

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

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LINCOLN, NEB., NOVEMBER 25, 1903.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The president of the United States has designated a day of general thanksgiving, and the governors of the states, conforming to established custom, have issued like proclamations calling upon the people to cease from business on Thursday, November 30, and offer up praise to God for the blessings which He has vouchsafed to His children.

To many a heart, saddened by cruel poverty, wrenched by suffering, the Thanksgiving day proclamation is a mockery that stirs up bitter feelings, or adds poignancy to despair.

The annual holiday message enters homes where the warm light of comfort suffuses all, and quickens the happiness of those within; passing on it enters into homes where poverty has settled like a pall, where grim desperation sits by the empty fireplace; homes where long weeks of enforced illness have brought deprivation and despair that have well nigh extinguished hope, where hunger and cold stalk the bare floors, where pallid faces and wasted forms bearing the stamp of misery and disease send up an appeal to heaven—in places such as these the command to thank God for His blessings may find unresponsive hearts and execration may come forth in the place of praise.

Preachers may declaim; but it is nevertheless hard to render up thanks when hunger gnaws within and cold assails, and the pitiful wail of loved ones echoes in the ears. Faith and religion are not nourished by starvation and despair, and God and heaven seem a long way off to a man who is denied food and knows not where to lay his head.

Not in a great many years has there been so much distress in the country as now, and the Thanksgiving proclamation, addressed as it is, to all people, includes those who are in want of the commonest necessities of life.

The people who are seated by glowing firesides, who are living in comfort and plenty, are, in a general sort of way, believers in the Almighty and His goodness. Some of them are very firm in the faith. The coming season of Thanksgiving will give them an excellent opportunity to supplement faith by good works. If there ever was a time, in recent years, when people should open up their hearts and pocket-books and pantries, it is now. If you have reason to be thankful for the good things you enjoy, hasten to gladden some other heart, and give another reason for thankfulness, and make some unfortunate think that there is a God after all, and that He is still watching over His children.

LINCOLN'S SIDEWALKS.

Now that the Rev. Shepherd has commenced to preach about the evil things in this city, we hope that he will take up the subject of Lincoln's sidewalks. The sidewalks of Lincoln, most destructive in their tendencies, and apparently incorrigible in their wickedness, constitute a most alluring theme for a preacher as proficient in word-painting as the pastor of the Grace M. E. church.

The sidewalks of Lincoln are a pitfall in the path of every citizen, a constant source of danger, and a menace to the well-being of the people. There is no good in them. They are a snare and a delusion. They cause unrighteous thoughts, bring forth unholiness, and provoke to deeds to violence. Their influence is wholly bad, and they are a blight on the fair fame of the city, a foul excrement under the feet of honest men. Inflicting bodily injury and corrupting the morals of the people, they are an unqualified wrong, and they should be wiped out of existence. Moreover the Lincoln sidewalks are without form or beauty. Their jagged ends and disreputable negligence, and shameful wretchedness are an offense to the aesthetic taste of a refined people. Their injurious effects are three-fold, causing physical suffering, inciting to immorality, and outraging good taste. The sidewalks of this town are the worst things in it, and to Mr. Shepherd and to all other earnest reformers they offer an inviting field. But we are afraid that like the poor and the tax-collector who are always with us, the Lincoln sidewalks are here to stay. Every year they grow more disreputable, more vicious, more offensive; but they remain with us, increasing their power for evil every year.

CITY TAKES A BURDEN.

It is a fact that nobody will dispute that the burden of taxation in this city is fast reaching the point when it will be unbearable, and the News in calling attention to this most important subject, and demanding a lessening of the tax rate, is engaged in a good cause, and is performing a service that may be productive of valuable results.

But the News is aiming wide of the mark when it proposes the formation of a "People's Municipal League, or something of similar import." It is true that organizations of this kind have been formed in many of the large cities, but experience has shown that in nearly every instance these citizens' reform movements have been conspicuously ineffectual in correcting abuses. The politicians almost invariably capture the citizens' league, and in a few months there is another political machine under a new name.

There are already political organizations enough. The end that the News and the people who pay the taxes in this city desire to reach can be attained if this question of taxation is raised and made an issue before the nominating conventions of the existing political parties are held in the spring. Timely agitation of this subject will be quite as effective as anything that a municipal league could do, and if the News and other papers will keep the matter before the public, it is believed that there will be little difficulty in nominating and electing councilmen at the next election on the issue of low taxation. The newspapers, if they will take up the question with a reasonable degree of interest can do more than a dozen municipal leagues.

