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A Kindergarten Hold-Up

By MABELL SHIPPIE CLARKE

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It was when Sam was a stunted, old-looking boy of ten, and the baby, Sal, was five, that many things happened. First his father was sent to jail for life for killing Sandy Mike Sullivan in a fight; then his mother died and little Sal was taken away to an institution.

With a heritage of vice and a training in crime as his equipment for this world's warfare, Sam entered upon his independent career.

It was 15 years after his mother's death that a morning in late May found him on the outskirts of a suburban town, Norham, near Boston. Sam always tramped for six months in the year. He had developed a taste for the country; he made a living easily, and met agreeable companions. Usually he rode on freight trains at night, and walked the country roads in the daytime. By mistake he had left the train at a greater distance from the village than he had realized; it was already after nine o'clock, and he had had no breakfast.

Fortunately, he spied a cottage in the distance, and bent his steps to it. As he came near, the cottage resolved itself into a plain white building of a shape common to New England, and he heard children's laughter and singing, and the tramp of little feet.

"It's a bloomin' school," he muttered. "No grub here."

Still, he did not continue his walk, for now there sounded from the piano a lively march which he had heard many a time from the street bands in

the poor teacher shake with fright, he replied to her question.

"Wot kin you do for me? A lot, miss. I come here to see you an' de little kids. Trot 'em out. Show me dere paces;" and Sam seated himself in the magisterial seat, with an assumption of being very much at his ease.

"You mean that you would like to see some of their games?"

"Yes. An' have 'em sing," commanded Sam.

Here was a way to quiet the children, who, in their accustomed routine, would forget the forbidding aspect of their visitor. Making them form a circle, their mistress led their thin, sweet voices in the song of the carpenter and farmer, with gestures illustrative of their occupations.

Sam looked on with an interest amounting to absorption. Never had he supposed that childhood contained such interests, such pleasures, such stores of information. His mind went back to his own early days, and he dimly felt that its excitements were not to be compared to these delights. He thought of his father and mother. He had heard that his father had died in jail. He had spent two years in the same jail himself. He never looked for his mother's grave—never even asked its whereabouts. He thought of Sal, and wondered. It was years since any of them had come into his memory.

The blocks were being put away to the music of a merry tune, when the teacher's voice reached him as from a distance, and her face was seen as through a mist.

"Would you like to see the children march?"

She had placed them in line, with the tallest boy at the head, and was passing by him to go to the piano, when the tramp suddenly exclaimed:

"Stop!"—in a tone that made her knees vibrate.

"Where did you git dat?" he said, pointing a dirty finger at a silver coin hanging from her watch chain.

"This? I've had it always," returned the girl, holding up the dime with its engraving on one side. Sam took it between his thumb and finger, very much to her discomfiture, and read on it, in well-cut letters:

SAM.

and underneath, rudely scratched:

SAL.

There came to his remembrance like a flash the day when he had found that coin engraved with his name, and with a hole drilled through it, in the street, and how he had taken it home, and had scratched on it with his knife the baby's name, and had tied it about her neck with a piece of pink string.

"Who are you?" he demanded, looking at her earnestly, and still holding the coin.

"Sally Brandon."

"Go on."

"Mrs. Humphrey Brandon's adopted daughter."

"Who's yer father?"

"The girl was almost crying."

"I don't know. I came from a home in New York. Mrs. Brandon adopted me and had me trained to teach."

"Why'd she call you Sally?"

"They told her at the home that that was all of my name that the policeman who took me there told them, and they gave her this to keep for me. It was round my neck when I was received."

Sam now was sure of her identity. She was Sal, the baby. He looked at her keenly, then sat down, saying, briefly:

"Set de kids agoin'."

While the merry march sounded against his deaf ears, Sam revolved the situation. Under ordinary circumstances, if he had found anyone whose "leg" he could "pull," he would have pulled it without hesitation. Something of the sort he thought of now, for he had no doubt but that he could persuade her of his identity, even though her baby mind had retained no memory of the tenement-house days. At any rate he could frighten her out of money.

But, strangely enough, he did not want to, and this for the first time in his life when there was a chance of "boodle."

He looked at her smooth hair, her sweet face, her neat dress; he watched her skill as the music ran out from beneath her swift fingers; he remembered her control over the children, and her evident knowledge of her profession. His thinking resolved itself into a murmur inaudible to her.

"I guess she ain't got no use fer a brudder like me; an'," he added, with grim humor, "I dunno's I could use a sister like her."

So never a word said Sam on the subject, and when the march was over he took his leave.

"Much obliged, teacher, fer yer per-liteness. I wisht I'd had a school like dis when I was a brat, an' I'm much obliged to de little kids, too. Good-by."

"Good-by!" they shouted in chorus, and the little girl whose weaving he had described as "blooming pretty," cried:

"Come again!"

Sam stepped into the open air, and looked at the blue sky, and up and down the road, and then walked off with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, whistling very loudly the march the teacher had just played.



