

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES

Vol. 7 No. 34

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TOWN TALK

Again has the apathy of the people of Lincoln in relation to local sports been thoroughly demonstrated. The effort to re-establish the colored base ball team in this city has not met with the most enthusiastic encouragement. Only \$300 was asked to effect the deal, but at last accounts even this amount was far from forthcoming. Further than this, last Tuesday evening, after liberal advertising of a meeting for the organization of a wheel club, not enough patrons of the byke could be mustered to start the organization and an adjournment was had until next Monday evening, when an effort to organize on a novel plan will be proposed. All wheelmen will be invited to join the Y. M. C. A. and become members of a club under its auspices, paying a nominal membership fee, which will entitle members to other privileges of the Y. M. C. A. building. As none can belong to the wheel club who do not join the Y. M. C. A., it is probable that the organization will be effected, will discourage the now popular Sunday bicycling excursions to neighboring cities, unless the members go abroad to attend services.

The city of Lincoln again finds herself a victim of a popular modern delusion. It has become fashionable now-a-days for people to lie with unwavering regularity in relation to the value of their worldly possessions. The assessor of to-day must be a perjurer by profession or his life will be in jeopardy. To all appearances the last batch have long life and happiness assured them. They have proven themselves champions in falsification and violation of the law. The consequence is that, while Lincoln last year was deemed worth so little that it took a large per cent. of her valuation to but partially pay the expenses of the government, this year the condition is even more humiliating. What a parody on truth and good sense it is to place the value of this entire city at \$3,981,805. And yet that is what the assessors did last year. Could anything be so foolhardy? Well, yes. This year's assessment is even less than that by almost \$150,000, in spite of the hundreds of thousands spent in improvements. Does any advocate of low assessments have any idea where this will end? If pursued with the persistence that has marked the work of the past few years in that line it will end in the paralysis and bankruptcy of the city. This mania for deprecating one's own worth and raising one's own credit appears to be determined in its hold on Nebraska more than upon any other state in the union. The day has come when an assessment means nothing more than that the best falsifier saves the most money in taxes. This city is worth fully ten times as much as its assessors, who are solemnly sworn to give the fair and true value, have said it was worth. If all assessors and property owners were truthful and property was assessed at something like its fair value, the assessment would be just and profitable to all, but under the present system lying is profitable. It costs money to be truthful, therefore it is very unpopular.

A few men in Nebraska have cried out against this suicidal policy and the evil will some day reach its climax. Just how this is to be brought about is a subject of investigation. It has been wisely said that as long as men, truthful and honest though they may be deemed in all else, are permitted to place a taxable value on their own property, its value will always be depressed. It has been suggested that a league of Nebraska business men and property owners should be formed for the purpose of demanding and enforcing an honest and sensible assessment of the state, that property be assessed at its full value as the law requires and that it be understood and demonstrated that any assessor or assessors violating this law by assessing at grades valuations will be promptly and severely punished. Such an organization would draw a large membership and could do just what it is desirable that it should—force the valuation of the entire state up to a sensible figure. No part of the state could justly complain if all parts were assessed at fair valuation. The recent convention of county clerks in this state discussed the assessment evil with great force and intelligence and its members are ready to lead any movement toward a remedy. Meantime Lincoln is to go through another year with crippled finances, being assessed so low the full per cent. of taxes permitted by the law will not pay her expenses, so that before the end of the year she must vote bonds or go into debt in some other way, while the per cent. of taxes levied must necessarily be so great a figure as to frighten the man who comes in from abroad with a proposition to invest his money.

