

A CHARITY CIRCUS.

The charity ball project having been brought prominently before the public by THE COURIER much interest has been aroused in this form of diversion for "sweet charity's sake." THE COURIER has received several communications on this subject proposing various plans for the successful execution of the ball project which may be published in a subsequent issue.

One of these communications, however, contains a suggestion that is, in our opinion, deserving of immediate attention.

A gentleman whose name we withhold at his request suggests that "instead of a charity ball, which, is no longer a novelty, a charity circus be given."

Our correspondent proceeds to point out how in the last few years leading citizens and prominent society people of eastern cities have, for the sake of some charitable purpose, joined together and presented an amateur circus. "In Boston" he says, "one of the principal society events of last season was a circus given by people in swell circles. I do not remember whether this entertainment was for charity or whether it was simply a social diversion; but I know that in many places these circuses have been given for charity and I submit that something of this kind might be done in Lincoln. Let us vary the monotony a little. Do something with at least a trace of originality in it."

We think the suggestion is a good one, and as we think of the vast amount of material, we might say raw material, there is in this

town for a first class circus performance, we are inclined to become enthusiastic in our endorsement of this suggestion.

Whether we have a charity ball or not let us have a charity circus by all means.

It would be unlike anything we have ever had before, and its success would be, we are certain, assured from the very start.

Permission to turn representative hall into a three-ringed circus could be easily secured upon a proper showing. There will be a real circus there anyway, commencing the first of the year, and the board of public lands and buildings could not well refuse permission for an amateur hippodrome.

Mr. Bryan would make an excellent ring master, with special supervision over the side shows. His wide experience ought to make him a valuable acquisition.

Mayor Weir could appear as the spotted boy, and he could incidentally amuse the crowd by telling how it feels to monkey with the buzz saw.

Tommy Allen's face has been so drawn since Tuesday that he could occupy a platform as an original freak.

Judge Strode, might we think, be induced to give an exhibition of fast running that would be taking, and R. A. Hawley might appear as the invincible candidate.

There could be a pacing race between Tom Cooke and Ralph Johnson.

Frank Polk could sell sky blue lemonade.

Fritz Westermann has already spoken for the job of posing as the \$10,000 beauty.

Charley Magoon, if properly approached, would, no doubt, consent to do his jumping act, i. e., a straight jump in the air of sixteen feet cracking his feet together thirteen times before touching the ground winding a Waterbury watch at the same time.

Judge Parker could give a song and dance and do an act of "Inno-

cent as a Lamb."

Frank Zehring as Little Boy Blue would give eclough to the affair.

W. F. Meyer would draw as the Circassian girl, while Will Clarke could sell tickets for the concert.

Guy Hurlbut could be one of the chariot horses, 'cause he's so swift.

John T. Dorgan could stand on his head and mark up the price of coal with his left foot.

Dick Townley would make a good bearded lady.

Chris Camp could sing a solo—if the people wouldn't go away when the show is over.

Charley Gregory could wear tights and float in mid air as a cherub.

And any amount of other clever features could be introduced, any one of which would be worth the price of admission.

By all means let us have a charity circus.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

He:

"I prithee tell me where you live
Oh maid so sweet and rare."

She:

"I am ye miller's daughter, sir;
And live just over there."

He:

"Of all ye maids I ever saw,
You are beyond compare."

She:

"Oh, thank you, sir. Oh
thank you sir.
Your words are very fair."

He:

"So I would ask you some-
thing now;
If I might only dare."

She:

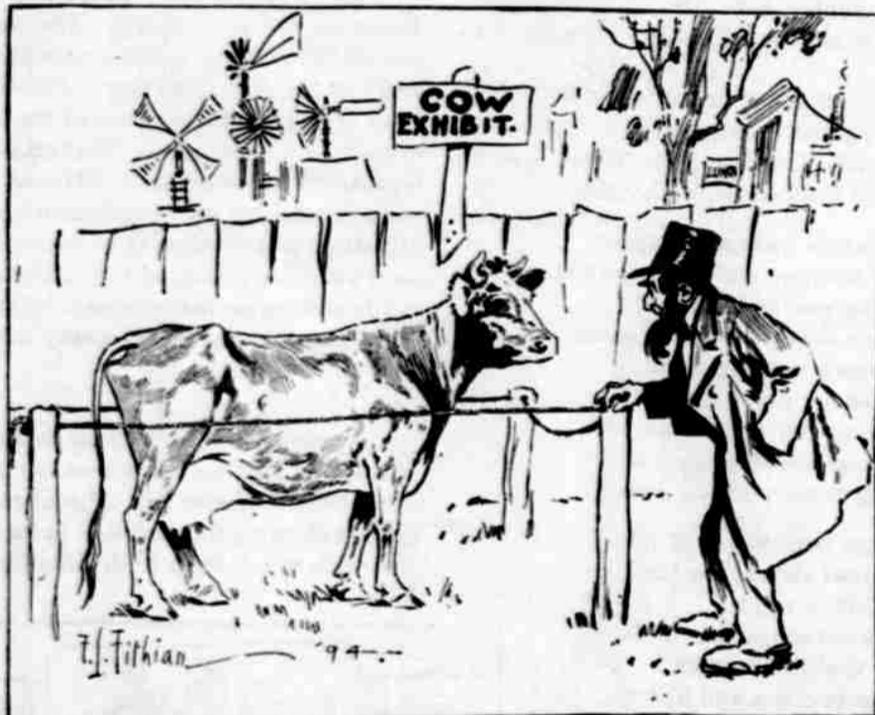
"Now you may ask me
what you please,
For anything I care."

He:

"Then will you marry me?
For we
Would make a goodly pair."

She:

"I thank you, sir; your
offer, it
Is most extremely rare.
But, as I am already wed
You're late, sir, for ye
fair."



Farmer Pumper (in the milk business): "What kind of an animal is that?"

At this ye bachelor walked away;
And talked to himself of th' lass so gay —
"Her hair is very decidedly red;
And her eyes have somewhat of a cast in her head;
And her feet are large; and her hands are coarse;
And, without I'm mistaken, her voice is hoarse.
'Tis a bargain of which I am very well rid;
I am glad, on ye whole, I escaped as I did."

—Howard Pyle.

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