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TOWN TALK

There is a quiet effort on foot among the friends of W. H. Irvine to secure his release on bail pending his trial in the district court. There appears, however, to be a difference of opinion among his friends as to the effect such a course would have upon his trial. Some of them seem to think that it might create a sentiment that would prejudice his case, while others claim that it would ensure to his advantage to be permitted his liberty. While it appears to be the prevailing belief that one charged with murder cannot be admitted to bail, Irvine's friends claim that there is a clause in the statute under which he might lawfully be given his liberty pending his trial. They are not so confident, however, that any court would consent to admit him to bail, Irvine's being a man of means and influence might give rise to unpleasant comparisons and create suspicions for which no court would care to assume responsibility, and it is feared that the effect on the public mind would not at all be beneficial to Irvine's prospects of relief from his present situation when his trial occurs. It is probable, therefore, that no effort will be made to have him admitted to bail, although the project has been seriously discussed and men of large financial responsibility were found ready to give bond in any amount for his appearance at trial.

It is to be regretted that the contents of the alleged confession in this sensational case were not given to the public at the time of the inquest and preliminary examination. This purported confession is likely to cut an important figure in the trial, and a good many people will readily conclude, without regard to the facts, that the documents may have been doctored, etc. The trial occurs, especially if it turns out in the end to be more or less than the public has been led to consider it from the little that has been given out in regard to it. It will be very fortunate if the county attorney does not discover at the trial that his consent to the withholding of this important document from the public has seriously complicated the state's case. About all that is generally known concerning it is that it relates to the relations of Montgomery and Mrs. Irvine during their sojourn at the Curtis House in Chicago, where Mrs. Irvine was registered in her own writing as "Mrs. J. H. Miller, Princeton, Ind.," while near by on the page is the name "C. E. Montgomery, Princeton, Ind." It is said that the page from the hotel register, in turn therefrom by the injured husband he confronted his wife, is among the papers produced by Irvine at the time of the shooting and now so sedulously withheld from the knowledge of the public.

Governor Boyd's absence from the state during the past week attending the big convention of his party would have left the state house and gubernatorial chair open to siege and capture by any of the numerous late contestants for the office had he not taken the precaution to call Lieutenant Governor Majors to the chair. Some joker inaugurated the rumor that Governor Majors would at once proceed to remove a lot of democratic office holders. Some one suggested to the lieutenant-governor that it would be a big joke if the governor's private secretary would write Louis Heimrod in Omaha to the effect that he had been removed, but the gentleman of the hickory shirt replied that it would be little avail as a joke, for Louis Heimrod would know better than to believe that he would think of removing him. Governor Majors appeared to enjoy holding down the chair chiefly because of the practice and prestige it afforded.

It is time for anxious inquiry among the people as to where this craze after striking names is likely to end. In the good old days of Washington plain George and John and William and Henry were good enough for handles to great family names. But that day is past and a new wrinkle in names has been diligently worked. In Lincoln its chief exponents are in the newspaper ranks. For instance there is W. Morton Smith of the News, who has adopted the mid-handle-fad. Then there is William Owen Jones, who can not be content with less than two handles, like a tub. These gentlemen may excuse themselves on the ground that the fad may prevent such confusion as might ensue from common handles to such common names as Jones and Smith. But now comes another shining light who bears aloft to shed its effulgence the name of S. Edwin Thornton, he of the Sea. The *Call* must reform at once if it would keep up with the parade. We shall doubtless soon see its progressive tendencies demonstrated by the names of S. Dominique Cx and H. Maximilian Pustler. Then J. Matic met cotton and J. Democrat Calloun will doubtless be induced to come into the reservation to preserve the amenities and proprieties of the local newspaper field. B. Socrates Littlefield, having taken to bicycle riding, is already sufficiently distinguished and will avoid any further notoriety.