The engagement of Dr. Swisher, a former resident of Lincoln, who has returned from a sojourn in Kansas to again take up his abode here, to go with the long changeless blue of the overspanning firmament enough moisture to quench the gnawing thirst of the famishing fields of corn in this vicinity has given to incredulous observers the first opportunity to air their skepticism afforded since science proclaimed that the thirst for liquor was not invulnerable. The jester has long since learned, however, that the pretended claim of a cure for the whisky habit was not all a myth, as many instances of its complete success can be found in almost every community. True it was not always successful, but when it had effected the cure of one man, had it done no more, it had almost effected a miracle. Who is so wise as to know beyond a doubt that the discovery of the process of rain-making is not as complete and trustworthy a fact as the gold cure for the use of intoxicants? It is almost needless to ask. Every street corner and every doorway where perspiring and panting humanity submits itself to the embraces of the laggard breeze and color-charged shade can turn out whole regiments of super-sapient scientists who are firmly convinced that the rain-maker is a fraud. And yet men of in-

telligence and great scientific attainments for over fifty years have now and then expressed a conviction that rain can be precipitated from the skies by artificial means. But the scientists are never "in it" with the skeptic until the latter has been pinned down by practical demonstrations that permit of no denial. Every great scientific discovery, the skeptic may wisely remember, has been hooted at and immoderately jeered since time began, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the scientist has eventually come out on top.

When it was announced that on Monday evening at five o'clock Dr. Swisher had begun his test upon contract to bring rain before Friday evening at seven o'clock, it is probable that nine men out of every ten encountered on the streets would have evinced little faith in its success. A few physicians and others whose thoughts and studies run on the lines of the natural sciences declared that they believed that whether or not Dr. Swisher's test was successful, rain can be artificially produced. But it was noticed that none of these gentlemen, even came down town during the first day of the test with their rain raiment with them. They left their gun coats and boots at home, content to submit to a shower bath if only the rain could be induced to come.

Should the rain-maker prove to be as great a man as he pretends to be, and should he demonstrate his power to produce rain whenever he desires, he will open up the necessity for new legislation. The rain-maker will then be a man to be feared and regulated. It appears one to think of the pall it would give him about state fair time. There are times when the prosperity of a community or state depends on dry weather, and at such a time the rain-maker might make himself a decidedly troublesome man, and might conclude that he has as much to be paid for not making it rain as for causing a deluge, and in such a case the public might be compelled to resort to the crime of murder to escape the crime of bribery. A lawyer has suggested that the possessor of the rain-making power might also find himself in an unenviable position, "for," said the lawyer, "if I thought that this man can make it rain, I would sue him within two hours for the value of ten tons of hay I have had ruined on my farm, and I think I could prove that I lost it through his willful negligence."

And as might have been expected the rain came Wednesday evening, bringing a new lease of life to both plant and animal life. It was not a meagre false alarm as might have been predicted from a scientific process that was merely an experiment, but an abled-bodied downpour of nature's refreshment, extending over the greater part of the state. The first installment, which came in the middle of the afternoon, was entirely local, however, flooding the center of the city and leaving the suburbs as dry as a board. Four hours later a general rain set in, the curled and famished corn unfolded its leaves and straightened its drooping stalk, the russet-colored lawns renewed their coats of brilliant green, the dust-covered trees bathed their fluttering leaves, and vegetation smiled incessantly at the glad day of rescue.

The comment heard on the street was varied and amusing. Good friends quarreled over the possibility of the rain wizard being entitled to credit, and something in jest or earnest was on every man's lip as to the author of the rain. But upon the streets a large majority were convinced that the rain-maker brought the rain. It was evident that the common people have learned to entertain great respect for the potentiality of modern science. Since their incredulity was defeated by the telephone, the electric light, the electric railway and many other creatures of scientific research, few men are prepared to doubt that anything claimed in the name of science may be true. Meantime Dr. Swisher, whether he brought the rain or not, earned his money according to his contract and no one will begrudge it him, for the rain was a blessing that will return a harvest of dollars.

