

THE GLAD SPRING TIME



It really seems to be here at last, and of course you want that new spring suit now. No more cold spells; the real spring that makes you want to go some where--makes you want to dress up and just saunter about and feel at peace with all the world.

We have just the kind of Spring "Glad Rags" that you have been dreaming about during these cold days--the kind of clothing that the Union Worker wants, because they have in addition to the cut, the fit, and the quality, that pretty little thing you call "the union label." We have just the styles and colors and cuts you want--up-to-date neat, well made, the top of the market in everything that goes to make up good clothing bargains. And the price, that's where we make our special appeal after we have exhausted adjectives regarding the clothing itself. Our bargain prices are now! Not two months later.

We make our bargain price at the beginning of the season, not after the season is nearly over and the stocks practically culled out. You get the choice now, and at the bargain prices others will offer after all the choice selections are practically gone. This is one of the features of our methods of doing business. We commend it to your careful consideration.

SPEIER & SIMON 10th & O

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Guaranteed Lawn Hose 9c to 18c per foot.

HALL BROS. CO. 1517 O Street

The Wageworker Shop is in shape to do all the printing for your union. Call in and get acquainted with us

WOMAN AT THE HEAD

By SADIE OLCOTT

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In the little hamlet of Nordhastedt, near Meldorf, a singular custom is observed annually. According to tradition, it dates back to the thirteenth century. During that era the hamlet was on one occasion attacked by a band of robbers, and the men of the village were soon compelled to beat a retreat.

Thereupon the women boldly attacked the robbers and not only vanquished them, but also took the leader and several of the band prisoners. As a token of their gratitude the men have ever since allowed the women to celebrate this great event by holding a festival at stated intervals, and on such occasions they exercise no authority themselves, but submit in all things to the will of the women.

Now, there lived in this hamlet a pair of lovers, Carl Koopman and Gretchen Boucher, who had often discussed the relative hardship of men and women's work, Carl averring that women have a very easy time. When a few days before their marriage one of these festivals was to come off Gretchen ordered Carl to report himself at her home, where she lived with her father and mother and a number of younger brothers and sisters aged all the way from fourteen years to three months, and to remain there during the day subject to her directions.

On the day of the festival Carl appeared, good natured, smiling, evidently much pleased at the novel situation of obeying his sweetheart for a whole day. He found Gretchen in care of the family, her father and mother having taken a holiday and gone into Meldorf to enjoy themselves.

"Wash the breakfast dishes," said Gretchen.

Carl went into the kitchen, poured some water into a pan and proceeded to wash the dishes. When he had finished he called Gretchen to inspect his work. She looked over the dishes and put her finger in the dishwater.

"Stone cold," she said. "Heat some water and do them again. Look at the grease on them."

Carl was a trifle sobered at this, but he was resolved to do his part and obey orders implicitly. He heated some water and washed the dishes again, scalding his fingers at the work. Gretchen permitted him to put the dishes in the cupboard, then told him to do the morning sweeping. He sent the dust up into the room, and it settled on the furniture instead of the floor. After an hour's work Gretchen told him to stop, to get some wet tea leaves, put them on the floor and do the work over.

Having given him a scolding, Gretchen told him that he was to mind the baby while she took the children out for a walk. He was to have the dinner ready by the time they returned.

Carl saw her depart with misgivings. The novelty of the situation was wearing off. The baby was quite peaceful for a time, then suddenly began to howl. Carl took it up and walked about with it for awhile, then put it down again. But the baby was not minded to be put down. The squawling recommenced. Carl took it up again, but the squawling being renewed he repeated the process again and again. In other words, he was obliged to keep the baby in his arms. About noon the child fell asleep on his shoulder, and he laid it in its crib.

It was now time to get the dinner, and Carl congratulated himself upon the baby being eliminated from the problem. Gretchen had put some bacon in one dish and some potatoes which he was to fry in another. This was all the cooking he was to do, and he had told her that he had often done it while camping and would have no trouble. He sliced the potatoes and the bacon and when he considered the fire hot enough set the pans containing them on it, having first heated some fat for the potatoes.

Both the bacon and the potatoes began to sizzle, and Carl was turning the latter when the baby woke up. The child cried to be taken up, but Carl couldn't well leave his cooking, so he let it lie till he was afraid it would burst a blood vessel, when he went to it, a greasy fork in one hand and a towel in the other, and tried to soothe it. But the baby screamed harder and harder, as much as to say "If you don't take me up I'll commit suicide in spasms." Carl tried to coax it, then, losing his patience, scolded. Neither had any effect.

