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TOWN TALK

Mayor Weir has protested through the press his innocence of responsibility for the leniency extended the gambling fraternity during fair week, when they were permitted to keep their resorts wide open and when they were visited nightly by hundreds. The man who went into the local gambling resorts during fair week expecting to see a half-dozen trembling culprits engaged in a forbidden pastime was disappointed. The rooms were crowded during all hours of the night by men who appeared to possess every confidence that they would not be molested, and among them were many men of standing in the community, who evidently enjoyed the liberty they felt to tackle the festive tiger. Probably no one suspected that the mayor was directly responsible for the extension of unlawful privileges. In fact those who know anything about his recent relations with the police force know that it was not through any direction of his that gambling was permitted. But the mayor is responsible for the situation in spite of all his protests. Under the law he is endowed with the power of the direction of the police in the discharge of their duties. If he fails or refuses to perform that function, he solely and alone is responsible. Mayor Weir was not satisfied with directing the police. He contended for the sole power to appoint and remove members of the force, a power which the law had conferred upon an excise board comprising three members. Of course the courts held that Mayor Weir, being only one of the three, was not the whole board and could not assume the power he craved.

The county, however, did not impugn his power to direct the police, but the mayor was settled by the decision and, rather boldly and pettily, determined that if he couldn't have the whole loaf he would have none. In consequence of which decision he has ever since not only failed, but has refused to direct them, even when they applied to him. The police officials say that Mayor Weir has never given an order that has not been obeyed by them. In fact he has given no orders, although they have ever stood ready to obey any he might give. Had the mayor ever endeavored to enforce the laws through the police, and found his orders disobeyed, then he might pose as the target of official indignities, but his position has been that of the youthful schoolboy who declined to play if he couldn't be "it." He should brace up and be mayor, or resign in favor of some one who will.

The races during the state fair awakened a spirit of renewed interest among the local fanciers of horseflesh, and all efforts to secure some of the noted horses failed because of the fact that their owners would not speed them on a half-mile track, there is a movement on foot looking to the building and equipment of a dirt-class mile track. It is understood, however, that the new track is to be at Lincoln park. If this be true it bodes no good for the state fair, as any superior track elsewhere than on the exposition grounds would prove a certain detriment to the fair. It is to be hoped that the owners of the exposition grounds may find it to their interest and profit to construct a mile track thereon, which it is claimed can be done at no great expense, as the association owns considerable adjoining property.

The Rock Island has at last begun to present some tangible evidence that it meant what it said when it circulated through its local representatives a report that it proposed to build a line of its own southward from this city to either Nelson or Janson, to connect with its line to Denver. Early this week there was a concentration of grading forces at this point, due to the fact that contracts had been let for some eight miles of the leading south from the vicinity of the penitentiary. As the work contracted progresses it is contracts will be let, but it is not announced to which point the line will be extended. The line through the city is now being graded from the Twenty-seventh street crossing, but cannot pass O street until the courts have decided the contest waged by the Lincoln street railway people against the grade crossing on that street.

The bicycle is a machine of marvelous and growing popularity. It is a decided labor saver, and unlike other labor-saving machines, does not crowd up in the rights of any man. But it has its disadvantages and objectionable features, of which the most serious is not by any means the monopoly of pavements. Few people have learned to sit erect while riding the machine. The majority of riders, in fact nearly all of them, hump themselves into attitudes indicative of acute distress while speeding along, and as many appear to be astride their wheels the greater portion of their waking time, the query arises whether or not the race is destined to become hump-backed and round-shouldered. Unless some one invents a bicycle wherein the rider can sit erect, a political party is likely to soon spring up with the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of bicycles as the chief plank in its platform.

