

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES

Vol. 7 No. 32

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TOWN TALK

The Lincoln City Electric Street railway, the first electric line built in Lincoln, on Tuesday was purchased by a syndicate of local capitalists who will make of it a valuable property. Although their venture was financially unproductive, Messrs. Grant A. Bush, George E. Bigelow and the others interested with them in the construction of the road, have the satisfaction of knowing that they hastened the doom of the slow mule race cars of two or three years since. It is not likely that the projectors of this line ever lost much money upon it, as the indebtedness which it was on Tuesday sold to satisfy, aggregating upwards of \$75,000, was about all the road cost. The property had been allowed to run down considerably, although it was never in extremely good condition, but when it passed into the control of Receiver George K. Brown some months since he evinced some ambition to keep the line in navigable form, which he did. For some time prior to the sale on Tuesday it was made apparent that a movement was on foot to organize a syndicate for the purchase of the property. It is pretty generally believed that the chief aim of this organization was not the purchase of the line. It was suspected that Mr. F. W. Little of the Lincoln Street railway would like to gobble up the Lincoln Electric, which had he done so, would have quieted all possibility of competition, and the syndicate was formed with the design of making him pay well for it if he got it. The chief creditors of the Lincoln City Electric railway were the gentlemen connected with the State National bank, and the membership of the new syndicate comprises the same gentlemen, namely E. E. Brown, K. K. Hayden, E. Finney, E. H. Clark, and J. J. Inhoff. It was doubtless a surprise to them when the sale came off on Tuesday, to realize that Mr. Little's company had no representative present to even see how the bidding went, whereas the sale did not realize more than about two-thirds of the liabilities, and the holders of the obligations became the purchasers for \$51,500.

Regarding their future designs in connection with this line the members of the as yet unorganized syndicate have little to say. They hope to organize a strong company and put the new concern on a stable financial basis, as quite a number of local capitalists have expressed a desire to get into it. The members contemplate a material improvement of the line, which is sorely in need of it, some material additions to the rolling stock and equipment generally and some extensions of the line which will make it a strong competitor of the Lincoln Street railway. For instance it is claimed that it will build a line eastward on N street, from its present track on O street, to the vicinity of the cemetery, parallel to the Lincoln Street railway company's O street line. Another extension partially promised, and certainly under consideration, taps an untraversed portion in the southeast of the city which still another taps the new Salt Lake. The latter would be a very profitable line from the start.

"We believe that Lincoln is destined to sustain new and rapid growth in the near future," remarked one of the projectors, "and we expect to govern our conduct of this venture accordingly. To tell the truth, we did not wish to have to buy the line, but as we have done so we will make good property of it. I don't think that there is any doubt that the sale will be confirmed, in spite of the protests against it."

In spite of all that is said derogatory to Lincoln's present street railway facilities, the city is really favored beyond the majority of western cities of her size in that respect. There is absolutely no sense to most of the criticisms launched at the present conditions. With fifty-five miles of electric street railway in operation, the greater portion of it giving from five to twelve minute service, and the other parts as diligent service as the patronage merits, the people are pretty generally well satisfied. The kickers may well remember that only about a year ago they were plodding along behind a lot of overworked ponies in cars hardly bigger than herds and practically devoid of either beauty or comfort. The cars made only occasional trips, and outside of really hot or really cold or wet weather few people cared to patronize them. Even for long distances they were hardly any advantage over walking. The new service is a marvel of speed and convenience compared with the old regime which clung so tenaciously to Lincoln. As soon as the electric service was put in some people went out in search of opportunities to kick. So me content that cars run too slow, others that they run too fast, and so it goes, but as patronage grows larger daily, it is fair to presume that the kickers are largely in the minority. And every day, regardless of kicks and kickers, some improvement is made in the service.

