

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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The bustling West, profiting by the example of the effete East, is developing an appetite for river and harbor improvements on a scale of grandeur, stupendous in conception and importance and, like everything else undertaken, gives fair promise of surpassing its Eastern prototype in the magnitude and scope of its operations. The first of these is the scheme for constructing on the gulf coast deep water harbors, which is already under way, the government having appropriated a snug sum of money for the commencement of the work. The others proposed are, first, the connecting of Lake Superior with the Mississippi river by canals, and second, the improvement of the Missouri so that it will be navigable by boats of commerce. The West is vitally interested in the gulf harbors and the Missouri river improvements, for either or both of them means that she will have better facilities for transporting her immense grain crops to the marts of this and foreign countries; but somehow or other there is a sort of far away, rainbow appearance, with all sorts of "schemes" and "jobs" for a background, about an undertaking like the improvement of the Missouri river and, as some observant writer has remarked, "it seems like an indelible, far-away enterprise that is useful only for an occasional convention where every thing is discussed but water and water ways."

The continued prevalence of the gripe, I am told, is a matter of no small concern to the large life insurance offices of the country and its epidemic tendencies are not the pleasantest thing in the world for a manager to contemplate, although as yet the mortality on its account has been confined chiefly to persons in feeble health. I remember that when the disease swept over the country a year or two ago it ploughed considerable of a furrow in the coffers of all the prominent companies and they have not forgotten that experience so soon. Indeed, the largest company in existence caused its chief executive director at that time to make an exhaustive research as to the origin of the malady, and the best rules and remedies known to medical science for its prevention and cure were collected and circulated gratuitously among their patrons. It was a matter of business with them.

Just how "great oaks from little acorns grow" is aptly illustrated by a case in point at the Cotnam office. Three years ago we began printing the bills of fare for the Windsor hotel. It was something of an experiment with us just then but the superior and painstaking quality of the work soon attracted attention from the other bookkeepers, and one by one they kept falling into line until today the bills for the five leading hosteries in the city—the Lincoln, Windsor, Lindell, Opelt, and Capital—are printed here. We trust we may be pardoned a spirit of seeming egotism in thus publicly referring to the matter, but the skill and industry required in the production of this class of work deserves more than a passing mention. The office every Saturday is a perfect beehive of men, no less than ten of them being turned out that day. The elegant appearance of these bills and the many economies bestowed upon them by the proprietors and public are a deserved tribute to the skill and efficiency of our job department.

One would hardly expect to find as much superstition among railroad men as seamen, but it is true, nevertheless, that in a number of instances their credulity is greater than Jack Tar's. In the matter of accidents especially their superstition has unbounded sway and this is not confined to subordinate employes by any means. Even those high in position, cold, hard, practical men as they are, cannot help believing in the potency of a something, they scarcely know what. One of the superstitions is that a second passenger wreck is sure to happen within a month of the first. Some four weeks ago the Santa Fe suffered the wreck of a passenger train at Cherryvale and immediately the general superintendent commenced making preparations for the second one which he felt sure would follow. Arrangements were made for a special train to be had at a moment's notice and the men about the claim and medical departments were held in readiness to respond to a call at any time. In this case the superstition held good for the arrangements had scarcely been completed when the wires flashed news of the wreck on the Chicago division of the road in Missouri—within two weeks of the accident at Cherryvale.

The wonderful growth and development of the patent medicine business within the past twenty-five or thirty years affords one of the most striking examples of the superiority of the business methods of to-day over that of two or three decades ago. Printer's ink is now looked upon by the progressive men of the century as the lever which moves the world. I can name you dozens of men who have grown more than wealthy through its constant and persistent use. Take the Hood's and the Ayer's, and the Hostetter's and the Davis' and the Kennedy's for example. They have all made fame and fortune through its channels. You have heard, of course, of "St. 1890-X" which was patented all over the country not so many years ago. That was the name of a patent medicine manufactured in a Southern city. A poor mechanic, out of employment, struggling to support his family, near the city of Baltimore, along in the early part of 1890, knew the formula of an excellent preparation, but he had neither the money with which to bring it before the public. Something must be done, though, and that very quickly. The few dollars which strict frugality enabled him to lay by continued to dwindle until the last ten was reached. Then his mind

