

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

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Number 1, Volume VII—such is the record at the head of this issue of the COURIER. It means that six years have passed since the first number of this journal was published—six years full of striving, six years thickly strewn with achievement. The readers of the COURIER, particularly the considerable number who have occupied that relation from its beginning, can readily understand the reminiscent mood resulting from the contemplation of the weeks and months and years of effort in this community. They can understand the just pride with which the past may be viewed. The COURIER was born of an impulse, but it immediately met with favor from the people of Lincoln, and that generous encouragement led to its development on its present lines. It needs no explanation for being. It is one of the incidents of the evolution of a city and one of the attributes of its metropolitanism. It is a matter of course, just as are the other elements of society.

The history of the COURIER has been a record of advancement from its inception to the present moment, and it shall be the aim of the publisher to continue the progressive movement. From a puny sheet, unknown and insignificant, it has grown to a reputation that spans three thousand miles and in the fraternity is regarded as presenting one of the handsomest typographies to be found anywhere. All this has not come about of itself. It has required effort, constant effort, and absorbed large sums.

The COURIER is generally spoken of as a society paper, but that is too narrow a classification. It would be more truly descriptive of its true purpose to call it a home paper. It aims to conserve all that is best and purest in the social intercourse of the people. It aims to present a picture of the home life of Lincoln and to be helpful to the people in their homes. It is a paper for the fireside and the boudoir. It eschews everything of doubtful taste or questionable influence, and its patrons need never fear ought of an objectionable character. Home is a concord of sweetest memories. Some men affect an indifference to the sentiments clinging to home and these cold hearted hypocrites express a dislike for papers of the COURIER's class; but home and its associations make the most valuable element of life and these superior cynics will have a hard time convincing the world that they are right.

Thanks to the generous appreciation of the people of Lincoln, the COURIER has become one of the most successful papers of its class in the country. Its publisher is deeply sensible of the kindly assistance of its friends, and promises renewed effort toward greater successes for the future. In its present handsome form the COURIER carries to the world outside a bright and prepossessing picture of Lincoln, and our people will continue to be proud of it as a token to strangers of our social and home life.

What bit of petty hypocrisy will the snobs invent next? Over in Paris now the elegantes who have lost a near relative by death are wearing their ordinary jewels, but they are highly veiled with crepe, so as to carry the mourning idea. Of course that will be considered as extremely absurd, and you take a sensible, unprejudiced view of the whole matter, how much better than the idea of mourning! The snobs with most of us is that we have been misled by education that we cannot look at the matter without prejudice. All evidences of mourning as displayed in dress are merely forms. True mourning is a matter of the heart and does not depend on black crepe. It may be desirable to give an outward token of the feelings which are supposed to prevail in the heart, but the thing is carried to extremes. Most of us know of many cases in which it is a burlesque, a masquerade, but few of us have the courage to depart from established custom, even when our good sense rebels.

Among the most frequent out of town visitors at the Capitol and the Lincoln hotels is Colonel E. D. Webster of Stratton, and the gentleman is one of the most interesting characters in Nebraska. He was secretary to Secretary Seward during the war and has played an important part in making the history of this country. A few evenings ago a group of gentlemen in a hotel office learned from the colonel himself that he has been under indictment for over forty years for railroading a negro to Canada. A slave escaped from Kentucky to Ohio and at Cleveland shipped as cook on a steamer bound for Buffalo, which was Colonel Webster's home. The owner of the slave pursued him, captured him near Buffalo and started south. Several abolitionists got him released on a habeas corpus and rushed him into a carriage in waiting. A ferry boat running across the Niagara river had been hired to carry them, and the party made a dash for liberty with Webster on the driver's seat. They reached the boat ahead of the pursuing marshals, but on their return were arrested and indicted. They asked for an immediate trial, but the government was not prepared to do so.