The trouble among the sanctified at University place grows more threatening. The charges have been filed against Chancellor Creighton to secure his suspension from the church. His prosecutors feel certain that they have him on the run, but a majority of the influential men in University place predict that the chancellor's fighting qualities will stand him in such good stead that he will certainly vanquish his enemies. Charges have also been preferred against Dr. Greene of that village, a lay member of the church, and an effort will be made to have him expelled from the church for alleged falsehood. Dr. Greene is a brilliant and plucky friend of Chancellor Creighton who said some very pointed things about the chancellor's persecutors. One of the latter, J. S. W. Dean, of Seward, prefers the charge against Dr. Greene. The latter declares with apparent unconcern that his happiness and prosperity is not at all dependent upon his membership in the University Place church, and that he will not attempt to defend himself in a long church trial, but he is ready to prove everything he has said derogatory to the chancellor's enemies. If he is expelled from the church he says he will simply come to Lincoln and join St. Paul's church on probation. But he proposes to help the chancellor fight his persecutors, and a long trial is promised. Meantime ministerial brethren and members of the flock are doing a great deal of vicious back-biting and denunciation of their fellow workers in the moral vineyards these days.

**Notice to Dancing Clubs.**  
The dancing pavilion at Burlington Beach is now ready for the public. Every Monday, Thursday and Saturday evening there will be a public dance. On other evenings the floor will be retained for the use of private clubs. No dancing on Sunday.  
GEORGE A. SPENCER, Manager.

## PROM CHINA

[Special Courier Correspondence.]  
HONG KONG, CHINA, May 17, 1892.—It has been nearly five months since I left your city. Part of this time was spent on the Pacific ocean and it is not soon to be forgotten. We were three weeks in reaching Japan from San Francisco, and during this time not a trace of land or even a ship was seen. We had an unusual amount of stormy weather and were therefore thankful when we reached the land of the rising sun. Our stay in Japan was rather short but I made the best possible use of my time. Only a few hours were spent in Yokohama, from there I proceeded to Tokio, where I spent most of my time. We left Yokohama on the following day and after five days' sailing reached Hong Kong, which place I expect to make my home for the next few years, and I will give you a brief description of the place.

The island of Hong Kong is a broken ridge of lofty hills situated off the coast of the Kiangtun provinces at the mouth of the Canton river. It is of volcanic origin, with scanty vegetation. Hong Kong is an English colony and is well protected by the British navy. The harbor is one of the finest in the world, having an area of ten square miles and with its diversified scenery and various shipping, presents an animated and imposing spectacle. It consists of a sheet of water between the island and the mainland and is enclosed on all sides by lofty hills destitute of foliage. It is easy of access and is navigable for the largest merchant vessels and men-of-war in existence.

The city of Victoria is magnificently situated. The houses, many of them large and handsome, rise tier upon tier from the water's edge to a height of several hundred feet on the face of the peak, while many bungalows are visible on the very summit, an elevation of eighteen hundred feet. The materials used for building purposes are stone and sun-burnt brick. The buildings are mostly three stories in height, and all are provided with verandas. The streets are very narrow and wind about in all directions. Trees have been planted in many parts of the city, which afford beautiful shaded walks. The business streets are crowded from morning until night. Rickshaws and cabs take the place of carriages and I find them very comfortable as well as convenient. A street scene to the stranger is rather amusing. One will see the most astonishing variety of the human race.

Chinese with long silk gowns and blue umbrellas pass you with an indignant look; well-dressed merchants are seen standing in the doorway of their shops; cobblers beneath shade trees, perhaps in the center of the street; Amahs with banded feet sitting at the street corners taking in sewing by the day; men and women working side by side in the street. Old women go about with faces so wrinkled as to cause one to look with every corner, armed with a sword and rifle and wearing a huge scarlet turban with most intricate convolutions, while the shouting of their coolies and ricksha men cause a general confusion.

The Chinese woman of the working class clothes herself in a pair of wide, black trousers, a loose tunic and bamboo shoes, and is ready for all the emergencies of life. She toils in the street from morning until night for a few pennies and seems to be contented with her lot. Should she take the form of marriage with a sampan owner she will seldom leave her floating home but will in common with something like twenty thousand of the water population work, sleep, eat and die in this miserable little boat.

The wealthy class are very different. They dress well and are seldom seen on the streets. The women of this class with their fine brocaded silk costumes and undecipherable small feet, are never seen by the public as they seldom leave their homes and when they do they are carried about in closed chairs. It has been in a professional way that I have had the unusual pleasure of interviewing them. I find them very polite and somewhat attractive.

