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An Unusual Sale of Dress Skirts and Silk Petticoats

Our Corner Windows, No. 9 and 10 will give you a good idea of what the garments are. Every garment has been taken from our regular stock and are excellent values at regular prices. This special pricing is a regular Annual May Sale Event. Make your selections early. Moderate Charge for Alterations

The Dress Skirts

One big lot of Dress Skirts, consisting of Plain Pleated Models so popular this spring; others in new tunic effects. A choice line in black, navy, tan, grey, novelty stripes and white serge. Values that sell regularly at \$7.50, your choice Thursday morning at each—

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Three Big Lots

Lot No. 1 consists of a choice line of Silk Petticoats with deep accordion pleated flounce, trimmed with a broad Persian border. Reg. \$6.50 values at....

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Lot No. 3 consists of Silk Petticoats in extra sizes in black only. These Petticoats are made with a five-section tailored flounce. Regular \$6.50 values, Your choice.....

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CAPITAL AUXILIARY.

Capital Auxiliary met at the Labor Temple, May 10th in regular session, the meeting being called on Tuesday as that was the day set for the election of delegates and alternates by the International. Mrs. Fred Ihringer was the hostess.

The election resulted in Mrs. W. S. Bustard being elected delegate, with Mrs. G. M. Wathan, alternate.

Mrs. A. L. Compton is visiting in York this week.

Mrs. J. E. Worley has returned from Plattsmouth, where she has been visiting her parents.

We are sorry to lose two of our new members so soon, Mrs. Pearl Ford and Mrs. T. A. McCants having left the city.

The next regular meeting will be held May 25th at the Labor Temple at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. E. A. King, hostess.

STRUCTURAL IRON WORKERS.

Successfully Negotiate a Couple of Pretty Little Stunts.

The structural ironworker pulled off a couple of neat little jobs last week, one in Havelock and one in Omaha. The Havelock job was about thirty minutes long. The ironworkers asked for a Saturday half-holiday and the contractor-manager refused to grant it. Immediately all iron construction ceased. "No Saturday half-holiday, no more work at all," was the ultimatum of the ironworkers. There was a hasty conference of the powers, and seeing no chance to interest the fed-

eral judiciary on the side of the bosses, the powers capitulated. Inside of thirty minutes, the strike was declared off—but the Saturday half-holiday had been granted.

The Omaha stunt was merely the unionizing of the big court house job there. It was tentatively agreed to by the county commissioners before the court house bonds were voted that the building should be a union job. After the bonds were voted the commissioners forgot all about it. When the union men kicked because the ironwork was being done by "scabs" the commissioners merely gave the unionists the laugh. Offers to prove positively that the iron work was "bum" were refused by the haughty commissioners. But the unionists kept busy and last Friday the contractor agreed to a conference with the union committee. It took about an hour to unionize the job. The union offered to "whitewash" the non-union men who wanted to join, and the contractor agreed to employ only members of the ironworkers' local. Last Monday every ironworker on the job was a union man—and it was all mighty near a new force, too.

A JUDICIAL FEAT.

Omaha Police Judge Helps Out Employer of Children.

Deputy Labor Commissioner Maupin had an experience in Omaha last week that made him sore. He filed a complaint against F. P. Kirkendall, a shoe manufacturer, charging him with violation of the child labor law.

Kirkendall was arraigned before Police Judge Crawford and virtually admitted the charge. Deputy Labor Commissioner Maupin and Attendance Officer Gepson were on hand with the proof. There was no doubt of guilt and the two officials, after making their case, waited to hear sentence pronounced. They waited in vain.

Police Judge Crawford fiddled around, studied the law, looked at the parties to the case, stammered a bit, and then said:

"Yours is a corporation, is it not, Mr. Kirkendall?"

"Yes, sir; I'm the president of the company," said the defendant.

"Well," continued Police Judge Crawford, "the only way I can avoid imposing a fine, Mr. Kirkendall, is by raising the point that the corporation, not you personally, should have been charged with this offense. You are discharged."

After thus acting as attorney for the defense, Police Judge Crawford adjourned court. Mr. Kirkendall, who rides in his automobile, summers in Europe and tours the south in winter, appeared in court without an attorney. It transpired that he did not need to bring one with him.

This is the second case that Deputy Labor Commissioner Maupin has proved before Judge Crawford, only to see the defendant discharged. The first one was the manager of the Western Union Telegraph company in Omaha. The defendant in that case admitted his guilt, but Police Judge Crawford discharged him on the ground that an underling in the office, not the manager, had employed the boy.

"The next case of the kind I file in Omaha will not be before Police Judge Crawford," said the deputy labor commissioner. "That is unless the defendant happens to be an employer who hasn't got a whole lot of votes under his control. In that event I may not take the trouble to hunt up a justice of the peace."

THE LABOR CHAUTAUQUA.

Committee Will Have Something to Report to Central Labor Union.

The committee appointed by the Central Labor Union to frame up a plan of holding a "Labor Chautauqua" will have something of a report to submit to that body at the meeting next Friday evening. Letters have been received from President Gompers, Rev. Charles Stelzie, Raymond Robins, John Mitchell, W. J. Bryan, and others heartily endorsing the idea and promising to help it along by their presence if the dates can be arranged.

