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TRUE PATRIOTISM

John Clark Ridpath's Essay on the Tenets of Liberty.

THE HIGHWAY TO FREEDOM.

Education the Basis on Which a Free Government Must Rest—A Republic Without Intelligence is a Paradox and an Impossibility.

The idea that the United States is one nation and not thirty-eight nations is the grand cardinal doctrine of a sound political faith. State pride and sectional attachment are natural passions in the human breast and are so near akin to patriotism as to be distinguished from it only in the court of a higher reason. But there is a nobler love of country—a patriotism that rises above all places and sections, that knows no country, no state, no north, no south, but only native land; that claims no mountain slope, that clings to no river bank, that worships no range of hills, but lifts the aspiring eye to a continent redeemed from barbarism by common sacrifices and made sacred by the shedding of kindred blood. Such a patriotism is the cable and sheet anchor of our hope.

A second requisite for the preservation of American institutions is the universal secular education of the people. Monarchies govern their subjects by authority and precedent; republics by right, reason and free will. Whether one method or the other will be better turns wholly upon the intelligence of the governor. No force which has moved among men, impelling to bad action, inspiring to crime, overturning order, tearing away the bulwarks of liberty and right and converting civilization into a waste, has been so full of evil and so powerful to destroy as a blind, ignorant and factious democracy. A republic without intelligence—even a high degree of intelligence—is a paradox and an impossibility.

What means that principle of the Declaration of Independence which declares the consent of the governed to be the true foundation of all just authority? What kind of "consent" is referred to? Manifestly not the passive and unresisting acquiescence of the mind which, like the potter's clay, receives whatever is impressed upon it, but that active, thinking, resolute, conscious, personal consent which distinguishes the true freeman from the puppet. When the people of the United States rise to the heights of this noble and intelligent self assertion the occupation of the party leader—most despicable of all tyrants—will be gone forever, and in order that the people may ascend to that high plane the means by which intelligence is fostered, right reason exalted and a calm and rational public opinion produced must be universally secured. The public free school is the fountain whose streams shall make glad all the land of liberty. We must educate or perish.

A third thing necessary to the perpetuity of American liberties is toleration—toleration in the broadest and most glorious sense. In the colonial times intolerance imbittered the lives of our fathers. Until the present day the baleful shadow has been upon the land. The proscriptive vices of the middle ages have flowed down with the blood of the race and tainted the life that now is with a suspicion and distrust of freedom. Liberty in the minds of men has meant the privilege of agreeing with the majority. Men have desired free thought, but fear has stood at the door. It remains for the United States to build a highway, broad and free, into every field of liberal inquiry and to make the poorest of men who walks therein secure in life and reputation.

Proscription has no part or lot in the American system. The stake, the gibbet and the rack, thumbscrews, sword and pillory, have no place on this side of the sea. Nature is diversified; so are human faculties, beliefs and practices. Essential freedom is the right to differ, and that right must be sacredly respected. Nor must the privilege of dissent be conceded with coldness and disdain, but openly, cordially and with good will. No less of rank, abatement of character or ostracism from society must darken the pathway of the humblest of the seekers after truth. The right of free thought, free inquiry and free speech is as clear as the noonday and bounteous as the air and ocean. Without a full and cheerful recognition of this right America is only a name.

The fourth idea, essential to the welfare and stability of the republic, is the nobility of labor. It is the mission of the United States to ennoble toil and honor the toiler. In other lands labor has been considered the lot of serfs and peasants; to gather the fruits and consume them in luxury and war, the business of the great. Since the mediaeval times European society has been organized on the basis of a nobility and a people. To be a nobleman was to be distinguished from the people; to be one of the people was to be forever debased from nobility. Thus has been set on human industry the stigma of perpetual disgrace. Something of this has been transmitted to the new civilization in the west—a certain disposition to renew the old order of lord and laborer. Let the odious distinction perish. The true lord is the laborer and the true laborer the lord. It is the genius of American institutions, in the fullness of time, to wipe the last opprobrious stain from the brow of toil and to crown the toiler with the dignity, luster and honor of a full and perfect manhood.—John Clark Ridpath.

