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FOR UNION MEN

SIBERIAN WASTES

WAIT TO SWALLOW UP INTREPID
NEW YORK-TO-PARIS RACERS.

Glimpse of the Land Towards Which
the Big Automobiles Are Headed
—Conditions They Will
Have to Face.

Into the unknown and unexplored
desolation of the far north east of
Siberia the New York-to-Paris auto-
mobile racers expect to plunge and
trust to pluck and luck to get safely
through to parts of the Russian em-
pire where help can be obtained if it
is needed. But over thousands of
miles of the way they will have to
trust entirely to their own resources.
Will they achieve that which they
have started out to accomplish? If
they have found hardship and difficul-
ty in the trip across the United States,
and if they find similar and perhaps
greater difficulties in the regions of
Alaska, what won't they find in the
way of obstacles in the Siberian coun-
try?

Many there are who predict that not
until they land on the shores of the
country of the czar will their serious
troubles commence. This will be due,
in brief, to the fact that the country
through which they have been travel-
ing since leaving New York stands for
progress and civilization, while in the
land which they will enter upon land-
ing near East Cape, Siberia, quite the
opposite conditions exist.

Tenderloin steaks—easily obtain-
able in Alaska, if one has the price—
must give way to blubber, either that
of whale, walrus or seal, as they may
prefer, with occasionally a piece of
reindeer meat. No more of taking
refuge for the night in houses made of
logs or other lumber, for "igloos," the
tent houses of the Tchuktsch natives,
are the only kind in existence. For
thousands of miles after leaving Nome
no means of telegraphic communica-
tion will be possible, and little more
chance to communicate by post, hence
weeks will probably pass before a word
of news from or about the automo-
bilists can reach civilization, the first
point where telegraphic communica-
tion with the rest of the world is pos-
sible being Verchojansk, in Siberia,
3,450 miles from East Cape.

While East Cape is to be the nom-
inal starting point in Siberia for the
autoists, the actual point of departure
will be the native village known by
the American name of Whaling.

From Whaling to the settlement at
East Cape is but 15 miles across a
neck of land, it being easily possible
to make the journey in two hours or
less over the snow with a good dog
team. At East Cape the Northeastern
Siberian Company has a large trading
station, where limited supplies may be

obtained. These include flour, lump
sugar, needles, certain kinds of canned
goods, cartridges, Russian "chi," or
tea, in brick form, and Russian tobac-
co, also in the same form, for the na-
tives, loyal Russian subjects that they
are, will have none of American tobac-
co or tea when the Russian article is
to be had.

Upon leaving Whaling the new ex-
periences of the autoists will begin.
The start, which those conversant
with weather conditions in Siberia de-
clare should be made not later than
October, will take them on the shore
ice to Cape Serdze, 76 miles from East
Cape, and thence to Kollachin bay, 85
miles beyond.

From the mouth of the Kolyma
river the autoists' route leads inland
to the city of Nishne Kolymsk, 342



Tschuktsch (Natives) at East Cape,
Siberia, the Landing Place of the
Automobilists.

miles distant, and to Svedne Kolymsk,
220 miles beyond. From there it is
1,500 miles to Verchojansk, where the
first telegraph station since leaving
Nome will be found. To the city of
Yakutsk, on the Lena river, it is 620
miles, and from thence to Irkutsk, 2,000
miles. This important city is on the
Trans-Siberian railway, and there the
autoists will at least find themselves
again in complete touch with civiliza-
tion. The journey from Irkutsk to
Paris will present no obstacles that
may not be easily overcome.

The territory contiguous to East
Cape, which is on the Tchukotsk
peninsula, is not infrequently visited
by American miners in search of gold,
who argue that as so many rich gold
deposits have been found at Nome and
on the Seward peninsula, on Bering
sea, facing the Siberian coast, there is
good reason to believe that the same
geological conditions exist on the Si-
berian as on the opposite American
coast.

WITH THE LIVE ONES

"The attitude of some of our pro-
fession friends towards those who
differ from them," said the Old Timer,
"reminds me of an incident in my
boyhood. My father is a minister, and
he always looked with horror on many
things in themselves harmless. We
lived in a small town in Missouri.
There was a club of business men
there and there was a billiard table in
their club rooms. One day I hap-
pened along the hall and saw a busi-
ness man shooting the balls around
and stopped to watch him. He asked
me to try my hand, and I did. While
I was punching at the balls my
father came down the hall and saw me.

"Well, I knew there would be
something doing when I got home—
and there was. Father called me into
the sitting room and after telling me
what a horribly wicked game billiards
was, gave me a licking that was the
genuine article.

"The next week father, who was an
ardent lover of croquet, went over
into the court house yard and won a
medal as the champion croquet
player of the county.

"Say, I've lived thirty years since
then—and so has father—but for the
life of me I am still unable to see
the difference between knocking ivory
balls around on a green cloth and
knocking wooden balls around on the
green grass."