was decided; he would put out the remedy; but the matter of a name bothered him long and deeply until one night, dozing in a restless slumber, "St.—1890—X" came dancing through his mind. He sought no further. The next day a medicine by that name was born to the world. With the money at hand, a small stock of drugs, bottles and labels were purchased, the ingredients compounded and with a basket on his arm he started out. His efforts met with ready response, but it required hard and faithful work to gain a foothold, for all that. The business grew and prospered, however, money came rolling in, and in less than fifteen years "St.—1890—X" was known over the Western continent. It was painted on every barn, tree and rock of any size throughout the country, and when its proprietor died a short time ago it required eight figures to enumerate his wealth. Seated in his luxurious office one day, the question of that peculiar name came up and some one asked him what it meant and how he came to adopt it. "I'll tell you," he said, "St.—1890—X" simply signifies that I started in 1890. The X represents my capital at that time, so the literal translation would be, 'started in 1890 with ten dollars capital.' Who will say the name was not suggestive or appropriate?

I fell to musing yesterday over the friendships and social tendencies of one profession towards another and after considering the matter carefully, pro and con, was forced to the conclusion that saloon keepers are more friendly and liberal toward each other than any other class of business people. They visit each other's place of business oftener and mingle together in a social way more than most any other class of business or professional men I know of. The conviviality displayed by them is lacking in almost every other line of trade. You do not see it among newspaper men, members of the bar, (I do not mean hotel or saloon bars) physicians, grocers, butchers, bakers, or musicians, and even the tailors and dry goods men do not for some reason or other affiliate with each other to any great extent. It's just a bit curious, isn't it, when you stop to consider? And don't it seem likely to you that the members of the other professions mentioned could learn a useful little lesson from the moral hidden here? It strikes me they could—but will they?

Speaking of the propriety of bicycle riding by young ladies brings to mind a recent paper read by Dr. R. W. Tooker, president of the Chicago Academy of Homoeopathic Physicians and Surgeons on "The Effects of Bicycle Riding on Girls". The doctor made a careful investigation, and from his own personal knowledge and experience, as well as from the experience of many physicians of both schools of medicine, there was but one conclusion, which was that "the bicycle was a health restorer and strength giver for women, provided it was not used to excess." He advocated the use of the bicycle by girls in the strongest terms.

I understand that Edison, the electrician, has made something like three million of dollars out of the product of his fertile brain in producing electrical inventions, and this is producing a great deal below the actual amount. His knowledge of the mysteries of chained lightning has certainly stood him in good stead, both as regards fame and remuneration. The one will assuredly live long after the other has passed away. Of his case can be said that "man may come and men may go, but Edison goes on forever."

Dr. Kaeley is another scientist, if I may be allowed that term, who is reaping a rich

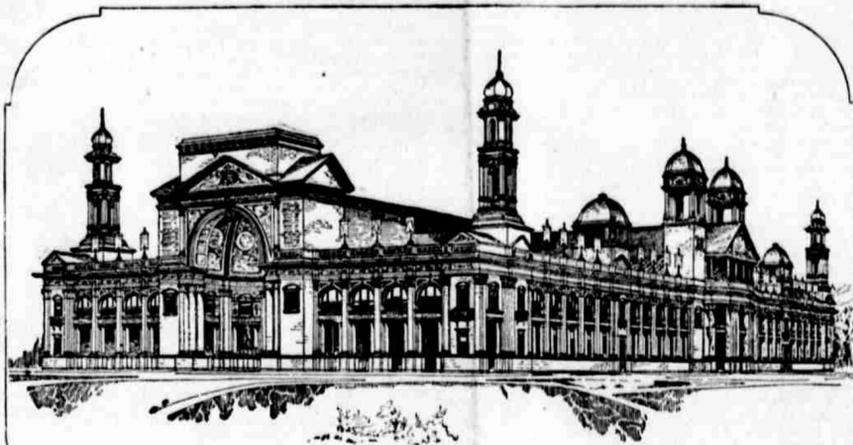
harvest as the result of his medical research and practice, and in his way, if his treatment accomplishes the results claimed for it, is a benefactor of the human race to as great or greater an extent than Edison. If he can bring his weaker minded fellow men to conquer King Alcohol and make the latter servant instead of master, he deserves a memorial from humanity which shall excel the Columbian tower in height and the famous trees of California in circumference. The honor and respect of all nations will be his, while the man who invented Jersey lightning is shrouded in the impenetrable darkness of oblivion, buried in an unknown grave, unhonored and unused.