UNIONS BUILD CITY.

San Francisco a Monument to Organized Workers.

"Since the time of the earthquake San Francisco has expended \$275,000,000 in rebuilding, every stick and every stone of which has been put in place under union conditions."

This remarkable statement was made by P. H. McCarthy, labor mayor of San Francisco, who was in Washington recently with the Pacific coast delegation asking congress to authorize the holding of the Panama exposition at the Golden Gate.

"And so judge for yourself," continued McCarthy, "whether or not the holding of the Panama exposition in San Francisco in 1915 will not be for the benefit of every working man, woman and child in the United States."

McCarthy's stories of conditions in the city where union labor holds political power were listened to with deep interest by the Building Trades council in Washington.

"There is no city in the United States or, as a matter of fact, in the whole world where the wageworkers' standard of living is as high as in San Francisco."

"And as to industrial peace," declared the carpenter mayor, "there is a better understanding, more harmony between employers and employed, in San Francisco than any other city in the Union."

"The San Francisco Building Trades council gave \$5,000 toward the fund for the exposition and will double that gift if more is needed."

McCarthy's claims for a wonderful working class prosperity in San Francisco are borne out by the table of building trades wages prepared by William T. Spencer, secretary of the building trades department of the American Federation of Labor. Here are some of his comparative wage scales in different cities for 1909, and the present year does not materially alter the comparisons:

Bricklayers in Chicago received per hour 62½ cents; in New York, 70 cents; in San Francisco, 87½ cents. Plumbers in the same cities respectively got 65, 62½ and 75 cents. Carpenters in the same order got 56¼, 62½ and 62½ cents; laborers and hodcarriers in Chicago 35 cents, in New York 35 cents and in San Francisco from 37½ to 50 cents per hour.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRAITOR.

An Uncanny Creature Contrasted With a Real Man.

What can we say of him who, scornful of the obligation of responsibility which conscience hath laid upon him and which never for a single instant is suspended, plays the role of scab or strike breaker, voluntarily surrendering every aspiration for true manhood, bowing his head to the galling yoke of devoting self contempt, clothing himself with the musty shroud of the industrial traitor? Dead to self respect, dead to natural ties of brotherhood, he stands in our midst, bold, defiant, unnamed, unclassified, a disgusting something, an uncanny creature born amid the travail of modern industrialism. May he soon perish from the earth and his perfidy follow him.

Now behold the man whose eye kindles with the light of understanding, whose heart pulsates with throbs of appreciation of justice, whose whole being is summoned to action by the trumpet calls of awakened responsibility, as he grasps the true meaning, the deeper purpose, the final goal of trades unionism. He is the true pioneer, the valiant pathfinder, the trusted patriot. He leads while others follow. He sows while others reap. Let us emulate him; let us support him, wherever he may be found. Let us do right and fear no man. Let us fight for the right and tremble not in the presence of any foe. Fear not. Our cause is just; our purpose is a holy one; our mission is a glorious one, consecrated to the uplifting of the oppressed, to the defense of the weak, to the rescue of the slavish, for the protection of little children, for the abolition of the manifold curses of modern industrialism, for the furtherance of peace, health and happiness. There is no power that organized greed can command over which we cannot prevail.—A. R. Wyatt, United Brotherhood of Carpenters, in American Federationist.

Teamsters' Unions Reaffiliated.

Daniel J. Tobin, international president of the Teamsters' union, reports that he has succeeded in bringing about the reaffiliation of the two big San Francisco unions which left the brotherhood in 1905. One of the locals, Truck Drivers' union No. 85, is reputed to be the wealthiest local union in the world, owning its own building, which is also let for stores and offices, and having more than \$100,000 in its local treasury. It has 2,500 members.

Favor Government Ownership.

The St. Louis Central Trades and Labor union recently branched out into advocacy of government ownership to the extent of declaring that the state of Missouri shall own and operate "farms, factories, workshops, public works or other means of employment" to an extent that will insure employment to every person who may apply for it.

Musicians Appeal.

