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TOWN TALK

The early Nebraska settler and the native product have had their day, and a great day it was, not only for them but for the million others who thrill with pride at the reflection that Nebraska is their home. The silver anniversary of her statehood has passed into history to become a part of her unprecedented record. It is worthy a place in that record, for no public celebration in the west was ever more wisely planned or more successfully and satisfactorily executed, and the proud Nebraskan who attended it affectionately draws another distinct credit mark on the credit side of the chronicles of the state. So numerous were the unexampled pleasures afforded those who attended the ceremonies, and so closely crowded together were they in point of time, that one could barely keep track of them or get in advantageous time from one grand and successful feature to another was half over. The city was filled with illustrious visitors who enjoy the tender reverence of the public, the man who, with brain, or tongue, or pen, or axe, or plow, laid the foundations of our history. To have been an old settler is a priceless boon today. It fills one with awe, who, having advanced well into the cares of life, converses with a man who settled in Nebraska long ere the aged youth of today was born. To those of us who look back throughout three dozen years of life to the long days of our early childhood it seems almost incredible that a good many people whom we meet every day came to Nebraska ere we were born. It is no wonder that we greet the old settler with awe, if not alone for what he has done, at least for what he has been and seen. To have been an old settler covers a multitude of sins, and well it may. None of the late comers can form a faint conception of what the pioneer experienced, however, he has laid, and wisely, the foundations of a state grander than were many of nations which will live in history until the end of time. Think of the magnificent plan devised and adopted by the pioneer for the upbuilding of the public school system. No grander plan for a nobler purpose ever sprung from the brain of man. And it was adopted, through Nebraska pioneer influences, by the congress. It is on a par with many other wise provisions made for their posterity by the early solons, concerning which one often wonders whence arose the forethought then exhibited. And Lincoln honored her pioneers on Thursday in a way that must have richly gratified the thousands in attendance. They appreciated the compliment bestowed and dispersed to their homes with assurances that they had enjoyed every feature of the celebration.

To representatives of the local press is due more than an even share of credit for the success of the festival. To H. M. Bushnell of the *Call* is probably due credit for the idea of such a celebration and the first steps toward its application. Further than this, the selection of Will O. Jones of the *Journal* as a member of the general committee was a wise one, for he brought to the work a zeal that stopped not short of the limit of endurance, an energy that knows no fatigue, a wonderful capacity for work and a brain to plan it. Entering upon his duties on the committee as an obscure member, he contemplates the successful issue of the work satisfied to know that he did more than an equal share and is receiving due recognition. Others worked for success, and worked hard, but Mr. Jones' work was not pre-eminently hard but equally successful and well-directed.

A wave of aestheticism has struck the police station with a resounding thud that is grateful indeed to the ears of all citizens who yearn to see the growth of metropolitanism in Lincoln. Only think of it: Lincoln's police force is to be made of some appreciable leniency to others than those who need an occasional reminder of the requirements of society's laws. In other words a day has dawned when orderly people may see the advantages of supporting a police force. The order has gone forth from the new chief, that the men shall familiarize themselves with the names and locations of streets and such public or private buildings as the stranger is most likely to be seeking, the various churches, places of amusement, telegraph and express offices, banks, hotels and newspapers. Such a requirement has been heretofore entirely overlooked, and as a rule one was much more apt to receive such desired information from the first citizen encountered than from a policeman. And that is not the only beneficent feature of the chief's code. The men are expected to be able to recognize a breach of the peace or a crime when they see it. Heretofore too many people have been victims of the often unreasonable and sometimes ludicrous caprice of the blockheads on the force, and there have been some blockheads there. Men and women have been subjected to arrest, publicity and scandal in this city for the exercise of the most innocent and otherwise unchallenged personal rights, and such instances have not been rare. The rules now require that such a matter shall strive to secure a general knowledge of laws relating to crimes and breaches of the ordinances, as well as of police rules and regulations. And last, but not least, the members are expected to be at all times presentable in their personal appearance. They are to keep their uniforms and accoutrements clean, their shoes resplendent and their tongues civil. Hail to the new regime!

Patrons of local sports have not, perhaps, fully realized the splendid field for sport that will be opened up by the completion of the salt lake near West Lincoln, a branch of sport that is as clean and enjoyable as it is vigorous and exciting. The projectors of this enterprise will present for public and individual amusement an aquatic race of a full mile and a quarter straightaway. Just how long it will take to cultivate a taste for boat-

MEMORIAL DAY



THE SLEEPING SOLDIER.