The Teacher Sprang to Her Feet in Alarm.

New York. Besides, he saw in the square entry-way of the old-fashioned schoolhouse, beneath the little coats and hats, a row of luncheon baskets. He eyed them critically.

"Dere ain't a square meal in the whole of 'em, but dere better'n nothing;" and he stepped cautiously in, and devoured the contents of the first three receptacles in the row in an incredibly short time.

He was consuming a bread and butter sandwich, when, in the midst of the second mouthful, which was almost the last, his eye fell on a little hole in the corner of a pane of the glazed glass door.

"Wot is them kids doin', I wonder?" he said to himself, and applied his eye to the hole with the promptness that characterized his arrival at a decision.

Once in command of the scene, Sam remained motionless and lost in amazement. Ten, twelve, seventeen, he counted, of the prettiest little creatures, boys and girls, the oldest not over five.

It was a kindergarten established by the early comers among Norham's summer residents, who had hired this deserted schoolhouse, had had it fitted up with long, low tables and little chairs, and had installed therein as teacher a ward of Mrs. Humphrey Brandon.

As Sam watched the little people about the tables began to model clay, while the teacher told a story of a mother bird and her birdlings; and one after another of the pretty children went to her to show the nest and eggs which had grown as the tale progressed.

Looking and listening though he was, Sam neither saw nor heard a little girl who ran to the door behind which he stood, and pulled it open, revealing to the astonished teacher and children a disreputable, unshaven tramp, in a stooping position.

The teacher sprang to her feet in alarm, though in an instant she was controlled, that she might not make the children afraid. She was a girl of 20, and not comely, though her face looked sweet and motherly, as she clasped one sobbing child to her breast, and walked a step nearer to the door.

"What can I do for you?" she asked. Now the unmasking of Sam's ambush had disconcerted him more than he would have acknowledged even to himself, and the effort at recovery of his self-possession caused him to assume the air of audacity. It angered him, too, to see how the mere sight of him standing in the doorway had thrown into confusion the pretty scene on which he had been looking. Straightening himself with an air of impudence and command that made

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 2518 of Clem Birney, deceased, in County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that a petition has been filed for the appointment of Henry C. Berge as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein, on February 24, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m. Dated January 23, 1909.

P. JAS. COSGRAVE, County Judge.

(Seal) By Walter A. Leese, Clerk. 43-4

Notice of Probate.

Estate No. 1826 of Adelia P. Grover, deceased, in County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested in said estate, take notice that a petition has been filed for probate of the last will of said deceased, and for appointment of Peter B. Eno as administrator with will annexed thereof, which has been set for hearing herein, on February 23, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m. Dated January 21, 1909.

P. JAS. COSGRAVE, County Judge.

(Seal) By Walter A. Leese, Clerk. 43-4

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 57 of Orville W. Merrill, deceased, in County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that a petition has been filed for the appointment of Burton A. George as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein, on February 23, 1909, at 1 o'clock p. m. Dated January 21, 1909.

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WHY WE OPPOSE INJUNCTIONS

Labor injunctions will be one of the issues during the coming campaign and it behooves all workers to "book up" on this usurpation of courts.

Here are a few points that will "floor" any defender of labor injunctions:

From the foundation of our government, injunctions have been recognized for the protection of property. Section 917 of the United States Revised Statutes empowers the supreme court to prescribe rules for its application. Rule 55, promulgated in 1866, provides that special injunctions shall be grantable only upon due notice to the other party.

Labor injunctions are capitalistic applications of justice, masking under a hypocritical love for courts.

The labor injunction was invented by Alex Smith, attorney for the Ann Arbor railway in the strike of 1894. It was applied by Federal Judge Taft, who committed Frank Phelan to jail for six months, and since then nearly every court has granted these writs on demand.

Labor injunctions are not authorized or recognized by any legislature.

Labor injunctions deny workers a trial by jury—a right accorded the meanest criminal.

Labor injunctions outlaw acts committed at strike times but legal at all other times.

Labor injunctions empower the court to act as law-maker, judge and executioner.

Labor injunctions class workers as property.

Labor injunctions make no distinction between property rights and personal rights.

Labor injunctions rest on the theory that when an action by workers injures property, fundamental personal rights can be enjoined.

Labor injunctions protect dollars at the cost of a free press and free speech.

Labor injunctions disregard the wrongs of workers in a desire to protect gold.

Labor injunctions are issued on the sole affidavits of men who place spies in unions.

Labor injunctions class the patronage of workers and sympathizers as a property right that cannot be jeopardized by a statement of facts.

Labor injunctions still the voice of protest against the grinding policy of unfair employers.

Labor injunctions differ from injunctions for the protection of impersonal rights.

Labor injunctions guess a violation of the criminal code will be committed.

Labor injunctions are strike-time "laws."

Labor injunctions are not entitled to the respect of a liberty-loving people.

Labor injunctions are judge-made laws, thanks to William Howard Taft.—Toledo Union Leader.

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