Speaking of the custom of throwing rice at the bride and groom at weddings, I have just been reading the opinions of an English society journal on the subject. If one may judge from the heart rending picture and the vigorous language of the editor, it certainly is high time that a general protest went up against a custom so barbaric. Listen to the plaintive wail of our English society friend: "I wish a few heavy scrolls would set their faces against the ideas of rice-throwing at the close of wedding receptions. The custom of throwing rice at departing lovers comes to us from the East, where rice is a sign of plenty and prosperity. In hard-and-fast practical England this emblematic idea is lost; and instead of a few grains softly falling we pelt and smother and bombard our brides with thorough English brutality, and finally the practice has degenerated into a senseless and unmeaning fight. . . . When the bride is ready to start on life's journey, she says her principal adieu in private, for the guests, like ravening wolves await her below. The bridegroom white, determined, awkward, joins his wife, and they make a desperate rush. But it is of no avail! The stinging grain is hurled in their smarting faces, trickles down their backs, gets into their mouths, and up their noses. Farewells are impossible, and no one gets a glimpse of the faultless costume, evolved with such talent and time. With a supreme effort they gain the door, bolt like rabbits into the brogram, and, with a gasp of relief fling up the shuttering windows. The couple who have earned a little spotty peace, are forced to travel and make love with a pound of rice in the small of their backs—not to mention a bad pain in the temper." Pleasant picture, that. If this is not running the gauntlet in dead earnest, it comes very, very near it. In this country, as well as in most other civilized nations, the custom is practiced with due moderation. We do not carry it to such extremes as our society friend across the water suggests.

It is the common lot of men engaged in war and strife at arms to suddenly strike their armor and lie down to die, in the vigor and prime of life, and the history of the past few years proves conclusively that "Peace hath her sorrows no less severe than war." Men, endowed by nature with magnificent and commanding intellects, blessed with a near physical perfection as ordinary mortals attain, meet death as sudden in the halls of state, in the busy marts of trade, as upon the field where armed legions meet to kill; none are exempt, all are amenable to the unforfeitable rule.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thy own, O Death."

Hotelling, the O street grocer, says he deals in no prizes or leaders for it is goods and prices that intelligent people are looking for. Telephone 610.



WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING.



"The Prince and the Pauper" was witnessed by a fair sized audience both afternoon and evening at the new Lansing Saturday, and all were well pleased with the performance. Little Elsie Leslie has been seen here before in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" but since her last appearance in Lincoln has perceptibly improved. Herbert Archer as Miles Hendon, the soldier, divided honors with Miss Leslie. Mr. Archer is a conscientious actor and his work made a favorable impression here. The other members of the cast were very good and the performance was a creditable one throughout.

The mashers, young and old, who assembled at the new Lansing Wednesday evening to see Lily Clay's gaudy company were rewarded for their pains by a very mediocre performance, which did not even have the charm of originality about it. It occurs to the average observer of contemporaneous events that the day is not far away when the festive Lilly and her gaudy consorts, none of whom can sing, and the others of their class will be quietly but firmly relegated to their proper position and made to take a back seat.