Lancaster is a republican county—
so overwhelmingly republican that the
only hope organized labor has of se-
curing representation in the legisla-
ture is through that party. And now
is the time to begin preparation for
it. Under the primary system it will
be possible for union men of the re-
publican faith to nominate two or
three union men for the legislature.
There is a lot of mighty good legisla-
tive timber in the union ranks of
Lancaster county, and it ought to be
brought to market. The Wageworker
would like to hear from unionists on
this question. It has in mind one
mighty good man—and he lives in
University Place. His initials are J.
W. Dickson.

Some of these days The Wage-
worker may be able to record the
railway clerks of Lincoln as among

the "Live Ones." Next to the section
men the clerks are the poorest paid
employees in the railroad service. And
it is always the clerks who get the
first wage reduction. "Reduce all
wages save in departments where we
have contracts with the unions" is the
command—and down goes Mr. Un-
organized Clerk's wages. Why don't
they wake up?

Last Wednesday morning was rather
chilly, and when "Doc" Righter met
John Marshall on the corner of Thir-
teenth and O they referred to it.

"Pretty chilly weather," said Mr.
Marshall.

"Goes right to a fellow's bones,"
said Righter.

"Be pretty chilly in a box car on a
day like this," said Marshall.

"O, it's a snap to make a box car
comfortable, even in the coldest
weather," said Righter, who has been
through the printer game from Alpha
to Omega, from Omaha to Breakfast.
"All you got to do is to take a couple
of old newspapers into the car with
you. Then you carefully close all the
doors, side and end, and burn the
papers. Say it warms things up
bully."

"I've never tried that," replied
Marshall, but I do know that news-
papers folded and buttoned under the
vest, one on the back and one on the
breast, are as good as an over-
coat."

Then "Doc" and John stood and
talked and looked like they would
dearly love to hike for the railroad
yards, duck around and into a box
car and take a trip just for old times'
sake.

George J. Thompson of Chicago,
label secretary of the Chicago Cigar-
makers' Union, has been in Lincoln
for the past week. He tells a good
story on himself—but he doesn't
laugh much when he tells it. A few
years ago he was nominated by the
democrats of his senatorial district
for state senator. The district is 3,
000 republican and Thompson declined
to make a campaign, feeling that
it was hopeless. So he remained at
work and let the campaign go by de-
fault. Yet, despite his failure to
hustle, his republican competitor was
elected by just thirty majority. And

Thompson has been feeling sore ever
since.

Tony Donahoe balked when the
Browne resolution endorsing Taft and
instructing the district delegates to
vote for the Ohio man was presented
to the Second district congressional
convention. Tony is a leader in the
camp of organized labor. Organized
labor as represented by the central
bodies of the unions is unequivocally
opposed to Taft. Mr. Donahoe could
not very well sit quietly by and per-
mit the resolution to pass without pro-
test, even when he was convinced he
would be wholly without support in
his opposition. Some enthusiastic
Taft men were disposed to find fault
with Mr. Donahoe for giving voice to
his feelings under the circumstances
but the labor unions commend him
for his action. That is worth some-
thing to the president of the Central
Labor Union of Omaha.—Omaha Ex-
celsior.

The United Railway Men's associa-
tion organized in New York by the
five brotherhoods has declared its op-
position to Hughes and Taft. Yet the
Taft boomers attempt to make it ap-
pear that the railway men love the
fat man because of his celebrated in-
junctions forbidding them to strike.—
Cleveland Citizen.

Newspapers of every description
from far and near (including our
local papers) during the past few
weeks, have contained diabolical ar-
ticles scathing the labor movement
and union leaders in general, from
Post the union hater. These papers
have been going into the homes of
our union people and the articles are
read by them with hardly a comment,
or an effort to put a stop to it and
these papers are still going into these
same union men's homes. On the
other hand, let a labor paper (uni-
tionally) make the least mistake
and the whole labor forces would be
up in arms and ready to boycott it.—
Fox River Leader.

Of course Congressman Littlefield
was not influenced in tendering his
resignation by any recollection of his
last campaign. Of course not. Little-
field is a man of considerable ability
and it is a pity he lined up against
the legislation asked by the working
people. The labor conference in
Washington last week must have

made him read the "written writin'"
of the wall. Now, if the people who
are touting Taft will do a little read-
ing they might avoid a headache.—
Omaha Western Laborer.

"I've got the utmost respect for the
courts," remarked Ed. Bly the other
day, "but I've got an almighty poor
opinion of a lot of the judges at the
head of them."

President McDonald will confer a
favor on a long-suffering public if he
will run a lot of those big Traction
company cars into the shop and have
the steps lowered. It's like falling out
of a second-story window to step
down from those cars.

Woman Favors War.
Society is in a process of growth,
has not yet arrived at its maturity, or
its equilibrium of forces, and, there-
fore, must have its public and private
war until social adaptation be
complete, and war thereby come to an
end. It is well that the so-called
"peace advocates" are in a magnifi-
cent minority, since with a whole na-
tion of peace men you would have a
people like the Chinese.—Mrs. Halde-
man in Modern World, Denver.

