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IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11, 1893.—[Special Courier Correspondence.]—"I never knew until today," said a well known Georgia politician, "how Representative Allen, of Mississippi, got the nickname 'Private' John Allen."

"How was it?" somebody asked. "He was running for congress against General Tucker out in Mississippi and Tucker made a speech one day whooping himself up on his war record. He started out by saying in stentorian voice: 'I slept one night before the battle in a tent—'

"This was enough for Allen. When he got up to speak he said: 'Yes, boys, General Tucker did sleep in that tent that night, and I stood guard on picket around that tent. Now, all you here today who slept in tents vote for Tucker, but those who stood guard in the rain and cold vote for John Allen.' From that moment to this he has been called 'Private' John Allen. Of course he was elected."

Mrs. Crisp is a Georgia woman, born and bred, with many of the ideas, manners and tastes peculiar to the southern lady of thirty years ago. Her father, Mr. Burton, was before the war a man of great wealth, but, after the conflict was over he had little besides his pride in still being "a southerner and a gentleman, sah." It was at the close of the war that Mr. Crisp appeared in Ellaville and speedily fell captive to the charms of Miss Clara Belle Burton, a blithe-some, coquettish maiden, with a wealth of brown hair which, according to the fashion of the time, she wore floating over her shoulders. Now, young Charlie Crisp was but the son of poor "player folk," and Mr. Burton said flatly that his daughter should not marry a poor man. Naturally, the young couple were discouraged, and his verdict might have had some weight with Miss Clara Belle if at this juncture Mr. Crisp had not been taken seriously ill—and here is where the romance proper begins. The doctor who was called to attend him happened also to be a trusted friend of the Burtons, and Miss Clara persuaded him to send her regular bulletins of the progress of his patient. In one of them he betrayed some uneasiness as to the outcome. Immediately this plucky young woman insisted upon knowing whether her lover was receiving the care and attention he should, and furthermore said that if he was in need of particularly tender nursing she would at once have the marriage ceremony performed between them so that she herself might rightfully take her place at his bedside. This proved to be the turning point in Mr. Crisp's illness, and it might almost be said of his life. Hitherto, the discouragements incident to poverty had possessed him, but then and there he banished all helplessness and despair of his future. He said to the doctor: "Get me up from this bed. Henceforth I will be a man. My life shall be consecrated to a woman with such pluck as that. I will marry her in spite of my poverty and she shall never be ashamed of me." He has kept his word, and Mrs. Crisp has often said that never for a moment has she regretted that she married him. Mrs. Crisp is a rare good housekeeper, and what is stranger still in these "emancipated" days, she is very fond of the work. In their southern home Mrs. Crisp's chief source of pride is a rose garden, in the care of which she spends much of her time. Her recreations are mainly those of writing letters to absent members of the family and intimate friends and reading the newspapers. She is well posted on the affairs of the day; though she is not at all given to the discussion of them. Perhaps her interest is stimulated by the prominent position occupied by her husband, for nothing pleases her so much as to find mention for him or quotations of his opinions. She has a scrap book in which she pastes these clippings, and in time it will become a precious heirloom.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Van Alen, the newly appointed ambassador to Italy, should have taken any notice whatever of the newspaper attacks made upon him. His replies to the assertions made by the *World* and other journals go farther than anything else to indicate that he is a weak man. The fierce onslaught made upon him by Pulitzer was plainly the outcome of personal spite. Pulitzer has a private grudge against the president, to begin with. He cannot make the *World* into a republican newspaper, but he would like to weaken Mr. Cleveland as far as possible. It is generally believed that

Pulitzer expected an important foreign mission as reward for his services in getting votes for Mr. Cleveland, and those intimate with him are aware that his rage is tremendous now that he has been passed over and ignored. Added to this, it is probable that Mr. Pulitzer is especially antipathetic to Mr. Van Alen for the very absurd reason that the gentleman is a member of the social set into which, despite all his supreme struggles, the proprietor of the *World* can never be received. There is, in fact, no question but what the entire war waged against this appointment, so far as the *World* is concerned, springs from the meanest and most spiteful of motives, and therefore should have been treated with contempt by Mr. Van Alen. The gentleman has, however, seen fit to talk about it, and thereby weakens his position immensely. I am sorry that he should not have preserved his dignity sufficiently to keep silence.

