

With the Actors



AGNES HUNTINGTON.

Some friend sends THE COURIER a marked copy of Tuesday's St. Joseph Gazette in which mention is made of the remodeling of Tootle's opera house...

"If I were Manager Church" said a regular "goer" the other night after the performance, "I'd ring the curtain down on some of these too smart actors and actresses that guy each other on the stage while the play is in progress...

"My Jack," a melodrama from the pen of Benjamin Landeck, produced under the direction of Walter Sanford, was well received by a good-sized audience at the Lansing Saturday night...

line, and Dorothy, the heroine, sails to the aid of her lover in a small boat. Even more gorgeous and beautiful is a scene in the open desert just as a blood-red sun is rising over the scorching sands...

Charles Dickson presented "Inceog" at the Lansing Tuesday evening for the first time in this city and those present will not soon forget the delightful evening spent with this clever comedian and his excellent support...

is accused, having been the victim of the machinations of a former suitor for the hand of the woman whom he made his wife. The other, however, is guilty of the charge, having forged his father's name to a check...

Fannie Rice made her first appearance before a Lincoln audience Thursday evening and a large house was present to greet her. "The Jolly Surprise," in which she has been seen for two seasons in the east...

out. Mr. Chas. Bradshaw as David Bradbur, the irritable and henpecked husband, is a character difficult to portray but Mr. Bradshaw makes all of it that could be asked. His intoxicated scene was most naturally done...

"The Power of the Press." This, the latest work from the pen of Aug. Pitou will be seen at the Lansing Thursday and Friday evenings. It is a play that deals with characters and scenes thoroughly familiar to the residents of New York City...

Miller & Gifford's new grocery, 1209 O street, is now open and ready for business. Don't forget the location, formerly the Leader store, opposite Burr building.

Lincoln people can now buy any kind of cheese that they may call for, at Rumbold & Moser's, 943 O street, Phone 728.

THEATRICAL SMALL TALK. Prof. John Reynolds of London, England, one of the most successful musi-

merists of our day, will open a week's engagement at Association Monday February 20th, under Y. M. C. A. Secretary Parks is personally acquainted with the professor and claims he is a thorough gentleman and a truly faithful artist...

Manager E. L. Martling of the Funke has had a hard time of it the past week. A severe cold set in last week making it impossible for him to leave his home until Thursday when he came down town for the first time in nearly a week...

P. M. Webster of St. Paul, late director of "The Burglar" company, has taken Prof. Frank's place in the Lansing theatre orchestra.

Treasurer Dowden of the Lansing visited with friends in Blair this week.

"Inceog" has been the star attraction of the Lincoln theatres this week.

Halter's market 216 North Tenth street, Lincoln's old reliable market, is where ladies should call for their meat orders.

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ADDITIONAL SOCIETY

where the ever enjoyable progressive high five was played, and all knew what a congenial game that is. Messrs. and Messames A. M. Holderman, J. L. Aron, Nuttings, Misses Mae Thompson, Mrs. Ella Weldon, Mr. Charles Thompson.

Mr. Fred Hallet left Thursday for Stoughton, Wis., where on Tuesday next he will be united in the bonds of holy wedlock with Miss Mabel Curtis.

Chapter day will be observed at the state anniversary Wednesday. The buildings will all be open for inspection from 2 to 6 and in the evening President Seth Low, L. L. D., of Columbia college, New York, will deliver a lecture at the Lansing entitled "The American University."

Mrs. H. S. Snyder very delightfully entertained the members of the ladies' aid society of the First Baptist church at the home of Mr and Mrs. Dr. Dayton on Friday afternoon.

The concert announced by the Conservatory of Music for Monday evening has been postponed one week owing to the recess taken by the legislature.

Misses Martha Burke and Mabel Lindley will be at home to a large number of friends at the home of Miss Lindley, 1721 South Twenty-seventh street, this evening.

Mr. Sam Rich, for a number of years head salesman for Ed. Corf & Co., leaves Wednesday for St. Louis where he will enter the mercantile field on his own behalf.

ing friends and relatives, the guest of Mr. S. Schwab and family.

Miss Amelia Sarbach of Holton, Kas., arrived Thursday and will visit several weeks with her sister Mrs. M. Weil, Seventh and K streets.

The Empire club will give another one of their informal, congenial dancing parties in the Lansing academy this evening.

Mr. Albie Morrill of Strasburg, Nebraska, spent a day this week visiting with his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Morrill.

Mr. Burt Nickels of Stromsburg is the guest of Messrs. Arthur and Edgar Morrill.

The Levata Whist club was very delightfully entertained by Mayor and Mrs. A. H. Weil on last Monday evening.

Mrs. McCandless has been visiting friends and relatives in Minden this week.

His to pos dashed. The Widower—Well, I have, His Son—She is beautiful. The Widower—I know that. His Son—She is very rich. The Widower—Are you absolutely sure about that? His Son (nearly encouraged)—Absolutely sure, sir. The Widower—Then I'll marry her myself, by jingo!—Harper's Bazar.



