

UNION CROAKERS.

Need of Sincerity in the Labor Movement.

LOYALTY TO THE CAUSE.

Indifference of the Individual Retards the Full Triumph of Trade Unionism—What Could Be Accomplished by Absolute Unity of Purpose.

To accomplish the desired results in any field of human endeavor requires that the participants in the movement shall be animated by sincerity of purpose, which is merely another term signifying loyalty to the cause.

Good movements too often suffer from indifferent support, which not only prevents the movement from achieving the desired purposes, but also has the result of inspiring the unthinking, or those who merely think they think, to condemn the movement itself as unworthy or inefficient, when the real fault was with the participants and not with the movement.

The real battles and successes of life, whether of individuals or of groups of individuals, are won by those who have sufficient tenacity of purpose to fight on steadfastly until the battle is won—by men of sincerity and loyalty to their chosen cause.

Successful inventions have nearly always been the result of persistence in the face of ridicule, prejudice and poverty.

Ellas Howe nearly starved while clinging to the idea of the sewing machine which none but him could see.

Only about thirty years ago the telephone was the subject of ridicule.

The triumphs of Howe and Bell as well as other successful inventors demonstrated not only that their theories of sewing machines and telephones were correct, but also that they were men of sincerity and tenacity enough to stick to their purpose until it was achieved.

Had they abandoned their attempts it would have proved not that the ideas were unsound, but that the men were quitters.

Every nation has its national heroes who have in the past helped to shape its destiny, and history records numerous instances where the geography of the world has been changed by men of strong hearts and forceful purpose—by men of sincerity.

The labor cause is not different from other human movements in its requirement of sincerity of its participants as a prerequisite to success, but it is sufficiently well established, and its achievements are so well known as not to require the same degree of pertinacity as needs the inventor who is exploring an unknown field of mechanics.

The trail of labor unionism is well blazed, and its history is replete with ample examples of success to inspire even the most faint hearted with confidence, provided they will enter its work with sincerity and tenacity.

We have our croakers, who, because the movement has not succeeded in a given spot, are prone to condemn it in general, forgetting that the fact that in other spots it has been crowned with success proves that, like all other human movements for good, it succeeds where men are sincere and true and fails where they are not.

We recently noted the expression of one of the disciples of advanced political thought to the effect that because the union label demand was not strong in a city that had been superficially canvassed in its behalf therefore the union label was inefficient and the workers should turn their attention to political action as their sole remedy.

If this impatient dealer in political wares was half as wise as he thinks he is it would be apparent to him that men who were not sincere enough to patronize themselves by purchasing union label goods 300 days in the year would hardly remember to vote for themselves one day in the year. Sincerity and loyalty to our general interests are very largely a matter of habit, and if the individual workers do not acquire that habit they cannot be expected to exercise it.

The workingman who fails to do his duty to himself and to his fellows every day can hardly be expected to do it on election day.

It is necessary to arouse each and every wage earner to the value of sincerity of purpose in his every act, and this cannot be done by telling him his union is no good. And, moreover, it is not so.

If every man who works would lay down his tools at a given hour the world would be on its knees to him immediately.

If every man who works would refuse to buy any goods that did not bear a union label all dealers and manufacturers would immediately provide them with union label goods.

If these two propositions are not sound, then nothing in economics is sound.

That neither of these two conditions has been wholly realized proves not that the propositions are unsound, but that many of the workers have been untrue to themselves both as producers and as consumers.

Let us have less of the effort to destroy the confidence of the workers and more effort to inspire them with faith, loyalty and sincerity and tenacity of purpose.

The Scrap Book

Caught Him Both Ways.

While Chauncey Olcott was chatting with a friend on Broadway, New York, one day a young man whom he had noticed in conversation with two other men in front of a theater left his companions and, crossing the street, said:

"I beg your pardon, but are you Chauncey Olcott?"

"No," responded the comedian; "I'm his brother."