The august representatives of foreign powers resident in Washington are gradually returning to their respective official residences from the summer haunts by sea and mountain, which they have this season graced with their high and mighty diplomatic presence. The Swedish and Portuguese ministers are already at their posts, and most of the others are expected in the course of the next two weeks. The numberless diplomatic notabilities of the South American republics are, with few exceptions, all mustered, and will, probably, have more to say for themselves this winter, from a social point of view, than has been the case for some years past.

The Mexican minister and his wife, who have just returned from a protracted western tour, are again installed at their old quarters on I street, and will in a short time have as their guest the sister of Mr. Romero, Senora Luz Romero Garces. The latter will be remembered to have, as a young girl, assisted her mother in presiding over the Mexican legation in the days of Senor Romero's bachelorhood. She has been travelling in the United States with some friends of the Pan-American Medical congress, and is at present in Chicago doing the world's fair, whence she is expected in Washington in the course of a few days.

The reported engagement of Miss McMillan, daughter of Senator McMillan, is now a topic of interest to the lady's many friends in Washington. The lucky man in question is said to be Mr. Muir, of Detroit, and, although there is yet no official corroboration of the news of the engagement, gossip has it that the wedding is already settled to take place in Detroit before the return of the bride's family to Washington for the winter season.

Students of Olden Times.
Judicious mental work may help to lift one out of the ruts of premature old age. Read and think of what you read. Don't use your mind as if it were a sieve and you were trying to see how much you could pour through it. There is a belief extant that knowledge, if gained at all, must be acquired in youth. Fallacious theory! Behold Galileo at three score and ten pursuing his studies with unflagging zeal; Cato beginning Greek when advanced in years; Ogilby commenced classical studies when past fifty. Gladstone is as much the student today as when the bloom of youth mantled his cheek. Be kind to the feelings and fancies of youth. If they prove perennial, so much the better! Don't forbid yourself glad, recreative thought and action. Don't be ashamed to make yourself as pretty as you can. A sensible woman may feel a thrill of pleasure innocent as a maiden's when receiving a glance of respectful admiration from a manly man. Smile without affectation, be pleasant without being silly—in short be young as long as you can.

He Can Never Love Again, Poor Fellow.
A languorous fragrance floats around me,
From lilies stately and fair,
That gleam in gardens enchanted
And fill with perfume the air.
And the roses, crimson with passion,
Or white with divinest pain,
Riot in sweet confusion
In the realm's of love's domain.
The moon's silver rays fleet about me,
Lighting this garden so fair,
And the nightingale sings in sweet rapture,
And my soul longs in vain to be there.
But I stand, like an exile, in shadow,
While my heart sobs a tender refrain,
And I know I am banished forever;
Banished from love's domain.
The flowers have lost their fragrance,
Or the bird's sing for senseless ears,
The perfume wafted toward me,
Comes through a valley of years.
I gaze with a wistful sorrow,
And my heart stirs with swift pain,
And I know that never, ah never,
Shall I enter love's domain.
Elegant wraps
ASHBY CLOAK CO.

RANDOM NOTES

When other things are dull the newspaper business gets what is technically called a move on itself, and shows signs of an activity decidedly in advance of the times. For the last ten years, at intervals of a few months, there has been talk of another morning paper in Lincoln whose particular mission it would be, again using a technical expression, "to buck the *Journal*;" but somehow or other the *Journal* has all these years gone along, pursuing the even tenor of its way undisturbed by any bucking rivals. The ambitions of those persons who would establish a rival morning newspaper have been all right; but the pocket books of the aspiring gentlemen have not been commensurate with their ambitions, and the project, after being aired for an appropriate period, has invariably been put to sleep. To successfully compete with the *Journal* in its own field would require a capital of from \$50,000 to \$100,000, and that amount of money is not easy to raise, even in such an alluring undertaking as the newspaper business, in which there are so many millionaires. And right here THE COURIER would remark that while there may be some reason for the many objections that are from time to time raised to the *Journal*, yet the fact remains that no town of Lincoln's size produces anything better, taking everything into consideration. It is asserted, and probably with some truth, that the reason why so many people in Lincoln take morning naps is because a nap is an almost inevitable sequence to a perusal of the *Journal*, but then a nap isn't a bad thing, and it is a great deal better for our contemporary to put people to sleep by its peaceful tone than it would be to give them hysterics by wild sensationalism, such as so many daily newspapers indulge in.