fight for a small postoffice. He went to Washington and met Mr. Eaton, who took him up and introduced him to assistant postmaster general Clarkson. The latter was picking up documents from a pile in front of him, glancing at them hurriedly and throwing them into a big basket at his side. The colonel explained why he wanted a certain man appointed postmaster. Mr. Clarkson asked several questions but kept on at his work. Among other things he called attention to the petition of a rival candidate, which was headed by the name of Webster. The colonel had to confess that the other Webster was his son and then went on to explain why they happened to be arranged against each other. The conversation then drifted away upon politics, until the colonel, anxious for some definite expression from the post office mogul, hesitatingly asked Mr. Clarkson what he thought he would do about the appointment. "Oh, h—!" said that gentleman, "your man was appointed a half an hour ago, and I have made fifty other postmasters since then." It seems that Mr. Clarkson, as soon as he learned who the colonel was, appointed his candidate without waiting for arguments. The talk had only been for sociability, and every time the postoffice official fired a document into his big basket it meant a new postmaster, while an old one lost his head.

Kate Field is a bright woman, but sometimes she makes a discovery that has been known to mankind for many decades. For example she has just gone into ecstasies over the discovery that a woman, to be most agreeable must listen. "Keep a man wound up, look as though you were hanging on his lips," says Kate, "and he'll think you charming." The same rule will apply to men, and the funny thing is that Kate should have stumbled on a bit of truth as old as civilization and imagined it brand new. Every individual is more or less of an egotist. The human heart thirsts for praise, and there is no more delicate flattery than to start a person on his pet hobby and then listen to him with interested attention. The pet hobby of most every man is self, and he will have a regard for anyone, man or woman, who will listen to the dearest imaginings of his heart without an air of being bored. A little respectation will convince anyone that Miss Field's rule applies to both sexes and all classes. She is a strong minded, self assertive woman, and the truth has just broken through her egotism, but it is very, very old, like most truths.

A successful politician once assured me that every man was susceptible to flattery if rightly applied. How did he know? Well, he had tried his own prescription. He had hardly reached his majority before he was one of the two chief leaders of his party in his state, and at twenty-six he was nominated for secretary of state. He was a young fellow of only average ability, and he was not extraordinarily gifted with that mysterious power which we call personal magnetism nor was he a gross, hypocritical flatterer. Every man has some possession or some hope that is precious to him, and he who is sharp enough to discover what it is and show it a general deference will win many hearts.

The decorative craze is on us and a great deal is being said and written about beautiful things. We have very erratic ideas of the beautiful these days. Artists and books hold up the works of the Greek as models, but what modern woman would regard hers if as adorable with the big feet and the full waist that the Grecians give their statues of emales? With those old heathen, beauty was a fact. The perfect human figure had certain proportions, its members certain relative sizes, and they made their paintings and statues accordingly. With us modern beauty is a matter of whim. A dab of today will be a work of art tomorrow, and our ideals of the female form divine do violence to all accepted rules. We crave novelty and are puffed up with a vanity that leads us to raise up monstrosities as artistic fetishes. We are inclined to pity those old pagans because they didn't have stoves and liver pads and other modern necessities, but the rubbish which is forced upon us in the name of art is enough to turn a man into a cynic and make him wish the simple, common sense of our heathen ancestors had not been diluted.

And yet I wouldn't want to go back to the mode of life in ancient Greece. There are some conceited idealists who try to make us believe that everything was purity and perfection in that day and clime. They prate of Socrates and Pericles and Aristophanes and Demosthenes as though every Grecian had been a philosopher, an artist, a writer or an orator. There were brilliant intellectual lights in those days, it is true, but the masses of the people were low in the scale of intelligence and enterprise. Take the condition of the Grecian girl. We have pretty pictures of her in beautiful white and graceful draperies, but what of her life? For the most part it was passed in seclusion. She had no "best fellow," and went to no ball games or high five parties. Matinees and caramels were unknown sweets. Occasionally, as a special treat, she was allowed to accompany the old folks to a pagan ceremony at the temple that she didn't half understand. If she pretended to be "somebody" she couldn't be seen in a public conveyance, because that would have shocked society. What do you suppose

WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS AT SIX.