—Life.

She Didn't Baste the Turkey. Kate, the only servant, had left without an hour's notice, and Mrs. Dunne was spending a week out of the city.

Certainly the turkey didn't taste so nice as it would have done if mother or Kate had been at home, but then they would have it cold for tea, and surely that would be all right.

On Sunday evening, after tea, which Lizzie considered a success, she told the guest the state of affairs, and of course expected a compliment for her superior cooking. Said the guest: "I assure you, Miss Lizzie, your cooking exactly suits my taste, but"—with rather a humorous twinkle in his eye—"did you baste the turkey?"

Nearly every courtship might truthfully be called a parlor drama, from the fact that both the parties of the first part are much "made up," and do a good deal of very neat acting.

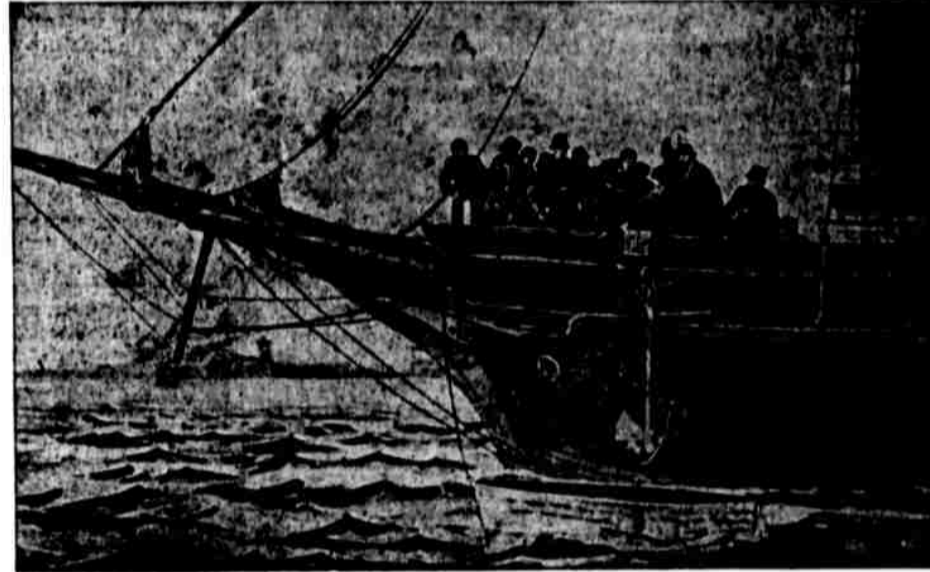
Occasionally a little brother or sister who has been permitted to go behind the scenes and to learn of things not intended to be made known to the public, innocently points out some of the weak places that are simply gilded over.

"Mr. Jayamith, do you weigh very much?" "About 150 pounds, my little man," the hopeful lover responded.

"Do you think sister could lift you?" the boy continued.

"Oh, goodness, no!" said the young man, blushing at the mere thought; "but why do you ask?"

"I don't believe she can either, but I heard her tell ma she was going to throw you over as soon as she could."—Tit-Bits.



A SCENE FROM "THE POWER OF THE PRESS."

Sand. I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day: It was waiting in the roundhouse, where the locomotives stay; It was panting for the journey; it was coaled and fully manned, And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand. It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip; And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command, And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand. It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track. If your load is rather heavy and you're always sliding back, So, if a common locomotive you completely understand, You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand. If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade, And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made, If you ever reach the summit of the upper tableland, You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand. If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost, Then some prompt, decisive action will be called into demand, And you'll slip way to the bottom if you haven't any sand. You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen, If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine, And you'll reach a place called Flustown at a rate of speed that's grand, If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand. —Richmond (Ind.) Register.

An Aristocratic Patient. Doctor—Will your ladyship please let me hear how you cough? Countess—I don't feel so inclined at this moment. (To her maid) Ach, Elise, just you cough in the same way as I have been doing all this morning.—Basler Nachrichten.

A Happy Remark. Merchant—What do you mean by using such language. Are you the boss here or am I the boss? Clerk—I know I'm not the boss. Merchant—Then if you are not the boss why do you talk like a fool?—Pick Me Up.

ant and agreeable gentleman and will doubtless meet with success.

Miss Kate Stoddard left Wednesday morning for Malvern, Iowa to attend the wedding of her college friend, Miss Ethel Evans to Judge Reed, chief justice of the United States court of claims. Miss Stoddard returned Thursday.

Mrs. Dr. Campbell arrived in the city Tuesday to visit friends. She was given a complimentary party Tuesday evening by Miss Naomi Weaver, a whose home she is visiting.

Miss Sara Loman of McCook, formerly a resident of the capital city, is visit-



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

OWNER OF PET: He's not much to look at, but he's a fine watch dog, and when he takes hold he means business. He had hold of a fellow last week and took a piece of flesh out of his leg as big as my hand. If you want to have a little fun come from behind the bar and pretend to grab my watch.