This is about the schedule time for the appearance of the Rumor of a New Morning Newspaper, and it doesn't disappoint the public. This time it is to be a democratic paper, and it is, as usual, to be "backed by ample capital." Whether it is to usurp Major Calhoun's own special and particular prerogative, that of grand boosterism and Rubber Down of Congressman William Jennings Bryan, or whether it will tie itself to Tobe Castor's administration push cart, our informant saith not. However, the new daily paper will not be started to-day, or tomorrow, or the next day, and probably not for several days to come.

A. Koch-Andriano is another man who went out of the newspaper business and attempted to stay out and who finally went back in again. Strange that a man who has once been in the business can never stay out of it. In many respects it is the meanest business on earth, and while there are some millionaires in it, most of 'em are poor men, who seem to get poorer, and who find it hard work to keep themselves in tobacco and at the same time keep the wolf from the door. If the men engaged in the newspaper business would go into farming and pound the earth with as much zeal as they work at the desk they would all get rich; but they prefer to be happy, though poor. Mr. Andriano, however, is a man who in any one of his several lines can achieve substantial success. He voluntarily selects the one in which the most difficulty is to be encountered. A few days ago it was announced that he had assumed the business management of the *Call*. THE COURIER is informed that a complete re-organization of that paper is in immediate prospect. The intention is to strengthen the paper in every way, and push it forward as rapidly as possible. The *Call* has some good points in its favor and with such ability as Mr. Andriano will display in the business office, and with Messrs. Bushnell and Cox, both of whom are well equipped, in the editorial department, all animated by a spirit of enterprise, the *Call* ought to come to the front rapidly. THE COURIER wishes all of its contemporaries success, and this paper bestows its entire good will on the rejuvenated *Call*. But we again remind Mr. Bushnell that he must not forget the bottoms. Having commenced warfare against that unfortunate locality Mr. Bushnell and the *Call* cannot afford to desist until they have achieved their object, the obliteration of the bottoms. Go for the bottoms! Keep it up!

Then there is a change in the weekly field. Mr. Mickel, who has been with the *State Journal* for a number of years, has on one or two occasions jumped out

of the frying pan into the fire, and after more or less scorching he has regularly jumped back again into the pan where the cooking is a little slower. Now he has jumped out again. The Fassett-Mickel Printing company was incorporated a week or so ago. This company, officered by Mr. Fassett, president; H. A. Mickel, vice-president; F. T. Dean, secretary; the other stockholders being E. P. F. W. and J. E. Mickel, has taken hold of the *Lancaster County Republican*. It is understood that these gentlemen will publish not one, but a series of four or five or six newspapers. The men named are all experienced in their special lines, and they deserve success. THE COURIER extends its congratulations to the new company. There is an opening in this city and county for fifty or sixty good newspapers, and we hope the Fassett-Mickel company may fill it with much profit.

In accordance with a resolution of the Nebraska State Teachers' association passed at its last annual meeting, a program has been prepared by the committee appointed for that purpose, looking to the observance of the anniversary of the discovery of America as library day in the schools of this state, October 20. Superintendent J. S. Baer has this week addressed the teachers of Lancaster county on this subject by circular. "All earnest teachers fully appreciate the advantages of a good library in school, and are, I am sure, anxious that their respective schools shall have the benefit of good reading matter, while the question of 'how to secure these books,' presents possibly a more troublesome side and while the plans suggested by the *North-Western Journal of Education* are excellent, the success of library day depends very much upon the earnestness of the teacher in carrying out these plans, and in making such modifications as seem best for his school," he says. "Parents and school officers should be earnestly invited to be present. School officers should be asked to assist the teacher in selecting the books."

An important transaction has just been effected by which the proprietorship of the Hotel Lincoln, hitherto held by the firm of Shears & Markel, passes to Mrs. Samuel Shears who has purchased the interest in the hotel owned by J. E. Markel, of Omaha. The management will continue as heretofore in the hands of Stewart Shears, who some months ago secured a considerable interest in the hotel, and the public need no assurance that the Lincoln will be maintained in the best possible manner. Pyror L. Markel who has been connected with the hotel for the last two years, will probably return to Omaha.