Meanwhile the fire was getting very hot, and suddenly the fat used in cooking the potatoes caught fire and threatened the destruction of the house. Carl tried to blow out the blaze. Failing in this, he seized a cloth and tried to fan it out. Then the baby ceased crying, and Carl, suspecting something wrong, looked at and saw that it was making one of those gasps for breath babies make between squaws. He ran to it. It recovered its breath and began again to yell in deadly rage. Carl ran from it to the potatoes, seized the blazing pan and threw the whole thing out of the door.

When a few minutes later Gretchen came home she found the potatoes in the yard, the bacon shriveled to one-tenth its proper size, and Carl was glaring at the baby as though tempted to throw it in the fire.

Seeing Gretchen, he threw the baby down and rushed from the house, followed by a peal of laughter.

WHEN FOWLerville ENTHUSED

By M. QUAD.

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For years William Strong was the village cooper. He was called Bill by old and young. He was lazy and good natured. He had been married, but his wife had divorced him, and he kept house by himself in the rear end of his cooper shop. Bill had never been known to argue. He had never made a speech. He had never taken any interest in local matters. He had just made barrels and kegs and been Bill Strong. One evening when the usual crowd had assembled at the grocery and postoffice Mr. Strong turned Fowlerville upside down. Without having given a hint of his intentions he mounted the horse block and began a speech.

In the suburbs of the village dwelt Mrs. Henderson, widow, forty years old. Her husband had left her a poor old house and five acres of land. There were a cow and a horse, and by hiring the horse out by the day and renting most of her land and making her own garden she had managed to get along after a fashion. Bill Strong's speech was all about the widow. It was an appeal rather than a speech--an appeal to the manhood and charity of his listeners. That's what knocked the breath out of the crowd. As Fowlerville had known Bill Strong, a dozen people might have been starving to death any time and he would have taken no interest. The speaker painted the picture of a lonely widow, a grieving widow and a hard up widow. It was a case worthy of any man's charity. It had brought tears to his eyes and a sadness to his heart.

Spring was here, the speaker continued. Four out of five of the widow's acres ought to be planted to corn and potatoes. He had no money, but he would give three days' work. Who would furnish the seed, who do the plowing, who work with him at the planting? Here was a missionary field at home. It was because Bill Strong made the appeal in such a surprising way that the crowd took hold. In five minutes all was settled. Next day the widow's acres were being plowed, and within three days the planting had been finished.

Bill Strong had a second appeal ready. He mounted the same horse block and thanked his collaborators in the name of charity and then proceeded to say that the widow's house was old and the roof leaked. As she sat there in her loneliness the water dripped down on her grieving head. He had no money, but he would give his work if others would give the shingles and nails. Others did so, and a brand new roof appeared. Then came the third appeal. Why not paint the old house and make it match the newness of the roof? Two coats would be the thing, and such was the enthusiasm that one of the merchants insisted on being one of the brush wielders. There was an old fence in front of the house. Bill Strong made no appeal about that. He didn't have to. Others saw the need, and a new fence was built. A new roof was also put on the cow shed and the well provided with a pump. Fowlerville enthused from top to bottom.

The women came to do their part. They presented the widow with dishes, carpets and furniture and gave her of their wardrobes. They clubbed their pin money and bought her a sewing machine. The Sunday school scholars bought the old horse a new harness and a stack of hay for their share. The Young Ladies' Literary club discovered that the widow's cow was on her last legs with old age, and the animal was sold to the butcher and a young one purchased. Never did so many gifts reach a widow's hands. She was somewhat in debt, and the Young Men's Athletic club insisted on paying them. So many actions, calling for so many tears, kept her eyes red and swollen all the time, while Bill Strong was looked upon with more awe and admiration than if he had won the welterweight championship of the world.

By the time all these good things had been done it was time to hoe the corn and potatoes and weed the garden. Fowlerville turned out en masse for that. It was made a sort of legal holiday, and over a hundred men and women turned out to make a picnic of the work. Those who didn't turn out furnished the lemonade and sandwiches for dinner. When the hoeing and weeding had been finished men and women agreed that there was nothing more to be done.

But Fowlerville made one more rally. It raised a clear hundred dollars in cash and placed the purse in the hands of the widow. She had shed many, many tears, but she squeezed out a few more.

Next morning the town beheld Bill Strong moving his few household goods out of his cooper shop. He had a busy air about him. He also had a changed look. When he had gone to a clothing store and priced a twenty-five dollar suit and been to the railroad depot to inquire the price of a ticket some one made bold to ask:

"Well, Bill, is everything all right?"

