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This Store caters particularly to the Wives and Daughters of Union Laboring Men.

Great Special Bargain Sold Between 7:30 and 8:30 O'clock.

Special Bargains in the Men's Furnishing Department All Day Saturday.

FitzGerald Dry Goods Co.

Stevens & Neville

1330 O STREET.

Cigars, Tobacco, and News.

POOL & BILLIARD HALL.

We manufacture our own Cigars, and our leading brands are:

- New York Club—5c
- Cuban Pearl—10c

STRICTLY UNION MADE

PROTECT

Your property against Fire, Lightning, and Tornado, and do it now!

You are taking a great risk every day you delay.

We are the only home stock company in the city—organized July, 1886.

CASH CAPITAL — \$100,000

FARMERS' & MERCHANTS'

KNIT CORSET COVERS

For these cool spring days we recommend the wearing of one of these very comfortable corset covers. They are light, yet warm.

- LADIES' CORSET COVERS of silk-lisle, plain lisle, mixed wool, cotton, with high neck, long sleeve—a large assortment at \$1.75c, 59c, 39c, 35c and 25c.
- LADIES' VESTS, lace trimmed, and of extra fine lisle—trimmed neck and arm—the 50c quality, special priced at .35c.
- LADIES' VESTS with low neck and no sleeves; Swiss ribbed; fancy lace yoke—25c quality—at special price, each .19c.
- LADIES' UNION SUITS with wide knee; lace trimmed; low neck; sleeveless—regular price, 35c—special at 35c, or 3 for \$1.00.

H. Herbolzheimer & Co.

Labor

Cincinnati, O., May 14, 1940.—Herbert S. Bigelow, pastor of the Vine Street Congregational church, in discussing the subject "Labor," said: Zangwill, in his "Mantle of Elijah," has made a splendid plea for peace and industrial freedom. Zola, in his novel entitled "Labor," has voiced the same protest against the present wrongs of men and pleaded for a new society in which labor, free and joyful, shall be the psalm of life and the wall of poverty and the curse of war shall no longer mingle with the laughter of the children.

It is well for the world that the great novelists are beginning to take for their heroes men who win glory, not by vanquishing their fellow-men, but by toiling for their freedom. It is well for the world, saddened by poverty and perverted by luxury, that the prophets are growing in number who proclaim a new social conscience to which the present inequalities are and ever shall be intolerable.

Zola's hero exclaims: "Ah! what misery may be produced by labor, men changed into wolves by overwork, by injustice, by bread so hard to earn, and that must be shared by other starving creatures!"

Zola's hero sweeps away the benevolent plans of the philanthropist who founds libraries and lecture halls. "All this is charity, not justice. These things might go on for years and years without hunger ever ceasing, without poverty ever being abolished. No, no! There is no means of relief possible! We must strike at the root of the evil!"

Congressmen should read this book before they dispose of the anarchists, for Zola has solved the problem. His anarchist is thoroughly converted and becomes an ardent defender of law and order. Note how this miracle is wrought, O, congressman! By sweeping away the injustice which makes a man's life barren and his heart bitter.

Whether this kingdom of God on earth, this reign of brotherhood, this triumph of justice and peace, will come about as Zola believes, is a question upon which honest men differ. But come, it must, in some way—the city in which labor is all joy—the happy city that is to be realized at last "in the religion of life; the religion of humanity, freed at length from dogmas"—the city in which men shall build and not lack shelter, in which they shall sow and reap, and not faint of hunger, in which they shall weave and not shiver with the cold.

The noblest conception of God is that of a Father who loves all of his children. It follows that men are brothers, and that the fruits of justice and love between man and man—nation and nation—are proof of a vital religion.

ARE THEY UNION?

The Lincoln Journal of Friday, May 20, contained the following in reference to the new federal building to be erected in Lincoln.

"Charles H. Rioch of Chicago, general manager of the contracting firm of Charles W. Glendale company, was in the city yesterday to make the preliminary arrangements for work on the new postoffice building. State Engineer Adna Dobson will stake out the building this morning and the work of excavation will be commenced on Monday next. It is the expectation of the contractors to commence the work of erection by June 1 or at any rate not later than June 10.

"To a Journal reporter Mr. Rioch said: 'I have just closed a contract for excavation with David Givens of Lincoln and he will begin work on Monday next. The firm has made arrangements for the stone and steel work and this has been ordered to be here in time for the commencement of construction at any time between June 1 and June 10. One of our foremen, Andrew Larsen, now at Kalamazoo, Mich., will be here at this time to take active charge of the work. It is the intention to push construction as fast as possible, and though the contract allows us two years for completion, we expect to have the building done before that time. Our firm constructed the Omaha federal building and though we expected to have the work done in sixteen months, it took us three years and a half, largely because of delay in securing additional appropriations. We are just finishing the federal building at Boone, Ia., and Kalamazoo, Mich. On the Lincoln building, Bedford, Ind., stone will be furnished by the American Bridge Co., and will be shipped here, I think, from St. Louis, where one of their branches is located. We hope that the material will be on hand soon and that the work will not be delayed because of a lack in this direction. The stone will be cut in Chicago where it goes through our plant and is prepared for the walls. We always aim to employ as much local labor as we can get and of course some of the work is done by our own men. It is difficult to estimate how many men will be employed on the job. It should average about fifty when operations are in full swing."