A rattling of dry bones in the northwest part of the state is imminent. The university has invaded that locality, a region seated near Crawford and Chadron. For years agents of the Southern States Institute at Washington have made annual pilgrimages to that section and have unnumbered many strange and mammoth relics of prehistoric animal and vegetable life. On Tuesday last the Morrill expedition, under the auspices of the State University, left for the same field. It is christened the Morrill expedition because Regent Morrill gave \$500 toward defraying the expense. The party composed Professor Barbour, F. C. Kenyon, Harry Everett, a son of Regent Morrill, Professor Marsland of the high school, and a gentleman named Haynes from the Iowa State University. They go to thoroughly equipped to do good work and will spend a considerable portion of the summer vacation in the negation of beds. They will also visit the locality where was recently discovered a hitherto unknown

fossil known as the corkscrew fossil. This peculiar formation was first discovered by C. E. Holmes, a young attorney of this city formerly of Harrison, Sioux county, and first became known to science through the State University. When the expedition returns it will probably be equipped and prepared to give a street parade of the autoluvian menage.

God's Rose.
A lady who was going into a picture gallery on the avenue dropped a single red rose she held in her hand and it lay on the threshold when a thin faced, ragged child stopped to look at it.

"You can have it," said the lady, who was returning to her carriage.
But the child did not seem to connect the richly dressed lady with the beautiful flower. She looked from it to the blue sky long and earnestly.
"Well," said the lady, amused at the scene, "why don't you pick up the rose?"
"I dassn't," answered the child humbly, not offering to touch it.
"But I told you to take it, child. It is mine," said the lady.
"Oh," responded the child, drawing a long breath; "I thought it was God's rose, and that maybe he dropped it there."
"You poor child," said the lady kindly, "it is God's rose, and yours and mine too." And she picked it up and handed it to the little girl.

But the child put her hand behind her and ran off without touching the red rose. She could not comprehend how a rose could drop from heaven like a star to lie at her feet, and she was afraid of a bounty that was of so unusual a nature.—Detroit Free Press.

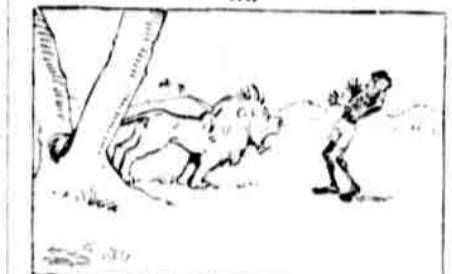
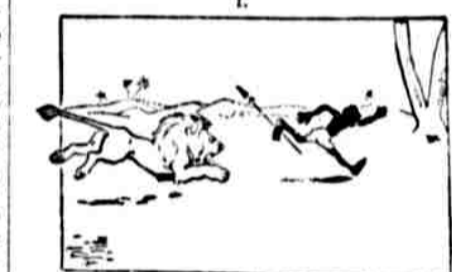
A Ballade of Jest.
The merry wits of bygone years
Are dead and buried long ago,
To dust have turned the curly ears
They gladdened with their lively flow
Of quip and gibes on bells and bean.
For them there were no deathless bays,
Their fame or names we cannot know:
Where are the jests of other days?

Gone are the dames and cavaliers,
The kings who used to come and go,
When jesters mocked them from their
fears.
Or covered beneath the surly brow
For jesters then as now had woe,
And were not ever fed with praise,
At times their quips fell flat and low:
Where are the jests of other days?

The snarling critic sadly sneers
At jokelets bandied to and fro,
And every whippersnapper jeers
At bric-a-brac of jests and glow,
And relegates to realms below
Our quaint, illusive, merry lays,
And will not give us half a show:
Where are the jests of other days?

ENVOI.
Prince, to some old newsdealer go,
Of comic papers make a raise,
In them your answer lies, for lo,
There are the jests of other days.
—New York Sun.

A Tale with a Bad End.



Terrapin Dinner.

In preparing for a terrapin dinner given to a dozen friends at one of those lovely New York clubhouses, where toasts and remarks were to enliven the friendly occasion, the gentleman who was to preside was planning his programme, and looking over the list of guests came to the name of Rev. Dr. —. "I will settle him," he said, "by placing opposite his name—a blessing."

