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TOWN TALK

People say that Patti cannot sing any more. People say that Bernhardt cannot act any more. But people seem to be just about as anxious to hear a singer who can't sing (1) and to see an actress who can't act (2) as they were before the singer and actress fell from their high estate. Adeline and Sara may possibly have lost their grip on art, but their grip on the lever that opens golden coffers is still tight enough to be effective.

Campbell, the great tenor, has been engaged by the Lincoln Oratorio society for the May Festival, and he will sing each night, May 16, 17, and 18. Now certain people who affect a blasé air pretend that Campbell isn't as good as he used to be. The singer is merely paying the penalty of greatness. Nearly every great man or woman, particularly in these lines, some time or other, reaches a point where his or her future is behind instead of in front. Campbell has reached the topmost round, and like other persons who have tried to retain a stationary position, he has had a hard time to keep from slipping back. A singer's voice doesn't always remain the same, but whatever may be the condition of it now, comparatively, he is a wonderful singer, and he is receiving the warmest kind of a reception everywhere. By the way, the arrangements for the May Festival have been unusually elaborate this year and the concert promises to surpass all previous efforts. The support thus far received has been very encouraging, and those who have the matter in charge are confident that the financial returns will be commensurate with the merit of the entertainment.

When Mr. Lauby suggested that the visit of the members of the general conference of the M. E. church now in session at Omaha, be postponed, and that the money raised, or to be raised for this purpose, be devoted to the alleviation of the distress among the flood sufferers, he was actuated by the kindest of motives. It certainly would be very improper to spend money entertaining visitors and at the same time allow the poor people who have been driven out of their homes to remain without relief. But Lincoln's generosity is broad enough to include both. There has been a ready response to the call for assistance from the flooded district, and the unfortunate people are being cared for in many ways, and this has not interfered with the arrangements for the reception of the Methodist delegates. If the weather is propitious the visitors will be driven over the city today, and it is a fact that, with the exception of the locality known as "the bottoms," the city is in a presentable condition. It is a favorable commentary on Lincoln's enterprise that there has been no disposition to curtail the arrangements for the conference reception, because it has been necessary to relieve the suffering among the victims of the flood.

It is to be hoped that the flood on the low lands will promptly subside. But when the water has run off the disastrous effect will be doubly manifest. "The bottoms" will be a disease-breeding locality for months, and the physicians are expecting a great deal of sickness. The extent of the district which has been under water this week can hardly be conceived. A good idea of the dimensions of the flood was obtained by those who climbed to the top of some of the big buildings. Thousands of acres and hundreds of homes were flooded. Some of the smaller houses were almost entirely submerged. There has been a wide destruction of property, and altogether the storm has been more disastrous than any that has visited Lincoln for a number of years.

Residents of the low portion of the city depend almost entirely upon wells for their water supply. These have been contaminated by the recent, or rather present, unhappy visitation, and the inhabitants are in a predicament. If they drink the water on the premises they are courting disease. City water cannot be had. What can they do? One physician suggests that the water be boiled before using, if no other can be obtained.

Gloomy weather isn't conducive to generosity. The silver anniversary committee has had some difficulty the past week in obtaining necessary financial assistance for the big celebration. But a few bright days will open the pocketbooks, and it is probable that enough money will be secured to carry out the plans of the committee.

A number of towns have signified their intention to participate in the exercises. This branch of the work has been given a good deal of attention, and the parade promises to be a very attractive feature of the celebration.

The reunion of the sons and daughters of Nebraska in Representative hall Wednesday, the 25th, will be an interesting occasion. The sons of Omaha will be present, and Mr. Hitchcock, editor of the *World-Herald*, will deliver an address.

W. MORTON SMITH

Our Banking Institutions.
Every city in the land that has a great banking system has good cause to feel proud of that very desirable acquisition, and certainly there is no town or city in America of its size that is better fixed, so to speak, than our own dear Lincoln. The facilities for either securing good loans at short notice on approved security or depositing loose change in secure repositories nowhere exceed our conveniences. Lincoln with its seven national banks and four prosperous savings banks is a mighty peer and great shining advertisement for an enterprising city so young as the capital of Nebraska. Six years ago Lin-

coln was given her first savings institution, the Nebraska Savings Bank. Conservative management and judicious business tact of its officers has brought it from a small but well paying bank to one of unusual proportions and prominence, until today it stands as one of the most prominent savings institutions in the city, with a capital of \$250,000. It has just added to its list of stockholders some of our most prominent financial citizens, among them being S. H. Burnham, Lewis Gregory, J. H. Huddleston, John Taylor, A. J. Sawyer, H. H. Shaberg and others. At a meeting of the stockholders the other day the following excellent board of officers was elected who assumed their respective duties Thursday morning: President, J. G. Southwick; vice president, Jas. Kilburn; cashier, E. R. Tingley; each of whom are well known favorites at this bank and have a large following of friends and patrons. Mr. Tingley, who has presided at the teller's window for the past three years will make a most efficient cashier, and no better selection could have been made for the position. He is always courteous and polite and is the right man in the right place.