Once more in dreams he lives the past,
And 'mid the battle's raging flames,
He leads his comrades on to carve
The record of their deathless names.
Sleep on, O dreamer of today,
And fight once more thy battles won,
Thy brothers rest in grass-grown graves;
Thy work and theirs has been well done.

But we, who waking, now look back
And link our memories with the past
By strewing flowers upon the graves
Of them whose fame shall ever last—
We know that flowers shall lose their bloom
And idle dreams shall swiftly fade;
But in our hearts, in blood, is writ
The sacrifice our heroes made. M.

It is a matter of conjecture, but it is beyond question that a good many people of athletic tastes will be early in the field. In due time, if the local institutions of learning recognize their opportunities, as they rarely fail to do, there will be a number of flourishing competitive boat clubs in Lincoln, and an annual regatta will be an attractive feature of Lincoln's program of athletic sports, a feature which will attract attention and visitors from long distances and all directions. Inland regattas east of the Mississippi have been given splendid patronage and encouragement for over a dozen years, and there is no good reason why Lincoln should not lead a similar enterprise in the west. With a sheltered course of a mile and a quarter, the opportunity is here, and beyond question some one will be found ere long agitating the rowing club and the annual regatta to a successful issue. No variety of college athletics is more appreciated than the boat club contests. Aside from its novelty in this section, it is more exciting and less intricate and perplexing than base ball or foot ball. There are already a number of projects on foot for the organization of four and eight oar teams, and the example of the first to form would be followed with alacrity. Wait for the annual regatta. It is coming to Lincoln.

It will be found in due course of time that a good many men who went forth to the work of rescue during the recent floods and have been glorifying their own prowess ever since will not be well satisfied with the glory they harvested that they would spurn an opportunity of adding a few shekels to the crop. They will present bills to the council and will have officials who will need their services some other day, politically, sing patriotic songs to the council of their bravery and fortitude. The floods developed a few men of heroic attributes, but heroism nowadays expects recognition in dollars and cents. Wait until the heroes of the flood get through hammering at the door of the city treasury vaults, if they do have another flood come, and none of us will pine to be known as heroes.

Manager A. J. Spencer has bought an elephant which is to appear in "A Night at the Circus" and Nellie McHenry has christened it Cupid. This, with the wild man of Borneo, a horse, a dog and the clever little pickaniny will make the menagerie complete.

For The Soldier Boys.
The Albany *Telegram*, May 28, will be printed on an army blue paper, especially designed for the Decoration Day number alone, and will contain original poems, sketches and stories by leading Grand Army officers and prominent "old Vets" from all parts of the country. It will also be very profusely and elegantly illustrated. The entire 16 pages will be sent by mail for 5 cents. Address, The *Telegram*, Albany, N. Y.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free.
Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.

AT LONG RANGE

There was a young fellow in Lincoln
Who'd fail'd his comrades ever more thineoln;
When the club'd disbanded
He threw up his hand
And drowned all his sorrow in drineoln.

A man can't keep house in drouthy Nebraska
With any degree of satisfaction unless
He has a few gondolas in his front yard.

The geographers say that the world is composed
Of about three-fourths of water and one-fourth
of land. The geographers were too penurious
in the matter of water.

When the news was received here that seventeen
train loads of Methodist preachers had left
Omaha for Lincoln it was supposed that an effort
to convert H. D. Hathaway was to be made.
But it seems that the people were in error.

There are good many people throughout the state
who would like to know whether it is true that
Mr. Gere has moved his typewriter to the hand
stand on the square since it was discovered that
the walls of the post-office building are liable
to fall on him and crush his hat. There would
be a good many excursions to Lincoln if folks
were sure they could see the grand old postmaster
and editor pounding out able tariff articles in the
open air.

A prominent state official who is widely known
in Lincoln, where his office is, (don't give it away)
was in Fremont this week this is strictly sub rosa
and was earnestly engaged in ponderous interviews
with ex-Congressman Dorsey. (This must not be
repeated.) Perhaps there is a hen on, perhaps
there isn't. Meanwhile the solons of Lincoln
can sit up late at night guessing who the official
was, and what in the name of Pretty Pond Lillies
he was talking with Mr. Dorsey about.

Lincoln will have no base ball this summer
if Col. Hickey knows himself, and in all human
probability he does. The people of the smaller
cities in the state are very indignant about it,
but they should view Lincoln's withdrawal from
the Nebraska league with a charitable eye. The city
will soon have another whirl with the members
of the state legislative team, who will play an
exhibition game at the state house according to
the regular schedule. Too much sport would be
rather rich for Lincoln's blood. It is necessary
that she should go lightly this summer in order
to be prepared for the combat next winter.