The hour arrived, with each guest ready for his seat, his dinner and to give his part of the programme. The toastmaster had been somewhat anxious that the blessing should be short and not add too much solemnity to the occasion. The Rev. Dr. — was a stranger to him and he felt unacquainted with the minister's style, but took great comfort in knowing that the quip would come first and enough wit and laughter would follow to enliven all present.

Imagine the feelings of the host when, in response to his request that Rev. Dr. — would ask grace, with bowed heads and spirits, all present listened to the words:—"O Lord, we do thank thee for cherubim, seraphim and terrapin. Amen."—Detroit Free Press.



THE IMPOSSIBLE GIRL.

Oh, the pretty girl is a winsome pearl,
And her face is fair to see,
But the homely girl is nearer far
To a nice girl ought to be.
For the pretty girl is proud and vain,
And she frosts the heart of man,
And she does just what she wants to do,
Because she knows she can—
Ah, yes!
Because she knows she can.

She's well aware that her face is fair
And her voice is soft and sweet,
And she knows she'll be forgiven, though
For whom they freely part,
But the pretty girl she does not flirt
With the dudes who gallivant,
And she doesn't smooch the fellows' hearts,
Because she knows she can't—
Alas!
Because she knows she can't.

The homely girl she helps her ma
To wash and mend and sew,
For whom they freely part,
And she's always on the go,
She knows that beauty rules the world
And has since it began,
And so she has things all her way,
Because she knows she can—
Ah, yes!
Because she knows she can.

Men often praise the homely girls
Who kindly help their ma,
Yet all the while they try to wed
The parlor lady-de-dais.
But if they miss the pretty ones,
For whom they freely part,
They swear they wouldn't have them then,
Because they know they can't—
Alas!
Because they know they can't.

Oh, I would wed could I find a girl
Who quite combines the grace
Of a homely maiden's honest heart
With the pretty woman's face.
To win the prize I would search for aye,
But, alas, I fear I shan't;
Though I explore the whole world o'er
I know full well I can't—
Alas!
And alas! I know I can't.
—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Zealous.

A well known doctor of divinity had in his congregation a most determined old fellow who seemed to be quite zealous in the good work, but one Sunday he did not appear at church, and for three successive Sundays the preacher noticed his absence and then he went to see him. He found him at home in his usual health and spirits, and after some general talk he came to the object of his visit.

"You haven't been to church lately, Brother Ball?" he said.
"No," confessed the brother.
"You are falling from grace, I fear."
"Mebbe I am parson."
"Why, my dear friend," exclaimed the preacher, "how does that happen?"
The erring brother beamed up and his face grew hard and firm.
"You know that mule colt I bought?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Give a hundred dollars for him?"
"No."
"Not with a hooster unless he is broke?"
"No."
"Well, I undertook to break him."
"Yes."
"And I found out I couldn't break him and he a Christian at the same time."—Detroit Free Press.

The most delicious ice cream address in Lincoln can be found at the Hon. Tom Powers—Posner's old stand.
K C Baking Powder, 25 cents 25 cents. Absolutely Pure. Have you tried it?



STAGE GOSSIP

Special Courier Correspondence.
NEW YORK, June 18.—The weather has been so hot that those nailed to the cross, like the wicked thieves, without even a vinegar-soaked sponge, and have to remain at their desks instead of loitering by the seaside or enjoying braced mint by the babbling brook, are soiled and the summer amusements come in for a certain amount of and/or seldom given when it is a joy and not a torture to go into a playhouse. To be perfectly candid in criticism is perhaps always difficult, whether it blows cold or blows warm—and to tell the truth, is always dangerous. Even in conversation, when only one person listens, and the consequences of rash frankness can always be tempered by judicious denial, it requires much moral courage to say exactly what one thinks about any play or any picture or any person—more especially when candor involves the admission of some incapacity or personal weakness. The amount of courage required is proportionately greater when one sets about being candid in black and white, showing that the published words cannot be recalled or wriggled out of, but will remain to make a solid basis for libel suits or personal retorts. I am therefore rather thankful for the hot spell, and will therefore take "a header" into candor and enjoy the luxury of telling the absolute, solid, naked, pure, beautiful, downright truth, which is that absolutely nothing new has agitated the theatrical surface in Gotham during the week.