The proposition of Hon. R. S. Berlin, the Beau Adonis of Omaha, made to the city council last Tuesday evening, looking to the erection and maintenance of a crematory furnace for the consumption of the city's garbage, ought to open the eyes of the people of Lincoln to the fact that there is a chance for home enterprise in that field. There must be something in sight when Dick Berlin proposes to go into the garbage and scavenger business. But his proposition cannot be accepted as he asks the city council to grant him an exclusive franchise for ten years to haul refuse from the streets, alleys and out-houses of Lincoln and burn it up in his crematory. It has been claimed that the council cannot grant an exclusive franchise, as it cannot prevent others from embarking in

the same business. However there is no doubt that if some man or aggregation of men will establish a crematory, the same will receive the patronage of the city at reasonable prices and the council will then have an excuse for enforcing at least the more imperative sanitary regulations. If Dick Berlin desires to establish such a furnace and haul city refuse to it, he will doubtless be given the privilege, but he can't expect a monopoly in that unctious business. Meanwhile the sanitary regulations of the city are miserably regarded and enforced, and the variety and intensity of the smells that pollute the morning air in the business quarter is often and almost always enough to asphyxiate a soap factory hand.

The reference in last week's COURIER to the fact that gambling houses were permitted to run wide-open during fair week awakened considerable discussion and investigation, which has revealed, among other things, a claim on the part of the police authorities that they did not know of it. Neither Mr. James Kelley, who, as the sole remaining member of the excise board since Mr. De-little left town and the mayor began to pout, has had control of the police, nor Chief Otto confess to any knowledge of the fact that gambling was going on. And yet the rooms were wide open and the resorts were not only full every evening, but crowds hung around the entrances, which in some instances were supplied with pretentious illuminations. One of these resorts was over Hood's saloon, at the door of which the entire pavement was illuminated with incandescent lights. Another was over Saunderson's place in the Quick block, and still another was over the old Ivy Leaf saloon location, a few doors south of the Quick block. In all of these a variety of gambling was indulged in, including faro, roulette, stud poker, draw poker, hazard and other favorites. In one of the rear rooms on the second floor of the Capital hotel a quiet but well patronized and somewhat blooded game of draw poker was running day and night. All of these places started up Thursday before the fair was over, not even for Sunday. A policeman who was not attracted by the commotion they created in the late evenings must indeed have been asleep, if it is all both and rot for the chief of police or any one else in authority to say that they were wholly unaware of the state of affairs.

The habits of modern young men are antagonistic to that prudence and preparation which make it possible for them to marry at twenty-five, writes John Lambert Payne in an exhaustive article on this important question in the September Ladies Home Journal. There are many exceptions, of course, but it may be safely said that a vast number of the young men who live in our time fill their spare hours with expensive luxuries. It costs them a great deal to dress, and still more to keep up their social engagements. In a score of ways they accustom themselves to ways of life that leave no margin between income and outgo. This having gone on until they are twenty-five, it then calls for more resolution than many of them command to begin the sacrifices which accompany the saving of money. Without money they cannot marry. Not a few greatly exaggerate what it should take two sensible young people to begin life on, and hastily conclude that it would be impossible, on an income of \$1,000, to start in comfort. So they put off marriage until after thirty, or do not marry at all; and it is well that such men should remain single; we do not need any such weak fibre in the coming generation.

Few people have realized the wonderful additions sustained to Lincoln's population during the past week through the arrivals of students at the various schools and colleges. The increase in population has been substantial. Students are still arriving at all of them, so that it would be comparatively futile to attempt to calculate the number now, but it is estimated that over the coming week is over the number will reach nearly 4,000. It is to be regretted that some plan has not been devised of bringing the pupils of the various colleges and academies into closer communion. The students might effect some sort of an organization with profit and pleasure to themselves, by means of which they would cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of each other. Such an organization might be effected as would emphasize the strength of the student element and confirm the claims of Lincoln to the title given her by Judge Field, the "Modern Athens."

Violin and Cornet Instruction.
Mr. Harry T. Irvine for past ten years director of the Omaha Musical Union orchestra, has located in Lincoln and is now receiving pupils for violin and cornet instruction. For terms and information apply at Lincoln College of Music, Brace block, 15th and O streets.