The Europeans number about three thousand and live in houses well designed for the hot weather. The verandas protect the inner portion from the burning sun, and one does not mind the heat as long as they remain inside. For myself I can say that I like Hong Kong very much, yet I hope some day to see Lincoln again, even though it be in the far future.  
C. S. SNYDER, D. D. S.

## VARIOUS TOPICS.

We occasionally see a copy of *The Western Trail*, that excellent journal published by Lincoln's old time friend, John C. Bonnell, in the interest of the great Rock Island Route. It is a spicy and interesting sheet, handsomely printed and likewise beautifully illustrated and although an advertising sheet is always replete with some clever reading. Mr. Bonnell's familiar writing appears in each issue, and as of old, is fully as interesting as ever. He has a style particularly his own—bright, gossipy, and catchy, and when one starts to read the description of a new summer resort or a new train service, the view is so plainly pictured to the mind that each line seems to lead you on to read the next. *The Western Trail* has an enormous circulation throughout Uncle Sam's Kingdom, and finds its way to every place where there is likely to be any traveling done. I think Lincoln and Nebraska in general, owe Mr. Bonnell much, for there is not an issue of that paper printed that does not contain a column or more about this city and state. Although now a non-resident, Mr. Bonnell's good will and faith in Lincoln is as strong as ever, and there is no man abroad in the land that does half as much good talking for the Capital City of Nebraska as he does. At his office in the Rock Island passenger headquarters in Chicago, you are liable at any time to find him talking to callers about the beauties of Lincoln.

What is said to be the best attraction in the World's Fair City at the present time is the

cyclorama of the great Chicago fire, located upon Michigan avenue, near Madison street. This wonderful painting is about fifty feet high and four hundred feet long, and there were consumed in its production two and one-half tons of paint. Usually these paintings are executed in Europe and then exported here; not so with this one. The best artists of Europe—from London, Munich, Dusseldorf and Paris—were employed to come here, at a cost of from \$20 to \$25 per day each, to paint the cyclorama where it now hangs. It required about two years to produce this wonderful work, and it represents the sum of a quarter of a million dollars as it stands today, being the most costly work of art in the world. The Chicago fire burned one million dollars worth of property every five minutes, on an average, for eighteen hours in succession. It burned over an average of two and one-half acres every minute for that period of time. This will give some idea of what the fire really was, and those who did not see it then can now see this marvellous painting, which is an exact reproduction of the ruins and buildings as they appeared on the morning of Monday, October 9, 1871. The business portion of the city is in ruins and the great North Side is a sea of fire. It is certainly well worth a visit when in Chicago.

I notice in a recent issue of the *St. Joseph Herald* a report of the school board meeting, on which occasion Mr. Frank Strong, the newly appointed superintendent of the Lincoln schools, offered his resignation and in speaking of his departure Superintendent Neesley said:

"As is generally known Mr. Strong has been recently appointed superintendent of the public schools of Lincoln, Neb., at a much larger salary than he was receiving here. Mr. Strong would have preferred to remain in St. Joseph and if the board had been paying him such a salary as the importance of the place he filled and the value of his services warranted, he would not have sought a position elsewhere. It is deeply to be regretted that the school board suffered the matter of a few hundred dollars in salary to lose from the high school so valuable a man as Mr. Strong. This regret, no doubt, is shared by many individual members of the board, by the teachers and pupils of the high school, and by the friends of education generally."

Mr. Strong is a thorough scholar, an excellent teacher and organizer, and a high-toned Christian gentleman. Under his principled leadership the moral tone of the high school has been greatly elevated, the courses of study have been enlarged and improved, the nucleus of a well selected library has been formed, and the school has been popularized in the community. While Mr. Strong's departure from St. Joseph is to be regretted, he is to be commended most cordially and confidently to the good people of Lincoln as an accomplished scholar, an able educator and an excellent Christian gentleman."

