

RANDOM NOTES

(Continued from First Page.)

There is a preacher in this town who has come down out of the clouds and planted himself squarely on the earth; a holy man who has, for the moment, left off preaching about Noah and the flood, and the afflictions of the children of Israel, and ceased the unprofitable splitting of hairs over inconsequential doctrinal differences, and is giving heed to some of the conditions that confront the people who live in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and ninety-three.

This preacher has actually discovered that there is sin in Lincoln, and he has had the temerity to sound the battle cry against existing evil, forsaking the tradition of his cloth that would keep the preachers uttering panegyrics over the virtues of the apostles, or emitting anathemas at the Cains, Barabbases and Ananias of an age obscured in the recesses of antiquity, or inveighing against the wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah, cities that were wiped out of existence when the world was in its swaddling clothes.

The Rev. Charles M. Shepherd, of the Grace M. E. church, preached last Sunday evening the third sermon in a series of bold discussions on the evils that are today the disgrace of Lincoln and every large city, and what Mr. Shepherd has to say on the subject of the social evil is entitled to the most careful consideration on the part of those who profess to be interested in the cause of right and in the welfare of the city. Mr. Shepherd in taking up a theme that most preachers pass by in calm serenity is running some risk. People will charge him with sensationalism, and his brother ministers will doubtless elevate their eye-brows. If it is sensational to treat of modern infamy, then Mr. Shepherd must be guilty of sensationalism; but the preacher knows his own purpose, and is probably not afraid of criticism.

Apropos of the exposure of that fraudulent reformer, Mayor A. H. Weir, THE COURIER has had occasion to call attention to the wide prevalence of the social evil in this city, and to the fact that no attempt is made to suppress this iniquity; and there has been something like a general discussion of this subject in the last two or three weeks. The utter villainess that is allowed to fester the city unmolested, yea, even protected by a police system that is the special care of a boasted reform administration, has been publicly pointed out, and the people have been made to understand that in this city of colleges and churches, presided over by a self-appointed mayor, who prates of his own piety and dilates on the goodness of the people who elected him, crime and vice are unrestrained, and law and authority are wantonly trampled under foot by the devotees of infamy. There is one very surprising fact in connection with this matter. Here is sin and infamy that cry aloud to Heaven, and yet no minister, save Mr. Shepherd, lifts his voice in protest. The ministerial association that was paralyzed with horror at the prospect of Sunday evening sacred concerts is supinely indifferent in the face of an evil that is capable of destroying nations. Here is a monster whose sinuous tendrils reach out and wind themselves about the youth of the city, drawing to a peril more horrible than death hundreds of young men and young women, an evil that threatens every home, and places pitfalls in every path, and yet the preachers remain as silent as the sphynx, or declaim on the glories of Solomon's temple, or mayhap, hurl invective at some modern evil that exists only in their imagination. There are some strange things in this world.

When this subject is discussed, as Mr. Shepherd points out, some one always says that the evil is a necessary one, that it cannot be eradicated. Are men then hopelessly vile? Is purity a lost virtue? Can the stain that blights civilization never be washed out? Must beautiful temples contain apartments of filth? Most assuredly, no. Men are not beasts and there is no necessary evil.

Mr. Shepherd gives a number of reasons why this system of licensed infamy is allowed to flourish. He names the one given above, the idea that any attempt to prohibit is useless; but he does not give, what is perhaps, the most important reason why the social evil is undisturbed.

When Carter Harrison was elected mayor of Chicago, it was said that he was put into office by the thugs and the gamblers, and the lawless element generally. Nothing was farther from the truth. Representing this element of Chicago's population, Harrison was elected by the so-called respectable people, who voted for him, well knowing his character and surroundings. And what for? Because the fair was coming on, and it was felt that if any money was to be made everything in the city must run "wide open." And Harrison was elected mayor by a tremendous resort because the people knew this

administration everything would "go." The so-called respectable people, yclept the better element, made him mayor because they thought it would help business to have crime and vice run riot in the city during the fair. And this is the trouble in Lincoln and in every other city. Business men who occupy their pews in church regularly will tell you that the saloons and the brothels and the gambling hells "help business," and they are opposed to a policy that would disturb these places. "Respectability" often hides a multitude of sins.

The State Journal has on more than one occasion taken an unkind advantage of a long suffering and patient public; but it has seldom taken a more reprehensible step than when it employed the individual who is known to the public in a vague kind of way as the Journal "artist." This person, as THE COURIER some months ago pointed out, might possibly achieve considerable success in reproducing vivid likenesses of meat brokers or milk cans or other articles of this description; but when it comes to portraits of live people whom we know and respect, the "artist" does some strange things.

One of the Journal's most cherished maxims and one that is most strenuously impressed upon the young men who do the writing on that diverting publication is, "Never say anything that will hurt anybody's feelings." But what is the use of doing a person a kindness with the types when you deal him a cruel blow with a cut? The Journal never did anything half so unkind as the publication in last Sunday's issue of alleged portraits of estimable Lincoln ladies, who have led upright, honorable lives, and who in no way deserve the awful treatment bestowed by the morning paper. It's a mighty unpleasant thing after you have kept in the straight and narrow path all your life and tried your level best to do right, to have a newspaper "artist" get up a cut of you that looks like a desperate villain, or a screw eyed idiot, and publish the same to the world. Mr. Jay A. Barrett may not be the embodiment of masculine beauty; but he doesn't look like the cut in Sunday's Journal and never did. He is entitled to sympathy from the public and redress from the Journal. In the interest of the public peace the sunrise daily ought to put its artist on ice, or turn him over to the tender mercies of the "devil," or do something equally effective. An outraged people demands that something be done and that quickly.