Hereafter the bank will confine itself strictly to the savings system, the business of that department having increased to such extensive proportions as to make it advisable to discontinue the Nebraska Commercial bank, which has heretofore been conducted in the same quarters. All of the energies will be invested in the Nebraska Savings bank and loans will be made only on real estate and strictly reliable collateral security. The officers, directors and employers will not be permitted to secure loans and the closest discipline to conducting a thoroughly safe and first-class savings business will at all times be fully adhered to. The bank, under its new management, starts out with no unpromising auspices and there is no reason why it should not meet with abundant and continuous success.

Believable.



He—Dr. Mason is very popular with the ladies. Has been a successful practitioner.

She—Oh, yes! He has never saved a patient whose case he diagnosed as hopeless.—Life.

Brown's Restaurant is in a new location 124 North 10th street and is known as the beautiful new Cafe Royal.

All Hail The Leader!

Few new business houses have leaped into popular favor like the new Leader, in so short a time. Only about six months in business here, the store has already become well known and commands a large and increasing trade. In fact, so largely has their business increased that it was found necessary to double the size of the store, extending the large room back to the alley. The front has also been remodeled, a new composition sidewalk constructed, and various other improvements made that make it one of the handsomest and largest houses on O street. When you want anything in the line of millinery, fancy goods, dry goods, notions, etc., why not look up this popular new store? 1113 O street, next to Zehruner's pharmacy.

For the newest ideas in Millinery call on Mrs. Correll, 1413 O street.

AT-LONG-RANGE

Life is all dreariness, sorrow and weariness. Hope is a phantom that comes to deceive; Nothing is true to us, nature is blue to us; Earth's gain on working the harm it can do to us.

And we're left straining cold soup through a sieve.

Col. J. D. Calhoun, of the *Herald*, is an extremely modest man who delights in self-deprecation. The nom de plume he frequently uses, "Peter Doot Young," is intended as an admission that his powers decayed at an early stage of the game and that he is merely working out a mediocre and commonplace maturity. Do not be deceived into the idea, however, that the colonel is devoid of vanity. He is extremely human, and has his share of that commodity. He merely describes himself as having "petered out young" in order to give people a chance to dispute the assertion and claim that he is better now than he ever was. Should somebody else describe the able colonel as having petered out he would rise in the majesty of his wrath and let loose such a menagerie of innuendoes that the Somebody wouldn't preach for a week. All is vanity, saith the preacher; and the preacher has a head so level you could play billiards on it.

"When I was a boy," said the Oldest Inhabitant, "there was a Sunday without rain, and I remember—" but he proceeded no further. There is a time to draw the line, and that time is when a falsehood so grossly palpable is sprung. And that is why the Oldest Inhabitant is being prepared for burial.

The demand for arks has been greater than the supply.

The year 1892 will go down into history as having been designed for the exclusive benefit of umbrellas and blotting paper makers.

The chief humorist of London *Punch* having visited this country, he will doubtless have a great many imitators. Coming to think, however, he has imitators now, since a day rarely passes that somebody does not deliver a funeral sermon.

Some surprise is manifested that L. W. Billingsley has not been endorsed and spread upon the records by the Methodist conference at Omaha. The urbane captain is widely known as a earnest theological worker and general heel-and-toe evangelist, and such a recognition would be graceful and fitting. There are doubtless people yet in Lincoln who remember when the Lincoln mayor and councilmen were locked up in jail at Omaha for two weeks. It was worth going miles through bad weather to see Mr. Billingsley exhorting them to repentance and urging them to overpower the sheriff and escape. The captain is growing old now, but with his increasing years he becomes more devout, and it is a pleasure to look at him, firm and steadfast in his simply beautiful faith.

The people in the Platte river country are whole souled and liberal beyond computation. Take, for instance, that admirable gentleman, Jim Mallon, who is conducting a suburban hotel to the south of Lincoln, and who recently went there from Fremont. He is so hospitable and gracious and entertaining that guests frequently go there to remain for several years. A great many representative democrats of the old school have made Jim's tavern their permanent abiding place, and they claim that it would be difficult to

find a more agreeable host. It's that way with all of us out here. We're just as everlastingly good hearted and munificent that we keep ourselves "lroke" making our friends comfortable. But, oh Jimmie! how we enjoy life!

A newspaper man who once goes to work in Lincoln seldom tears himself away for very long. Most of those now actively engaged in moulding opinion in the capital city have been there since the primal dawn and will remain there until the final night. Peradventure, their judgment is good. Lincoln is a pleasant place in which to live, and the churches are all within easy walking distance of the newspaper offices. So long as Policeman Lister is suppressed no material changes are likely to occur.

This department is sorry to inform Aunt Samantha that Snootover's Bitters are no longer in print. It's always the way. An article of real merit languishes and disappears while valueless nostrums flout their way into every household. Meanwhile the individual who was so miraculously restored to health and vigor by the Bitters is sawing wood throughout the liltimesome day and attending to his knitting by the glowing hearth at night.

