

FIRST OF THE NEW CARS.

The initial run of the first of the new "enter in front" cars received by the Traction Co., was made Tuesday afternoon. President Sharp and General Manager Humphe invited the mayor, members of the city council, newspapermen and others to initiate the car and the acceptances were numerous. The car is a beauty, and just as handy as it is beautiful. The seats are wider than the ordinary car, and so is the aisle. No space is lost by projecting windowsills. Entrance is made at the front, as is the exit. The conductor stands immediately to the rear of the motorman and is able to see at a glance passengers trying to enter as well as passengers who may be trying to catch the car. Because of the front entrance and exit the car will stop on the near side of the crossings. The car is electrically heated and the straps are provided with sanitary handholds of celluloid, permitting of cleansing after each day's use. Because of their extreme length and weight these cars run smoothly and are easily controlled. The rear is really an observation vestibule. An emergency exit is provided in the rear, where a valve permits of immediate stops and simultaneous opening of the exit. This exit will be used only at the end of runs and for emergencies. The car started Tuesday will be put on the Haystack run. Other cars are on the way and will be placed on the heaviest runs of the city. It is the intention of the company to finally use only this type of car.

ANOTHER POWER PROJECT.

H. C. Calkins of Omaha has filed a claim for 450 cubic feet seconds of water from the Republican river near Red Cloud, accompanying the claim with descriptive statement and plans. He makes the claim for power purpose, expecting to develop some 1,400 horsepower to be used in the manufacture of light and power to be sold to Red Cloud and near-by cities. The cost of the project is estimated at about \$350,000. That the power is there and awaiting development is beyond question. Mr. Calkins asserts that he is prepared to finance the project.

OLD MAN ARMSTEAD'S VIOLIN.

Something like fifteen years ago, maybe more, while I was working on the Omaha World-Herald, I took a day off and went to North Bend, Nebraska, on business. Of course I spent the night visiting with the parents of my wife, that being their home. As he always did when I was around, my wife's father got out his treasured old violin and played my favorite tunes. "Departed Days," "Sounds From Home," "Traumeri," and others. It was nearly midnight when we decided to go to bed. Mr. Armstead was softly fingering the strings of his violin as he told some little incident of his early life, and my ear caught the faint melody of that grandest of all hymns, "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" "Play that," I said, "and play it on the big strings." He smiled at my evident lack of

technical knowledge of the instrument, tucked it lovingly under his chin, and swept his bow across the strings. Leaning back in his loved old Morris chair and closing eyes that had been almost sightless for many years, Mr. Armstead played the old melody. His violin gave forth the very words of the song. Through the sweep of the melody there sounded the plaintive minor wail, harmonizing with it and yet seemingly not a part of it. I had never heard him play it before. I never asked him to play it again, for I wanted to remember it just as he played it for me that night. The next morning I returned to Omaha, and on the train I wrote the following bit of verse. Since then it has been repeated many times in the World-Herald and The Commoner, and every now and then some one writes to ask for it. Mr. Armstead passed to his reward last week. When his effects were examined the verses, frayed and yellowed with age, and clipped from the World-Herald, were found in his pocketbook:

It ain't no use t' talk t' me
Bout Paddyrewski an' his class;
F'r when it comes t' classic art
I got t' let it by me pass.
My ears wan't trained f'r them fugees
That make up sich a awful din,
But I kin listen by th' hour
T' Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

Once 't on a time I went t' hear
Th' famous Thomas orkestray.
Th' players only sawed an' blowed,
An' pary'tune I heard 'em play.
Good music! Well, p'rhaps it wuz
T' them that like them screechy things;
But give me music as it comes
From Ol' Man Armstead's fiddle strings.

Sohatys an' great symfonies
May suit th' eddicated taste,
But on such playin' as that is
I haven't got no time t' waste.
The music that I love th' best
Is them ol' tunes that's locked within
Th' strings stretched tight across th' bridge
Of Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

An' when my life o' toil is done
An' I am summoned up on high,
I want some music soft an' sweet
T' bear me upwards t' th' sky.
I want, when Peter swings th' gate
T' let this weary traveler in,
T' be a keepin' joyful step
T' Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

When we returned from Woodlawn, where we laid away the mortal remains of this knightly old gentleman, I reached under the couch and pulled out the battered old case in which for years he

had kept his precious instrument. I lifted it out, but not for worlds would I have been guilty of the sacrilege of bringing a sound from its strings. I could only sit and look back through gathering tears to see the "Departed Days" in which I had so often heard him play, so often listened to his cheery laugh. I could hear in memory that violin's sob and wails as with master hand he played the sweet old tunes of yesteryear. Lovingly I put it back in the case and shut it from my sight. No, for tears hid it from view ere I had closed the cover down. And thus I left it.

I've heard a lot of preachers talk
About th' harps th' angels play;
About th' music that is heard
Around th' great white throne each day.
Well, mebbe them sky pilots know
What music is—an' then, ag'in,
Them harps would be helped out a lot
By Ol' Man Armstead's violin.

If they've got violins up there—
If harps, then why not fiddles, too?—
I'd like to catch St. Peter's ear
An' tell him what he'd ought t' do.
I'd say: "You git a violin
F'r that ol' feller over there,
An' tell him f'r t' turn 'er loose
An' hit them fiddle strings f'r fair."