Sydney Rosenfeld's "Imagination" and Wm. Fleron's "Elysium," both failures but boomed into momentary success, have been withdrawn. They were of the same kind but Rosenfeld only suggested directly that which Fleron actually put on the stage. Both of them hug the idea that they have written great plays and that an ungrateful public refuses to recognize their great genius. It is a fact which no one will contest that great plays are not always successful on first production, but that they live despite failure; and that successful plays are not always great, but that they die despite success. A great play, a great work of art, goes down beneath the soil of fashion, and has its foundations in the solid rock of unchanging yet ever changing nature, or in the heart of humanity, which is pretty much the same to-day when our young men walk about the streets in prettily long frock coats, as it was when their ancestors made themselves equally smart after their own way in stripes of wool, and so bedecked appeared infinitely less ridiculous to the then belles than the musk-reeque gentleman would have done. These great plays appeal at once to those who have ears to hear, or eyes to see, which so to speak, are the same in all ages, and which please at the moment is generally in the line of its own hour. This quality is very simply defined and characterized as "topicality." No other word conveys the meaning, but neither "Imagination" nor "Elysium" never even gained that kind of success. Nothing so leastly immoral and stupid as "Elysium" has ever been shovelled on the metropolitan stage, and Rosenfeld's libel attempt deserves to be killed in the bud.
DUNLAP.

First Irish Comedian: "That's the matter with your wife, Pat? She had her arm in a sling this morning?"
Second Irish Comedian: "Arrah! She bump ta-ra-ran."
Miss Josephine Buckley, a prepossessing brunette and a saleswoman in a Grand street shoe store, has obtained a judgment against Edward J. Radcliffe, actor of the Lyceum stock, for \$500, money loaned him during a period of three years. The masheress Radcliffe sailed to Europe before the suit was tried, and the pretty saleswoman, among other cruel things, says that the amount was really over a thousand, but she did not keep a strict tally. It is thus labor assists art and the truly artistic.

"The House on the Marsh" adopted by Mr. Mervyn Dallas from Miss Florence Ward's celebrated novel, will next season make a tour, beginning in New York August 15. It was a very great success in London and was continued for six years. The play will be magnificently staged and acted, Mr. Dallas himself playing his original part, "Gervais Raynor," which was played by him for 1,500 consecutive nights in England. The American trial given it a couple of weeks in New York was so great a success that Mr. Dallas has concluded to invest \$15,000 in its American production.

"All Baba" is doing a tremendous business at the Chicago Opera House. Eddie Foy now takes the place of Dan Hart as Cassin and makes his entrance on a parachute. Foy is one of the greatest favorites in Chicago, but as the house is packed every night to the doors, his advent can have no perceptible sympathy with the box office. "All Baba" is undoubtedly the best of the many magnificent specialties Mr. David Henderson has produced, and Chicago owes him a pretty big debt of gratitude, which she seems well enough to pay.

PROHMAN COMPANY JULY FOURTH.
And still another comedy farce is to be presented to us by one of Charles Frohman's admirable companies of players, "Gloriana" is its title, and is from the pen of James Mortimer. "Gloriana" is the name of a handsome and dashing widow, who before the play opens, has had a mild sort of flirtation with Le poll Fitz Jocelyn, a member of the English diplomatic service. The latter has mentioned in love with Jessie Chadwick and the arrangements for the marriage are all completed, when Gloriana, who is supposed to be in Russia, makes her appearance. She is still infatuated with the young English diplomat, who endeavors to frighten her off by pretending to be only the valet, and that Spinks, who is really the valet, is the real master. This strikes a romantic chord in the gay young widow's heart, and greatly to the chagrin of Jocelyn, she declares her intention to raise him from his lowly estate. To further entangle matters he is taken by Gloriana to her flat, finally, as a servant. Here he encounters a blood and thunder Russian count, who is in love with Gloriana, and Count Extoff becomes jealous of the real Jocelyn, who has entered into the service of Gloriana under the name of Spinks, and is exceedingly friendly with the real valet whom he believes to be an English diplomat and colleague. The most hilarious complications ensue and the fun is furiously incessant. The company is the original, and enjoyed the distinction of nearly 150 nights run in New York, and is claimed