"Right as right," was the hearty reply.

"You seem to be a busy man this morning?"

"Yes, I am. Me and the widow Henderson were married last evening, and we start for Niagara Falls on our bridal tour tomorrow morning! Much obliged to you fellers for fixing us up in such good shape!"

SHE COULD KEEP A SECRET

By ELBERT I. BENTLEY

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"I've got the confoundest wife you ever saw."

"What do you mean by the word confoundest? It conveys no meaning to me."

"That's the reason I apply it to my wife. She is beyond the pale of definition."

"Do you use the word opprobriously?"

"By no means. She's a jim dandy." "Oh, you've got something on your mind--something she has been doing? Get it off and have done with it."

"Right you are, and when I've told you you'll agree with me that confoundest is the best word by which to describe her. You know we live in the country and I'm a commuter. My monthly commutation ticket costs me \$24.50. I have always been used to carrying my ticket in my hat. It's very convenient, you know. I place it between the lining and the crown. If I put it in my portemonnaie, which I carry in my hip pocket when I'm hurrying to my train loaded down with the bundles which all commuters are condemned to carry, I have a hard time getting it out from under my coat. If it is in my hat I can get at it very easily. There's a ferry at the city end of the route where the ticket must be punched. Formerly commuters were only required to show their tickets, and we used to just lift our hats to the gateman, and he could see the ticket. It was comical to see a long line of passengers taking off their hats politely to the gateman. But the practice must have concealed some skulduggery, for the officers of the line stopped it, and now we all must have our tickets punched."

"Anyway, I always carry my ticket in my hat. Well, one morning when I went to the city I felt for my commutation ticket, and it was gone. It was one I'd just bought, and its loss involved nearly \$24. Thinking I might have put it in one of my pockets, I ransacked them all. It wasn't in any of them. I searched the floor, but there was nothing there. At last I gave it up and paid my fare.

"My wife is a very economical woman and considers me the perfection of carelessness. I knew if I told her of my loss she would scold me for both wastefulness and carelessness. I made up my mind to get on the best I could for awhile, paying my fare out of the loose change I carried till the end of the month, when I would buy a new ticket. It was no use. A few mornings after my loss as I was going out my wife gave me the customary kiss, at the same time handing me my hat. She looked inside and, not seeing the ticket, felt for it.

"Why, dear," she exclaimed, "I thought you always carried your commutation ticket in your hat."

"I was obliged to confess I had lost it. My wife said: 'I told you so. If you had kept it in your pocketbook, as I always advised you to do, you wouldn't have lost it. There's \$24 gone, enough to buy me a spring hat with three big ostrich feathers.'

"I hurried away, ostensibly to catch the train, but really to escape a scolding, and since it would be cheaper to commute even with the loss of four days than to pay single fares I bought a new ticket. I kept it in my pocketbook in my hip pocket with a lot of memoranda, cards, etc., my cash for daily expenses being in my vest pocket. I had no trouble for a month, when I bought another ticket. On the 4th of the month when I was getting ready to go to the city I clapped my hand to my hip to make sure my ticket was there, and, behold, portemonnaie, ticket and all were gone. Somebody must have picked my pocket.

"I thought my wife would cry. Fifty dollars gone in two months," she moaned. "We're going right down into the poorhouse. Why will you be so careless?"

"If I'd kept it in my hat," I snapped, "it would not have been lost. I put it where you told me to put it, and there you are."

"Go and buy another one," she said. "We can't afford to have you spending forty or fifty dollars a month to save \$24."

"Well, to make a long story short, in six months I lost five commutation tickets. What had brought about such bad luck I couldn't tell. I'd commuted for seven years and never before lost a ticket. Thinking some one might be robbing me--some of the servants--I told my wife when I lost the last ticket that I was going to put a detective in the house.

"My dear," she replied, "if I say something to you will you scold me?"

"Certainly not, pet; fire away."

"Well, I've been robbing you of your commutation tickets."

"I nearly fell in a faint."

"You know Tom Edwards, financial man for B. & Co. Well, Tom gave me a tip on some stock that was going to be "cornered," "shorts squeezed," and all that. He said if I'd give him \$100 he'd put me in with the pool. But I must keep the secret. I hadn't the money, but I raised it, a bit here and a bit there, using your tickets, which I got redeemed at the railroad office. The pool sold out yesterday, and Tom has sent me a check for \$1,000."

"What do you think of that, eh? Isn't that confoundest?"

"Rats! The pith of your story is that your wife kept the secret."

"From me."