

MAYER BROS.' SUGGESTIONS



Gloves

Dress Gloves, Fur Gloves, Work Gloves, in fact, all kinds of Gloves--the leading makes in every case. The prices are right and within the reach of all--

50c to \$5.00



Bath Robes Smoking Jackets

Such a gift will be appreciated by any man, and no matter what your selection we are sure the patterns will please him. The assortment is most complete in neat color blending patterns.

Smoking Jackets, \$5 to \$15
Bath Robes, \$3.95 to \$20

Neckwear

The color blendings in our Neckwear showing are perfect. The season's best colorings and styles--priced at \$2.00 down to 25c.

Way and Phoenix Mufflers,

50c and \$1.00



Hats

All we have to say is that we are the agents for the best line of

HATS

Silk and Opera Hats, \$7 to \$10.
Soft Hats, \$1.00 to \$8.00.
Derbies, \$2.00 to \$5.00.



Gifts at 25c to \$1

Suspenders are shown in fancy Xmas boxes. A very desirable gift, \$1 down to 25c.

Handkerchiefs, a very handy gift for Men, 75c down to 5c.

Handkerchief, Hose and Tie Sets, articles match in color, per set, \$1.50



MAYER BROS., Head to Foot Clothiers



Having been confirmed by the committee on privileges of the house of lords in his right as the twelfth baron of Cameron, Albert Kirby Fairfax, native American, now officially bears the title of Lord Fairfax of the Scotch peerage and is entitled to all the privileges of a peer in the United Kingdom, excepting that these do not include a seat in the house of lords, a distinction which, however, may be attained by him through election as one of the 16 delegates to the house by the Scottish peerage for each parliamentary session.

The house of Fairfax dates back to 1627. Its founder was one of the few nobles who sided with Cromwell and he held chief command at Marston Moor. His son was general-in-chief of the parliamentary forces and gained the great victory at Naseby. When the king came to his own the Fairfax of that day deemed it best to come to America, and about 1739 settled in Virginia, where he bought a tract of land comprising some 6,000,000 acres, and erected two mansions--Brevior and Greenway Court--where he lived in baronial style. The present Virginia family home is Northampton, Prince George county, an estate of about 700 acres, being a part of the original Fairfax grant. Albert Kirby Fairfax was born there, as were his brother and three sisters.

His father was Dr. John Contee Fairfax, who, like all of his ancestors after the first of them came to America, disdained to lay claim to the title, with the exception of Rev. Brian Fairfax, who went to England in 1800 and received recognition as the eighth Lord Fairfax, but returned to this country and never assumed the title. The mother of Albert Kirby Fairfax was a daughter of Col. Edmund Kirby of the United States army.

Several years ago Albert went to New York and obtained a position in the banking house of Barring, Magoon & Co., in Wall street, with the intention of becoming a banker. In 1902 he went to London to represent an international banking concern and announced his intention of assuming his title. The British chancellor decided that he could exercise all the rights of his rank--attend coronations and various court functions, but could not have a voice in the house of lords unless he should become a British subject and be elected as one of the 16 Scottish peers.

He attended the coronation of King Edward by special invitation and was extensively entertained by the peerage.

Picking Up Information.

An addition to the list of phraseological coincidences has just been made by a speaker at the religious congress now assembled in the Oxford schools. For a competent student of any great subject there was, said Prof. Rhys David, no better way of clarifying and increasing knowledge than writing a book about it. Something like the same sentiment was expressed a little more cynically by the late Bishop Creighton at a Dictionary of National Biography dinner. "When-

ever," he declared, "I have found myself especially ignorant of any subject, I have always tried to get a commission for an article on it, and in this way I have picked up a good deal of useful information."--Westminster Gazette.

Daily Thought.

So the first glance told me there was no duty patent in the world like darning to be good and true myself, leaving the show of things to the Lord of show.--Robert Browning.

THE PRINTERS.

President Lynch Calls for Christmas Donations to Home Library.

President James M. Lynch has called for donations to the Union Printers' Home for the purpose of completing the fund for the erection of an addition to the Home to house the library. He says that \$12,000 more is needed, and that this amount, added to the Cumming's Memorial Fund will erect a handsome two-story addition. The Home now has 6,000 volumes on its library shelves, with about 3,500 volumes stored away because of lack of room. Lincoln union is about \$30 shy on its pro rata for the Cumming's Memorial Fund, and a row would be a good time to get square. All donations to the fund should be sent to the secretary-treasurer, John Bramwood, Indianapolis.