A prominent Lincoln grain dealer has interested himself in the measure now before congress to discourage option gambling. Some time since a number of the heaviest grain and pork gamblers connected with the Chicago board of trade memorialized congress to discourage unfavorable legislation calculated to interfere with "modern business methods." The local dealer with this mental as his text, has written a letter which he has sent to many of the congressmen, in which he sets the methods of the Chicago board of trade in a most vigorous manner. He shows how the option dealing system makes it possible for a few very large dealers to get together and by agreement depress the grain or pork market of the entire country. He demonstrates pretty effectively that dealing in options is nothing more than a system of legalized gambling, as utterly a game of chance as the Louisiana state lottery and other similar "modern business methods." He points to the appalling effect that grain gambling has upon other lines of business, and especially the

number of bank failures and defalcations arising from the Chicago board of trade, the outsider speculator being invariably the loser. For reasons of his own this dealer has not made public the contents of his letter to the national law makers. It is claimed that an examination of the books of a firm which recently conducted an option brokerage agency in this city shows that in one year Lincoln speculators put into the option desks \$40,000 more than they took out. In other words it cost Lincoln \$10,000 to cultivate for one short year the acquaintance of the Chicago fictitious grain sharks. If other territories contributed in proportion there is little wonder that hundreds of men who subsist on the Chicago board of trade own and occupy the costliest and finest suburban mansions in that rich city.

A story is extant that a certain Lincoln young lady found herself in possession of \$5,000 cash which she wished to invest. A misguided friend induced her to put it in wheat. "She accepted the advice," she not only put into wheat margins, but she put it in to stay. The market went against her and she kept putting up margins and putting up margins until the greater part of her \$5,000 was gone, and she was diligently putting up still at last accounts in an effort to regain what she had lost. The name of this young lady is not given any very enlightening degree of publicity, but the story goes among local grain men that such a young lady lives in Lincoln. When she gets through with her little brush with the Chicago option sharks, if she be not already through, she will doubtless have been convinced that dealing in options is gambling of the most unprofitable variety.

The popularity of the new salt lake is an erring attested by the fact that during the past week a company has been organized to construct and maintain an electric street car line across the bottoms thereto, whereas that project on the part of the new owners of the Lincoln City Electric will probably be abandoned. The construction of such a line will be undoubtedly an expensive enterprise because of the frequent overflow of Salt Creek, but it is necessary to the complete success of the salt lake as a resort. It is said that the \$50,000 hotel and \$30,000 bath house project, which was recently made public as one of the improvements of the immediate future at the new salt lake, has been temporarily abandoned. It is further said that the salt lake project is not likely to monopolize all of the benefits accruing to this locality in the future because of the medicinal properties of the salt water, as considerable capital is likely to be soon invested in bath house or sanitarium purposes right in the city, beyond the reach of high water. The plans are not yet fully developed and the projectors are guarding from the public knowledge of the enterprise.

The city council, by a vote of eight to six, on Tuesday evening adopted the ordinance permitting the Rock Island to cross O street at Twentieth on grade, and all those who were opposed to the granting of this privilege must now place their sole reliance in the courts. The Lincoln Street railway company recently secured in district court a temporary order restraining the Rock Island from crossing the street until the courts shall hear and determine its right to do so. It is thought to be hardly probable, however, that the embargo will last longer than it will require to present the facts and arguments in court. Perhaps it may be so manipulated that the Rock Island will be required to pay the street railway company for crossing it, but even that is thought to be improbable. It is more than likely that within a few months the trains of the Rock Island and several other roads will be thundering across O street and along the valleys of Antelope, while O street will have lost its long continued popularity as a magnificent public drive. Gates will be thrown across it on either of the two tracks the company is permitted to maintain at that point. There will undoubtedly soon be a demand for an extension of the South Eleventh street pavement, as well as that on South Seventeenth, to supply a new drive in place of the one dissected by the railroads.