[Written for THE COURIER.]
The mills grind slowly the live long day
Turning to flour the wheat;
The sound of the burrs and the whirl of the shells,
It's results for mankind to eat;
It grinds at noon, it grinds at noon
And the engine with steady clicks
Gets slower and slower, then finally stops
When the whistle blows at six.
The factories large in cities and towns
Where laboring all the day,
The girls and boys of tender years
Are wearing their young lives away;
With aching head and weary limbs
Watching the clock as it ticks,
They welcome the hour when their labor is done
And the whistle blows at six.

The faithful horse as he trudges along
On the streets with his heavy load,
Strains every nerve as he plods his way
On the rough and stony road;
All that he gets for his daily toil
Is the feed that is placed in the rix
And the hour's as welcome to him as man
When the whistle blows at six.
So life with its burdens, its sorrows and care,
Its trials its troubles and strife,
We each must endure there where we are,
We must live with the tortures of life;
When our labor is o'er and the final day comes,
And we're batted with fortunes gay tricks,
When we're called on to go we cannot refuse
When the whistle blows at six.
IKE STONE.

A First Class Kicker.



Eddy lived with his grandfather, and was accustomed to hear a blessing asked at each meal. One day the hungry little boy was very impatient for his dinner, and as his grandfather was detained for a moment from taking his seat at the table, the little fellow felt that the duty of the blessing fell upon him; so he bowed his head low over his plate and said the little prayer he always repeated at night. His grandfather entered the room just as he had finished, and Eddy, fearing a still further delay in serving the meal, shouted: "Oh, grandpa! You needn't 'O Lord,' for I have."—New York Tribune.

Rubinstein's Emphatic "I Am."

When Rubinstein was traveling through our western states upon a concert tour it chanced that Barnum's circus followed almost exactly the same route chosen by the great Russian. On one occasion, when the train was filled with snake charmers, acrobats, clowns and the like, the conductor, noticing, perhaps, Rubinstein's remarkable appearance, asked him, "Do you belong to the show?"
Turning his lionine head, with a savage shake, Rubinstein answered fiercely, "Sir, I am the show."—Detroit Free Press.

A Sudden Promotion.

In one of the aristocratic mansions of the Faubourg Saint Germain the footman announced, "Monsieur le Baron Lefevre!"
"Why do you style me baron? I am not a baron."
"Oh! that is not meant for you, monsieur, but for the company."—Le Petit Journal.

True After All.

Winks—There's a man who worked for a street car company for forty years. Now he is too old to work, but the company pays him a living income right along.
Minks (emphatically)—I don't believe it.
Winks (calmly)—He is one of the stockholders.—Good News.

A new novelty "The Comical Cuss" for masquerade purpose only 10 cents, to be found at the Great 10 cent store, 118 south 12th street.

We invite attention to our cloak department, promising to show the largest and most attractive stock of stylish garments ever displayed in Lincoln. Our



"McCarthy's Mishaps" drew a moderate sized audience to the Funke Tuesday. This skit is familiar to most devotees of farce comedy. In addition to the features which are always to be found in the current farces there are some clever new things. The quartette, which was above the average, received considerable deserved applause, and Barney Ferguson's "Dennis" was a strong sketch. Richard Ferguson's whistling was also a taking feature. The attendance upon farce comedies in this city the present season indicates that in Lincoln at any rate interest in this variety of theatricals is declining.

The Austrian Juvenile Band, under the management of D. Blakely, appeared at the Lansing yesterday afternoon and evening. Carefully selected programmes were rendered and the performances gave excellent satisfaction. There is an originality about the band that is striking. There is a quality in their music that is peculiarly their own. The discipline is perfect and the more difficult selections were given with an ease and artistic finish that surprised most of the auditors. The Austrian Juvenile Band sustained its reputation and also attested the managerial ability of Mr. Blakely who brings out so many good things.

Bobby Gaylor in "Sport McAllister" began a two nights engagement at the Funke last evening. There are many funny things in "Sport" and it is one of the pronounced successes of the season.