Will Bustard is feeling like himself again. Mrs. Bustard returned the first of the week from a visit of several months in Pacific coast cities.

Omaha Auxillary held its annual ball last Monday evening and a splendid time was enjoyed by all present, among whom the editor of The Wage-worker was one. The net proceeds were used to provide the men in the Union Printers' Home with a Christmas remembrance. Every guest at the home will receive a pound box of Dave O'Brien's finest candy, with the compliments of the Omaha Auxillary.

Of course the ball committee is going to make the twenty-sixth annual ball the best ever. Who doubts it? Council Bluffs newspaper printers are asking for an increase of 25 cents in the machine scale.

St. Joseph printers are hustling already to make the 1909 convention the best in history. St. Joe is so close that we are already wondering how Lincoln papers are going to get enough printers to get out on time convention week.

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Last Meeting of the Year Slated for Next Tuesday Evening.

On next Tuesday evening the Central Labor Union will meet for the last time in 1908. Every accredited delegate ought to feel that it is his duty to be present and help wind up the year's work in good shape by preparing to do a whole lot better in 1909. The central body will have sev-

eral important matters to consider at the next meeting. Among them will be the matter of labor's interest in the new city charter, and labor's interest in the new high school project.

In addition there are several other committees to report, and perhaps an effort will be made to have a resume of the year's business. It is not "backcapping" to say that the central body has not measured up to its opportunities during the year, but the failure is not due to the active delegates who have been regular in attendance. It is due to the negligence of those who have accepted the responsibility and then failed to measure up to it in the slightest degree.

Now let every delegate make it a point to be present next Tuesday evening, and let us have a real old-fashioned labor meeting and wind up the old year in a blaze of union enthusiasm.

LABOR TEMPLE.

No Meeting Held Last Monday Night Owing to Sickness and Absence.

President Dickson of the Labor Temple association is laid up with a "miser" in his back, and that is one reason why there was no meeting of the Labor Temple directors last Monday night. Another reason was that a couple of directors were called out of town. And still another was that Secretary Ibringer found it impossible to get time in which to have his report made out. Two or three of the faithful gathered and talked the matter over, but owing to the absence of a quorum no business was transacted.

A meeting will be held next Monday evening, and then an adjournment will be taken until the first Monday in January. The annual election is due in a short time. Beginning with the first of the year the Temple project will take on new life, and the work of pushing it to a successful conclusion will be prosecuted with vigor.

OUR MIDDLE PAGES.

Special attention of Wageworker readers is called to our Jingle page--the center of this issue. Here are found some spicily lines covering the name of the goods and firms who desire to reach the particular trade of wage earners. They all appreciate that he who toils at the various trades

is worthy of their every consideration and we trust the readers of this paper will reciprocate by trading with all firms who advertise in it--and do us a slight turn by letting the merchant with whom you deal know that you saw it in The Wage-worker.

The shrewd, get-all-the-trade-you-can merchant, recognizes The Wage-worker as one of the best means in Lincoln to get the attention of the people--with money to spend. That's why its advertising columns always wear such a healthy look. If your ad does not appear in it--why? Auto 1556 or Bell 333 brings our solicitor to your desk. Try it.

WHEN YOU FRAME UP

your next year's advertising schedule--and make your appropriation--don't overlook The Wage-worker. No business man of sagacity will let escape his notice the best and surest methods of getting trade. There are thousands of toilers in Lincoln and vicinity--they all read The Wage-worker. Nuf said.

A CLOTHING PRINCE.

Among the staunch friends of The Wage-worker and its readers is Farquhar, the prince of clothiers, whose magnificent and complete line of goods is displayed at 1325 O and where numbers cheerfully trudge when they want clothes of superior and lasting quality. Mr. Farquhar is an adept at his business and never misrepresents his wares. We ask the reader to read his ad in this issue of The Wage-worker and give Mr. Farquhar a portion of their patronage.

KENNY HAS 'EM.

The people of Havelock have no need to go outside of their town for Christmas goods. Kenny, the druggist, has a large and varied line to select from. Try him.