**He Does The Business.**  
"No wonder he does the business" was a remark that was made in front of Sam Nesbit's shoe emporium the other day within the hearing of a COURIER scribe. They were looking in at his handsome show windows and after hearing that remark the reporter felt sufficiently interested and took time to look in and do some seeing himself. It was a remark well said, and with full justice to that rasher for the trade, for Mr. Nesbit has really made a demand for a line of goods that formerly could not be secured in this city. For instance in neat and petite footwear for ladies as well as the latest and most comfortable shoes for men, there is "nothing new under the sun" but that may there be found. If you should want the red shoes, the tan shoes, the dark brown, or in fact any other color, either in Oxford ties or any other style, Nesbit has them all and you want have to pay fancy prices for them either. Nesbit has established himself and his reputation has scored a success for artistic footwear at reasonable prices.

**Dry Goods and Groceries' Outing.**  
Cushman park will be alive with a great throng of Lincoln's most representative business men, their clerks, friends, patrons, etc., on Wednesday, July 20th. Manager Anderson has made elaborate arrangements for all, and if you are looking for a good time go out and join in the festivities. This is your invitation.

**Fine Writing Paper, 25 Cents Per Box.**  
First quality linen or cream laid, either ruled or plain, with late style envelopes. Its a big bargain. Come and see it. Wessel-Stevens Printing Co., 131 N. Street.

**Dr. Farnham Cures**  
blood, chronic, female, heart, liver, lung, nervous, rectal and skin diseases. Rooms Nos. 14 and 15, Richards block.

## STAGE GOSSIP

The harp that woe's thro' Tara's halls  
Pled many a good word of chime—  
"Come back to Erin," "Molly Bawn,"  
"An' 'Th' Risen' ay' th' Moon,"  
"Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Cruiskeen  
Lawn."  
Ye've out here that harp today,  
Th' only chime it rises is  
"Ta-ra-boom-de-ay."

The stories about the origin of "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" are getting quite amusing, and so many have had claim to being the discoverer or composer of it, that the mystery is almost as deep as the authorship of "Beautiful Snow." I have watched the paragraphs floating on the crest-waves of journalism, and for six months waited for one of many that could tell, to come forward. Not being myself as old as to remember the advent of the song in America, I can only tell what I heard about its importation, which was neither from France nor England but from Africa, for the song is negro in every detail. There lives upon the west coast of Africa a tribe of hardy, seafaring black men, known all over the South, West Indies and South America as Kru men. They were unlike the other slaves captured and brought over in many particulars. Their noses were not flat, no "nigger driver" ever drove them to any great extent, they did not as a rule mix with the other slaves, and could be implicitly trusted both on land and at sea. They were magnificent sailors, and as sailors were worth more, hence they were mostly employed on the water—one of their conditions being, if free, that they should be allowed to see their home once a year, and they kept tally of the time to a day. When pulling at a rope, hoisting a sail or an anchor, the Kru man would shout "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay," and with the "boom" all would give a mighty pull, just as any other sailor today pulls when singing. The negroes at the docks in New Orleans caught the refrain and fifty years ago it had reached far into Louisiana, where a Ta-ra-boom-de-ay was shouted when anything was to be hoisted at the sugar mills. People that knew New Orleans even twenty years ago, and "looked over Mahogany Hall, on Basin street, must remember the song, and many thousands of people must have heard it, at least a dozen years ago, as sung by a negro in St. Louis. Ta-ra-boom-de-ay means "easy, easy, up she goes," and there you are, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

**THEATRICAL CHAT.**  
It is whispered that Dan Frohman has engaged Kyrie Bellew.

Margaret Mather has left Chicago and is summing at Waukesha, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Robson are in Paris where Mrs. Robson spends most of her time at the Bonmarche.

The Kendalls have announced their intention of returning to America in 1893 and spending their season in Chicago during the fair.

Duncan Harrison has returned from a fortnight's fishing trip in the Krugeley Lake region and at once bought "Little Tippett" from Ben Teal.

The H. E. Dixey Opera Company with Camille D'Arville, C. W. Dungan, Eugene Cowles, Fred Lennox and others in the cast, will open at Palmer's, New York, Monday evening in "The Masquerade."