A proposition from a tent company has been filed, and arrangements are promised whereby special Missouri Pacific trains will be run to and from Bethany Park in case that is the site selected. Louis F. Post, editor of the Chicago Public, says the "Labor Chautauqua" idea is one of the greatest advanced in years. Raymond Robins is enthusiastic. President Gompers says its possibilities for good to the cause of organized labor are unlimited. The only thing needed to carry the idea through to a glorious success is the earnest and unselfish assistance of a few unionists who are willing to sacrifice time and energy for the general good. That there are such men in Lincoln is beyond question. The only trouble is to locate them and get them started.

A Good Beginning

By ESTELLE MARSH

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"Dick," said his aunt, "I think you are making a mistake in not marrying Jenny now. Start in with what you have and it will grow."

Dick Larramore was very much impressed with his aunt's advice. He talked with Jenny about it, and they agreed that they would make a beginning at once. Together they could raise \$75, and they knew of a cottage they could get for \$20 a month. They fixed a date for their wedding and began to hunt for furniture that they could pick up at small cost.

One day Dick heard of an auction sale of household goods that was to take place in a neighboring village and concluded to go over and see if he could get anything that would help him and Jenny at their housekeeping. He bought a dining table for \$4 and a sideboard for \$6. Among other things put up for sale was a basket full of shells, eggs and other oddities.

Dick had always taken great interest in curious things and had quite a collection of old dirk knives, bits of uncommon metals, shells and other articles. There were two large eggs in the basket he saw at the auction that excited his curiosity. He had never seen eggs of that size or shape. He forgot for the time being that he needed furniture and began to bid on the basket of curios. An old woman seemed to covet them and bid against him till she had raised her offer to \$7. Dick bid \$7.25, and the basket was knocked down to him.

That brought him to his senses. He had invested about one-tenth of all he had to spend for furniture in a basket of worthless trinkets. He was so disgusted with himself that he left the auction and drove home.

The boldest thing he had ever thus far done was facing Jenny, showing her, among his purchases, the basket of knickknacks.

"Why, Dick!" she exclaimed when she saw the latter.

"They'll make a nice ornament for our sitting room," said the girl, seeing by Dick's rueful appearance that he regretted his purchase as much as she did, and, putting her arms around his neck, she gave him a kiss.

"What big eggs those are!" she said.

"I don't know," said Dick, "and I don't care."

"We'll ask Professor Drummond," Jenny showed Professor Drummond the eggs, and he pronounced them auk's eggs.

"What's an auk?" asked Jenny.

"Alcidae—swimming birds with a pointed bill, very short wings and legs placed very far back. Penguins belong to the alcididae family. I'm not sure," he continued, examining the eggs critically, "but these are eggs of the great auk."

"Is the great auk superior to the rest?" asked Jenny.

"In one respect. They are extremely rare. Indeed, I think they are extinct."

"If they are extinct how came these eggs to be in existence?"

"They must have been procured before the bird's extinction. At any rate, they are great curiosities. They must be very valuable."

Jenny's heart leaped for joy. Perhaps they could sell them for what Dick gave for them. This would relieve his mind, and they could buy some kitchen utensils she needed.

"Do you think, professor," she asked, "that we could get as much as \$7.25 for them?"

The professor smiled. "If they are

great auk's eggs," he replied, "you can get more than a hundred times \$7.25." Jenny opened her eyes.

"I would advise you to put them away carefully. I will bring Professor Wilson, the naturalist, to see them. He will settle the question whether they are great auk's eggs or not."

Jenny put the eggs away. It was all she could do to keep from telling Dick what the professor had said, but she shrank from raising her lover's expectations to have them blighted, so she kept her secret, and the next day the two professors called, looked at the eggs, and Professor Wilson pronounced the eggs those of the great auk. He gave their value at about a thousand dollars each. He agreed to send a man who would offer for them all they were worth except a fair profit.

Jenny kept her secret in fine style, though she said, "Heaven knows what a struggle I have to do so!" One night when Dick came to see her she said to him:

"Dick, you know what a poor business man you showed yourself in buying that basket of trinkets."

"Please bury that matter."

"Well, since you were so stupid as to buy those things I think I had better sell them for you. I've sold the two big eggs already."

"Sold them?"

"Yes. I got a good price for them."

"How much?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"Stop your nonsense and tell me."

Jenny drew a check for \$2,000 and tried to show it to him, but her feelings overcame her, and, throwing her arms around his neck, he could see nothing at all.

They spent the rest of the evening locked in each other's arms and planning what they would do with their wealth.

His Conversion

By EDGAR FALES MOODY

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Some years ago I visited the far west, passing through a region that had been infested by the worst element of society.

I put up one night at the house of John Murphy, a sheep raiser. His ranch house was not large, but comfortable, and its decorations showed evidence of refinement. His wife was a woman who impressed me as one having considerable equipoise and character. After supper I went out on the porch to have a smoke with Murphy and listened with interest to his account of the building up of his region. During our conversation I stated the opinion that men were what women made them. Then he told me his story.