The American Federation of Musicians voted \$1,000 to enable the union at Montreal to carry to the privy council of London, England, an appeal from the decision of a Montreal court, in which the local was fined \$700 for suspending a member who had violated its rules.

WHAT LABOR NEEDS.

Chicago Minister Pleads For Better Conditions For Toilers.

Professor George Burman Foster of the University of Chicago in the course of a recent sermon at the Third Unitarian church, Chicago, made a plea for better surroundings for the laboring man. He said:

"On every hand you hear the demand for social reform, and regularly you hear the reply: 'First make the individual better. If men were better, braver, more industrious, these conditions would soon be better.' But the question remains: How are we to get this new and better man? What can be done about it?"

"Let the wage be such that the laborer can have a home of light and joy and sunshine in a decent locality. Let the laboring men's women not have to go to factory and day's work outside, but have time and strength to be women, mothers, wives and make cheerful homes. In this way we can help them to achieve an inner life."

"Above all, we may help the laborer to assume a different attitude to his work. So long as his work is alien to him, so long as he works only for the sake of the wage, just so long is he a wage slave, and we cannot expect a slave to love his slavery or to have joy in his work. Then, too, while labor organizations must be preserved and protected, they must add a new function, that of leading joy and nobility and skill to labor."

"Thus do men become new men. It is true that good men can grow in the worst surroundings. But that is God's business. Our business is to make the surroundings as healthy as possible. It does little good to talk to men about God and yet leave them in their wretched lot. How can these men believe in God's wisdom and goodness in a world of madonism, heartlessness and cruel struggle for existence?"

"In these United States we claim to have the most living Christianity in the world, and yet five or six men, most of them zealous church members, kings in the kingdom of mammon, control the entire material wealth of the country."

SWEATSHOP EVILS.

Striking Exhibit of the Products of Child Labor.

Evils of the sweatshop, of child labor and of tenement house "factories" are portrayed in an exhibit which was recently placed in the Church of the Messiah, Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York city, under the auspices of the Consumers' league, an organization which is carrying on a campaign against those evils. It is but a few steps from the exhibits to the shopping district, where many of the things made by little children for a few pennies are sold for five and ten times the cost.

A bunch of twelve artificial pink rosebuds such as are used in trimming a hat is hung on a placard on which the history of these flowers is told. It took the little girl or woman who made them three-quarters of a minute to turn out one bunch, and for twelve of these bunches the maker earned exactly 1 cent. By working constantly it was possible to earn as much as 60 cents a day. When these flowers are sold in the shops, of course, they bring a good deal more than 1 cent a bunch.

According to members of the Consumers' league in charge of the display, the case of the twelve rosebuds is only one of many in which work done by women and children for next to nothing is sold to the consumer at a handsome profit. Artificial flowers are not the only products of the tenement house workshop. Fancy lace collars, trimmings, crochet work and children's finery are all included in the list. Specimens of such work are shown in the exhibit, and with them are photographs of the rooms where they were made and the people who made them.—New York Post.

Kirby Wears Leather Medal.

At the recent meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers at New York John Kirby delivered his usual denunciation of Gompers and other labor leaders. According to the press reports, Kirby favors the formation of a new political party that "shall be powerful enough to hold the nation in balance against the demagogues." When demagogues are relegated to obscurity Kirby will be lost to fame. He wears the medal among demagogues.—Potters' Herald.

LABOR NOTES.

Minneapolis bricklayers get 65 cents an hour, stonemasons 55 cents.

Holyoke (Mass.) plumbers now receive \$3.25 a day. The week is forty-four hours.

The United Garment Workers of America will meet in convention at Detroit on Aug. 22.

The Canadian Northern railway has agreed to the schedule demanded by the blacksmiths, molders and patternmakers.

Two union bands quit the Red Men's parade at Columbus, O., because of the presence in the parade of a non-union organization.

Louisville leather workers returned to work after a short strike. They will work one hour a week less than hitherto, and the wage scale, which ranges from \$15 to \$21 a week, will be revised.

The San Francisco Plumbers' union and Master Plumbers' association agreed that on and after May 1, 1910, one apprentice should be employed in each shop and one additional apprentice for every five men employed.