The time will soon come
When the premature plum
Will be gulped by the previous boy;
When the apple urripe
He will cheerfully swipe
And stow it away in his joy;
Then over the hills
The dispenser of pills
Will come with his powders and salves;
And a grave will be made
In the box alder's shade,
Where gambol the lambskins and calves.

The Long Range department is of the opinion that the worst poetry is not that presented by the cross-roads weeklies, but that which is published by the high priced magazines, "Little meaning, little relevancy" it

bears; it treats of nothing in an ambiguous style; it is merely a lot of words strung on a wire. What's the good of poetry unless it is simple, and rhythmical, and with a patent purpose? If it is simply an effort to conceal a microscopic idea in a mountain of language, it were better to have left it unwritten. The cross-roads poetry which treats of lovers who went away and never returned, and which makes "silver" rhyme with "Oilver" is vastly superior to it.

The author of this department is glad to inform *COURIER* readers that he has encountered in a little book store a volume of surpassing excellence. It treats of people who are now alive, and does not grope for heroes and heroes in the dust of dead years. It is not filled with "fine writing," and is thus a decided relief after the majority of modern works; there is no waste of words; no stilted sentences are rehearsed to make it "realistic"; no long-drawn descriptions of impossible scenery burden its pages; the villain is not hanged in the last chapter, nor is the hero married. It is a book for busy people and should be read by those who like information gracefully presented. It is entitled "The Lincoln City Directory."

He had been in northern regions where the snow eternal lies,
He had been in southern deserts where the sand is very deep,
There was nothing, folks asserted, would occasion him surprise,
For he knew the world so thoroughly, and held it very cheap.

He had crossed the Niger river, roamed the jungles of the south,
He had chased the sacred cattle on the camel's of the east,
He had thrust his dome of thought into an alligator's mouth,
And in tents of strolling Bedouins he had joined the lowly feast.

There was nothing under heaven that would cause the man to start,
He had been in so many places, in the east and in the west,
But this drowsy, vernal weather broke the traces of his heart,
And he wrapp'd his beard around him, and he sank into his rest.

The fact is now generally recognized that eggs were laid for a higher and nobler purpose than to be thrown at actors, and they are now seldom used by the audience to express disapprobation. It is really better not to throw anything at dramatic stars. This department has been reading about the misfortunes which overwhelped an enthusiastic young man in a western town. He went to a theatre with several eggs which were coined many years ago, and when the heavy vigor of his revenge at last had arrived, the misguided youth let fly an ancient egg which caught the actor on the bosom and broke and rendered him as fragrant as a dead horse in the heat of a drowsy summer. It chanced that the actor had been a professional pugilist in his younger days and had not forgotten all the tricks of his trade. And so he leaped blithely over the footlights and captured the egg thrower and swept out the aisles with him. The incident may be instrumental in starting the wheels of a long needed reform.

Henry Greenwald, of New Orleans and Texas and A. Y. Pearson, of Deadwood, Dakota, and manager of "The Midnight Alarm" and other successful road plays, have succeeded J. M. Hill as managers of the Union Square theatre in New York.

MASSACHUSETTS

Special *COURIER* Correspondence.

New York, May 21, 1892.—The only novelty in town this week is a singularly offensive piece of indecency perpetrated at Harriman's theatre. It is called "Elysium" and was produced by William Floron and Pearl Eytling who were last year responsible for the perversion of a Dumas story called "The Clemenceau Case," which attracted considerable attention. "Elysium" proves to be Mario Uehard's notorious novel, "Mon Oncle Barbassan." The shameful story tells of a hero who inherits a secret haven near Paris, and the exploits, unredemptable in lasciviousness, have no claim, while many jests and sallies reek with suggestiveness so vile that it is a wonder Anthony Comstock did not arrest every one connected with it. "Bobby" Gray for came to town on Monday with "Sport McAllister," which was seen at the Bijou for the first time in this city. Mr. Gray with his husky voice, nimble legs and grotesque clothing is somewhat of a novelty on Broadway, but the "show" with its inoffensive flippancy and its clever people, are sure of a fair share of favor. The present is the last week of Rodin Vokes at Daly's and her abrupt departure this year is marked by the production of a new three-act farce by Charles Thomas, of London, not yet seen on this side. It is called "The Paper Chase" and tells of a long and exciting chase for a wonderful receipt for curing once the property of an East India rajah. It is Sardou's "Scrap of Paper" turned to farce, but not much but the scrap of paper is left. The fun of the play is all intensely English and tiresome and Miss Vokes has not a single chance to show her metal.