Orchestra Music.
Irvine's new orchestra furnishes superior music, any number of pieces, for concerts, receptions, balls, parties, etc. Leave orders at COURIER office, 1134 N street, telephone 253.

The Great Shoe Sale Continues.
Ladies should not forget to remember that the Exposition Shoe company's removal sale still continues, and that the certain bargains offered are still open for your acceptance. You will need shoes for fall. Bear this in mind.

McArthur & Son, Druggists.
We take pleasure in calling the attention of our friends and the public in general that we have re-purchased our old pharmacy, which was recently sold to Dr. Dum. As of now, it will be our aim to cater to the wants of the people with a large and well selected line of drugs, toilet articles, perfumes, etc., and trust with courteous treatment an fair prices to receive the patronage that was formerly bestowed upon us and as much more as we can serve. You know the place, corner Eleventh and N streets.

NON-PARTISAN

The congressional campaign was formally opened in Lincoln Monday evening by the joint debate between Congressman W. J. Bryan and his would-be successor, Judge Allen W. Field. The Lansing opera house was never so completely filled as it was that evening, and the delights of the brilliant occasion were not enjoyed exclusively by voters. There were hundreds of ladies present. It was not only an intelligent and enthusiastic audience, but the satellites of fashion and polite society were clustered upon the lower floor and evinced their appreciation of the proceedings in no uncertain manner. Judge Field opened the debate with a set speech of an hour, which he read from manuscript. Congressman Bryan followed in a



ALEXANDER SALVANI.

speech of an hour and a quarter, and Judge Field closed with a fifteen minutes reply. To say that one perceptibly defeated the other in argument would be sheer nonsense. Judge Field's opening speech received respectful attention and gratified his republican friends by its argument, but, as might have been expected from a speech read by a speaker, it did not awaken much enthusiasm or win any considerable applause. Mr. Bryan's speech, while its argument pleased chiefly his political friends, brought repeated and earnest applause. Almost every sentence was the signal for an uproar of applause, which was not confined entirely to democrats. In his closing extempore talk Judge Field appeared to please the crowd more frequently and generally than in his opening speech. Of course Mr. Bryan's friends reached no other conclusion than that Mr. Field was badly worsted and was not "in it," and of course Mr. Field's friends claimed that he was strictly in it from start to finish. And of course the claims of either would hardly furnish a reliable foundation for safe wagers, but as the rival champions will hold similar discussions in the various counties of the district, individual voters will not be required to accept the opinions of either, but may go and hear and judge for themselves.

Lieutenant Tom Majors, or rather the republican state committee for him, has declined to accept the challenge of C. D. Shrader, the independent candidate for lieutenant governor, to discuss campaign issues before the people, basing the refusal upon the claim that Shrader is disloyal and has blasphemed the supreme court and the constitution. The age of chivalry was responsible for a law to the effect that it was no mark of cowardice to decline combat with an inferior challenger, but it was a law of which few ought to avail themselves. A good many friends of Mr. Majors' will construct the denial of Mr. Shrader's challenge as an evidence, if not of cowardice, at least of poor judgment. If Shrader is the free-speech fellow that he is made to appear, Gov. Majors should buckle on his armor and go forth to vanquish him. Such a denial will not distress Shrader a particle. He can hammer Shrader now with impunity, having done the many thing in offering him a fair field and no favors. Shrader has many friends, even in his own party, and Majors has lost the opportunity of his life.

Jerome Shamp appears to have dropped quietly out of the congressional fight. So much has been written about Mr. Shamp's mouth as a wind instrument that he has not tuned it up in this vicinity lately. There isn't any doubt among those who know him that Jerome really imagined when he was nominated that there was some show of his

election, but Jerome is older than he was. If he ever hopes to be elected now there is a day rapidly approaching in which he will lament that he was ever born. Jerome should have been permitted to get in on the ground floor of the joint debate, and, without disparagement of the other two candidates, it may be asserted that the debates would have been vastly more interesting than now. There is a vein of comedy lacking and Jerome could not be in it without stamping it with the burlesque. The program ought to be changed at once for the edification of the public.