REPUBLICAN ENTHUSIASM.

A particularly lusty order, was manifested in this city Monday night. There has never been more republican enthusiasm in Lincoln and the state, by the way, than there is right now, after an off-year election.

IT IS TOO BAD THAT BULWER LYTTON DIED BEFORE THE JOURNAL'S DRAMATIC CRITIC CAME TO THE FRONT.

That gentleman, who objects so strenuously to the lines, in the lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—fall, and, beneath the rule of men entirely great. The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold the arch-enchanter's wand!—It did a nothing—but taking scenery from the master-hand To paralyze the Caesars—bend to strike The loud earth breathless—take away the sword, States can be saved without it.

MIGHT HAVE RENDERED THE AUTHOR VALUABLE ASSISTANCE IN WRITING HIS NOVELS AND PLAYS.

There have been men who could improve on Shakespeare; but somehow their improvements always came too late, and Shakespeare and Bulwer Lytton, sans the aid of the brighter people who lived after them, had to go it alone.

RELIEF FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

At the last meeting of the city council Mayor Weir submitted a proposition in the interest of the laboring element in this city that is entirely practicable, and the ideas he advances should be carried out so far as possible, to the end that a measure of relief may be provided for the unemployed. The mayor proposes, in the first place, that men be employed on half time in all departments where this can be done without detriment to the public service, in order that the benefits at the disposal of the city may be more widely distributed. Then it is urged that as much work as possible be provided in the street and sewer departments.

There is a great deal of work in these departments that can be performed by common labor, and it should be so arranged as to afford the greatest relief to those most deserving. The mayor also suggests that all citizens who can give private employment, either in business or domestic service, report to the heads of departments any opportunity they may have for work. A little systematic treatment of the subject of providing relief for the unemployed will make it possible to accomplish much good.

IN MEDIEVAL TIMES THE STATIONARIES, OR STATIONERS, HELD OFFICIAL CONNECTION WITH A UNIVERSITY AND SOLD AT HIS STALL, OR STATION, THE BOOKS WRITTEN OR COPIED BY THE LIBRARIAN, OR BOOK WRITER.

Such is the origin of the modern term stationer, one who now keeps for sale implements of such service, and not usually the productions of literary persons. The next Pleasant Hour party, which will be a fancy dress ball, and will be given Thanksgiving night, November 30, will be held at the Lansing hall instead of at the Lincoln hotel as previously announced.

FANCY COSTUMES.

Professor Johnson, Lansing theatre, has ordered a lot of fancy costumes for members of the Pleasant Hour club, and will have the same on exhibition Monday or Tuesday.

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FREE SHOWS IN LONDON.

The Thoroughfares Furnish Entertainment From Early Morn Until Midnight.

An idle man can find entertainment from early morn until midnight, though not later than that, at no greater cost than the mere exercise of living and standing on one side to watch. He does not necessarily have to hunt for the interesting things. They will come to him en route. There is nothing so picturesque in any other city of the world, perhaps, or which gives you such a start of curious pleasure, as the bluecoat boy swinging along the crowded street, as unconscious of his yellow legs and flapping skirts and of the rain beating on his bare head as is the letter carrier at home of his mail bag.

Or the lord mayor's carriage blocks your way when you go into the city to draw on your letter of credit; or a couple of young barristers in waving gowns and with wigs askew dash in front of your hansom; or you are stopped by a regiment of soldiers, or a group of negro minstrels dancing in the street with as little concern as though they were separated from you by a row of foot-lights; or you meet the Dispatch and the other coaches coming along Piccadilly and going down the steep hill from that street to St. James' palace on a trot and at the risk of every one's neck, apparently; or the Life Guards go by with shining helmets and with the lonely rear-guard 300 yards behind the rest to prevent an unexpected attack from that quarter, from whom I never could guess; or you come suddenly upon the proud and haughty Piccadilly goat in its rambles, or a line of sandwich men dressed like sailors or cooks; or you note the contrast between the victoria, with the men on the box in pink silk stockings and powdered hair, and the little coster's cart piled high with cabbages—as incongruous a sight to any other city as would be a yoke of oxen on Fifth avenue.