"You're dead right, stranger," he said, "and I'm one of the men that has been made by a woman. When I came to this country it was from an eastern city, and my education was derived from the dime novel. I was a waif, with no father or mother to instill into me the fact that however brave the road agents and others of whom I read they were acting on a wrong principle. As it was, I admired them, and almost before I became a man I scraped up enough money to bring me out here to live the life of my heroes of the dime novel."

"I soon got to be a head man among them and for eight years lived a life that I would give anything I have to forget. I have to be thankful for only one thing. During that frightful period I never took a life. I didn't accumulate any money, and if I had I should later on have got rid of it."

"One evening I stopped at a house and knocked at the door. I intended to ask for some supper, expecting once inside to get my bearings for valuables and take them away with me. I had started in with the intention of

confining my operations to stage-coaches, army paymasters and the like, but a man is always going either uphill or downhill, and as I was necessarily going down I wasn't above taking anything I could get my hands on, even from a woman.

"A woman came to the door. She was young and fairly good looking. To my request for some supper she gave a smiling assent, asking me to come in and make myself comfortable. She went into the kitchen, and I looked about me. There was a chimney in the room where I was with no fire. I knew a chimney was a favorite place to hide money, and, going to the fireplace, I stooped and looked up. On a projecting brick I saw a small box, which I appropriated and, lifting the cover, saw a lot of bills and loose change. I slipped it all in my pocket and put the box back in the chimney.

"By and by the young woman came in and set a good supper on the table. I ate my fill and when I had finished took out one of the coins I had taken from the box and handed it to her.

"No," she said, "there's nothing to pay. You're quite welcome to your supper. I hope it has done you good. You looked tired and hungry when you came in, and I felt sorry for you. So I have given you the best in the house."

"That was the first lesson in kindness I ever received. At any rate, it was the first that ever took hold of me. When I thought of the contents of the box in my pocket and my offering one of her own coins in payment for her kindness, not the least part of which was the way she offered it, my despicable meanness seemed to shrivel me all up. I couldn't look her in the face.

"You don't need to go on," she said. "We have a spare bed upstairs."

"I was thinking how I would get the money back in the box in the chimney, and it occurred to me that if I stayed there all night I could slip down in the night and do the job. So I said: 'Thank you, miss. If you don't mind I reckon I will. It'll be a great accommodation to me.'

"No more than to me. My brother and his wife have gone away for a few days and left me alone with the children. They say that Murphy's gang is operating in the neighborhood, and I wouldn't mind having a man in the house."

"In that case," I said, "I think I'll sleep on that lounge, and I'll guarantee that no man gets upstairs unless he goes over my dead body."

"I knew two of my men would be along there that night, and I reckoned they'd take in anything by the way. The first thing I did before turning in was to put the money back in the box. When I'd done that I felt the first of a kind of comfort I'd never experienced before. I didn't go to sleep, wanting to be awake if any one called. In the middle of the night my two men, Pete Barnickel and Colorado Bill, did call. I showered bullets everywhere about them except just where they were, and they concluded there must be a whole vigilance committee inside. When they had gone I heard a soft voice call down the stairs:

"Thank you."

"Just you go to sleep. I'm in command here."

"And I've been in command here ever since. I married the girl. I didn't confess till shortly before the wedding and have been living here ever since. My wife owned the property, and after I came in her brother's family went off to a ranch they bought farther west."

Thrifty Squanderers.

When Napoleon entered Genoa in 1805 the rich patricians of the city exerted themselves to gain the favor of the conqueror by all sorts of flattering attentions. The most elaborate of these was a banquet patterned after the famous one offered by Antony to Cleopatra. The tables were set in an artificial garden, floating on pontoons, which were towed out to sea during the progress of the feast. At the conclusion of the banquet—again in imitation of Antony and Cleopatra—all the costly gold and silver plate was flung into the sea. This little tribute of honor to the emperor was not so expensive as it seemed, for the floating garden was surrounded with nets, and the plate was subsequently recovered.

Cranberries.

Cranberries were formerly known under the name of marsh or fen whorts, fenberries, marshberries, mossberries. In "New England Rarities" (1872) Josselyn described the cranberry as the bearberry. The word so inseparably associated in the New England mind with turkey is not in Johnson's or Bailey's dictionary. Perhaps the colonists adapted it from the German kranichbeere or kranbeere, the berry now known preferably by German lexicographers as affenbeere. Wherever the name came from, it appeared in English literature in 1872, as noted above, and from a writer of 1694 we know that cranberry tarts were then relished, as they were later by Queen Victoria in the highlands.—Fur News.

Honor Above All.

Believe it to be the greatest of all infamies to prefer your existence to your honor, and for the sake of life to lose every inducement to live.—Juvenal.

Evil In Neglected Legislation.

In Belgium, where education is not compulsory, 21 per cent of the working people over ten years of age can neither read nor write.

To the Man of Honor.

Base gains are the same as losses.—Hesiod.

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