AND HE GOT IT.

Daniel J. Keefe, late member of the A. F. of L. executive council, has been appointed commissioner general of immigration to succeed the late Frank P. Sargent. So that was the price?

FITS STOPPED FREE
TRIAL BOTTLE SENT
Address Golden Cure Co. Hammond, Ind.

A Madonna of the Tenements

By MAUD TUCKER



HE dark face of Mrs. Carrucio looked pale and wan and bitter as she brought her children to the day nursery; and although she hesitated to go, she seemed to expect the questioning voice of the teacher.

"O Miss Florence," she said in very broken English, "there is no God! There cannot be a God! If there is one, he has long since forgotten us! No one cares for us! And life is very hard!"

Then she rolled back the shawl from her left arm, and showed an ugly wound in the arm where her husband had stabbed her with a stiletto.

The young teacher lost no time in taking the poor woman to a surgeon, who dressed the already infected wound, and dealt with a case so difficult that he barely saved the arm from amputation.

The poor woman accepted the help stolidly, for suffering had wrought its work in her embittered spirit. A drunken, brutal husband, hard, incessant toil, and the care of three puny children weighed down her forlorn life. She lived in one basement room, and her washing supplied the children's food, when her husband did not succeed in getting the money first and spending it for drink.

"There is not a dog upon the street whose lot is not happier than mine," she said. "No, there is no God."

To the three children, Leonardo, Michael and Angelo, a fourth was soon added, and to her was given the name Rosie; for the mother did not recall the names of any Italian artists that would have fitted a little girl. And when the little girl was born, the worthless father deserted the home, which was perhaps the only thing he had done to help it for a long time.

It was no argument that changed the creed of the poor immigrant woman. The simplest necessities of life were imperatively needed in that home, and they were supplied. Day by day a visiting nurse came in and cared for her. Day by day the children were tended in the day nursery. Frequent visits of the teachers brought simple comforts to the poor tenement, and life became a little brighter. But the sad look was there of a woman whose hopes were gone, and who had drunk to the dregs the cup of bitter experience.

They had a Christmas tree at the nursery, with simple gifts for the children. When the exercises were over, and the teachers were taking down the tree, one of them proposed that they should carry it over to a home where one of the children was sick. The tree was too large, and had to be cut off, but it was still a respectable tree. And its reception in the first home was so enthusiastic that they carried it to another, and yet another. Nor were gifts lacking; for a quantity of second-hand toys had been received, and there was second-hand clothing for distribution as well.

A few of the children accompanied the tree to the first home, and the procession grew. First went the tree, upheld by two or twenty children; then came the basket of decorations, then a basket of presents, and then the teachers and the throng. It was long after dinner time when they came to Mrs. Carrucio's one room.

It was a dark room, with one court window, and that window was filled with children who could not get in. The table was still loaded with the remains of the Christmas feast, and Mrs. Carrucio was holding Rosie, while the three boys gathered about her. Into the midst of the family group came the wonderful tree, for the eleventh time decorated with tinsel and glass balls, and lighted with candles.

It bore wonderful fruit--a shawl for the mother, shoes for the boys, white clothing for baby Rosie, and an odd collection of second-hand toys.

The light of the candles pour a reflection in the face of the poor woman. She had seen the Lord in the love of his children. She looked at the tree, now bare of presents, but still radiant with candles and ornaments, and looked again at the faces of the teachers, and then at the face of her babe. Upon her knees she fell in front of the wonderful tree, and over her face, that had been too sad for weeping, the tears flowed freely as she knelt and uttered a prayer. And her face became almost like the face of a Madonna, as she held her babe and sobbed her sad Magnificat in her native tongue.--Youth's Companion.

The Christmas Spirit.

Psycheby is a hard-hearted man. The spirit of Christmas never touches him, and he always chooses Christmas eve to give his superfluous employes notice. His wife, however, is different; and she entered the dining-room with a troubled look.

"Oh, Gerald," she said, "Maud has just swallowed a quarter! What ever shall we do?"

Maud, be it said, occupies the position of maid-of-all-work to the Psycheby household.

"Do?" repeated the master of the house. "Well, I suppose we'd better let her keep it. She'd have expected a Christmas-box, anyhow!"

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