A certain well known newspaper man, in speaking of THE COURIER's reference to the World-Herald and Bee last week, remarked that, in his opinion, the success of the latter paper is largely due to the fact that as a news paper it has always excelled. THE COURIER in its comparison between the two Omaha papers did not touch upon this subject at all. As a matter of fact the Bee, leaving policy and editorials out of consideration, is a first-rate newspaper, creditable to Omaha and the state. There is frequently a slight coloring in the reports of matters in which Mr. Rosewater is directly interested; but the news columns are generally quite free from prejudice, and there is a manifest striving after accuracy. People have somehow learned to have confidence in the reliability of what they see in the Bee, and, with the World-Herald as an awful example, Mr. Rosewater's paper has been and is singularly free from fakes. As a result the Bee is taken seriously, while the World-Herald is regarded as a joke by many intelligent and discriminating newspaper readers.

Most people have forgotten about the Journal strike, and the statement that leading members of the Typographical union have within the past few days attempted to arrive at an understanding with the Journal management with a view to declaring the strike off, will doubtless be received with surprise by the majority of people, for the majority of people are probably not aware that the strike is still on. Such is the case, however. At last reports the Journal refused to entertain any proposition coming from the union.

Speaking of the Journal strike, there has very recently developed out of the trouble between the morning newspaper and the union printers, a complication that may cause some inconvenience to the public at large. The Hoye directory people are in the city making the annual house to house canvass for names. It is claimed that Hoye has made a contract with the State Journal company for the printing of the directory, and in consequence of this the union printers and large numbers of mechanics in the local trade federation, are refusing to give their names and address to the solicitors for the directory. One printer tells THE COURIER that unless the matter is adjusted in some way there will be between 2,000 and 3,000 people in this city whose names will not be in the directory.

Baldness is often preceded or accompanied by grayness of the hair. To prevent both baldness and grayness, use Hall's Hair Renewer, an honest remedy. M. L. Trester can suit you on coal if any dealer in Lincoln can. 1241 O street. Bathing caps at Rector's Pharmacy.

THEY ARE THANKFUL

Thursday, November 30, by the grace of God and the proclamation of the president, will be Thanksgiving day.

The day will be observed in Lincoln with the customary *ecelat* and turkey. Cranberry sauce will be gulped down and paeans of praise will go up. There will be music and laughter and feasting and dancing in happy homes, and misery in the homes where poverty pinches; but the knowledge of the latter will not prevent merry making among the more fortunate, and the holiday will be celebrated with zest.

Among Lincoln's citizens are many who find special reason for thankfulness at this time, and who will seat themselves around the festal table on Thanksgiving day with unctuous satisfaction.

For instance, there's Captain Phelps Paine. The captain is thankful that he is still able to make people believe that he is a politician—he's thankful because of his conviction that the Fourth ward is his own private, personal property.

And J. D. Calhoun—he's happy because somebody subscribed to the Herald the other day, and thankful that it is not yet definitely settled that he is not to succeed Mr. Gere in the postoffice.

Ike Lansing is thankful that his matrimonial bureau is becoming so markedly popular, and that the ordinary raft of people must for two years longer address him as "Your Honor."

H. M. Bushnell is thankful because he has exposed the "Westermann outfit."

The "Westermann outfit" is thankful because it has uncovered the awful wickedness of H. M. Bushnell.

The public is thankful because the News and the Call have quit smashing each other's windows.

Mayor Weir is thankful because his hypocrisy and humbuggery were not shown up before the last mayoralty election.

The disreputable element of the city is thankful because it is comparatively safe in the ample folds of Mayor Weir's reform cloak.

Tom Cooke is thankful because he is only just comfortably stout, and not disagreeably obese like Fred Mickelwait.

Frank L. Hathaway is thankful because the postoffice department regards the semi-weekly State Journal, not as a circular, but as fairly good second-class matter.

George Woods is thankful because he still lives after wearing a tall silk hat last Sunday.

W. F. Kelley is thankful because of the reputation that he enjoys as an Adonis, and because the Young Men's Republican club, of which he is the president, has a good and sufficient excuse for living.

C. H. Gere is thankful that his managing editor, Mr. Jones, only permits the Journal artist to spread desolation through that paper's columns once a week. Mr. Gere is doubly thankful as he thinks of the possibility that Mr. Jones will eventually consent to send the artist away somewhere to the south where people get the fever, or to the north pole, where they freeze to death.

Governor Crouse is thankful that Garneau has at last reached the end of his rope, and that the latter gentleman was successful in selling the \$16,000 Nebraska building at the world's fair for the considerable sum of \$75.

C. W. Mosher, but recently Lincoln's most distinguished citizen, is thankful because of his spotless reputation and impregnable purity—thankful because, like truth crushed to earth, he is rising again, to power and influence—thankful because judges, district attorneys, juries and jailors are amenable to "reason."

The people in this city from whom Mosher "borrowed" their last cent are thankful because the poor man has been so kindly treated.

Lincoln bankers and business men are thankful that panics are usually separated by intervals of fifteen or twenty years.

Fritz Westermann is devoutly thankful because the supply of carnations is holding out, and he is reasonably sure that he can continue indefinitely the boutonniere habit.

Judge Frank Waters is thankful because Lincoln has only one mayor instead of a dozen. He doesn't object to having Weir piling all of his sins on his Waters' shoulders, but he would object if there were twelve men trying to make him their scape goat.

H. J. Whitmore is thankful because the democrats have not insisted on his running for something for some time. There is nothing so well calculated to turn a man's disposition and drive thankfulness out of his system as running for an office in Lincoln on the democratic ticket.

G. L. Horn, the coal man and philanthropist, is thankful because he is able to relieve the suffering in Lincoln by giving away good anthracite for the trifling sum of \$10.80 a ton, just enough to pay the necessary postage.

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