

**THE TIME TEST.**

**That is What Proves True Merit.**

Doan's Kidney Pills bring the quick-est of relief from backache and kidney troubles. Is that relief lasting? Let Mrs. James M. Long, of 113 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va., tell you. On January 31st, 1903, Mrs. Long wrote: "Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me" (of pain in the back, urinary troubles, bearing down sensations, etc.). On June 20th, 1907, four and one-half years later, she said: "I haven't had kidney trouble since. I repeat my testimony."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**LOOKED FOR OTHER TWO.**

**Little One Had But One Idea of Term "Fore-Handed."**

Little Catherine has been boarding on a farm this summer, and many of the rural expressions are wholly unfamiliar to her. One day she chanced to hear her country hostess praising the good qualities of a certain thrifty neighbor.

"He really ain't got much, compared to some folks," said the farmer's wife, "but he makes out wonderful well; he's so fore-handed."

That evening the man thus lauded happened to drop in, and Katherine immediately sidled up to him, with curious eyes. Slowly she revolved about the chair in which he sat, and so persistently did she gaze at him that the farmer's wife finally noticed it.

"Well, Katherine," she said, "you seem to find a good deal to look at in Mr. B—; don't you?"

"Why," replied the child, her little forehead wrinkled in perplexity. "I did want to see his two uvver hands, but I can't. Is he sittin' on 'em?"

**CONTRARY, INDEED.**



Kitty—Isn't she the most contrary thing?

Betty—Why so?

Kitty—She's been coaxing and coaxing me to go to her picnic, and I won't do it.

**Begging Off.**

Domley—Say, you'd better take something for that cold, old man. Now—

Wise—Don't offer me any more, please. I've taken too much already. Dumley—Too much what? Wise—Advice.

**SELF DELUSION**

**Many People Deceived by Coffee.**

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer.

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon.

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me.

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**LABOR VOTE POLITICS' BOGEY**

**Lures Many Aspirants to Success or Defeat.**

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

**W**HEN I was quite a little boy on my grandfather's farm in Ohio I was startled one night by a fearsome apparition. The cows had delayed coming home until after dark, and I had been sent for them. Coming home through the lane with them I was confronted with a grewsome appearance in the shape of a large round head staring at me, with wide-open mouth and shining eyes, silent, menacing, and awe-inspiring. I left the cows to their fate and ran home terror-stricken. And afterward, I was told that what I had seen was only a hollowed-out pumpkin, with holes cut for eyes and mouth, and a lighted candle set in it to give the impression of a flaming hobgoblin. The name given to this "scare-head" was "monkey-moon shine."

Well, that's what the labor vote is in politics.

I am with the labor end of it, because from the days of the pyramids to now, the men who work mainly with their hands have had to hold up "the heaviest end of the log." As a boy I worked at a factory bench with factory boys; and my playmates and companions for years in baseball, football, hunting, fishing, fighting, skating, and other sports were boys who were very poor. Boys who are my friends to-day. I learned what poverty really meant by my association with them, and my welcome in their homes. The poverty of the middle classes is often extremely mortifying to pride and comfort, but the poverty of the very poor is hell.

And yet I say seriously, and without any possible prejudice, that the labor vote in politics, with rare exceptions, is nothing more not less than "monkey-moonshine." True, this vote occasionally elects a mayor in some of the cities, but these exceptions only prove the rule. And I will show you by the logic and reason of the situation, in America, that this is a fact. Politicians who will attempt to "demonstrate" that a candidate is either "strong" or "weak" by reason of the support or antagonism of this element in politics are either knaves, or men who cannot see further than their own noses. It is idle to call attention to what has been done in Europe by the leverage of the labor vote, for the conditions there are vitally different. The question of what "is" the labor vote, how it will be cast, and how far it can be depended on, has been a will-o-the-wisp which has lured many an aspiring politician into the



I Met the Labor Element at Every Meeting.

quagmire of disappointment and defeat. It is, in its last analysis, a negligible quantity in the voting strength; that is, a quantity to be disregarded, as it stands at present.

During the period of my active participation in politics I lived in a "labor" ward, and, although drawing a good salary as a city official, was not credited with being one of the "predatory capital" class. During my term on the board of local improvements, when a dispute arose between the city and a branch of the labor union, and the dispute was referred to arbitration, my name as a third arbitrator was chosen by the labor men themselves, after the city had picked out one man, and the union another; although the dispute was directly one in which the board was concerned

What is this labor vote of which so much is current in the newspapers, and in the speeches of the politicians?