The following compliment from The Boatsman Democrat is duly appreciated: "The Democrat is in receipt of a copy of the handsome souvenir that was issued at the opening of the Lansing theatre in Lincoln. It is a handsome little book of thirty-two pages with an illuminated cover, and contains, besides the program of the plays for the week, a history of the local theatre of Lincoln, and a well worded description of the Lansing. This last was written by Gen. Victor Vifquain, and is very interesting. The souvenir contains handsome views of the building, exterior and interior, and portraits of the manager, his chief assistants and citizens of Lincoln who were prominent in promoting the erection of the Lansing. The business men of Lincoln have made good use of the souvenir's advertising pages. This handsome souvenir is the work of The COURIER, the well-known society journal of the capital city. The tasteful manner in which it is gotten up, its completeness and beauty of finish are a credit to the establishment that produced it, and to the manager, Mr. Lou West."

Mr. John Palmer, a comparatively young man of magnificent voice and stage presence who was for several seasons one of Frederick Ward's most valued leading men, will appear at the New Lansing this afternoon and evening as Arbanes, the Egyptian priest in his own dramatization of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's delightful romance, "The Last Days of Pompeii." Many attempts have heretofore been made to successfully dramatize Bulwer's famous story but to Mr. Palmer must be awarded the recognition of the first successful dramatization. It approaches the classic in stage presentation and easily commands the serious attention of all supporters of the very highest form of the drama. The scenic effects are said to be the climax of stage realization and every picture is deftly and most naturally set. The company is under Mr. Palmer's personal direction and comprises a most excellent cast of well selected characters. Special music for the piece is under the direction of the company's special leader and in fact nothing has been excluded that would add to the strength of the attraction. Last week "The Last Days of Pompeii" attracted crowded Chicago audiences and the company's engagement at the New Lansing is preceded by a series of continuous successful presentations and crowded houses. Matinee at two o'clock and evening performance at eight. Seats now on sale.

How Does This Strike You?

We offer new subscribers and old ones that pay up in full to date the following extraordinary bargains.
Fifteen handsome cloth bound volumes of Dickens in a neat pasteboard box, and THE COURIER until January 1st, 1893 for \$5.00.
Ten handsome cloth bound volumes of Thackeray in a neat pasteboard box and THE COURIER until January 1st, 1893 for \$4.25.
Six handsome cloth bound volumes of George Eliot in a neat pasteboard box and THE COURIER until January 1st, 1893 for \$3.25.
These books are all standard works and their cost aside from THE COURIER subscriptions, is less than twenty cents per volume. You can't buy the cheapest reprint in paper covers for double that amount. Come in and see these books. In case any subscribers have three sets special prices will be given.

the preference as a trading place! Don't they buy from the manufacturer and give the consumer as low figures as the retailer generally pays the jobber? Don't you know by this time that they have not been here sixteen years for nothing, but to build up a trade? Why, of course, and its to your interest as well as to the interest of your neighbor to do all your trading there. The holidays are near at hand and you'll want tokens for your friends and relatives. Oh, yes! and L. Meyer & Co., with customary foresight have looked out for this trade too. Their numerous appropriate, useful and ornamental subjects are too numerous to mention here. Call around and see for yourself. Prices are always right. Courteous treatment unsurpassed and everything always comes fully up to the high standard as represented or money refunded.

Slightly Mixed, but Expressive.

We must content ourselves today with anecdotes of foreigners trying to express their thoughts in English. The latest is told by Dean Briggs, of Harvard. A Japanese student, desiring to impress on the dean how studious he had been, said, "I have worked so hard I eat nothing since tomorrow."—Boston Globe.

A Prescription.

Dr. Penroll—What this child needs, madam, while teething is a ————!!



"Leggo, you young cannibal, leggo!"



"Let go, baby dear, if baby should swallow it, it would make baby sick."



Dr. Penroll—What that child really needs, madam, is a muzzle—Scribner's Magazine.

His Little Game.

