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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.



IT WAS a venturesome thing for John H. Russell after his phenomenal success with "The City Directory" to re-embark on the theatrical sea in such a flimsy craft as "Miss McGinty."

The addition of frolicsome Fay Templeton to the company furnished Russell's comedians with an excuse for the tentative trip across the country. Without Fay "Miss McGinty" as it left New York would have come to grief, and deservedly too, in less than a week's time. The farce-comedy of "Miss McGinty" is so attenuated that it shocks you on first appearance. Its thinness causes you to shiver. The truth of the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun" was never so perfectly demonstrated as in "Miss McGinty." Not only is it made up of weather-beaten incidents and moss-covered chestnuts; but the old things are presented without any attempt to dress them up for the occasion.

There is not even a semblance of a story in "Miss McGinty." The so-called farce-comedy is a collection of time-worn specialties and over-worked funnyisms, strung together on an invisible thread which serves for a story. It is disjointed and incoherent in every particular.

In the first act, Cinch's art studio and conservatory, are introduced three rather pretty girls, prettily dressed. They have nothing to do and they do it prettily well. Cinch, Fred Lennox, on whom with Fay Templeton devolves the responsibility of sustaining the show, is a dismal failure. The lustre of the star evidently bewilders him, and when he should be aggressive he is reserved, doing his part in the most common-place way. *Miss McGinty*, Chas. V. Seaman, although not given much opportunity, is a redeeming feature of the performance. His personation of the Dutchman while old, is good, and his manner of telling stories inimitable. In the second act he gives us an occasional glimpse of real comedy. He is fair all through. *Leola Avery*, Josie Sadler, has little to do and is not bad. *Nathan James*, T. J. Herndon, is an ordinary down east farmer. There is nothing new or attractive in the part. Wm. Carroll's *Dennis Reilly* could hardly have been worse. I do not know who took his place but the company surely did not lose much when he started for New York Sunday. The rest of the company were so-so. There were songs and dances and funny stories and that was all.

But of Fay Templeton a good word must be spoken. Without ample scope for the display of her known accomplishments, she made the most of what was assigned to her, and succeeded in drawing some reluctant applause. She possesses marked originality and there are few "cuter" actresses on the stage than Fay. Her sneezing song while not a model of harmony in a musical sense, was quaint and taking and her Spanish dance was exceedingly well done. Fay Templeton is still an attractive actress notwithstanding all that has been said.

The Irish Jubilee was sung much better than in "U and I" a couple of weeks ago; but the best musical specialty in "Miss McGinty" was "The Same Thing Over Again," in the third act, an amusing adaptation of the words of old songs to modern airs. This is done by Fay and Fred Lennox and is excellent in its way.

The company rehearsed nearly all day Saturday and many changes were made in the second performance. Some were improvements and some were not. Mr. Russell is traveling with the company, and is giving it his entire attention, and those people in Lincoln who voted "Miss McGinty" a complete failure may yet hear of its successful entry into New York. Such people as Sidney Drew are to join the company, and with the alteration and improvement constantly going on, it is possible that it may result as did "The City Directory" which although a failure on the road, was an instantaneous success in the metropolis. It is probable, however, that when "Miss McGinty" reaches New York and is given a run it will be an almost entirely new "play."

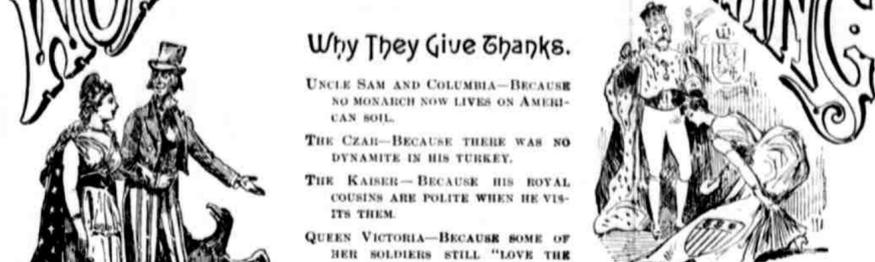
"Adonis" hasn't improved with age. It is a little too threadbare to be thoroughly enjoyable. Interest in "The Seven Ages" isn't enhanced by the suggestion it contains of the original burlesque.

Henry E. Dixey is accustomed to doing difficult things, however, and he succeeds much better than anyone else could in winning the plaudits of the people for these two productions.