Very well, then! The labor vote, you will grant, is largely a vote of the cities and towns, particularly the manufacturing towns; and the votes of the miners. Here you have a voting strength which includes the well-informed and the ignorant; the high and the low in the ranks of manual labor; the native-born American whose forefathers fought at Bunker Hill, and the newly-arrived immigrant with his first papers taken out, and who does not yet know the language. Now then, are you going to solidify all these conflicting elements into a harmonious and compact body of voting strength? You are, are you? How are you going to do it? The prejudices of the European emigrants date back further than the times of Romulus and Remus. Racial and religious differences, strengthened and cemented by wars of conquest and subjugation, have been drunk in with their mother's milk. Slav, Celt, Frank, Teuton, the Latin and Saxon, how sheer the wall which divides, how deadly bitter the old grudges which still exist. Do you think to bring such conflicting opposite natures into a "happy family" of unified voters without taking into account all the ancient jealousies and racial and spiritual prejudices? As well attempt to "swim with fins of lead, or hew down oaks with rushes."

My experience regarding the labor vote began early in the game. I met the labor element at every meeting I attended in my city. They attended political meetings where the "business" men regularly "side-stepped" such affairs. They naturally looked on a speaker who addressed such meetings, if a salaried politician, as a man who was there for the purpose of "holding his job;" and they took very little, if any, stock in his protestations. If the man whom he was talking for was one who had "made good" in their estimation, so far as fairness to labor was concerned, they agreed with the speaker in his commendations of such a man. But they did not believe that a well-dressed professional man could really have any intimate knowledge of their lives or their ambitions, nor entertain any genuine sympathy with them in their struggles; so that any views of the speaker in that line generally fell on barren ground.

And that suggests, as a corollary, the proposition that the "uplift" of the labor element must come from the ranks of the laboring man himself. Men like Ruskin and Edward Morris in England, men like Phelps-Stokes and Ernest Crosby in America—have endeavored honestly to better conditions for the laboring man, and have failed because of a chasm-like difference in environment which precluded the possibility of an intelligent and sympathetic joining of forces.

And right here I wish to call attention to a subtle undercurrent of politics which comes in when these "labor" fights are inaugurated. The timid and conservative voters of a party which may have the support of labor against an opposition candidate are very apt to shift their votes and "plump" them for the opposition candidate just because they fear the effect of a possible labor victory; or a victory where labor might claim to have been the means of winning. Curious, isn't it? But this has been proved so often that it is almost axiomatic. Labor has not yet gained the confidence of the conservative or the timid business element, and they would rather have its enmity than its support.

The future of the labor vote would seem to be most advantageous where it attached itself to the "right party," where it stood no show of electing its own representative. Which party? Either of the two dominant parties that puts up a candidate who represents honestly a "square deal" to all men.

And things are trending that way. The labor vote in the cities is popularly supposed to favor the Democratic party. Well, at a recent presidential election, every ward in my city except possibly one, went one way; the most awful landslide in the city's political history. Wards which were counted on for thousands in favor of the Democratic ticket went the other way. And labor wards "didn't do a thing" to the Democratic ticket. And after the election our down-town organization held a meeting. And "Billy" Brennan, shrewd politician, and brainy, opened the ball with some such remarks as these: "I'm glad to see so many smiling faces here to-day. I want to congratulate this organization and the country on the victory; we have won. The Republicans put up a Democrat, and the Democrats put up a Republican, and the Democrat won." Applause.

Intelligent labor wants nothing more than a "square deal." Convince them that a man is for them, and they will vote for him. But ignorant and prejudiced labor, like ignorant and prejudiced human nature in whatever groove, cannot be brought to see its own interests against its prejudices. Ignorance is a force which cannot be intelligently applied. The leverage of the labor vote will not be a vital force

In this country until the bulk of its forces get nearer together in the way of a dismissal of racial, religious and social differences. An engineer getting a salary of \$200 or \$250 a month—does he consider the "section-hand" or "track-walker" who gets out of his way as his equal? A man who gets maybe \$30 or \$40 a month, and handles a pick or shovel! I don't say that he doesn't, but does he? Is that average human nature?