"THE BURGLAR" AT THE LANSING.
The history of "The Burglar," which will be seen at the new Lansing this afternoon and evening, has just the slightest suggestion of romance entwined in its conception. Its author, Gus Thomas, used to be a ticket seller at Coats Kansas City opera house a few years ago, and afterwards secured a position on the St. Louis Post Dispatch. While there he was elected a member of the McCullough club, one of the elite organizations of the city and it was at one of the receptions of this society that a member made a request for a brief sketch in which his daughter might appear. Thomas was equal to the occasion and "Ethel's Burglar" was the outcome. It was so well received that the Dickinson Sketch club of Boston took it up and played it throughout the country and it created such a favorable and lasting impression that it was taken in hand and entirely reconstructed by Mr. Thomas, who points with pride to "The Burglar" of today as the result. It is an effective and touching play as now produced, in which all the emotions of actual being are lightly and picturesquely blended, with just enough comedy dash throughout to give it life and snap. A fine production is promised.

"THE BELLE OF SARATOGA."
The Ladies Aid Society of Holy Trinity church have arranged a pleasing entertainment for Monday evening at the Funke when the charming operetta "Pauline, or The Belle of Saratoga" will be presented. The scene is laid in a leading hotel at the famous summer resort, the first part consisting of an evening concert by guests of the house. The second part introduces Pauline, the belle; Clara Rivers, her rival; George Ardent, a student; Sir Charles Grandiswell, an English baronet, and Captain Western, a retired officer; those constituting the leading characters. The piece is a very pretty and pleasing one and there is every promise that it will receive the kindest of treatment here. The University orchestra under the leadership of Professor Mazendoff will furnish music

for the occasion, Miss Stella Rice presiding at the piano. The object is a most commendable one and the ladies deserve every encouragement.

"EIGHT BELLS."
This is the singular title of a light and cutesy comedy and pantomimic drama which will be presented Wednesday evening at the New Lansing. "Eight Bells" is the invention of John F. Byrne, one of the famous brothers of acrobats whom Primrose and West brought to this country from England some few years ago and whose wonderful work with that company attracted so much attention. It is gotten up for laughing purposes only, though nothing but pure, clean wit is heard, and abounds in funny situations which produce a never-ending fund of merriment. The principal action of the piece is laid on ship board and it is from this that its suggestive title is derived. In its various scenes the Byrne Brothers find ample opportunity for exhibiting their marvelous acrobatic agility. John F. Byrne proves himself a clever Irish comedian and the other members of the company introduce a variety of admirable specialties. The first act displays a handsome stage setting and the wonderful pantomime and gymnastic work of the Byrne is enlivened by musical medleys.



The railway and dock scene, which opens the second act, is said to be full of realism and a quick dark change transforms this into a rolling sea, which is the greatest of the piece. A storm at the close wrecks the vessel, which completely revolves as the curtain falls. The final setting shows a pretty French cottage and some beautiful effects are produced. The costumes of the ladies are very elegant in this act, where Molloy's "Love's Old Sweet Song" is rendered by a ladies' quartette with charming effect. Tom Browne, the whistling marvel, gives an exhibition of his powers and numerous other specialties are introduced throughout the play, which closes with a startling climax. "Eight Bells" was originally produced at the Union Square theatre, New York, where it enjoyed a run of more than one hundred nights, and its presentation here will be attended by all the scenic effects which brought it into lightning popularity. The sale of seats opens Monday morning at the box office.

Manager Church is introducing something of a novelty to the public of Lincoln in the form of matinees, which are as much a part of the theatres in other cities as the evening performance itself. They are designed more especially for the benefit of ladies and children who do not care to attend the entertainments at night. The presentation is always

the same as at the regular production, including the scenic, mechanical and electric light effects. It is quite the proper thing for ladies to witness matinees unattended—indeed it is the form in all the larger cities. It will be interesting to note whether or not the idea finds favor with Lincoln ladies, but there seems little reason to doubt that it will.

Among the advertising novelties introduced by Fred Pool, "infecter of public interest" for "Yon Yonson," is a card which is hung only in bar rooms. It reads like this:

THE LATEST:
YON YONSON COCKTAILS
Will Drive Away the Blues.