Few changes have been made in the company since its last appearance here and the "Adonis" of Tuesday night was substantially the same as the "Adonis" of a year ago. George Howard, the miller, and Carrie Perkins the "merry little mountain maid" and most of the other favorites were there. The effects showed perceptible signs of long continued usage; but taking everything into consideration, the great burlesque was well put on. If Dixey doesn't put the same vitality and fire into the animated statue that he did a few years ago, it must be remembered that "Adonis" has become a very old story with him. He can never be dull and his performance Tuesday pleased a large audience uncommonly well. His popular song "It's English You Know" was received enthusiastically as usual. A severe cold prevented Miss Perkins from doing full justice to her part, although no one was disposed to find fault with *Rosetta*. George Howard, always good, was in perfect trim. Miss Yolande Wallace's *Talmecca* was a trifle commonplace, while *The Duchess*, Ida Van Osten, was very indifferent.

"The Seven Ages" was given its first presentation in Lincoln Wednesday evening, to a large house. This "kaleidoscopic enter-

THE WORLD'S FAIR



Why They Give Thanks.

UNCLE SAM AND COLUMBIA—BECAUSE NO MONARCH NOW LIVES ON AMERICAN SOIL.

THE CZAR—BECAUSE THERE WAS NO DYNAMITE IN HIS TURKEY.

THE KAISER—BECAUSE HIS ROYAL COUSINS ARE POLITE WHEN HE VISITS THEM.

QUEEN VICTORIA—BECAUSE SOME OF HER SOLDIERS STILL "LOVE THE WIDOW."

THE PETTY PRINCEINGS ACROSS SEA—BECAUSE SOME RICH AMERICAN GIRLS MARRY FOR CORONETS.

UNCLE SAM'S SONS—BECAUSE SOME AMERICAN GIRLS DON'T CARE FOR CORONETS.



tainment," which is an elaboration of the soliloquy from Shakespeare, is by Messrs. Gill & Dixey. Although differing in treatment, its scope is much the same as "Adonis." It was constructed with a view of affording the best opportunities for the display of Dixey's ability in characterization. But the comedian is not, on the whole, as successful as in the earlier creation. He is seen in the various stages from the cradle to the threshold of the grave, at one time plying the rattle, at another the sword, now as a schoolboy and now as a lover. He poses for an instant as Napoleon and afterwards personates a statue of Washington, in the meantime serving as a minister of justice and as a writer of comic opera. At times he is very clever, evoking warm applause. He is seen to the best advantage from an artistic standpoint in the last act, where he takes the part of *Grandfather Van Lee*, a toothless old man. Four old cronies discuss the pleasures of youth around the supper table, and for almost perfect realism this scene has seldom been equaled. Dixey rises to Jeffersonian heights for an instant, presenting a truly artistic picture of childish old age. As in "Adonis" the element of coherency is not very conspicuous. With one or two exceptions the stage settings are not in keeping with the extravagance of the theme, and after "Adonis" there is a certain disappointment in "The Seven Ages." The music is only occasionally taking. In the first part the *Clipper Quartette* scored a distinct success, and later some of the choruses were rather pretty. Miss Wallace sustains the part of *Myra Van Twiller* with grace, and Howard, while not given very much rein, does his best. Carrie Perkins has an exceedingly trying role as the "guide, philosopher and friend" of the audience, and she acquitted herself admirably.

But "The Seven Ages" doesn't rank with "Adonis" and somehow "Adonis" isn't what it used to be.

RICE'S WORLD'S FAIR.

The production of Rice's gorgeous extravaganza, "The World's Fair," at Funk's Opera House is a notable event. Its superior reputation as a magnificent spectacular musical extravaganza is familiar to readers of the eastern press. The superlative mounting upon the stage and the regal outlay in the scenery and costumes renders it a marvel without precedent in theatrical history. From its first production in New York an extraordinary success has been the reward of the extravagant venture and its coming so far as is regarded as an experiment, for no company with like expenses has ever yet made this attempt. "The World's Fair" will be given a second presentation this evening.

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

Considerable interest attaches to the forth coming production in this city of Mrs. Burnett's famous dramatic idyll, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and expectation runs high among the calibre of the company that Mr. French will send here to interpret the beautiful lines, the tender pathos and the characteristic humor of the talented authoress.