It has been cunningly suggested by a republican that the democrats would not be able to go out of their own ranks to get up a rattling, stirring joint debate or two. For instance there is Mr. Bryan, who is floating the banner of free silver to win independent votes, and there is J. Sterling Morton who is

vitaly opposed to the free silver idea. But, are democratic war-horses, and would give a right spirited matinee in the discussion of the silver question. There is also General Vifquain, demagogue candidate for congress in the Fourth district, who might engage the democratic aspirant in this district in a pointed debate on the silver issue, for General Vifquain, although banking largely on the independent vote in his district, is against the pet populist hobby of free coinage.

Local candidates have dropped more or less out of sight of late, and the campaign is getting decidedly tame. The state and congressional candidates are doing all the open fighting. Candidates for county offices are doing comparatively nothing that reveals itself on the surface. Even the mighty Judge Crocker, that antique moshook who has been named by his party as a representative democrat and candidate for state senator, has not done his political armor yet unless he has done it secretly and with malice aforethought. In fact the national campaign is tarry and tame, although the election will be around in less than two months. But nobody is complaining. People are getting tired of red hot campaigns of abuse and lies and demagoguery, and are perfectly willing to quietly wait until election day and then go around and vote without any direction or dictation.

The Oyster Season.
The last month of the year in which the letter r cannot be found has gone into history and with September and the opening of the fall season that delicacy to wit, the oyster, is once more in great popularity and Lincoln's beautiful new cafe, next to the Windsor hotel, is as usual headquarters for this delicious dish and they are being served in any and all kinds of styles given to the culinary art. An expert oyster cook direct from Boston prepares the oyster in two different styles and augur but pleasant comment is now heard of the manner in which they are served. Lindsay's is also a favorite place for superb oysters, steaks, etc. In fact when fine service and excellent fare is considered Lindsay's is the only place in Lincoln where it can be found.

To Trade For a Lincoln Lot.
Will trade a block of good Hastings lots for a centrally located residence lot in Lincoln. Call or address L. Weiss, Jr., 1134 N street, city.

To Dancing School Patrons.
Can you dance? If not, join Morand's beginner class next Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. If you can dance join his advanced class at 8:15 p. m. Several new dances will be taught during the term.

THEATRICAL

[Special COURIER Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1892.—The twin novelties of the week are "12 P. M." at the Bijou and "Monogabela or Homestead in '92" in Harlem, and both are failures. 12 P. M. was written by C. B. Dillingham, an exceedingly clever metropolitan journalist, for Miss Jennie Yeaman, but his plot, like most farce comedy plots, has been ripped open for the introduction of old jokes, and perhaps he could not have known he was the author of the play by looking at the first performance. Miss Yeaman's quaintness and oddity has become familiar on the stage, and properly suited her talents would undoubtedly raise her high among the leading comedians. The main idea of the play is a pretended spirit-ualist frightened into honesty by a jolly conjuror. "Homestead in '92" was constructed by Frank Norcross, an actor with money and pluck enough to launch his play. It tells the episodes enacted at Homestead, but wanders into chaos almost from the start, and cannot be accepted as a plausible plea for the homestead strikers. The author has merely strung together a series of incidents, picked up at haphazard, from misinformed or prejudiced newspaper reports, and they do not form a play that will even draw top-heavy houses. One of the amusing bits in the unique play is Hugh O'Donnell, audaciously brought forward as a hero by John E. Keeler, who neither looks, nor acts, nor talks like the little hair-rioted labor agitator, but who fired off quite as long speeches. The stage management was excellent, the supers forming themselves into a mob with great agility. The scenery was also very good, but the dialogue execrable.