He rang the bell of a house on Brainard street, and when the mistress opened the door he said:
"Mornin, madam. I see you have one of those woolly, greasy, measly doormats made by the Slide Wool company on your doorstep."
"An what if I have!" snapped the woman; "what's good enough for my neighbors is good enough for me, I guess."
"But, madam, I represent the all wool and part silk manufactures, and am only allowed to sell to the select, as it were; one house in a neighborhood; recommended by his washup, the mayor."
"Good gracious, you don't say so," said the woman, "but that mat out there is good enough for folks to scrape their feet on, and I ain't goin to buy another."
"I'm sorry," said the man. "These mats are a dead give away on all the other women in the neighborhood, but you ought never to have had one. Every one can see you are of a different mold."
"There's no mold on me, young man, an I'd thank yer to say what yer drivin at," said the woman angrily.
"Why, you see, ma'am, we only sell these mats to women who can wear No. 2 shoes. You can see the meshes are made for feet of that number. I didn't need to ask the neighbors—of course they think you wear the same number as they do, as you use these spread eagle mats. I knew at once by your general contour that your foot would fit this mat like a nice. Goodby, madam, I'm sorry."

"Wait a minute. If you think it my duty to take one, I s'pose I must. It's a great expense, though, to have such small feet. I often wish they were bigger. How much did you say? There's the money. Much obliged, sir."
He left the mat and the woman went away he following.

VERY QUEER.

[Written for THE COURIER.]
They say that the earth is as round as a ball,
To the people it seems very flat;
That an owl can see in the darkest of night
Though in daylight he's blind as a bat;
That the fire eating man in a dime museum
Eats coals that are hot without fear;
That a man is called tight when he's full
though he's loose;
Don't these things seem to you very queer?
They say when a show is great its "out of sight,"
Though you see it with both of your eyes;
That the earth moves around and the sun stands still,
That the sun in the morning does rise;
That water has elephants, camels, and snakes,
To me these things are not clear;
Some people still claim these assertions are true,
Don't these things seem to you very queer?
IKE STONE.

In selecting frames for your pictures, see the latest styles and most durable makes at the new Lincoln frame and art company, 226 south Fifteenth street.

Wake Up.

The age is one of rapid progress—and we are in it. Our patrons are among the most progressive of the nation. They are quick to take advantage of a good offer. We make a great many; but when we recently offered a set of memoirs, either of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, McClellan, or Lee, in their respective original editions, for 50 cents a set, in connection with a year's subscription to this paper, \$2—\$5.50 in all—we fairly outdid ourselves. Thousands of orders have already been received by the publishers, so that if our friends wish to avail themselves of this extraordinary opportunity, they must wake up. No such offer has ever before been made to the reading public, and it is doubtful if it will ever be duplicated. Again we say "Wake up!"

Lady Canvassers Wanted.

Ladies can make big money soliciting subscriptions for the COURIER. It is a neat, clean, nonsensational paper that commands the respect of everyone and should be in every home in the city. It is easy work and large pay. Call at this office for particulars.

Look Herpolsheimer & Co. over for new evening novelties, millinery and gloves; the newest trimmings, Chiffons etc.

Not Writers' Cramp.

Doctor—From the condition of your hand and arm I should say you are suffering from writers' cramp—too much exercise of one set of muscles.
Young Business Man—But I never write.
I employ a typewriter.
"Um—engaged to her?"
"Yes."
"Do your—er—dictating with your other arm."—New York Weekly.

Ended Well.

Briggs—First I asked for the confidential clerk, and he was out, and then for the junior partner, and he was out, and then in despair I asked to see the head of the firm, and I'll be hanged if he wasn't out. But it was all right.
Griggs—Why, what did you do?
Briggs—The office boy said he would see me.—Clothes and Furnisher.

Plenty of Time.



Eruffe—I suppose I shall see you at the Twilling Thanksgiving dinner at 1 o'clock tomorrow, shan't I?
Dushaway—Yes. But I thought you were going to take your Thanksgiving dinner at the Wimples.
Stuffer—I am; but they don't dine until 8.

New etchings, many fine plates, just received. Come early. Crancers Art and Music store.

Call on Henry Harpham, 142 north 11th street, opposite Capital hotel for harness, whips, surcingles, curry combs and brushes, harness oil, axle grease and axle oil harness soap.

The "Walking Alligator" to be found only at the great 10 cent store, 118 south 12th street.