No play of modern times has made so genuine and so lasting a success as this simple little child-drama, and Mrs. Burnett's name will go down to posterity as the writer of the most charming, simple and fascinating play ever known in the history of the stage. Cedric Errol—*Little Lord Fauntleroy*—sounds into favor at once, and as the play progresses the favor becomes stronger, until it reaches its maximum at the close of the play, and

every man, woman and child in the audience goes away more than pleased. From the moment when little Cedric runs in flushed and out of breath with his foot-race, interest is keen, and there is not a dull moment in the performance. Mrs. Burnett's masterpiece has an exquisite setting in its dramatic form, and resembles for inimitable work in that it goes straight to the heart at every point in the play. There can be no difference of opinion on this point. The simple story, acted so naturally and touchingly, never fails to make an impression. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will be presented at Funk's Monday evening.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

If half the stories concerning the dissipation of Henry E. Dixey which were circulated by certain known people in this city prior to his appearance at the Funk's Tuesday and Wednesday, were true, that eminent comedian must certainly be in a bad way; but I could discover none of the evidences of this much talked of dissipation in the gifted creator of "Adonis" in a very interesting chat which I had with him Wednesday afternoon in company with Geo. Howard, who does the miller in "Adonis" and the uncle in "The Seven Ages." Dixey off the stage is a genial companionable fellow. He has a strong face, and I remember that a few years ago as he walked down Chestnut street in Philadelphia, and Broadway in New York, on a winter's day, clad in a great fur coat, he was voted a strikingly handsome man by the ladies. "I don't think I shall ever play in Kansas again," he remarked in the course of our conversation. "The theatres there are about the poorest specimens I ever saw, with absolutely no convenience. The people are all right, but they have no money. We did pretty well in a financial sense, but it has been pretty hard picking for most of the theatrical companies." The contrast between Lincoln, Omaha and Kansas City and the cities of Kansas is very striking. Howard here remarked that of the smaller cities of the west he is specially partial to Lincoln and Sioux City. Dixey thinks that the popular impression that the present is a bad year for road business is not borne out by the facts. He reports an exceptionally good season in Denver. Howard's hearing is so defective that I wonder he is not handicapped on the stage.

The enterprise of making an important actress of Mrs. Leslie Carter, a novice, was very lightly regarded a year ago, when it was first broached to the public. But interest in the singular venture, if not respect for it, grew to such an extent that witnesses of the debut crowded the Broadway Theatre, New York, last week. Although new entertainments were given in two other Broadway houses, the assemblage here included a surprisingly large number of those who devote their Monday nights to what they deem the most remarkable stage revelation in town. They found it at the Broadway, for the debut of Mrs. Carter was not a fiasco nor a bare escape from a failure, nor even a scant success, but the disclosure of an actress who rose into stage distinction with her first essay. Excessive nervousness disabled her somewhat during the first week of the ordeal of fright and struggle, and the effect was to make her overact in the earlier scenes of the play. Before her heavy task of a variously moodish and emotional personation was laid over she had justified her attempt to make one evening serve instead of years in the process of becoming a star actress. Mrs. Carter is a handsome woman. She has an abundance of long, light hair, which grows prettily around

a smooth forehead. Her blue eyes, are big and expressive. She is shapely, lithe, and remarkably graceful. Her voice is full, musical, and capable of good modulation. Nature has outfitted her generously for the profession which she has chosen, and her first public performance was a remarkable triumph of her own aptness and her trainer's skill in developing her faculties.

During Miss Templeton's recent engagement in this city I had the pleasure of renewing her acquaintance and found her to be the same interesting, jolly, rollicking Fay as of yore. During the course of a conversation Friday she referred to her new role, that of farce comedy and its change from comic opera. "It's a hard task for me" said she "to jump from one to the other with but scarcely a week's notice, and from flights into dresses." And to the average theatre goer this would appear quite reasonable. Many of my readers will remember the charming success made by Fay as *Belina* in the *Mascot*, her role in *Girofle Girofle* and other operas popular six years ago. In "Miss McGinty" Fay has but little scope to display her great ability, but what she does in the piece is very acceptable and I have no doubt that when the company is thoroughly reorganized, she will make as great a hit as she ever did in opera. Fay has a charming originality, a pleasing voice and graceful movement. This was shown in her Spanish dance and the snazzy song. Referring to the present presentation of the piece, Miss Templeton remarked "I don't feel very jubilant over our success so far, myself, but I have full confidence in Mr. Russell's management. We have only been out a week and considering that too much cannot be expected. The company is being reorganized daily and the weak members are being replaced by more competent people. As for my part I am getting more used to it every day and I expect soon to be as much at home in farce comedy as I am in opera." The company left Sunday for Denver, after which it goes east as far as Philadelphia, then back to Frisco and probably on its way west Mr. Russell will stop over in Lincoln long enough to show us Miss McGinty as it will then appear.

Julius E. Offner, who has been manager of the Eden Musee since the opening of the season, has resigned his position to go to Omaha. He is succeeded in this city by Mr. W. T. Duncan, who has been treasurer of the Musee for two seasons. Mr. Duncan understands the business thoroughly, and under his able management the Musee will doubtless enjoy a new lease of prosperity.