Another thing that helps suppress the strength of the labor vote as to a free expression is the bread-and-butter question, the "full-dinner pail" argument. Can you blame men for giving in to this cry? I don't! Suppose the head of a factory or plant says he will have to "shut down" if a certain man isn't elected. The employe may reason to himself: "It doesn't make any difference to me who's elected, but if this plant shuts down I lose my job. If I lose my job I'm on the street." To expect him to "assert the God-given right of the fran-



Ran Home Terror-Stricken.

chise," as some orators put it, is to expect him to ignore the rule that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." You can't hand that "poppycock" to a man with a wife and family depending on him for their existence. I don't mean for their comfort, I mean literally for their existence.

A certain judge in our city was up for re-election. He had hit labor's head every time it appeared before him. He had earned the title of the "Injunction Judge." He was a respected and reputable citizen, a man of blameless private life. But he did not decide in favor of labor unions.

Our party made extraordinary efforts to beat this man. Circulars calling attention to his decisions were circulated among the laboring element. The labor unions had representatives among every class and race calling attention to these decisions, and his attitude toward the labor unions. Good speakers, without in any way stooping to abuse or unfairness, showed the labor element that this particular jurist, if re-elected, could reasonably be expected to drive a nail into labor's coffin every time he had an opportunity.

Day in and day out, week in and week out the campaign was steadily waged against this man. It was not simply because of his party; nor because his decisions had sent men to cells for what they believed was exercising the right to privileges guaranteed them by the state constitution and the constitution of the United States. These men may have exceeded their rights. The supreme court of the state said they did.

The day of election came and the judge we were trying to defeat, with the aid of the labor vote in addition to our own strength, was triumphantly elected. The "labor" vote did not materialize. It was voted, all right, for the registration did not disclose any great array of "stay-at-homes." But the labor vote did not throw its strength against the man who had so often decided against it in his courtroom. If labor had gone solidly against him, no possible defection from our strict party ranks would have saved him, for the labor vote, so far as numbers was concerned, would have overwhelmed him.

There are two sides to this granting of injunctions, you know. Both great parties are now getting out state platforms protesting against the abuse of this power. But suppose we say, for the sake of argument purely, that this judge was absolutely right in every decision that he made. Even if this were admitted (which I deny) he was a judge whom labor had every reason in the world to wish to retire to private life.

Take it from me, with my sympathy always with the labor element as an entirety (because it has the hardest row to hoe), that the "labor vote" and all this piffle about the "labor vote" is the merest "monkey-moon shine."

ERNEST MCGAFFEY. (Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

**Household Tribulation.**

The old home is not what it was long ago. There's all "litterychoor" in each room. We're all of us talkin' more careful an' slow. An' wearin' expressions of gloom. Nobody makes jokes or tells stories or sings. Cause laughter ain't truly refined. An' we're puttin' our thoughts on superior things. Since Maw is improvin' her mind!

We're talkin' 'bout Shakespeare an' Browning an' Keats. The biscuits look queer an' taste wrong. But she says it's no difference what a man eats. If his intellect's healthy an' strong. An' Paw says a "culture club's" harder to bear. Than the ten plagues of Egypt combined. And excuses himself to go outdoors an' swear.

While Maw is improving her mind. We're tryin' to heed the example she sets, Though the pace she has struck makes us pant.

She says "cawn't" and "shawn't;" but she sometimes forgets. And falls back on plain "can't" and "shan't."

This morning Pa said, as he stood at the door, He was more than three-quarters inclined. To camp out an' never come home any more.

Till Maw quit improvin' her mind! —Washington Evening Star.

**Real Base Ball.**

(W. J. Lampton in New York World.) Oh, take me away from the base ball game

Where science is at the bat. And the players play. In a technical way. Till a rube can't tell where they're at.

Where scores are highest when nothing at all. And nobody takes a base; Where nobody makes. Any sort of mistakes. And everything's just in place.

Where spectators keep on the watch for plays. So close that it gives them a pain; And watever's done. In hit, catch or run. They scream at to take off the strain.

Oh, carry me back to the old-fashioned game. That doesn't know science at all, Where the sides go in. With a whoop to win. And they don't do a thing but play ball.

Where twenty or thirty or forty runs. Are likely as not to be made; And the bags are hot. From many a swat. In games that are played as is played.

Where the catcher don't look like an armored knight. And the pitcher is not so intense. The batter can't hit. 'Em a little bit. But bangs 'em clean over the fence.

Where something is doing that sure stirs up the soul. About every minute or so. With the home runs made. And double plays played. And the whole darn thing on the go.

Where grandstand and bleachers are all of a kind, And are there because they are there. To see a good game. That's good just the same. Though science be up in the air.

**Lincoln Directory**

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