Manager F. E. Ogston's reign at the Funke closes June 1st, next Wednesday, with the engagement of the County Fair. He will leave in a few days to center for New York, and will spend the summer in the Adirondack and at Bar Harbor. During Mr. Ogston's management of the Funke he has made many friends, having at all times received its patrons with due courtesy and a gentleman in every respect. Next season he will pave the road in advance for Miles Rhen, Mr. Ogston is a rustler and at the same time a genteel and pleasant person to deal with and deserves merited success. As to who will succeed him, cannot yet be said and as the season at Funke's will be at an end this week, it is likely that no successor will be appointed until the fall season opens which will be late in August. With Mr. Ogston goes the best wishes of the entire Lincoln "press gang" and the patrons generally of the theatre.

Marie Hubert Frohman's magnificent pro-



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, The new Editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

duction of the "Witch" Thursday evening called out a large and fashionable audience at the Lansing. Of the piece much may be said in its favor, and the company supporting Miss Frohman is fully up to the standard of the play. It is unlike anything else upon the stage to-day and therefore the more enjoyable. The play depicts the old colonial days in Massachusetts, and many of the scenes are weird and it is said excellently represents those times. As the "Witch" Miss Frohman assumes a most difficult role, but acts it with a precision that elicits the sympathy and applause of the audience. Mr. Charles Jehlinger did some clever work as Walter Leyden and in several of his climaxes did some most effective acting, one in particular being at the time just before the hanging scene. The "Witch" has had a great run and deserves its popularity.

The Doolittle opera company made its initial bow to the Lincoln public Monday evening in "The Mascotte" and were it not for the fact that we were very well acquainted with the old favorite it would be difficult to recognize "The Mascotte" as presented by them. They have changed the libretto a great deal, but have hardly improved it. It has a tendency toward burlesquing the comedy in a manner scarcely pleasing to witness. At times the performance drags and the performers are not overly prompt in picking up their lines. Tuesday evening the "Chimes of Normandy" was produced to a fair-sized audience, and ran somewhat smoother than the former production, but the same old costumes were worn. They are ungainly looking and at best unpleasing to the eye. Wednesday evening "The Mascotte" was repeated to a small audience and put on fully as good as before. "Chimes of Normandy" was repeated Thursday to small business and last night the company appeared in "Erminie." On the company little praise can be bestowed, still a severe criticism would be unnecessary. In the cast is one and perhaps only one that really does good work. Miss Amy Leslie is a sprightly and conscientious artist and does some very clever acting besides controlling an excellent voice as is shown in all the songs she renders. At the matinee today "Erminie" will be put on and tonight another dose of the "Chimes" will be administered.

The Lindsons seem to retain their fast hold on the public popularity and pass, for notwithstanding the fact that Monday evening opened their third engagement in Lincoln this season yet the house was crowded from pit to dome. It was a fine turnout that witnessed the presentation of that loyal historical piece, "Damon and Pythias," and the chivalrous characters were brought out in a manner that fairly aroused the entire audience to responsive enthusiasm. Tuesday evening the same cordial welcome greeted these players in "Sons of Monte Cristo." Both these plays have received due mention heretofore in these columns, therefore it is useless to reiterate the pleasant words heretofore extended. Last night "The Ticket of Leave Man" was given a most creditable presentation in which the company scored another decided success. The house was again well filled and the audience certainly seemed to enjoy every action of that time-honored and justly popular play. Tonight the same piece will be cast and "Kathleen Mavourneen" will be given at the matinee.

SOME GREAT PLAYS.
Next week at the Lansing will witness several grand productions by Leslie's Fifth Avenue Company, some elaborate preparation now being perfected for the work. The company has been hard at work, and every spare moment has been put in on rehearsals. Monday evening the Lindon's Mr. Griffith and the entire strength of the cast will be seen in a grand production of a famous war

drama entitled, "Gettysburg." It is a real stirring patriotic play, and being memorial day the house will doubtless be packed. Tuesday night a spectacular production of the "Sons of Ives," will be presented with a full equipment of special scenery. It is a grand play, and will be handsomely staged. Wednesday evening "Queen's Evidence" will be the bill and for the balance of the week there will be a change nightly. Seats will remain at the same popular prices, 10, 20, and 30 cts. can now be secured.

THE COUNTY FAIR.
After an extended engagement all over the county "The County Fair" will be brought to the Funke Wednesday evening. These foreigners in general are familiar with the success of this play at the Union Square theatre. Continued on fifth page.