MY SISTER'S FLIRTATION

With a Girl at a Window Opposite Who Mistook Her For Me.

By EDWARD C. HANCOCK.
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed my sister Alice. She had come to inspect my new bachelor quarters in the city.

"I'm glad you like it. There's something lovelier over there in the back of that house. A pretty girl sits every afternoon in the middle third story window."

A girl came to the window designated, leaned a pair of white arms on the sill, looked down at the clotheslines below and went away without seeing us.

"You don't mean to say you call her pretty?" said Alice.

"I consider her beautiful. I would like to attract her attention, but dare not."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Being a stranger to her, I am afraid of offending her."

"Suppose I coach you on starting a flirtation with a girl at an opposite window?"

"I wish you would."

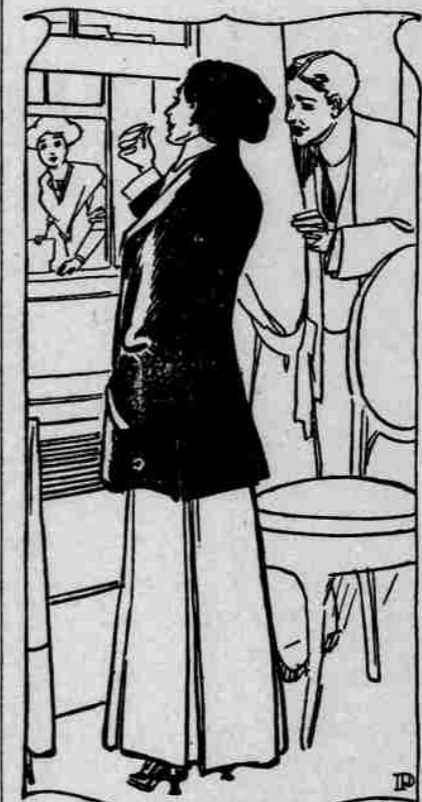
"Will you do as I say?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. If she comes to the window again while I'm here I'll tell you what to do."

Alice went about the room opening drawers and closets, poking her nose everywhere. I never saw anything like the curiosity of a girl. Presently, looking out, she saw the girl sitting at the window opposite. She was darned stockings. Alice, keeping far enough back not to be seen, watched her for a few minutes, then said to me:

"Go to the window, pull up the shade or something to make a noise that will



ALICE THREW HER A KISS.

attract her attention, and when she looks at you throw her a kiss."

"Do you suppose I'm crazy to do such a thing?"

"I thought you promised to do as I said."

"I didn't promise to offer an insult."

"Stupid!"

"What do you mean?"

"Am I not a girl, and don't I know what would please a girl?"

"You wouldn't wish a man you had never seen to throw you a kiss, would you?"

"Never seen! Do you suppose she has never seen you?"

"I don't know that she has. Anyway, I have no reason to suppose she has noticed me."

"I have. I saw her casting glances over here."

"Oh, you see too much! I've been watching her too. She hasn't taken her eyes off the heel of that stocking since she has been at the window."

"There's nothing to be made of a fellow like you. Get me out some of your clothes. I'll put them on and do the trick myself. You and I are the image of each other, and she won't know the difference."

She put on just enough of my clothes to represent me and went to the window, giving a loud "Ahem!" The girl turned, and Alice threw her a kiss.

The girl pulled down the sash with a bang and left the window apparently in high dudgeon.

"There," I said to Alice, "you've spoiled everything!"

"You mean I've started a flirtation."

"What can I do to—"

"Nothing. I'll do it for you. You'd spoil it all."

"But you're not here except occasionally."

"I'm going to stay here. Get me a room for a few days."

I would much rather have got rid of her, for I was sure she had offended the girl opposite, and I didn't wish her to get me any deeper into the mire. But she insisted, and I secured a room for her. That afternoon the girl opposite sat down by her window with her back turned to the light. She held a book in her hand.

"You see," I said to Alice, "to escape

being insulted she must needs turn her back."

"Nevertheless I shall insult her again."

"I forbid you."