"Then I lose my bet," exclaimed the stranger, darting in front of a car and rejoicing his companions.

Mr. Olcott saw him hand one of the men a bill, and, not wishing the stranger to lose his money, he started in pursuit to explain. But there was a rush of traffic at that moment and he lost sight of them.

An hour or so later Mr. Olcott was walking up Broadway when the same young man approached him with another man.

"Are you Chauncey Olcott?" asked the man.

"Yes, I am, and I want to say that when I told you a little while ago I was not I didn't know you had a bet on it."

"Well, I'll be blown!" exclaimed the stranger as he turned disgustedly away. "That's two bets I've lost on you this afternoon. I just bet Jim here a five spot that you weren't Chauncey Olcott, and I thought I had a clinch."

Anticipation.

It is a mystery of the unknown that fascinates us. We are children still, Wayward and wistful. With one hand we cling

To the familiar things we call our own And with the other, resolute of will, Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Honesty.

I was sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered my office.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" I asked.

"Ah got a chance to change mah situation, Misseb Clahk," he said. "Yo' kin see a good wud fo' me, can't yo'—tell 'em Ah'm hones' n' sich?"

"Of course," I hesitated, "you're a good waiter, Sam, but I don't know anything specially about your honesty."

"Well, tell 'em dat an' say yo' thinks Ah'm hones'. Dat'll be enough."

So I promised I would.

"Thank yo', thank yo', Misseb Clahk," he said, with a deep bow. "When yo' come over tomorrow sit at mah table, n' Ah'll give yo' a sho' check."—Success Magazine.

The Break in the Fog.

There had been half a dozen stories of thick fogs, but Captain Mansfield had waited his turn with patience. It came at last, and the other captains turned their weather beaten faces toward him with an expression of cheerful credulity.

"I was told me of a house setting pretty nigh the shore along halfway down the coast o' Maine," said Captain Mansfield. "I could show you the house if it came right. It has a curious lopsided portico on it, and one day I asked the man that lives there why it happened to be built that queer shape."

"Well," says he, "the talk is that the man who lived here first had a cousin that was an architect up Boston way, and one time the feller was down here in a terrible foggy spell, and he was figuring out to his cousin how he could build a little portico of such and such dimensions, measuring out into the fog with his rule, and so on."

"'Twas in the late afternoon, he went off next day by train. The fog still held, and along in the morning the man that lived here happened to notice that the marks of the rule out into the fog were still plain, so as he couldn't go a-fishing he took some lumber and built the foundations of this portico. That queer job that makes it lopsided is where the wind bore in on the fog, they say, and bent the rule marks in."

Extra Good Care.

Some years ago the captain of one of his British majesty's ships while in quarantine at Auckland, New Zealand, owing to one slight case of fever, received some valuable carrier pigeons. He gave his colored servant strict orders to take great care of them. A few days afterward the captain, wishing to make use of the birds, inquired of his servant if he had taken care of them. "Oh, yes," replied he, "me hab taken berry great care of dem. Dey no fly away 'cause I hab clipped dere wings."

Friends in Both Places.

Mark Twain, the humorist, had friends in Philadelphia, and one of them, a woman who was his hostess at a dinner on his last visit to that city, tells the following story:

"We were talking about the future life and the various kinds of reward and punishment that might be expected in the next world," she said, "and Mr. Clemens took no part in the discussion. After a few moments of conversation on the part of all the other guests and complete silence from the humorist the woman sitting next to him turned to him and said:

"Well, Mr. Clemens, aren't you going to tell us what you think about future punishment and reward?"

"I must ask you to excuse me, madam," he replied. "You see, I have friends in both places."

LIVER TWIST.

The New Medicine That Mr. Blodgett Did Not Buy.

Mr. Blodgett, who lives out of town, fancies he is afflicted with liver complaint and in consequence tries every new medicine that comes on the market, fondly expecting it to prove effective for his particular malady. Not only that, but he swallows every sample of medicine left at the door by canvassers and anxiously continues his search for something new.

