

# THE COURIER

LINCOLN NEB., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1896.



ENTERED IN THE POST OFFICE AT LINCOLN AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.  
Telephone 384.

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Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum .....	\$2.00
Six months .....	1.00
Three months .....	50
One month .....	20
Single copies .....	5

## OBSERVATIONS

Thanksgiving day, the first of the holidays begins, in spite of the feast in which it ends, with a minor note. A wail for the missing ones. Where only the members of the family sit about the table the broken circle is more apparent. If friends, segments of other circles sit with the family the broken pieces are forgotten or at least the conventional necessity of showing a cheerful face to guests is a bracer for low spirits.

The most satisfying way of spending the day is to give a dinner or comfort to those who might otherwise be forgotten. If you give the dinner the comfort will probably come of itself. For the well fed, poignant misery is difficult if not impossible. The gourmand is never a misanthrope until his stomach goes back on him and Dispepsia becomes his tantalizing and exacting mistress. When the heart is really heavy the daintiest food is as apples of Sodom. But the very poor seldom know bitter grief. The struggle for existence makes material joys the only things worth striving for. Is an aching heart to be compared to an aching and empty stomach? Let the opulent fold their cloaks about them and stand with eyes turned inward, the beggar's wife, mother, sweetheart died yesterday too, but today he aches with hunger and cold and that is more important. You can not heal your own mortal hurt—heal his. It is medicinal if Lot a sure cure.

It looks as if Thanksgiving turkeys were getting their revenge on the small-

boy-grown-up in the foot ball massacre that takes place every Thanksgiving day, with a difference in favor of the turkeys, who are dismembered only after they are dead.

The newspaper reports of the incidents of young Serf's death who was killed in the game at Kansas City are at variance with the evidence of some of the eye-witnesses. They say the young man was very slightly injured when he went into the game and that the impact of the blow which knocked him down would have felled an ox. Eighteen years old, an athlete, and a promising scholar, he was killed in a brutal and brutalizing game. His mother, who had not seen him for a year, is on the verge of losing her reason. There are other results, among them a lessening foot ball popularity, at least in Crete. But the latter will be temporary. Americans and the English love to give and take blows. They rejoice in their strength and hail an opportunity to try and to exhibit it. Foot ball is brutal, as I said before, but not to the same extent that a bull fight is. It is a fair fight in an open field, where the victory goes to weight, brawn, the quickest ear, the quickest wit, and "the devil take the hindmost." "The Chariot Race" in Ben Hur where the contestants strive with all their might for victory, nor reek a broken head on their side or the other as of much consequence, exhibits the same fierce exultance in struggle as the foot ball match of today.

It is not wisdom to get too far away from our brute ancestors, primal instincts, physical strength and all that. Over refinement makes men effeminate. The Vikings conquered Normandy and their seed possessed England because they loved to fight. Do not forget O! timid mothers and sweethearts that the boys you love have got to give and take knock down blows when they get out of college or be finally knock d out and they might as well begin to learn how take and give them in good part and to play fair now.

Theodore Roosevelt has put himself on record as approving of prize fights and the New York ministers who thought him such a darling say that they are disappointed in him. But until man is thoroughly regenerate he will have to fight. It is better to fight with fists, than with guns—the effects are not so lasting. The German emperor says the moment a man or a nation looks as if he could be licked, he will be. It is frequently convenient, and in the interests of right, for a man to know how to use his fists. Many a ruffian got his first ideas of decency from a champion who beat him for mistreating the weak and has been a better man all his life for it.

This is just what Theodore Roosevelt believes in. He lived in the west for a number of years and many a time, he has seen a blow delivered in time and in the right place to save two men's life, viz, the man who was bit and the man who hit him. On such an occasion it is worse than useless to strike anything but a neat blow, well delivered and calculated to accomplish its purpose. In order to do this it is necessary to study the noble art of self defense or knight errantry becomes quixotism, which is another word for expressing the quality of an unsuccessful though gallant and generous champion.

There is a breeziness and frankness about Theodore R. that endears him to every western heart. Once when we had no chancellor the regents asked him to be it. In his note declining the honor he said he held the invitation with fingers that loosed to write an acceptance instead, but that his duties kept him in the east. Of course he may have meant only to let the regents down easy but his regrets read as if he wanted to come and could not. But about this prize fighting business he is all right and the clergy can go on loving him as before. He has reasons for his faith and when the Rev. Mr. Peach sees some bully taught his place by a student of the art of self-defense he will regret his hasty expression of opinion in regard to Mr. Roosevelt.

The charity organization society has just closed a very successful year. Mr. Hebard's and Mrs. McCormick's administration of the funds of the society is both judicious and efficient as the report shows and every dollar that they have received is accounted for. The small part of the public which is accustomed to give systematically for the relief of the poor in the city can find out at any time just how and where their donations are used. Secretary Hebard keeps a record of all pensioners of the society, as well as the amount and kind of aid they have received since the organization of the society.

The records show that there are in the city about fifty heads of families who are habitual and confirmed paupers, whose children and grandchildren are paupers and criminals too. What to do with these people is an economic puzzle. Extermination, before propagation, can increase the evil by a hundred fold and continue to increase it in geometric progression, is logical, and is practiced on all but human poisonous animals and parasites. But there is no husbandman to kill them and they are kept alive by food which ought to go to the sick and unfortunate.

There is one woman who puts her baby into its carriage, leaving her five

or six other small children at home. She wheels it all day from one house to another. Before she rings the bell, it is said, she pinches the baby to make it cry. She lives in a comfortable house in a respectable locality, where the neighbors say she arrives every night with the perambulator so full of parcels it is difficult to see the infant. She lugs them all into the house which is filled with dirt and in the morning she starts out to make the rounds of another neighborhood. Her husband has a team and can get the family enough to eat but the woman is an actress. She loves the excitement of deceiving people and accumulating plunder. She ought to stay at home and clean her house and her children who are likely to die of some filth disease, but so long as her appeals are successful she can defy the efforts of the society to develop in her the maternal instinct. Her case is mentioned only because she is one of many who prey upon the city. Such cases are the loudest in denunciation of the society. The male paupers have been set to work on the wood pile. That wood pile has weeded out more incorrigibles from this city than any other influence, though it is a shameless mixing of metaphor to say so. Housekeepers have noticed the scarcity of tramps—it is the wood pile. When the tramps are shown its noble proportions they say, "Well, I guess my room is better than my company and move on."

"This is the story of Whisky Bill  
From poor house hill;  
He's the man who never worked  
And never will.

In early life he rushed the collection box in the village church, and learned to steal the pretty buttons people put in the box. Then he went to the bad, and from bad he went to worse, then to the legislature and to congress. Now he is behind the bars for the first time in his life, and on the office door it says:

Gone to jail,  
Back in thirty days.

In the general revival of prosperity due to the good man's election the railroads seem to share. The Room Trader says:

"The forthcoming statements of both the Burlington and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific will make most favorable reading for all who keep their stock. It is estimated that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy has made an average daily gross gain of \$11,000, or, in other words, the receipts will be nearly \$350,000 heavier than they were for the corresponding period in 1895. The Rock