him promptly put in Jefferson Market jail, where he remained for two days without being able to communicate with his friends. Then the New York Herald published the story and just haste the great Herrmann went to the jail and at once offered to pay the money. Brady, however, when Herrmann paid him, took off \$150 and Mr. Jarrett was liberated. It turns out on investigation that Jarrett really did lose the money, but all the same he would have been "railroaded" but for the prompt action of the great magician with whom Jarrett had served for two years as treasurer. On the Herald loud praises are now being sung about Herrmann, and many stories are told of his loyalty to friends and generosity on the quiet. Jarrett has been exonerated and has signed with Herrmann for next season. Herrmann is on all sides called a brick with gold trimmings. Brady has most of his money back, the thief has \$1,350, and everyone is correspondingly happy.

"King Kaliko" came to an abrupt end at the New York Broadway Theatre on Tuesday night. Edwin Stevens, who sang the roll of the dusky monarch, did not get his salary, and as the play cannot go on without him Manager Frank Sanger closes the house until August 15. The book was written several years ago by Frank DuPre, a young San Francisco man who lived for some time in Honolulu, but came to the Atlantic coast after his sister, Minnie Dupre, had made a success. The music was written by Fred Solomon, one of the Casino comedians and brother of Ed. Solomon, once the husband of Lillian Russell. After many years of unsuccessful attempts of production, the Broadway scheme was natched at the office of Randall and Dickson, George Witherspoon and Harry Seymour becoming managers and an unknown angel a special partner. \$6,800 is sunk in the venture of which Witherspoon loses \$2,000 and Manager Sanger \$480 in cash. "King Kaliko" did not have a single good line in the book, nor a pretty or original bar in the music.

The sale of the Borgheze library in Rome will soon release a lot of unknown and interesting music of the first half of the seventeenth century. There are a great many operas, including the "Euridyce" of Caccini (1600) and Jacopo Peri, the "Dafne" of Marco de Gagliano, the "Aretusa" of Filippo Vitali, and the "Morte de Orfeo" of Landi. There are also a large quantity of madrigals, villanelle, motets, and airs by composers who flourished between 1550 and 1650, and whose names are now almost unknown.

to be one of the best ever organized by Mr. Charles Frohman, including such artists as Mr. E. J. Henley, Miss Henrietta Crossman, Mr. Frederick Hood, Mr. Edwin Stephens, Miss May Robson, Mr. Charles B. Wells, Miss Margaret Robinson, Mr. Joseph Allen, Mr. Thomas A. Wise, Mr. William Robson, Gloriana comes to the Lansing as a grand mid-summer engagement on the evening of July 4th, this being the only stop between New York and San Francisco.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.
When the spring with jocund smile
O'erbrims the season's cup,
Dramatic art with one accord
Its overcoat "hangs up."

Fit Raymond is singing "Barbara" part in "The Black Hussar" in Brooklyn and making it a great go.

Plays with a purpose are always hazardous, and they gain nothing when the purpose appears to be the apotheosis of adulatory.

Marcus R. Mayer has offered Henry Irving \$250,000 for a thirty week tour of America, and Mr. Irving will probably accept.

A daughter of Colonel John A. McCaull has decided to go on the stage, and will make her debut next season.

The London critics seem to be divided in opinion as to whether Kyrle Bellows' "Hero and Leander" is a tragedy or a comic opera.

Carmenita and Koster & Bial are out. She has been wonderfully successful with her Spanish dance, but like everything else it's worn out.