Of plays produced last season and again brought to the city this week were a plentiful supply. "Fitz" with J. K. Emmet has been amusing big audiences at the Windsor. He is by all odds the best of our German dialect actors, and his welcome in the metropolis is always pronounced. "Jane" had also an emphatic welcome at the Standard, although Miss Johnstone Bennett was still held in quarantine on Monday, and Miss Lottie Collins, who was to do her famous "Tara-ra," was an unwilling captive on the Normans, which she calls the "Hamburg American Packet Co.'s" jail. The play went with a rush, all the same, Miss Grace Sherwood playing the title role quite as well as Miss Bennett, if not better, and no one grumbled because of Miss Collins' judicious retention. In fact the theatrical people on board the quarantined steamers have offered up some pretty loud kicking during the week because they have not been permitted to land, and even the ministerial-looking A. M. Palmer has grumbled about some of the regulations imposed by Dr. Jenkins for the welfare of the metropolis. It seems to me that it would have been better taste if they had maintained a pacific rest, or if they had to talk (as all theatrical people must) that they would have said something to at least make believe that the interest of the whole country was dearer to them than the personal inconvenience and danger which they no doubt encounter. Should the cholera be introduced here the very first to feel the consequences would be the theatrical profession. The theatres would be empty, and one case of the fell-disease would do more harm to the present season than would ten presidential campaigns, of which so much is feared.

At the Star theatre Mr. Roland Reed has been seen for the first time in Gotham in "Lend Me Your Wife," an adaptation from the same French original as is "Jane." It is one of the late Mr. Boucicault's adaptations on which Sidney Rosenfeld has been permitted to monkey with to the extent of adding a few flip lines. It is full of briskness and laughter, greatly due to Mr. Reed's own exertions, and it will serve him well for the short run he will make with it at the Star. "The Black Crook" at the Academy of Music is said to be doing well, and if continued for six months may shed enough profit to repay the enormous outlay for its production. A. V. Pearson's "The Police Patrol" is drawing heavily on the Bowery, and the clever record breaker of farce comedies, "A Trip to China," continues to fill the Hoyt Madison Square theatre, although the merry skit is in the eleventh month of its prospective run. The theatrical profession in New York has been greatly exercised during the week about the six pugilists who have been mauling each other in New Orleans, and as nearly all of them will jump from the ring to the middle of the stage after they have been patched up, it is to be hoped that none of the "splendid specimens of physical manhood" will be spoiled. If a slinger slugs a slinger, however, none but sluggers care, to any great extent.

The return of the Leslie Davis Fifth Avenue company to the Lansing theatre Wednesday evening brought out an audience which packed every portion of the house, not a seat being left at the box office after eight o'clock. It attested the great popularity of the company in Lincoln and was certainly a most elegant compliment to the well known players in the cast, especially Mr. Frank Lindor and his talented daughter, Miss Edna Earle Lindon. When the curtain was rung up every seat in the house was occupied, and the conditions of things was certainly very pleasant to both actor and auditor, and the performance went off accordingly. The bill for the evening was that favorite old time play "Hearts of Oak," and a better presentation has never been staged in Lincoln. It was preceded by a neat little piece, a curtain raiser, entitled "The Green Eyed Monster," in which Mr. Arthur Mackley and Miss Lindon divided the honors. Thursday night the company's grand production of "The Sea of Ice" was put on, but as it has been seen before it will not be necessary to reiterate the kind words bestowed both upon play and players. Suffice it to say that the scenic effects were fully up to the former standard, likewise the cast, and that tells it all.

Yesterday was another big day in Lincoln—it was Barnum day, and that always means a large crowd. At early morning time our