Believe me! If they ever do
Hear Ol' Man Armstead play his best,
There'll be a lot o' golden harps
Enjoyin' quite a spell o' rest.
Them angels will just sit around
With silent harps an' folded wings
T' catch th' melodies that sweep
From Ol' Man Armstead's fiddle strings.

He's gone across th' river wide
T' walk f'r aye its further shore;
But while I linger on this side
I'll hear sweet music evermore.
'Tis mem'ry's music, soft an' sweet,
T' cheer me on life's sundown ways—
An' I'll look back t' happy hours
With him in those "Departed Days."

FROM FIRST TO LAST.

As usual the advertisement of the Armstrong Clothing Co. appears in this issue. It has appeared in every issue of this paper for more than nine years and six months. It was in the very first issue of "The Wageworker," and never missed while the paper was under that name. It was in the first issue of the paper under the name of "Will Maupin's Weekly," just as it is in the last. It has always told the same story of good clothes at right prices, and told it convincingly because the store management believes what it says and says what it believes. We only wish that we had in bank as much money as the Armstrong Clothing Co. has paid to this newspaper since March, 1903. One of the regrets incident to discontinuing this newspaper is that it necessitates dropping the regular weekly advertisement of the Armstrong Clothing Co.

INTO ITS NEW QUARTERS.

The Omaha Commercial Club has just moved into its handsome new quarters in the Woodmen of the World building at Fifteenth and Farnam. The Omaha Commercial Club figured for a time on building a home of its own, but an advantageous offer from the Woodmen of the World could not be ignored. One entire floor of this magnificent building is taken by the club, and the rooms have been fitted up in magnificent style and with a view to serving best every department of the club's activity. The Omaha Commercial Club, like the Lincoln Commercial Club, has been working under disadvantages for years, hampered by quarters unfitted for the work in hand. In a short time the Lincoln organization will move

into its handsome new club building at Eleventh and P streets, and when the time comes a "housewarming" that will down in history will be pulled off. And the members of the sister organization in Omaha are expected to come down in a body and help supply some of the warmth.

HENRY C. RICHMOND.

Will Maupin's Weekly feels that it would not be doing its full duty if it failed to devote a goodly share of its final issue to advocating the election of Henry C. Richmond to the office of auditor of public accounts, for which office he is the candidate of the democracy of Nebraska. The chief reason why Henry C. Richmond should be elected is that he is the best man nominated for the position. Others are his tireless energy, his ability, his personality and his freedom from any entangling alliances. He is not now, nor never was the owner of any stock in an insurance company and was never employed by an insurance company. He would enter upon the discharge of his duties wholly unbiased and fully prepared to do exact justice to the insurance companies and to the buyers of insurance. He would enforce the laws impartially, and would give his whole attention to serving the people faithfully and well. We have known Mr. Richmond for more than twenty years; have worked with him on the same newspaper; have seen him ably discharge important duties given him, and know that he will make good. A vote for Richmond is a vote for a man who may be depended upon to do the right thing.



BETTER CONSULT THEM.
For a couple of years you have been reading the advertisements of the American Savings Bank in this newspaper. You'll not read them herein any more. The bank will be doing business, but this paper will not. But if you haven't begun doing business with the American Savings Bank you would do well to begin. It will show you how to make your idle money work for you. Its management is safe and conservative and its record is as clean as a hound's tooth. It is one of the soundest savings institutions in the country.

MADE IN LINCOLN EXPOSITION.

Preparations for the "Made in Lincoln" exposition are under way and enough progress has been made to warrant the claim that it will be by far the best thing of the kind ever pulled off in the west. The committee in charge has already adopted the plans for the booths, together with the color designs and the decorating. There will be little or no need to make a canvass to secure exhibitors because applications are coming in at a rate that promises to exhaust all available space long before the date set. After the auditorium space is exhausted, however, the cement floored space on the north side will be utilized to the fullest possible extent, a circus top covering it and an extension of the interior lighting carried out.

Bernice Coal

The best the market affords

For Sale By

Geo. W. Voss Co., 1528 O St.

Organized Labor Indorses Wilson

To all organized workers take notice, that the Federation of Labor in the state of New Jersey has given Governor Wilson their unrestricted endorsement and recommends him as the "friend of labor."

Laboring men in every line of occupation are particularly interested in this election.

Wilson is going to be elected and it is of interest to the laboring men that he shall have their votes. Republicans are attempting to coerce labor. It is the same old story. They talk about the panic of 1893, but they do not tell you of the panic of 1907. But labor men and railroad men remember it. They remember when industry was paralyzed and when box cars were standing idle upon the tracks. They remember when they could not collect their wages in money but had to take clearing house certificates. They also remember the soup house and the suffering. They also remember that these dark days were under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt promised reform. He was president

seven years. What reforms did he put through?

WHAT IS THE REAL TROUBLE TODAY?

Practically every article that a man buys for himself or his family is in the hands of some trust or combination which has a monopoly. Having a monopoly they can fix prices. The cost of living has become so high that even with fair wages a man don't have a dollar left at the end of the month after he pays his bills.

How much are you saving? It isn't the amount of wages a man earns. It is what he can buy with his earnings. Under Roosevelt and Taft the cost of living has been going higher and higher every day. Taft wants to be elected again. What has he done during his three years to appeal to a working man, until within the past two or three months, business has been prostrated under his administration. Business did not revive until it became apparent that Wilson is to be elected.