"Did you ever hear of liver twist, Maria?" was Blodgett's first remark to his wife as he came home from business a few evenings since.

"No, I never heard of it, but I suppose I shall have to get you a bottle if you want to try it," was the answer.

"I will find out something more about it tomorrow and see if they have any testimonials before we get it."

"I don't think you need mind about the testimonials, for you will take it anyway," said Mrs. Blodgett wearily.

When Mr. Blodgett came home the next evening his wife said, "Charles, have you got that bottle of liver twist yet?"

"Well—no—er—you see, Maria, there's no such thing."

"No such thing!" exclaimed the astonished Maria.

"No. I saw it advertised in big letters on a barn. It just said liver twist and that was all. This morning I saw it on a fence the other side of the road, and then I looked at the barn to see where the mistake was, and I found that the first board was pulled off, and it was an advertisement for a theater, and the name of the play was 'Oliver Twist.'"—New York Press.

His Warning.

A voluble faker was selling bottles of a mixture he called hair grower on a street corner. He said:

"Yes, gents, one bottle of this unrivaled hair grower will raise a rich, luxuriant crop of hair on the balddest head in the crowd. But let me give you this one word of warning."

Here he paused to pocket a half dollar and hand a bottle of the liquid to a baldhead.

"My warning is: Do not neglect when the full head of hair is grown to take the last dose in the bottle internally, that is, swallow it."

"Swallow it. What for?" the buyer asked.

"To clinch the roots," was the reply.

The Cat's Bed.

"It's a bad thing to mix presence of mind and absentmindedness," said an actress. "When 'Mine Sane-Tene' was the play of the hour I had the part of the blanchisseuse in the laundry scene and was busily engaged in ironing when a cat which had his home somewhere about the theater came walking out to the stage. I thought this would furnish a good opportunity to give a realistic domestic touch to the scene and so when puss came purring up and rubbed against me I stroked her fur, spoke to her, and then, for fear she might be distracting, I picked her up and put her down on the nearest place at hand, saying, 'There, pussy, go to sleep!'"

"The cat curled up contentedly, and I went on with my lines. Suddenly I was aware of a murmur among the audience, which increased to a ripple of laughter. I realized something was up and turned instinctively to look at puss. There she was, asleep, where I had put her, among the irons on the 'red-hot' range."—Young's Magazine.

Anger.

If a man meets with injustice it is not required that he shall not be roused to meet it, but if he is angry after he has had time to think upon it, that is sinful. The flame is not wrong, but the coals are.—Beecher.

How a Juror Was Lost.

It is a southern county of Missouri years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different than now much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a murder trial. Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily—he had no prejudices

mess, and his friends dropped off, and Bibi experienced the cold shoulder of neglect.

One day he was discovered almost starving in an empty house, and Ver-laine's friends reproached themselves for their unkindness to the poor old man. A subscription was raised for his benefit and the money handed to him at a banquet at which the twenty-seven subscribers were present. Bibi's health was drunk with enthusiasm. He rose to reply, but emotion so overcame him that he sought permission to retire. This was graciously granted, and Bibi retired, taking with him as he left the house the twenty-seven umbrellas of his entertainers, which he gathered up as he passed through the antechamber.

A Long Time Open.

In Vienna, Austria, there is a restaurant that has never closed its doors, night or day, since 1745.

Hard Luck.

"What is 'hard luck?'"

"A combination of laziness and bad judgment."—Cleveland Leader.

Satisfied with the Inspection.

was not opposed to capital punishment and was generally a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly:

"Juror, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full minute. Then, turning to the judge as though fully satisfied with the inspection, he said:

"Judge, darn me if I don't believe he's guilty."—Kansas City Star.



Knight's Grocery

The Home of Wedding Breakfast Coffee 2202-08 O STREET Home of Anvil and Marigold Canned Goods. BELL PHONES 505, 506 AUTO 3208, 3209

PEARS FOR CANNING

Strictly first-class beauty pears for canning. Every pear perfect. Lowest price of the season—\$1.69 a box. Don't wait expecting pears to be cheaper—you will be disappointed in the quality.