John Drew will make his first appearance under Manager Charles Frohman's direction at Palmer's theatre October 3 in a new comedy by William Alexander Bisson and Albert Carre, called "The Masked Ball."

Richard Reed in an accident last week had a narrow escape from being severely injured. He is, however, right side up with care and is enjoying life for all it is worth at his pretty up-town mansion, facing the new Riverside park.

There are by actual count something over sixteen legitimate and quasi legitimate companies to go upon the road next season. A majority of them will go to the small towns and possibly to that mysterious place known as "the wall."

From far across the country comes the news—it is comparatively fresh, and needs a pinch of salt to make it go down easily—that Mrs. James Brown Potter does not like acting, and would retire if she could. On this side the ocean we know she could if she would.  
The Oberammergau Passion Play is to be transferred to the world's fair by a western corporation who announce that they have a capital of \$800,000. They will need that much money, for Joseph Meyer, who is to play the Savior, insists upon having \$80,000 in cash deposited in a European bank before he begins an inch.  
Clara Morris will probably not thank eloquently F. F. Mackay for a little story he told her the other day. Says Mr. Mackay, "I was playing with her in 'Camille' one night. It was the scene that Camille has with Arman's father. Miss Morris was apparently overcome with emotion. I looked out over the audience and could see many people responding to her show of emotion, and wiping their eyes with their handkerchiefs. Miss Morris said to me from under her handkerchief: 'Look at them chully. They're getting out their wipes.'"

Col. Henry Mapleson and Marcus R. Mayer have gone to Europe to complete arrangements abroad for an opera company for a season in the United States and Canada, commencing at the Tremont theatre, Boston, October 17, followed by a ten weeks' season at the new Fifth Avenue theatre, New York. The work chosen for the opening is "Fauvette." In addition to Miss Laura Schirmer Mapleson, several well known European stars are to be engaged, with a popular American comedian. Mr. Mayer assumes no financial responsibility in the scheme, but undertakes the general direction of the season, the necessary backing being provided by thoroughly responsible people. It is the intention of the directors to present French opera companies in the English language, but in the delicate and delightful form which the Americans so thoroughly enjoy in the Parisian representations. In addition to "Fauvette" the following operas will be specially translated and adapted for the American stage: "La Folie Chaperon Rouge," "Indiana," "L'Opel Creve," "Du Temple," "Pres St. Gervais" and "Emeric Alda."

**A THEATRICAL 'POTPOURRI.**  
William Gillette is enjoying himself at D'Yonne-Les-Bains, in France.—Dan Sully started from New York last week to begin a summer tour from Milwaukee next Monday. Margaret Mather has been divorced from her husband, Emil Haberkorn.—John Russett and his wife are again on the deep blue sea bound straight for New York.—John Stetson is backing Drey in his "Adonis II" venture.—Hugh Fay was married to Grace Decker at Stamford, Conn., Thursday, and Bill Dunlevy and Bill Barry stood up with Mr. and Mrs. Fay to Europe.—Carver B. Cline and Mildred Gale were made one in New York last Wednesday.—Nellie McHenry cleared about \$4,000 on the first day of the Long Branch races.—Wm. R. Hayden is resting at his pretty villa at Navesink Highlands and does not propose touching Gotham before the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Robson.—John Webster has recovered the use of his arm, badly injured a couple of weeks ago, and opens with the Nel-

lie McHenry Co. at Omaha, July 24.—John W. Jennings is still among the green hills of Vermont, where he writes a Noah's flood almost washed him out last week.—E. E. Rice did not leave the antipode after all. He is doing "Evangelism" in New South Wales.—Daniel Bandmann, who is living on a ranch in the Bitter Root Valley, has gotten a divorce from his wife, Millicent Palmer Bandmann, London, England, and was remarried June 29 to Mary Kelly, the actress, at Missoula, Montana.—Digby Bell sailed for Europe July 13.—Francis Wilson will not go to Japan this summer, but to Paris.—De Wolf Hopper was so sea-sick on his way over the big pond that Ben Stevens thinks he will remain there rather than risk the trip back. Hopper sea sick must be a sight that would make even Neptune laugh. By the way, isn't it very risky to trust our three great open operators on the treacherous billows all at once.