If reports are true one of the most artistic bits of character acting witnessed in Lincoln for many years will be that of Mr. E. J. Henley's portraiture of the Russian diplomat in Charles Frohman's "Gloriana."

Charles Frohman sailed for New York on Wednesday. He has engaged Lottie Collins for "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" fame for a fifteen weeks' season in the United States, opening in New York the first week in September.

The court of appeals have decided that Lillian Russell pay James C. Duff \$2,149.30 and costs for a little breach of contract in the "Queen's Mate" in 1889, at the New York Standard Theatre, "because she would not wear tights."

The author of "Robert Elanore" is called the "Mrs. Keudall of literature" by a cruel pen-pusher in London. "The Taming of the Shrew" is called in French "La Meger Approivoisee" and Augustin Daly has bought the American rights of it from the author, Paul Delair, because he thinks it the best stage version of Shakespeare's play.

Mignon L. Connor, daughter of the late Capt. Connor who managed John McCullough, was married at the "Little Church Around the Corner," in New York, on Tuesday to John Charles Barnard, son of Judge Barnard (famous during the reign of Boss Tweed) and grandson of John Anderson, the late millionaire tobaccoist and discoverer of "Solace."

Harry Hine and George Keogh, the twin Beau Brummel of the dramatic profession, have become partners and will next season take a new play on the road, which is facetiously described thus: Act I, clothesline displaying a pair of crossed trousers. Act 2, clothesline displaying a vest. Act 3, clothesline displaying the light suit of clothes Mr. Keogh brought from London the first season he managed Mrs. Langtry.

Charles H. Hoyt is building a Casino on his beautiful summer home at Charleston, N. H., which among other things has a fully appointed stage where entertainments will be given during the summer for the aid of churches and other charitable institutions. Mr. Hoyt's home is surrounded by five acres of land which is kept in the highest state of cultivation and said to be a veritable garden of Eden.

MULTUM IN PARVO.
Dixey says it isn't true that he will sing at the Casino next season—Tenor Scovel says that it is utterly false that he and his wife (Mrs. Roosevelt) have agreed to disagree.—Jenny Goldthwaite, the leading lady of "Elysium," denies she was discharged for incompetency, but because she expressed her opinion of the fifty play. She has brought suit against Wm. Fleron for \$450 salary due.—Harry Bach Smith, the author, denies the report that he is backing "Jupiter"—H. C. Miner denies that he is getting a stock company for the Fifth Avenue Theatre for next season.—Gossip has it that Wm. Fleron, who has become widely notorious for his fifty plays, has married Pearl Eyttinge, Maud while he has forgotten to pay the people who appeared in his latest rashness, "Elysium."—Marcus R. Mayer sails for Europe June 29. He is as popular in London as in New York, and his commercial rating in Europe is A No. 1.—The 25th performance of "A Trip to Chinatown" will take place July 8th.—Col. Bert Dasher has gone to Brownsville, Ind., on his way to the Chicago convention.—Rumor has it that "The Robbers of The Rhine" will close on Saturday.—It is said that Pearl Eyttinge has mortgaged the house given her by "Vaseline" Chesborough in order to help her side-partner to put on the stupid failure "Elysium."—Pretty Sadie Martinot and her wig-maker are having a row in the New York courts about a Mme. de Pompadour wig.—Louise Bonnet is suing Daniel Handmann for half of his \$20,000 Montana ranch which she claims belongs to her.—Charles Alfred Byrne and Louis Harrison are busy on their new opera, "Venus," which is to be finished before the cold weather begins.—Charles L. Davis is to travel next season in "Alvin Jonson."—It is some time not very profitable to build a theatre.—Uncle John Templeton, who turned farmer three years ago, returned to the city last week disgusted with the plow.

The Boston bakery is the place to get good work as quality. Brace block.

Archeo. dentist. Fine gold and bridge work as quality. Brace block.

Get your flower and garden seeds and bulbs at Griswold's, 140 South 11th St.