Yesterday morning Mr. E. E. Finney took personal control of the Lincoln City Electric Railway, which he bought at the recent shareholders' sale. Mr. Finney is a man of means and ample ability and it is generally understood that his policy will be to improve the system and service and make a thorough first class line of it. Heretofore it has been in a crippled financial condition and but little or no improvements or repairs could be made. Under the new management, backed by ample capital, the Lincoln City Electric will become a most prominent factor in Lincoln street car service and if the new incumbent will exercise the ability that it is claimed he has in store, we may look for some great things in that system. The road runs through some very fine territory and with the extensions and improvements contemplated, there is no reason why the line should not pay well and prosper.

A paper bearing the title of *The Daily Border Bulletin* of Arkansas City, Kansas, finds its way into this office the other day. It is a large, eight-page issue, same size as THE COURIER, and in looking over its well printed pages the name of Ben Cole appears at the head of the editorial columns. The writer has known Mr. Cole for a number of years and knowing the capabilities of the handsome Auburn scribe, feels assured that the gentleman will make a success of his new enterprise. The paper has none of the earmarks of a country newspaper and if the citizens of Arkansas City will only realize what a good thing they have got in possessing the *Bulletin* and its editor, and support it accordingly, the town will be none the worse off for so doing. As a newspaper man, a hustler and a clever writer, Mr. Cole was always recognized as among the leaders in Nebraska and Iowa.

## "A Swell Turn Out."



—Life.

Hotelling, the O street grocer, has anything you may want in the way of lunch or picnic specialties, such as puddings, jellies, tongues, beef, potted meats, deviled ham, fish of various kinds, pickles, oils, and dressings, canned fruits, vegetables, cookies, potato chips, etc., etc., and so on and so on.

## CHICAGO LETTER.

[Special Courier Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, July 24, 1892.—How many experiences one may have in a fortnight. My first peculiar one was this. I was sitting in my office conversing with my sister when the door opened one day week before last, and as a veritable Nebraska cyclone, in rushed Johnny D.—and Dickie Y.—Glad to see them! Of course we were and soon we were plunged in a wild incoherent talk about Lincoln friends. Among others, I mentioned a dear girl whom one of the gentlemen doth dearly love, and inquired how she was, Johnny said "Why out of sight of course," and added, "By the way she is over at the Great Northern Hotel." I said "What, how, when, where," all in a breath and there those two williams sat up and did the proverbial smile and told us this tale. "You see it was this way—her mother objected. We didn't propose to stand it, so were quietly married and all came to Chicago on our way up the lakes on our wedding tour, have telegraphed back for our mother's blessing and think we shall get it, too. I want you girls to come over to the hotel at 4:30 and see the dear girl," and then followed a very pressing invitation to accompany them for at least part of the way up to the lakes. It sounded a little fishy but we took it all in as Dickie swore it was "gospel truth." However, when I mentioned that I was sorry my last Chicago letter had just gone to Lincoln twenty-four hours before they began to show signs of weakening, and when I said in cheerful tone "But it will make a dandy item for next week," it settled it, and with tears in his lovely blue eyes, Johnny begged me not to give it away, even threatened, then tried to bribe, but as Sol Smith says to "Noah Vale" it is useless to try to hinder a newspaper correspondent not to tell everything they know!

It has been my good fortune to see several old friends in the past two or three weeks. Among the number, besides Mr. Dorgan and Yates were Dr. Mitchell, Homer Edmiston, Frank Russell and Miss Gaylord. Homer made us only a short call at the office but in that time we gathered from his conversation that he was favorably impressed with our great city, and sorry that business called him still farther east. Miss Gaylord received in state in our "Rock Island" boudoir. We saw her and her pretty friends at the Grand Opera House—witnessing Miss Bennett's interpretation of "Jane" in which she is assisted by one of Frohman's most delightful companies. She was evidently the guest of the charming party, and was right royally entertained. Our party was up in its office attire, so for the sake of the dear girl's feelings we refrained from visiting her between the acts, and contented ourselves with smiles and bows directed at the box in which her party was sitting. We had been "batching" it for two weeks while mother visited in Lincoln and as we got our dinners down town we went to the theatres last week looking like veritable tramps. It is such a comfort to be able to do this! For if one cares to "Jude one of a thousand nobodies, recognized by none and recognizing no one else. It really quite convenient at times.