A good many people who spent the forenoon of their lives wondering how the world got along before they were born are spending the afternoon wondering how it will get along after they die.

Before Frank Lindon gets away from Lincoln the people should insist upon having him tell the story about the methodical lawyer and the gentleman who called to quarrel a little. The anecdote is somewhat old now, but it is still vigorous and not at all enunciated or palsied, and there is only one man in the world who can tell it properly—Frank Lindon. That is why the pleasing narrative is not related in this column.

When Congressman Bryan reads the mean things said about him by democratic wheel-horses who hate him because he is young, it must be a source of satisfaction to him to remember that he isn't twins.

WALT MASON.

Not a Standing Joke.



II.



—Fliegende Blätter.

Latest studies and a full line of artists materials at popular prices at the new Lincoln frame and art company, with Elite studio, 236 south Eleventh street.



CARICATURES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

her magnificent costumes. In *La Czarina*, she is seen to excellent advantage and no production of hers in years has been more suited to her peculiar talent or better staged, yet of her support I am free to confess, although others may not coincide, that her leading man this year is not the equal to her Mr. Harris of last season.

"*La Czarina*" is a translation from the French of Eugene Scribe, and it is a master piece of this clever author. It was written for Rachel, and Miss North, the first English speaking actress to present the play. There are five acts which treat of the love interest which permeated the lives of Catherine I and Peter the Great. It is full of intrigue, and Scribe, who was a master at handling such, has displayed his cunning hand in unraveling its mysteries.

Still another of Nebraska's fairest daughters has gone upon the stage, seeking laurels and fame. Miss May North, of Columbus, who has been studying for nearly two years in Chicago, has accepted an engagement with McVickers stock company and will be first seen upon the stage professionally in August. Miss North, though young in both years and experience, assumes quite an important part, but as she possesses talent and ability in no small quantity, we may expect soon to hear of her making a decided hit.

The Funke will be dark tonight and all next week unless Manager Crawford should book some attraction on short notice. Henry Lee was to have appeared next week at popular prices, but a telegram received early this week gave the intelligence that Mr. Lee and his company has not made a go of it at cheap rates, consequently, disabled and returned to Gotham. It is really too bad that such excellent talent as Mr. Lee possesses should trod the country and stage at cheap prices. He is a clever actor and at regular prices ought to do a successful business. The fault with Lee apparently is, he has never been well managed. When here recently in "*The Runaway Wife*" he was well received, the play liberally applauded and the company given credit for being a most excellent one generally. I was greatly surprised to hear that he was booked for a return date at cheap prices, and therefore, candidly I must confess, that I rather rejoice at his return east and disbandment, in place of being sorry for the fellow. In such cases pride should arrest poor judgment. Lee is too good a player to come down to dime museum prices and should prefer quitting the stage rather than stoop below his rank and file.

Newton Beers did a losing business here and in one respect certainly got just deserts. It is unbusiness like and certainly non-professional to play at regular prices at one house, then make a return date with a competitor at cheap prices. It shows bad judgment and Mr. Beers certainly was not the winner. He should have a lesson from his recent engagement in this city which should profit him in future.

A representation of Ireland and the Irish by Dan McCarthy in his "*Cruiseken Lawn*" was the attraction at the Funke the first three evenings of this week. Those who enjoy a rare, and striking Irish melodrama had a feast, and judging from the audience present at each performance there are a goodly number of loyal Emerald Isle devotees in Lincoln. "*Cruiseken Lawn*" abounds in typical Irish songs and dances, with numerous interesting situations intermingled. Dan McCarthy is clearly the star performer and made quite a hit with the song, "*Oh, Mr. McCarthy*," and his peculiar dancing, while the whole effect of the piece was considerably toned up by one or two transformation scenes and stereoscopic views. The most striking of these views, on account of its originality, was that of an old burial ground with a dancing skeleton in the foreground. The support is good and especially the work of Miss Pierce, who appears in the role of "*Kate Carney*." The cast was changed around some on Monday night as an experiment, but that performance did not warrant a continuance of the change, so Tuesday's and Wednesday's entertainments went off much smoother in consequence thereof. Mr. McCarthy is a thoroughbred Irishman and consequently is very entertaining, while his company also did well, though on one or two occasions some of them forgot their brogue. The piece is one of the few successful Irish comedies now on the road and should continue to do well.

Continued on fifth page.

For a Timid Lover.



Dora to Jack—Come over and see our new lamp. It turns down beautifully.—Life.

Duped.
I lavished on her every care,
To concerts and to balls
I took her. We went every where,
In short, where pleasure calls.

I was her most devoted slave
For nearly half a year,
Of her uncounted hours I'd gave
To all who cared to hear.

I sent her flowers, and candy, too,
In token of my love,
It thrilled my being through and through
To button up her glove.

Then why, you ask, am I so hurt
And troubled and enraged?
Well—I've just learned the little first
Was all the time engaged!

—Somerville Journal.