One of the cards hangs over the back of the bar of a prominent saloon in this city, and yesterday a young man asked the obliging bartender for a "Yon Yonson cocktail." "Yes, sir; I'll mix it as soon as I go out here and telephone for a hearse," remarked the man behind the bar. "But what do you want a hearse for?" asked the innocent customer. "You ordered a Yon Yonson cocktail, didn't you?" "Yes, but—"

"Well, we always order the hearse so as to have it ready immediately after the customer takes the drink."

"What's that? Why? How do you mix those cocktails?"

"We put a half pint of alcohol in a large bucket, and two-thirds of a pint of acetic acid, then a half gallon of hot water, and burn a five inch stick of caustic on top."

The customer changed his order to whiskey straight.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

At the Metropolitan Opera, "box people" take their sugar plums from antique snuff-boxes.

John Jennings, the well known comedian, will star in "Confusion" beginning next month.

"The Barrel of Money" company will have its initial city production at the Niblo's Garden, Jan. 18.

Edward Lawrence, stage manager of "N. rural Gas" and Nina Harrington, soprano, have been married.

C. H. McConnell, who used to manage the Chicago Columbia, will soon return to that city and open a large cut-rate drug store.

Harry B. Smith, dramatic editor of the Chicago Tribune has completed his new opera "The Knickerbockers," for the Bostonians.

The famous Pelican Club, in London, has closed its doors, the proprietor having landed himself comfortably and serenely in the Bankruptcy Court.

It is said in New York that unless a vigorous reaction sets in, it will hardly be possible to cast a Shakespearean play in the United States in the year 1900.

Marie Bird, an actress in "A Straight Tip" company, was burned to death on Tuesday at Cincinnati. She was for many years a member of Harrigan's company.

Young Manager J. D. Levy has come home once more. He took out Mestayer and Vaughn's "Grab Bag," played it one night at Bridgeport, Conn., and walked back.

Alice Parker and Dora Van Schaick, the two girls who run away from Chicago to become actresses in New York, have gone back to the city by the tail end of Lake Michigan.

Charles Morris, alias "Napoleon Wood," who tried to build theatres in New York with wind, will rest at the penitentiary for six months. He was sent up for stealing \$7.50 from a woman.

At the close of the Christmas night performance of "The Struggle of Life," in Milwaukee, Frederick Paulding was presented by the members of his company with a handsome locket containing the portraits of himself and his mother. The locket is of old gold, with Mr. Paulding's initials worked in monogram on one side and a blazing diamond inserted in the other. Edward Varney made the presentation speech.

Fine Store for Rent.

The handsome new store room now occupied by the CAPITAL CITY COURIER, 2x14, with steam heat, water and all modern conveniences, will be for rent February first. For terms etc., apply at the premises, 1134 N. street, opposite Herpolsheimer & Co's, exposition building.

The Columbian Exposition.
The Electrical Building, illustrated today is perhaps the seat of the most novel and brilliant exhibit in the whole Exposition. It is 345 feet wide and 500 feet long. The second story is composed of a series of galleries with access by four grand staircases. The area of the galleries in the second story is 118,546 square feet. The exterior walls of this building are composed of a continuous Corinthian order of pilasters, 3 feet 6 inches wide and 42 feet high, supporting a full entablature, and resting upon a stylobate 8 feet 6 inches. The total height of the walls from the grade outside is 68 feet 6 inches. The Electricity building has an open portico extending along the whole of the south facade, the lower of iron order forming an open screen in front of it. The various subordinate pavilions are treated with windows and balconies. The details of the exterior orders are richly decorated, and the pediments, friezes, panels and spandrels have received a decoration of figures in relief, with architectural motifs, the general tendency of which is to illustrate the purposes of the building. The appearance of the exterior is that of marble, but the walls of the hemicycle and of the various porticos and loggias are highly enriched with color, and the pilasters in these places being decorated with scagliola, and the capitals with metallic effects in bronze. The cost is \$375,000.