E. E. Rice is traveling with his "World's Fair" and his success is due in no small measure to his close personal supervision. He informed me yesterday that he will put on "The Absent Minded Man," by W. R. Goodall of the Omaha *World-Herald*, in a few weeks. He calls it a pastoral farce-comedy and is confident it will prove to be a great card.

Savona, "The Queen of the Air," Zamora, and the multitude of other strong attractions at the Eden Musee have drawn well this week. For the week commencing Monday, November 24, a strong bill will be presented. The new manager, Mr. Duncan, is determined to raise the standard of the Musee in every way possible.

Miss Johnston's stock of hair goods is now complete and the largest ever shown in the west. In switcher a line of the most beautiful goods are shown. Embroidering all shades including natural white hair.

THE TRIFLER.

I SUPPOSE you are familiar with that class of people who are best described by the word omniscient. They know everything. You can't tell them a thing that they haven't heard before. In them, according to their own estimation, is the very incarnation of wisdom. They are the Alpha and Omega of earthly knowledge. These people are not very numerous, thank Heaven; but there are enough of them running around loose to cause no little annoyance to common people mortals.

Travel on the flyer the other day was heavy and in going to Omaha I was forced to share my seat in the sleeper with one of these all-knowing individuals. He was a perfect stranger to me, but that didn't make any difference. I endeavored to read, but my companion paid not the slightest attention to my manifest disinclination to talk. Before we left Lincoln he had introduced himself, and by the time we had reached Havelock he was talking my head off. He forced me to listen; but would not suffer me to talk. An occasional ejaculation constituted my part in the conversation.

He first talked finance. He gave me the inside facts in the case of Baring Bros. of London, who came near going to the wall several days ago, and after informing me to a pound how much was required to help them out of their difficulty, he made a lightning calculation, and told the exact number of miles this immense amount of money would make, if piled up in silver coins one upon another. This caused him to refer to towers and after giving the height of the Eiffel tower, he remarked that the Washington monument is the highest in the world. Recurring again to finance, he said: "You just watch and see 'em pinched. There are going to be some strange revelations in the financial world. Jay Gould is going to teach John Wanamaker a lesson. He will teach him to mind his own business by bursting him. Yes, Wanamaker is going up and some other big failures are coming." I said "You don't say so."

He branched off on another subject. "Omaha is a dead town but still people can make money there if they know how. I could tell you many strange stories about Omaha. For instance: Three years ago two young fellows were working in a railroad office at \$45 per month. They thought it would be a good plan to get a hustle on themselves. They hustled and now they own a bank with a capital of a half million dollars. They are putting up a building to cost nearly a million. I have got on to the racket and I am going to Omaha to do the same thing. By the way, I saw 'Mr. Barnes of New York' at Boyd's the other night. It is no good on earth. Theatrical companies are all rocky this year. It is going to be the worst year on record for the profession. The curtain has been rung down on Agnes Herndon and a dozen others. Fay Templeton and Russell's comedians are playing to from \$1,500 to \$3,000 a week, just enough to pay expenses. Dixey came near going to pieces at Kansas City and he is losing money every day. You remember that big run of his in New York when 'Adonis' was first produced? Well, I can give you a pointer on that. People thought he made money; but he didn't. A couple of wealthy jays got stuck on him and they went broke in holding up Dixey during that 'phenomenal' run. Their idea was to prepare the way for a big success on the road. Let me tell you Dixey never did amount to much any way. He is worse now than ever. And Rice has fallen down too. His 'World's Fair' is no good on earth."

"Have you been to the Black Hills? Without waiting to hear my reply, he continued, "Well that is a great country. Why there is more money to be made in real estate in Black Hills towns than in Omaha and Lincoln. But I can tell you, the whole western country is going to the dogs." By the time I had reached Omaha I had learned all there is to learn about politics, religion, literature, the whiskey business, running a hotel, courtship and thirty or forty other subjects. When we alighted at the place, where sometimes in the future will be the union depot, he remarked that he was very glad to have met me. He had enjoyed our conversation very much, and hoped we might come back to Lincoln together. We did come back on the same train; but I rode on the locomotive.

There were some bright things in the dialogue of "Miss McGinty." Cinch says to Miss McGinty: "Marry me and we will be at the end of our troubles." Fay Templeton glances up at him and demurely asks, "Which end?"