But what make the streets of London most interesting are not the badges of office and official uniforms, but the unofficial garb and insignia which the masses have adopted for themselves. The milkman's white apron and wooden yoke, the commissionaire's medals, which tell of campaigns in Egypt and India, or the bootblack's red coat. In America we hate uniforms, because they have been twisted into meaning badges of servitude. Our housemaids will not wear caps, nor will our coachmen shave their mustaches. This tends to make every class of citizen look more or less alike. But in London one can always tell a bus driver from the driver of a four wheeler, whether he is on his box or not.

The Englishman recognizes that if he is in a certain social grade he is likely to dress like some one else in a class to which he will never reach he "makes up" for the part in life he is meant to play, and the bus driver buys a high white hat, and the barmaid is content to wear a turned down collar and turned back cuffs, and the private coachman would as soon think of wearing a false nose as a mustache. He accepts his position and is proud of it, and the butcher's boy sits up in his cart just as smartly, and squares his elbows, and straightens his legs, and balances his whip with as much pride as any driver of a mailcart in the park. All this helps to give every man you meet an individuality.

The hansom cab driver is not ashamed of being a hansom cab driver, nor is he thinking of the day when he will be a boss contractor and tear up the streets over which he now crawls looking for a fare, and so he buys artificial flowers for himself and his horse, and soaps his rubber mat and sits up straight and businesslike, and if you put him into livery you would not have to teach him how to look well in it.—Richard Harding Davis in Harper's Bazar.

An entire new line of ladies' card cases and pocket books at Rector's Pharmacy. No better place to spend Sunday evening can be found than at the State band concerts at the Lansing.

Canoe City and Rock Springs coal nicely screened at Lincoln Coal company.

Pay 50 cents, get a china cup and causer free, and send THE COURIER to some distant friend for three months.

Etchings nicely framed, only \$1.65, at Crancer's, 212 South 11th.

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Paderewski as a Hard Worker.

To be a pet of the public sometimes has its disadvantages. M. Paderewski, for instance, keeps up his reputation only at the cost of tremendous efforts. To an interviewer for Black and White he has confided the fact that he practices at the piano often for 15 or 16 hours a day. Once, in New York, he had to work up eight entirely distinct programmes in little over as many days, and then it was a case of 17 hours' practice daily. One must always be at it, he explains, to keep the fingers right and the memory active. The work is certainly tiring, and M. Paderewski considers that playing billiards—a game he is very fond of—has saved his life by affording him the necessary relief from his arduous work.

Those crushing blows of his on the piano are not, as some might imagine, made with the closed fist. Sometimes they are done with the third finger stiffened out, sometimes with the thumb sideways. He seems to see nothing wonderful in the effect produced, although his hands are so delicate that an ordinarily firm shake makes him wince. It is true that he has a forearm such as a professional strong man might envy, so perfect is it in its muscular development.—London Daily News.

Thought He Could Jump.

A young man the other day got an umbrella where the bottle got the cork—in the neck. This young man is one of those fellows who can readily explain to you that nothing that any one else can do is really as difficult as it appears. He joined a local gymnasium not long ago, and after watching the members once or twice going through their exercises came away with the feeling that he was a full fledged athlete. Walking on East Court street alongside of the jail, he espied two women ahead of him walking abreast and carrying a basket of freshly washed clothes between them. The street being narrow at this point, they took up the full width. The young man, being in a hurry, thought he could save time by jumping over the basket, but his calculation was not acute enough, and he kicked some of the wash off. After walking a few steps he turned around to ascertain the result of his maneuver and was just in time to see an umbrella hurled at him by the unerring aim of an enraged woman. He tried to dodge, but was too slow.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Hotaling & Son have in a fine line of Batavia Fruits and vegetables and jams; also their mince meats and cheese, also Duffy's cider, boiled cider, nuts, poultry and meats both fresh and salt, in fact everything that is good to eat. 1425 O. Telephone 610.

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No better place to spend Sunday evening can be found than at the State band concerts at the Lansing.

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FOOT BALLS.

Boys play foot ball. One boy gets the ball up against his wish-bone and lies down on it. Then 21 boys pile on him till the referee pronounces life extinct. Another boy grabs the ball and scoots. All the others seem to make an effort to commit mayhem on him. They grab an arm or a leg and try to twist it off; the rear-back-behind stop takes a piece of scantling or a chunk of granite and gives him a couple of licks on the head so as to slacken his pace; they pull, bawl, tug, twist, push, gyrate, jolt, jumble and juggle till it starts us wondering what that ball is made of. It stands the racket and the seams hold together like those boys' suits of ours.

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