The regular monthly meeting of the prison reform association was held Wednesday evening in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and the work of the past month and plans for the future were discussed. Dr. Rhodes gave a very favorable report on behalf of the local committee, giving instances in which a number of released convicts had received assistance from the committee. His report showed an increased interest in work and that an effort will be made to present their plans to the public and so interest them in it. The treasurer's report was also quite favorable. Much personal expense is being borne by the members of the organization, who are working in the interest of the public and believe that if their plans are once properly presented and thoroughly understood, the people will be quite liberal in helping toward its support. The regular meetings of the organization will be held the second Wednesday of each month.

Many Lincoln people will remember the child spoken of in the following note taken from the *Chicago Inter Ocean*:

"Little Sara, the pretty and dainty miss—one hesitates to say child, she is so very wise and mature in conversation—who danced so pleasingly with Lillian Russell's company in 'La Cigale,' is in the city preparing to give an entertainment. She has been in Washington and elsewhere filling engagements as a child danseuse, but has made up her sage little mind to have a company of her own if possible. Her plan is to have a violinist or pianist and perhaps a vocalist to travel with her and give parlor, church and other entertainments, she to do her character and fancy dances. It is to raise money to carry out this plan that she will give an entertainment, local talent assisting, in Weber hall, the afternoon of October 23. Little Sara will then introduce her younger brother, Master Frankie, who will dance and recite. Little Sara is one of the brightest of children, and wears her eleven years with a dignity that is quite as impressive as amusing. She will please those who patronize her, and is really deserving of attention."

WORKED THE 400

LONDON, Oct. 7.—[Special Courier Correspondence.] The London secret police have just concluded successfully one of the most difficult and delicate pieces of work ever placed in their hands by driving out of this country the most notorious blackmailer of the present generation without the necessity for a public trial and its attendant scandals and revelations. The need for secrecy was great, for the extortioner's victims included several young princes, and even one described as "standing very near a throne," and elderly men occupying prominent positions in the fashionable world. Therefore, when a reporter commenced to investigate the case obstacles of the most formidable character met him at every turn, but sufficient information has been obtained to allow a story of the conspiracy to be told, although in a somewhat incomplete manner. The leader of the infamous gang was an American woman, Amelia Haires, alias Mme Chionie, an operatic singer now about forty years old, although she looks much younger.

In 1881 Mme. Chionie and her mother took a fine house in the Champs Elysee, which soon became the headquarters of the fastest set in Paris and the rendezvous of the cleverest adventurers in the French capital. Large sums were obtained in a variety of questionable ways, but the necessary machinery was also very expensive, and after a time Chionie closed her grand establishment and disappeared. For several years she lived in London—on her wits, of course—and was clever enough or lucky enough to keep out of the hands of the police. Early in 1885 she returned to Paris and took a fine house. One of her earliest victims was General D. Andleau, the chief culprit in the notorious decorations scandal, whose fall was undoubtedly due to this American siren.

Mme. Chionie's formerly large income from blackmailing and immorality was for some time considerably augmented by commissions on the sales of decorations, but at length Paris became too dangerous for her and she fled to London in February, 1887. The ensuing two years were passed in successful blackmailing, the victims including a member of a former liberal government, who was subsequently driven from public life. In the autumn of 1889 Amelia Haires, for she now lived under her real name, made the acquaintance of an aged, wealthy baronet, who, according to her varied experiences and judgment of men, should have been an easy prey, but the old man proved to be a veritable tartar. He yielded liberally enough to her blandishments but when these in due course were succeeded by threats he set his back against the wall and hit out hard. Amelia Haires had the superb audacity to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against the old gentleman and to carry it to trial. Sir Charles Russell who appeared for the defendant tore Amelia Haires' reputation to tatters and laid bare the whole vile conspiracy as far as his client was concerned, but the muddleheaded jury failed to agree upon a verdict and the trial came to naught.

This was in April, 1890. The adventuress fled the country without attempting to re-open the breach of promise action because the tough old baronet had taken preliminary steps to have her arrested for perjury and conspiracy. No one supposed she would have the courage or effrontery to return, but she did so, and early in 1891 resumed her old business in another name and with changed methods. She corresponded with and received her victims as a woman, but she did not reside at her places of assignation. Her fixed abode was in an unfashionable quarter of the city and she resided there as a man.

