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**WAGELABORER**

WILL M. MAUPIN, EDITOR



Published Weekly at 137 No. 14th St., Lincoln, Neb. One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class matter April 21, 1904, at the postoffice at Lincoln, Neb., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

**DOING THINGS FOR WORKINGMEN.**

So far as this humble little newspaper is concerned, and speaking only for itself, it is heartily tired of this everlasting fol-de-rol about "doing something for the workingman" that a lot of would-be-goods are eternally emitting. The average workingman is not looking for somebody to "do something for him." What he most wants is the opportunity to do something himself—something for himself and for those dependent upon him. He is not a mendicant; neither does he appreciate the efforts of those who seem to look upon him as an object of sympathy for whom "something should be done" in order to lift him out of his dejection and despair. What's the matter with giving the workingman an opportunity to do something himself? The man who works for wage is not an abnormal creature who needs treatment different from that needed by other men. He thinks the thoughts of the average man, dreams the same dreams, yearns for the same things and appreciates the same things. Why should a lot of would-be philanthropists always be striving to save the workingman from himself, mapping out his line of moral policy to pursue, selecting for him the amusements he should indulge in, censuring his pleasures, and providing for him a code of ethics?

A lot of people who would quickly resent the labor unions endeavoring to define the proper mode of baptism are very quick to define what shall constitute the workingman's day of rest. People who hold to the idea that heaven is a 24 reservation peopled only by their own ilk are eternally insisting that the working man shall not do what he wants to do, but shall do what they want him to do. They insist that their ideas of Sunday observance are the only right ideas, and that he who holds to different ideas is one for whom something should be done in order to make him see things as they see them.

Sunday is a day of rest—but who shall be delegated to fix exactly the definition of that word "rest"? Rest may be merely a change of occupation. What rests one might weary another. So much stress has been laid upon the observance of the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, that a whole lot of people confine all their worship, all their religious researches, all their good works, to that particular day. But why should any man, or any set of men, be privileged to say how other men shall observe their weekly rest day? Not all good people go to church; neither are all people good who go to church. The worker who toils six days in the week may or may not be rested by going to church. And he alone has the right to decide that for himself. He is not in need of having a lot of people "doing something for him" in order to keep him from doing what he wants to do.

And more especially in this humble little newspaper tired of this everlasting talk about providing something for the workingmen, now that the saloons have been abolished. That sort of talk is an insult to the vast majority of workingmen, for the vast majority of workingmen did not frequent the saloons.

Suppose a lot of you quit talking about "doing something for the workingman" and give him opportunities to do things for himself. Suppose you quit talking about "substitutes for the saloon" and assist the workingmen in getting something good that is not a substitute for anything. And, better yet, suppose you quit viewing the workingman as an abnormal creature who must have a line of treatment different from that accorded to other human beings. The workingmen will work out their own salvation if given a clear field. They will make mistakes, to be sure, being human beings, but they will make no more serious mistakes than other men. Their unions will not—for they cannot—make any greater mistakes than the churches have made in time gone by. Suppose you stand aside and give the workingman a chance to help him-

self; a chance to exercise his own commonsense. The plan might fail, but the failure would not be greater than the failures of a lot of well-meaning people who are always anxious to "do something for the workingman."

**LAY ASIDE YOUR HAMMER.**

Maybe you think the home team likes to lose games. Maybe you think Guy Green is foolish enough to believe that it is a paying investment to economize in salaries. Maybe you think it is easy to walk out and pick up men on any old corner who can play careless ball in the field and smash the sphere out of the lot every time they walk to the plate. Maybe you think you are exhibiting a vast and varied knowledge of the game every time you get your little old hammer and pound away at the home player who makes an error. If you think any of these things you are victims of hallucinations.

We like to see the home team win as well as anybody. When a member of the home team makes an error at a critical moment we suffer those "queer sinking spells." When a home player stands at the plate and either allows strikes to be called on him or smashes the air instead of the ball, we experience a deadly sinking. But, b'gosh, we don't recover and get out a little old hammer and go to "knocking." If ever we run across a ball player who never makes an error in the field and never fails to knock the ball out of the lot, we are going to follow him around until he drops dead and then grab his body for the purpose of preserving it in alcohol.

For heaven's sake lay aside your hammer! If you can't root for the home team, keep your mouth buttoned up! Don't belch a lot of abuse under the impression that a "roasting" is the thing most needed by the home team. The man who is always "knocking" because the home team loses, advertises himself as a cheap sport who always whines when he loses.

When the "Greenbackers" return from their present trip, just go out to Antelope park, perch yourself upon the bleachers or in the grandstand and proceed to "root" like thunder for the home team. You'll feel a lot better, the boys will play better and you'll make a better appearance in the eyes of dead game sports who can take their medicine like men.

The Union Pacific management offers a reward of \$5,000 for each one of the men who help up a Union Pacific train. Wouldn't the Union Pacific have to hand over a wad of money if it paid \$5,000 for every time it has held up the people?

John Kirby, who succeeds JimvanCleave as president of the Union Busters' Association, has only his mouth to recommend him for the job—that and his willingness to do the dirty work of a lot of greedy and grasping employers.

The Traction company employes are playing marbles as long as they talk about organizing a little union of their own. They'll never get anywhere until they organize and affiliate with their fellow workmen.

A man who employes women at an average wage of \$7 a week for ten hours work a day, is not calculated to impress workingmen with the idea that he is very much interested in their welfare.

This is not the time to adopt resolutions of sympathy for the striking hatters. It is the time to dig up dollars and send to them. Dig, darn you; dig!

My, but wouldn't trades unions make wonderful progress if they were only conducted in accordance with the ideas of the Parry-VanCleave-Post-Kirby Ideas!

Good gracious! Sunday band concerts in the park? Is there not grave danger that Lincoln will degenerate into a "wide-open town?"

Lincoln churches have a seating capacity of 35,000 people. Ever hear of all the churches being crowded at the same time?

After all it is pleasing to note that something could happen to make the street railway men kick.

Mr. Scudder is in town, and he'll fix it up for the street railway men.

Any fool can use a hammer; it takes some skill to run a saw to a line.

Has your union elected a delegate to the State Federation of Labor?

If not, why not?

Get busy!

Today!



**The Well Dressed Man**

may not be the most expensively dressed man. It takes something more than a fancy price to make clothes look neat and tasty.

If you want to be dressed well, and that, too, without paying a fancy price for the privilege and pleasure of being dressed well, all you need to do is to encase your manly form in one of those Armstrong suits.

**A Double Satisfaction**

is provided for the Union Man who gets into one of those suits—he has a well-made, neatly-fitting, well-wearing, up-to-date style suits that also carries the Union Label. If you know ow any Union-Made Garments that excel the line manufactured by M. Wile & Co. you will confer a favor on the Armstrong store by conveying the information.

**Union-Made Clothing**

that we are proud to sell and willing to stand behind is the kind that we offer to the unionists who favor this store with their patronage, and all others who really ought to favor it with their patronage. It is Clothing of Quality—has everything that goes to make the clothing that you ought to have if you get your money's worth.

**Suits that Suit**

both as to price and service. For every dollar you invest in one of these suits you get a little more than 100 cents' worth of satisfaction. At from

**\$15, \$17.50, \$20 to \$25**

you get something that makes you feel the part, as well as look the part, of a well-dressed man—that undefined feeling you feel when you know you are dressed with taste in clothing that will give you the real service. If you have not investigated this line you are cordially invited to do so.

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