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## CHICAGO CHAT.

**TO THE COURIER:**  
I have not written to you for so long, COURIER dear, that I feel as if we had grown to be almost strangers. It has not been a disinclination to write that has caused such a long gap in this very one sided correspondence, but lack of time has prevented me from writing.

If Chicago as a whole, as well as each of its individual inhabitants, is as busy as it is now this time next year, and has the world's fair on its hands besides—pity us all! But to continue. Your worthy editor came up to my office last Saturday, and seeing him reminded me that I had not written for his paper for several months. I was reminded also that the last time I wrote the letter contained an account of my experience with the little pickpocket. It might appear that I have been hanging around police courts and county jails ever since, but such is not the case, though I did go to the jail several times to see the poor boy who stayed in durance vile nearly a month before his case came to trial. Then it was that we decided that the little fellow had had punishment enough, and though we knew he was a professional thief, the judge allowed him on entering a plea of "guilty" to be released on his own recognizance, and he gave bond for his own good behavior and went home. I wish you could have visited his home with me! If you could I think a sight of the awful alley way where he lives would have moved you to pity the poor fellow little soul even as I pitied him. The father had fallen from a scaffold and broken both his legs and sustained severe internal injuries. He lay between life and death on a vile bundle of straw with not even a comfort or quilt over it, in one corner of the small room, and that is the home of this father and mother, and five small children. I have no idea but what the poor child was driven in desperation to commit the theft. They could not starve and there was no way of earning an honest living. The father has to have the constant care of the mother, and probably will always be helpless. The two little boys make a few pennies selling newspapers and the two baby girls are only so many more to care for. Dirty, ragged, foul! The place they live in would be a poor place in which to stable a horse, and yet these little people breathe over and over again the foul, damp air of this dark, loathsome room, where coming in from the sunshine outside it is almost impossible to draw a breath. It is pitiful, and when we consider that this is a typical family of hundreds, yes, thousands of others in this great city, one is constrained to stop and think.

Changing the subject rather abruptly—the other half of Chicago it is in reality a much smaller part than half is just now putting on its best light clothes, giving its hair an extra curl and taking drives to the many parks. One handsome equipage after another rolls down the boulevard, and its occupants to some pleasure affording nook, throwing dust all over some sooty wretch who sighs as he realizes how infinitely far beneath them he is in the social scale. But I forget that the wealthy (so of course the happy) class was to have my attention. Many have gone to the lovely summer resorts that are so enticing to the dweller in the city. Those who have stayed at home to enjoy the beautiful weather we are having in fact of us either not to mention that it was pouring rain the first day I saw him here, have plenty of first-class amusements to entertain them. But few of the theatres are closed, and those that are open have uniformly good attractions. At the Grand Opera House Thos. J. Southbrook's opera company have just closed a successful engagement of seven weeks. It has been a Chicago success and consequently is an assured success in the east. It was a peculiar engagement and not a long enough one to satisfy Chicago patrons. Manager Hamlin looked the company after hearing the score for the "Folie Chaperon" played over lastly on the piano. He felt that it would take, and take it did, and it is with regret that many see it depart not to return until March. It will be supplanted by Mrs. Johnstone Bennett in that most delightful of comedies, "Jane." The papers say that it has improved since it was last seen here, but I say it makes no difference whether it has improved or deteriorated as long as Mrs. Bennett assumes the role of "Jane." I do not think she is much of an actress, but she is received by Chicago's most exclusive society.