"Nonsense! If she had considered herself insulted she wouldn't have come to the window at all. She's playing it on you."

"I thought it on you."

Alice had brought in some roses from home for me. She took up one, went to the window, took deliberate aim at the girl opposite and fired the rose, striking her on the back of the head. The girl started, turned, scowled, glanced at Alice and, supposing her to be a man, showed every evidence of being offended. Then she got up from her chair, closed the blinds and shut us off.

"Very likely she won't come to the window again today," said Alice. "It's too near dinner time. She'll have to do her hair before dinner, and then it will be too late."

"You seem to know all about it. Why will she have to do her hair before dinner?"

"Because it isn't fit for the dinner table."

"I thought it delightfully negligee."

"Delightfully froissy you mean."

I took Alice to the theater that night, and the next day she was ready to resume her efforts with the girl opposite. After breakfast Alice called me to come to the window.

"There, stupid!" she said, pointing to the window opposite. "What do you think of that?"

On a stand near the window was a tumbler and in the tumbler was a rose.

"That's the identical rose you threw at her."

"You don't mean it?" I cried. "What's the next move?"

"I would like to have you make it yourself, only you might act silly. You see, at this time of day the sun shines on this window, and I'm afraid she'll suspect I'm a girl."

"I'll do it. I'm all right now. I'm not afraid of anything."

"Bosh! You have no pluck at all."

However, it was arranged that I should make the next move, whatever that might be, though Alice was to decide upon it. We sat, I reading the paper, Alice keeping watch on the window opposite. Presently the girl appeared in a very becoming morning costume. She looked up at the sky.

"She's pretending she's interested in the weather," said Alice, "but that's pretty thin considering there's not a cloud in the sky. Stay where you are. She can't see either of us. She'll think you have gone out and will give herself away by and by."

After the girl had examined the heavens she swept her eyes in a lightning glance across my window. Then she disappeared.

"Too bad," said Alice, "that she has put on her finery to be disappointed."

"What finery?"

"What finery! Do you suppose girls dress that way in the morning when they are doing household duties? She expected after yesterday's performance to see her admirer at least for a moment before his going downtown."

Alice went shopping during the morning, and I went to my club. Not yet being settled in an occupation, I am obliged to get away with the day as best I can. I met Alice at a glove counter and took her to lunch. Then we went to my room ready to continue my wooing by proxy. Alice concluded to close the blinds in order that she might observe the enemy through the slats; but, fearing the girl opposite would see her watching, she called a maid for the purpose. Then Alice and I lounged, awaiting developments.

About 3 o'clock the girl came to her window and, seeing my blinds closed, did not scruple to fix her eyes upon them. Alice, who was watching her, directed me to suddenly throw the blinds open. I did so. The girl beat a precipitate retreat.

After awhile Alice told me to go to the window and sit there reading a paper with my back to the light. I did so, while Alice herself went to another window and watched through the slats. Presently she caught sight of a dim figure in the back of the room opposite. She could see that the girl was watching me. Then the girl came forward, unconscious that she was under observation. Suddenly Alice burst into a laugh.

"What is it?" I asked.

"She's throwing a kiss at the back of your head."

This was too much for me to endure without seeing. I turned just in time to catch a glimpse of a figure getting back out of the light.

"Now I have started you," said Alice. "I leave you to do the rest yourself. I shall go home tomorrow."

"Do you think I can get on alone?" I asked.

"There's nothing more to do in this way. If you wish to follow the matter up you must find a way to make her acquaintance, and, having met her, you must be careful not to mention anything you have learned of her interest in you. Better not mention this part of it. Treat her as a perfect stranger."

"Would you mind, Alice," I asked, "telling me how you learned all this?"

"I haven't needed to learn it. I'm a girl."

"But how about your experience in similar circumstances?"

"Oh, bother! There haven't been any similar circumstances in my case."

"You got it all by instinct?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I have to say is your instinct is mighty strong."

I at least had the ability to find out who the girl opposite was and hunted among my friends till I found a mutual acquaintance who introduced me. I courted her, but blundered, and it was a long time before I won her.