

LET ALL HUSTLE FOR A JOB

Dr. Savidge's Pleading and Instructive Lecture on Idleness Last Night.

MALE AND FEMALE LOAFERS.

The Tramps and the Lady With the Pot Dog and Novel Scored at a Breath-Facts and Sentiments.

Dr. Savidge's Sermon.

Dr. Savidge's sermon on the subject of "Idleness," which he addressed to "loafers," the seventh in his course of popular lectures, drew a large audience to the Seaward street Methodist church last night.

Some of the doctor's sharp remarks, that sermon will make it worthy of the attention of many who are veteran strangers to the inside of the sanctuary, as well as to all people of both religious and sociological thought.

Dr. Savidge used his text in the second chapter of Paul's third epistle to the Thessalonians.

"For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all. Do ye therefore sit down to work."

My subject this evening is "Idleness," and I will address this sermon to "the loafers."

In the text see God's definition of the loafer. God says he is the man who does not work at all. Webster says, "A loafer is an idle man; whether a man is worth one hundred thousand dollars or only five cents, makes no difference if he is an idle man he is a loafer."

There are women in this town by the score who are genuine loafers, and there is plenty of housework to do. The women cannot say, "We have no work to do." The washing is to be done on Monday, the ironing on Tuesday, and so on through the week.

A man may sometimes get out of work, but a woman, never. If you should ask me what this class of women do whom I am describing, I should say they are busy keeping their hands white and preparing a delicate complexion, and they kill some time lying on the sofa reading a yellow covered novel. In plain English, "They loaf for a business."

The worst visitation of divine providence which God can ever send on a man is one of these creatures for a wife. We turn into Episcopalians long enough to say, "Good Lord deliver us!"

No man can thoroughly respect an idle woman. God made the woman to be a help-meet for the man and if she does not help father, brother or husband she will very likely come to the same end. While she lives the idle woman is a liability, worthless, and when she dies no one really mourns.

I can give you one sign by which you can know a lazy woman—very often she carries a dog. The other day a woman passed along in a stylish turn-out with a colored man as coachman, her child sprawling on the floor of the carriage, but she held a dog in her arms.

God's woman is not a loafer, but a tireless worker. If she lived west of Omaha, she would be called a "rustler." The 31st of Proverbs defines a woman praised by her husband and blest of her children. But she must take up their cross and do their full share of the loafing. If any man wants work in this town he can get it. I have never seen the time, for the past five years, in this city, that I could not get half a dozen kinds of work to do.

If a man can throw dirt with a shovel, he can get \$1.75 a day. If he can handle a hammer and plane, he can get \$3.00, and if he knows how to use a tractor, and say brick he can make \$5.00, if he knows how to hold a plough and hoe corn, the broad fertile fields of Nebraska say to him, "Here's your chance."

If any man to-day knows how to work and has a will to do it, he can do well in this city.

Every man ought to labor and to save. I know a man who has been in the Methodist ministry ten years and he has saved something every year. If he can do that in the ministry you ought to do well in any calling under the sun.

There is no excuse for idleness in Omaha, yet many idle men are found on our streets.

There are 1,300 vagrants or tramps arrested every year. Make a visit to the empty box cars and old buildings and to the parks at this season of the year and you could haul the loafers in by the wagon load. Think of the thousands of Dakota can't get men enough to save the fields of dead ripe wheat, yet the number of loafers does not decrease.

Some men start from New York City and tramp across to San Francisco. Some "catch a ride" around the world. They take the same trip that Captain Cook did, only they travel on "cheek."

These men "tramp" because they do not want to work. They were born idle. They are loafers of the first class. They are waiting to find a country where they will not have to work, and I have to tell them that they are walking in the wrong direction. I do not believe there is a spot in God's universe for loafers.

Idleness keeps a man away from God. A lazy man may be a professor of religion, but he cannot be truly religious. If a loafer should by some chance get religion he would lose it within three days. For God would say to him: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and the lazy loafer would flare up and quit the service on the spot. I never saw a loafer who had any religion, and I would be asking him to attempt the impossible. Before God, answered the prayer of Fred Douglas for liberty, the dust of southern roads rose in answer to that prayer.

Idleness is a cause of wretchedness. But there is no joy like that which comes from hard work. We can not be happy or even content unless we are doing our best—and our best must continually grow better.

When Charles Lamb was set free from work in the India office to which he had been chained for years he wrote to a friend: "I would not go back to my prison for ten long years for ten thousand pounds. I am as free as air. I shall live another fifty years." Two years had passed and Lamb's feelings had changed entirely. He had found that "heaven" was a very good thing, and he had had a bad one to wear. He wrote to the same friend: "No work is worse than overwork; the mind preys upon itself. I have ceased to care for almost everything." You will find contentment and happiness in work.

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Cut-off lake is skirted on the west by a road which leads northward from the brick yards at the base of the bluffs and immediately east of the old base-ball grounds. Fifty feet east of this, and at a point about a quarter of a mile east of the fair grounds, stands a hut, in front of which is a refreshment booth. South of this house and booth, and communicating therewith is a dancing floor, covered with a canopy of faded velvet boughs.

Beneath this canopy, a few nights ago, were about twenty dancers, most of whom were abandoned women and young men from town. The movement was partly rustic and partly quadrille. The old floor rattled under the stamping and whirling of feet as if endeavoring to drown the horrid combination of organ and fiddle which was furnishing inspiration for the festive throng. The young men danced with suggestive recklessness. The more notable in the party were a tall, thin, handsome lady at his side. Not satisfied with the noise of the orchestra, a dashing townsman would adapt an immortal song to the time of the dance and in the process sing a few lines of the most vulgar and obscene poetry of the kind. At times, half the males and females were shouting in high-strung hilarity, and every move, every gesture, every look proclaimed the fact that the party was one of the most abandoned of the kind.

Union Pacific Changes. Messrs. Thos. L. Kimball, P. P. Shelby and H. A. Johnson, of the Union Pacific, returned from Denver last night.

Mr. Kimball has been appointed assistant to the vice-president and his former office as general traffic manager is abolished. The circular of August 13 announcing Mr. Kimball's appointment to the second vice-presidency is in error.

General Passenger Agent Morse has tendered his resignation. It has been accepted and goes into effect September 1. No facts on the succession are obtainable. J. S. Tebbits, of Kansas City, is the favorite with rumor.

The office of assistant traffic manager heretofore filled by P. P. Shelby with headquarters at Salt Lake City, goes out of existence in the abolishment of the traffic department, as such. Mr. Shelby has been granted three months leave of absence to visit Europe, dating from September 1, beyond which there is nothing now to be said of him.

Mr. J. M. Hannaford, traffic manager of the Northern Pacific, arrived with the party last night and continued his journey eastward. Mr. Potter, vice-president and general manager of the Union Pacific, returns by way of Kansas City and will not reach home until the close of this week.

Equipped with a knowledge of these facts a representative of the Bee called upon Mr. Kimball last night. The veteran and faithful officer of the company and almost the sole survivor of the old regime, so familiar to the people of Nebraska, was in a reticent mood but he certainly did not object to his visit.

The general reduction of the force of the Union Pacific and the change and shifting of officers and duties he attributes partly to the economical basis of the running of the road for the future and partly to Mr. Potter's general design of management. As to the status and condition of the road at present, he pronounced it never better. The gross earnings of the road last year showed an increase of a million dollars over those of the year before, and the showing this year thus far is even greater. The mortgage bonds do not mature for nine years,