And that would I assure her popularity and audience of no mean proportions. Of all the attractions, however, "All Baba" takes the lead, and it should. It has passed its fiftieth performance and the crowds have grown, if such a thing is possible, rather than decreased. No matter what the state of the weather the Chicago Opera House is always crowded to the roof. The stars receive vociferous applause at every performance, and as for Eddie Foy, Chicago goes wild over him. Henderson certainly knew what he was about when he took Foy, drunkness and all, and paid his debts which were said to be no less a sum than \$10,000, and gave him a salary of \$500 a week for his services. Of the beautiful scenery, the spectacular effects, the ballets, the transformation scene of All Baba, enough may not be said. "Gorgeous" is the only word that will in the least degree express it. There are falls of real water, fountains that take on every color in the rainbow, and on the other hand there is a donkey, a lion, a dragon and—oh! that dragon! It comes creeping crawling out on the darkened stage, belching fire from its nostrils and thereby giving the audience glimpses of its hideous self. Imagine an abomination extending clear across the stage, looking like an awful green toad worm of mammoth proportions, rolling and pitching along in a manner that makes the cold shivers run over you. Each of its hideous folds moving, moving, and the terrible head breathing forth the fiery flames. It is the most loathsome looking object that any inventive genius ever created, and it shuffles along until its head is hidden behind the scenes when suddenly the stage is a glare of green lights and there stands twenty hand-

some women—the dragon!—in the midst of a beautiful woodland scene, dressed in green tights, green trunks having spotted wings, dancing a most delightful dance. In the transformation scene Fred Dangerfield has surpassed himself. It is intensely interesting for a novice to watch this last act from behind the scenes. The wonderful effects are different when viewed from behind. It is a marvelous thing to see a cession of mammoth size raised from a horizontal position to a perpendicular one and to see it burst in mid-air displaying the charming figure of a young woman, who is held there, at an angle of 45 degrees, apparently without any support from above or below, slowly, gracefully flapping her handsome purple and gold wings until the curtain falls, only to be rung up again and again in answer to the enthusiastic demands of the audience. It is another just as wonderful but totally different thing to see the machinery that raises that luxuriant maiden. It weighs over 4,000 pounds; she weighs 120! The scene where we first see the forty thieves—sorry stately young women, by the way, in gleaming armor, is gorgeous beyond description, and the song they sing as they march down on a fallen tree, is catchy and beautiful.

Other attractions draw good houses, however, in spite of "All Baba" prosperity. "The County Fair" and "Miss Helgett" are testing the capacity of Hooley's and the Columbia every night and the latter will stay for some weeks yet, while the former is playing its last week now. Probably the most popular place of amusement is Barnum & Bailey's circus, or to be more explicit, the ballet in the circus. It, in its way, deserves its popularity. The spectacle "Columbus" is lovely, the women pretty—at a distance. At close range a homelier lot of women it was never my good fortune to see, but most of them have shapely figures, and the dances are superb. There are some very pretty voices in the chorus, too, voices that in the chorus of an opera company or in a parlor, would be the rage. One tenor in particular it is easy to pick out from the mass, clear, sweet, powerful. The bon ton of Chicago occupy their boxes night after night and never seem to tire of the performance. As it is a four ringed circus, that have to the existence of the small boy, one might go in a week and not see anything new. My dearest girl and I mustered a crowd about twenty strong of Methodist young people and took in the circus, pink lemonade, peanuts and gingerbread for the elephants, concert and side shows. We had a source of constant amusement behind us in an old woman who knew absolutely nothing and talked about it all the time. When the chariot races were on she wildly declared "I saw a picture of one of those wagons down town in a window with a red headed man a driving. What are they?" The picture was a handsome painting of Ben Hur. I was glad Gen. Lew Wallace was not there to hear. She remarked when the first act of "Columbus" was being presented, the scene of course being laid in Spain: "That doesn't look like Chicago. It looks real eastern." I was painfully reminded of two young girls who sat behind me, at Fanny Davenport's beautiful production of Sardou's "Cleopatra." 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