He Didn't Care.
Little Jim Jones read his composi-
tion in school. It was so poor that
the teacher declared she would have
to write a note to Jim's mother about
it. "Go ahead and write 'er, ef you
wants to. I doan care. Mother wrote
it herself."

For a Felon.
Take common rock salt, dry in an
oven, then pound it fine and mix with
spirits of turpentine in equal parts;
put it in a rag and wrap it around
the parts affected; as it gets dry put
on more.

Chromite Mines in United States.
The only active chromite mines in
the United States are in California,
where two mines furnish a small
product, used crude, for lining copper
furnaces.

Real Hardship.
We speak of hardships, but the true
hardship is to be a dull fool and per-
mitted to mismanage our life in our
own dull and foolish manner.—R. L.
Stevenson.

Jest and Earnest.
Many a true word is spoken in jest
but the majority of lies are uttered in
dead earnest.—Judge.

UGANDA RAILWAY

Short has been the life and many
the vicissitudes of the Uganda railway.
It cost nearly \$50,000 to build, but the
road is already doing what it never
expected to do within any reasonable
period—it is paying its way.

We may divide the journey into four
main stages—the jungles, the plains,
the mountains, and the lake, for the
lake is an essential part of the rail-
way, and a natural and inexpensive
extension to its length. In the early
morning, then, we start from Momba-
sa station, taking our places upon an
ordinary garden seat fastened on to
the cow-catcher of the engine, from
which position the whole country
can be seen. For a quarter of an



Mombasa Station.

hour we are still upon Mombasa is-
land, and then the train, crossing the
intervening channel by a long iron
bridge, addresses itself in earnest to
the continent of Africa. Into these
vast regions the line winds persever-
ingly upon a stiff up-grade, and the
land unfolds itself ridge after ridge
and valley after valley, till soon, with
one farwell glance at the sea we are
embraced and engulfed completely.
All day long the train runs upward
and westward, through broken and un-
dulating ground clad and encumbered
with superabundant vegetation. Beau-
tiful birds and butterflies fly from tree
to tree and flower to flower. Deep
ragged gorges, filled by streams in
flood, open out far below us through
glades of palms and creeper, covered
trees. Here and there, at intervals,
which will become shorter every
year, are plantations of rubber, fiber,
and cotton, the beginnings of those
inexhaustible supplies which will one
day meet the yet unmeasured demand
of Europe for those indispensable com-
modities. Every few miles are little
trim stations, with their water-tanks,
signals, ticket-offices and flower beds

complete and all of a pattern, backed
by impenetrable bush. In short, one
slender thread of scientific civilization,
of order, authority, and arrangement,
drawn across the primeval chaos of the
world.

In the evening a cooler, crisper air
is blowing. The humid coast lands
with their glories and their fevers,
have been left behind. At an altitude
of 4,000 feet we begin to laugh at the
equator. The jungle becomes forest,
not less luxuriant, but distinctly differ-
ent in character. The olive replaces
the palm. The whole aspect of the
land is more friendly, more familiar,
and no less fertile. After Makindu
station the forest ceases. The traveler
enters upon a region of grass. Im-
mense fields of green pasture, with-
ered and whitened at this season by
waiting for the rains, intersected by
streams and watercourses densely
wooded with dark, fir-looking trees
and gorse-looking scrub, and relieved
by bold upstanding bluffs and ridges,
comprise the new panorama. And here
is presented the wonderful and unique
spectacle which the Uganda railway
offers to the traveler. The plains are
crowded with wild animals. From the
windows of the carriage the whole
zoological gardens can be seen dis-
porting itself. Herds of antelope and
gazelle, troops of zebras—sometimes
four or five hundred together—watch
the train pass with placid assurance,
or scamper a hundred yards farther
away, and turn again. Many are quite
close to the line. With field-glasses
one can see that it is the same every-
where, and can distinguish long files
of black wildebeeste and herds of red
kongoni—the hartebeeste of South
Africa—and wild ostriches walking
sedately in twos and threes, and every
kind of small deer and gazelle. The
zebras come close enough for their
stripes to be admired with the naked
eye. We have arrived at Simba, "The
Place of Lions," and there is no reason
why the passengers should not see
one, or even half a dozen, stalking
across the plain, respectfully observed
by lesser beasts. Indeed, in the early
days it was the custom to stop and
sally out upon the royal vermin when-
ever met with, and many a lion that
has been carried back to the tender
in triumph before the guard, or driv-
er, or anyone else could think of time-
tables or the block system, or the other
inconvenient restrictions of a regu-
lar service. Farther up the line,
in the twilight of the evening,
we saw, not a hundred yards
away, a dozen giraffes lolling off
among scattered trees, and at Nakuru
six yellow lions walked in leisurely
mood across the rails.