It has been so very hot here for the past week that it is almost impossible to enjoy the theatre. But there are the parks! The evening Mr. Russell was here, on his way from the east back to Nebraska once more, his sister and myself went out to Garfield Park, about two miles west of home. There was to be a band concert that evening, so we secured a boat early and rowed out on the lake to enjoy the music. I rowed for a time, but was begged to stop, as it being my first attempt since early last season, I caught more "crabs" and threw more water on board than was conducive to the comfort of my companions. So I gracefully yielded the oars to Frank and then the band struck up. I ever enjoyed an hour I did that one. It was a cool evening and half reclining in the boat looking up at the glorious heaven above we drifted, drifted and the strains of delicious waltzes, low dreamy waltzes, were blown to us on the breeze of the other day. That lovely waltz "Auf Wiedersehen," that Jennette Wilson used to whistle so beautifully—played to perfection elicited a wildly enthusiastic encore. The band responded with that catchy air from "Ali Baba." "I Wonder If Dreams Come True." It was extremely apropos. If all the dreams were fulfilled that I dreamed in that all too short hour, were to come true, surely—but in the light of the announcement that Mr. Wessel made last week in his society column, you may think I am growing sentimental! I assure you such is not the case. The last piece we heard that evening for our time was limited on account of Frank's having to take the 9 o'clock train for the west was "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" and never have I heard anything that appealed to me more. Perhaps the fact that it was a favorite song of the dear cousin who has gone to his long home, made it sadder, sweeter I know my thoughts were of him and how he and I had sung it one night two summers ago on the bosom of the "Father of Waters" as we drifted lily grand, inspiring. It scolded over the quiet lake like the tones of a grand pipe organ. It was with regret that we left the park and the music, carrying with us a pleasant memory that will not soon fade.

The theatres are about the same as usual. This week is the last one of the "County Fair" and of "Miss Helyett." Mrs. Louise Leslie Carter was well received here, and has made a success of her little musical farce. Many people who would not acknowledge it, if asked, still have an admiration and sympathy for Mrs. Carter. She may have been obscure, even had if you will, but surely she has suffered enough for it. At present her sole idea is to make money so she may some day have her child again. For weeks when Mrs. Carter first came here she did not set her foot in a carriage, but to economize walked from the hotel to the theatre and back again every night. It is said that she fairly haunts the north side, where her child is living, in the hope that she may catch a glimpse of him. The virtuous husband ordered her to stop passing his house. She

sent him back word that the streets were public thoroughfares and she would walk when and where she pleased! She is very conscientious in her work on the stage and honestly and earnestly strives to please, and I think as an amateur actress, she is better than any of the others. At the close of her engagement here she will take the first vacation she has had for two years. It will be quietly spent at some country place in New York and will be but for two weeks and then she will begin her work on the character of "Frou-Frou." And I fear that is where Mrs. Carter makes a mistake. That character none exists, that requires more finesse as to details. It is more difficult to present and I do not believe Mrs. Carter can do.

When you come to Chicago avoid "The Volunteers." After "Hold by the Enemy" and "Shenandoah" it will not pay anyone to go to see "The Volunteers." And now I am going to leave you. If you know how hot it is here, you would wonder that I have written so much as I have. I have only one consolation, it is hotter in Lincoln than it is here. An avicoid.  
Yours truly, CHICAGO.

## A Narrow Escape.



—Fliegende Blätter.

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.  
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.

Cheap money for home builders can be obtained by investing in some shares of the Lincoln Loan and Building association which entitle the holder to borrow one hundred dollars on each share held, gives him a pro rata share of all the earnings of the corporation and enables him to pay off the loan in easy monthly installments, but little in excess of rent. This is a purely mutual and home institution. Office in rear room, First National bank.

K C Baking Powder, 25 ounces 25 cents. Absolutely Pure. Have you tried it?