Blue Plums for Canning

The best quality and the heaviest pack we have seen. Every plum guaranteed to be perfect. Considering quality and pack plums are at the lowest—\$1.58 per crate.

PEACHES for Canning

We cannot quote a price on peaches for the reason that it will be at least sixty hours after this is written before the paper is printed. Suffice to say we sold 345 crates of fine peaches in two days last week at 69c for a 4-basket crate. At this time—the middle of the week—we are selling very large Colorado freestones at 69c a crate, but do not know how long they will last.

Our Way of Buying

We are without question the largest buyers of fruit in the city. We are always ready for a bargain, whether it be 5 cases or 100 cases, and that is one of the good reasons why we own our fruit right and save our customers money whenever there is anything to be saved.

Wedding Breakfast Coffee

We probably sell more Wedding Breakfast Coffee than is sold of any other 25c coffee in the city. Wedding Breakfast is put up in air tight tin cans, 16 oz net weight, and we are exclusive agents for Lincoln. Wedding Breakfast has the standing-up qualities, combined with excellent flavor and good strength. Try a can, 25c, money refunded if not the BEST you ever used, regardless of price.

OUR BREAD--2 loaves for 5c

Is made from either Liberty or Gooch's Best, at all times by experienced bakers, and the weight is the same as all bakers offer you at 5c loaf.

OUR JUMBO BREAD---at 5c loaf.

Is 9 oz. heavier than any 5c loaf offered in Lincoln, and is also made from Liberty or Gooch's Best. No better bread ever made, and you save 9 oz. to the loaf. Our reason for selling on such a close margin is this: we do not deliver bread alone for anyone in any quantity, and save the extra horses, feed and wagons, etc.

OUR STORE AND EMPLOYEES

We occupy more floor space, we employ more help (at good wages) 14 to 18 people at all times, and we use more delivery wagons than any similar business in the city.

FAITHFUL BIBI.

He Remained True to the Last to His Little Weakness.

When Verlaine, the French poet, died he left his friend Bibi as a legacy to those who had cared for him. Bibi was inoffensive. There was a tradition that years ago he had worked, but the man lived not who had seen him with pen in hand. Yet Bibi was looked after for the dead poet's sake. Painters, sculptors, journalists, gave him house room in turn, fed him and clothed him, and Bibi was grateful. But one little vice of his was incurable—he invariably walked off with his host's umbrella. This persistent absentmindedness at last produced a cool-



AS HE LEFT THE HOUSE.

ness, and his friends dropped off, and Bibi experienced the cold shoulder of neglect.

One day he was discovered almost starving in an empty house, and Ver-laine's friends reproached themselves for their unkindness to the poor old man. A subscription was raised for his benefit and the money handed to him at a banquet at which the twenty-seven subscribers were present. Bibi's health was drunk with enthusiasm. He rose to reply, but emotion so overcame him that he sought permission to retire. This was graciously granted, and Bibi retired, taking with him as he left the house the twenty-seven umbrellas of his entertainers, which he gathered up as he passed through the antechamber.

A Long Time Open.

In Vienna, Austria, there is a restaurant that has never closed its doors, night or day, since 1745.

Hard Luck.

"What is 'hard luck?'"

"A combination of laziness and bad judgment."—Cleveland Leader.

LANE'S Department Store.

Furniture, Stoves & Carpets

New and Secondhand Goods.
New Goods Exchanged for old.

224 NO. 10TH STREET
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

DEMAND THE UNION LABEL

The Palace Dining Hall

The Best 25 cent meal in the city.
No lunch counter.
Ask for special rates on tickets or by the week.

1130 N STREET
Furnished Rooms in Connection.
Under New Management.

F. E. WARREN, PROP.
GIVE US A TRIAL.