She often went about dressed in male attire, and when quite recently she was run to earth she was actually living as a man with a female accomplice, who passed as her wife. By this strange strategy she completely baffled the police for eighteen months, during which she victimized wealthy men, Englishmen and foreigners, to the extent of many thousands of pounds. She paid flying visits to the continent, but kept her headquarters in London. It was during one of her trips to Paris that she met the prince "standing very near a throne." She had cajoled and extorted from him £7,000 before he ventured to protest. Then the French and English secret police put their heads together and decided that the career of Amelia Haires must be brought to a close. Evidence of criminal practices sufficient to obtain for her, under English law, penal servitude

for life, was laboriously collected and submitted to her, when she was finally found as stated above. Amelia had grown comparatively rich and she shuddered at the thought of a hard prison life. The evidence in the possession of the police thoroughly frightened her and she capitulated. The police were prepared to arrest and prosecute her but only as a last desperate resource. The chief concern was to avoid publicity and consequently the adventuress was conceded the honors of war, merely signing a full confession and surrendering all documents in her possession in consideration of being allowed to leave the country with her golden spoils intact.

Amelia Haires is still well equipped mentally and physically for the role of a successful adventuress. Although on the shady side of forty she is a good-looking woman, and her manners remain extremely fascinating. She is an excellent linguist and fine musician. She has sung at nearly every court in Europe and her voice is still of good quality. These charges and talents it is understood have been transferred to the United States, and it is probable that they will not be allowed to rust.

NEW YORK A JAY TOWN.

Gotham's Miserable Taste in Matters Theatrical—It Likes Rice and Spies.

A man of very good taste and of wide experience said to me the other day: "I'm a New Yorker, and proud of my city to some extent, but the fact is, in many things we are the scum of the earth. One of the things in which we are despicable is our taste in dramatic art. In the language of the profession, New York is a jay town. It prefers what is sloppy to what is artistic. I'll give you only just one proof of my argument, because I'm in a hurry now. 'L'Enfant Prodigue' is playing to miserably small houses on one side of Broadway, and '1492' shows to standing room only just opposite. I make no remarks, but merely repeat that we are the scum of the earth."

There was a good deal of truth in this observation. New York makes a business of patronizing bad and vulgar plays and neglecting good ones. The town is caught by every sort of device, and seldom by the admirable thing. My friend's illustration of this was an especially strong one. I should really think that we ought to despise ourselves for preferring an entertainment like "1492" to one like "L'Enfant Prodigue." If an exhibition of Joseph Keppler's cartoons were given in Paris, would the inhabitants prefer it to the Salon? The contrast of merit is the same in the two cases. New York, from the top to the bottom of its society, wants at this time to look at women's legs, and yawn at idiot comedians. Physically and mentally it rejects refinement and beauty in stage art, and rushes to see the turbulent clown and the fat amazon. The piece called "In Missouri" should be playing to very large business at the present time; it cannot do it in New York, but can in almost any other city in the country. When that exquisite production of "Friend Fritz" was made here last winter by the Mason-Manola company, it drew a mere handful of people, but it succeeds and is praised everywhere else; in Chicago or in Boston I am sure "L'Enfant Prodigue" would draw immensely; here everyone connected with it will starve if they only stay long enough. In London and Paris the play was a sensation. We turn up our noses at it and flock to see "1492." Three cheers for Edward Eolus Rice and his fat phalanxes! This art loving impresario drinks his champagne, calls us "jays" and, when he finds interest flagging a bit, orders up another row of legs. And he and his congeners own the lovely town of New York.—Town Topics.

Mrs. Eliza Walker and daughter Mrs. E. O. Elliott, of Shelton, Neb., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Walker at Franklin Heights.

There will be a faculty concert at the conservatory of music Tuesday evening. Tickets may be obtained upon application at the conservatory.

Once more a coolness in the atmosphere
Constrains the mind to thoughts of warmer
riment.
I'm aware where such is kept, but much I fear
The possessor would exact immediate payment.
And this I scarce could face with purse deplete—
The resultant of a season of inaction;
Methinks it is my fate again to meet
My relative of Israelite extraction.
She drops thirteen years from her age,
As is oft done by women in rhyme,
And then, with powder and paint,
Proceeds to make up for lost time.
Low prices latest styles
ASHBY CLOAK CO.
For Sunday dinner supplies call at
Halter's market, opposite Lansing Theater. Phone 100.