It seems that Ward McAllister is getting a little too much notoriety. He stood for a time with very good grace the merciless attacks of the critics; but at last he has lost his patience. "I do not quite see," said he the other day, "why I should be discussed personally. As I understand it, the business of the book reviewer is to discuss books. Certainly he is not in the habit of making a critical analysis of the author of the book and is not expected to comment on the author's supposed characteristics and alleged idiosyncrasies. But this is what has been done in my case, and the references to my slight and unimportant, in comparison with the references to myself. Why such a curious departure from established usages should have been made I cannot understand. The book was submitted for inspection and dissection. It was written and I need scarcely say that I expected it would be written about

As for myself, however, I have not the pleasure of the acquaintance of the gentlemen to whom the book was submitted for criticism, and when they choose to write about me instead of the book, they are laboring under the rather unfortunate disadvantage of considering a subject with which they are not familiar."

I have met few men more impressed with the importance of their particular vocation than Professor Pfau of Quincy, Ill., the instructor in cooking, who has been conducting a school in this city for the past two weeks. He is disposed to criticize some of the ladies of Lincoln who have been kept away from his school by the demands made on their time by art, vocal culture, etc. "One lady said the other day," he remarked to me, "that she was sorry her daughter couldn't attend the school; but after her singing lessons and painting lessons, she really hadn't time. I didn't say anything, but if that girl ever gets a husband I suppose she will sing him a breakfast, paint him a dinner, and let him whistle for his supper."

Professor Pfau is an enthusiast on the subject of cooking. He deprecates the widespread ignorance of this useful art among American women and he attributes a good many of the ills the flesh is heir to, to the careless cooking in modern homes. "All women," says he, "should know how to cook, and cook well, and I don't mean by this that they should content themselves with a knowledge of how to make candy and bon-bons. They should know how to prepare soups, meats, all kinds of desserts, and in fact everything. The women of today labor under three disadvantages in cooking. In the first place they don't know anything about it. Then they never measure anything. They guess at pounds and quarts and of course their guesses are always wide of the mark. Lastly they are handicapped by the want of proper materials. Some improvement is being made, however, and I think the time is coming when the American lady will not be ashamed to say that she knows how to cook. In Chicago and the larger cities many of the ladies take regular courses in the cooking schools bringing their servants with them."

He never uses lard in his own cooking. "Butter and beef tallow answer the purpose admirably," he said, "and are much more healthy. Good cooks should never use lard." I broached the subject of baking powder. "It's all trash," he remarked. "When you remember that cream of tartar costs sixty cents a pound, wholesale, while the baking powder retail at twenty-five cents, you can form an idea of their impurity. They are mostly composed of terra alba and alum and most of them are not only worthless; but are positively injurious. I nearly always use cream of tartar and soda or ammonia. The latter is preferable."

Speaking of food adulteration the professor said: "There is hardly a food preparation on the market that is fit to eat. Everything almost is adulterated. Jellies are the most conspicuous illustrations of this. The bulk is composed of Japanese isin-glass, a glucose-product. Sugar is added to sweeten; gelatin to give body and tartaric acid to give a pungent taste. The jelly is then flavored with artificial flavoring extracts, and colored with artificial colors. Fruit butters are made in much the same way. In apple butter you can, I admit, occasionally find a suggestion of dried apples. Canned spices take the palm, however. They are composed of everything from red bricks, ground, to cocoon shells, and pepper is made of dust. Every conceivable kind of trash enters into their composition. Most of the coloring extracts are very harmful, especially yellow and green which are prepared from chrome-yellow, a chromate of lead, and chrome-green, a pigment made from the oxide chromium. And the flavors are all, with the exception of vanilla, artificial. Most of them are harmful."

"Cheap candy is made chiefly of terra alba, which is obtained from the chalk cliffs of England, and is colored and flavored by the worst possible preparations. It is injurious to a degree." Professor Pfau speaks well of the bread made in the Lincoln bakers; but he finds little else in the cooking line worthy of praise.

The members of the Pleasant Hour club have, for some weeks past, looked forward with no little pleasure to the first party to be given in the new hotel. It was thought that if suitable arrangements could be made the party would be given sometime between December 15 and Christmas. This interesting event will, however, have to be postponed, as I have just learned that "the Lincoln" will probably not open until January 1. Even then the house will not be completed, and the proprietors would not care to entertain the club until everything is in apple-pie order.

Jones—"Brown can you tell me why you are still a novelty, although your hair is turning gray?" Brown passes.

Jones—"Because you are always fresh and then you are the latest thing out (at night) don't you know?"

Somebody wants to know if dead beats can be utilized in the beet sugar factory which it is proposed to erect in Lincoln.

Now doth the unfortunate turkey voice his discouragement in the words of Bryant, saying:

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.

If I escape next Thursday, Christmas'll soon be here.

The latest thing in neckties is a flaring red plaid. The color talk.

All the latest sheet music, new stock, at Grauer's Art Music-store, 212 south Eleventh street.