man will date his rise in this world from the hour he stepped into Willow Gulch. The camp has practically existed only since last May. The D. & R. G. Ry. did not get in until October, and regular passenger trains did not run until December, yet no other mining camp ever produced so much ore during the same period of its early existence. Leadville itself fell far behind. The extraordinary output has come from exactly five mines, and one of them has shipped only a nominal quantity. Early investments promise prompt and quick returns. Pamphlets containing a full and complete description of this wonderful mining camp, together with other valuable information, routes, rates and tickets may be obtained at 5 & 26 depot or city office cor. 10th and O streets.

A. C. ZIMMER, City pass. and ticket agt.

SHERIFF SALE. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lincoln county, in an action wherein Catherine S. Bowman is plaintiff, and Hezekiah Hewitt, Celestia L. Hewitt, John D. McFarland, Gusto Elmwood, and S. H. Elwood, first name unknown, defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1922, at the east door of the court house in city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: One block six (6) lots in Lincoln county, Nebraska, city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: Given under my hand this 8th day of April, A. D. 1922. 4-9-22 SAM McCLAY, Sheriff.

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