friends came in from the adjacent country, and they were in some instances from many miles distant. All the little towns near Lincoln were liberally represented and in consequence it was a big day for merchants and business men. During the parade the crowds on the streets were like unto those seen last week during the state fair and every one seemed to enjoy the great spectacle. The magnificent procession was the grandest ever seen in Lincoln, and whether it cost a million dollars or not (as advertised it was never-the-less worth going miles to see. It contained many new features and everything appeared fresh and new. The audiences that witnessed the performances both afternoon and evening fairly packed the mammoth tents, and Mr. Bailey will therefore have cause for no regrets at having visited Lincoln, even after a siege of state fair attractions, Pompeii, etc. The performance given this season is of an unique and high order, many novel and very attractive features having been added. The bareback riding, the contortion and trapeze acts, and other specialties were up to the Barnum standard, while the horse show was large and attracted much attention. The menagerie, as usual, was greatly admired and was in keeping with the show's reputation. The great feature of the entertainment, however, is the much talked-of spectacular performance of "Columbus and the discovery of America," which like last year's monster presentation, "Nero and the Fall of Rome," is a gorgeous piece of realism. The costuming, scenic effects, the ballet, and other accessories, faithfully depicted the historical life of the great discoverer of America. It was a great spectacle and the multitude seemed to thoroughly enjoy every detail of the attractive program.

Monday and Tuesday were decidedly off nights for the Funke. The first night a fair sized audience was present to see LeAlbort Bros' electrical spectacular "Jack and the Bean Stalk," and but few saw the second performance. It seems that the company is a new one, and not being known, failed to draw, and it might be suggested to the management that had less leg-show paper been put out, a larger business would have been the result. In these days, while it will not harm the attractiveness of a play to have a little opera bonnie costume shown on the stage, it will always queer a decent attraction to advertise the fact too much. People are too apt to think it is a Croire's or something akin to the Sam T. Jack style of entertainment. There are some excellent features in the piece, some very fine scenery and some specialties worthy of appreciation. The company, however, was stranded here and I am told some of the people have already left the city with other companies.

"The Past Mail" has been here, having stopped in its flight long enough to give one performance at the Lansing Tuesday evening. It is one of the great modern successes that depends more upon its sensational and scenic features than to the ability of a star cast of actors. The company, however, is far better than those which are usually carried with companies of this character, and several parts were exceptionally well taken by clever people. But the most interesting scenic effects were given. The flight of the fast mail and the freight train, both were excellent bits of modern stage craft and received thunders of applause. Several excellent pieces of scenery were greatly admired, particularly that of Niagara Falls and the suspension bridge.

As a close observer of the drama and its exponents, there are few careers that I have watched with more interest than that of Alexander Salvani, who will make his first appearance here at the Lansing, Monday evening September 20th. The son of an illustrious father, he had a right to expect much; that he has more than filled his promise proves once more the influence of heredity. I can remember young Salvani when he was learning the language and the tenets of the English-speaking stage with Palmer's stock company. I also saw him as Margaret Mathers' leading support when for the first time he received his father's encouragement to continue in his calling. But with most of the critics, I then saw that he was made of the material that most of its very texture eventually float at the top of the dramatic waters, and with these same critics, I have had the pleasure of chronicling his many subsequent successes and viewing him in his representative romantic actor of the American stage. His popular revivals of the good old romantic dramas of D'Emery and Damas have met with enthusiastic endorsement on all sides. They are familiar enough to the novel reader, but the stage pictures which they present, the ethics they rehearse, and the comparative enthusiasm they make are all comparatively new to the younger generation of theatre goers. As the valourous, generous-hearted Don Quixote, he takes us back to the time of ancient Spanish chivalry when long plumed hats and picturesque spurs and boots took the place of the magnificently dandy and costly pieces of leather of today; when unscrupled their disputes by an appeal to arms instead of the police court, who the clank of sword and devious gallant toward the fair ones were in vogue. Such scenes will never fail to interest while there are Salvani's enough to fittingly illustrate them.

When I saw young Salvani during his last engagement in New York he told me he had been presented only the night previous by Adelino Patti with the English adaptation of the dramatic version of Cavalleria Rusticana. The diva at the time came out in an interview saying that she intended to produce the play at her castle in Wales, but that she had despaired of finding her ideal Puccini, the leading role, until she saw Salvani as Don Quixote. Pleased with his performance and exceptional characteristics she thought the play better in his hands than her own, and hence the gift. He has since in mind the wisdom of her choice. He produced it at the (continued on fifth page.)