"Mr. Rioch will leave for Chicago today."

Perhaps the Central Labor Union has investigated to ascertain if union labor is to be employed in the cutting of this stone and the building of the iron work. But if the Central Labor Union has done so it has kept almost silent about it. Just before congress adjourned it declined to take action on several bills petitioned for by union labor, and it behooves union men to begin hustling. It would be a severe blow to unionism in this city if the new federal building is erected by unfair labor.

INGENIOUS JUSTICE

[Original.]

"Mary Easton, stand up."

A girl of twenty arose, and the judge asked:

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"Only that I am innocent."

Then Judge Lester proceeded to sentence her for two years to the state prison for receiving stolen goods, the articles being a few old pieces of silver of no very great value. The girl had never offended before, and witnesses testified to her good character, but she could not or would not explain how the silver came into her possession. There was nothing for her but conviction and nothing for the judge but to pass sentence. As she stood before him there was the serene look of a martyr on her face, and the judge said mentally, "The assurance of criminals and the appearances they can assume are marvelous."

The girl was led away, and the judge left his office. Lighting a cigar, he strolled home. On the way he stopped at Sandiver's, his jeweler, to get his watch, that had been left for repairs, and while looking over the wares remembered that the anniversary of his marriage would come off in about a week. He had decided on a brooch for a present on the occasion, and went over to where these articles were displayed. While looking over them a young man at his side divided with him the attention of the salesman. The judge left the store without making a selection.

The next evening while sitting in his library before dinner there was a ring at the doorbell, and a note came in from Sandiver announcing that the day before he had got in a new lot of brooches and begging that the judge would examine some that he had sent by the bearer.

The judge read the note several times. Surely Sandiver was anxious to sell his goods; he had never sent samples to his house before. Competition seemed to be driving the drummers of reputable firms into people's homes. However, he had a little time before dinner and would look at the brooches. The salesman was brought in and produced articles that the judge had seen in Sandiver's cases the day before, besides new ones. One of those he had seen and fancied was offered at a third of the value put on it when he had first seen it.

"You are mistaken in the price of this," said the judge. "It is worth more money."

"Perhaps I am," replied the salesman, "but it is a rule of our house never to go back on a price once given."

The judge took the brooch and held it under the gaslight. There were jewels in it that sparkled beautifully.

"I will take this one," he said, "but, mind, if you are mistaken in the price and will notify me within a few days we will call the sale off."

"The price is correct," said the salesman—"that is, to you—and the sale will stand so far as we are concerned."

The brooch was left and the salesman departed.

A few days later, during a recess of the court, an inspector of police stepped up to the judge and asked him if a man purporting to be from Sandiver's had called on him with some jewelry to sell.

"Yes," replied the judge, "and I bought a brooch."

"Then, your honor," replied the inspector, smiling, "you are a receiver of stolen goods. The man was an impostor."

"Impossible! He presented a note written on Sandiver's letter head, and brought jewels that I had seen in Sandiver's cases."

"Please speak lower, judge," said the inspector. "This is a very embarrassing case. The man has 'done' the police department, Sandiver and you. He came to me and offered to work for nothing till he had proved his skill. I didn't employ him, but he stayed about headquarters long enough to steal some of our letter heads. On one of these he forged a letter introducing him to Sandiver, stating that he was on the track of some of their stolen goods and if they would mark some brooches and permit him to take them out for sale he was quite sure he could recover a large amount of their property. The singular part of it is that he returned all the articles except the one sold you."

"Captain," said the judge, "you are right in not letting the world know of this trick. Come to my house after 5 o'clock, and we will talk it over."

When the inspector called he carried with him a letter he had received, which he handed to the judge to read:

Captain—Judge Lester recently sentenced a girl, Mary Easton, to whom I am engaged to be married, to state prison for receiving stolen goods. I determined to show the judge that he could readily be induced to commit the same crime, if it be a crime. On the day he sentenced Mary Easton I followed him to Sandiver's, saw him examine brooches and then laid my scheme. The honest intent of my act is established by the fact that I immediately returned through a confederate all the jewels except the one sold to Judge Lester, and the money for that is at your service. Yours truly,

CHESTER HASKELL,
No. — South Fifth street.

After reading the note the judge looked up with a singular expression.

"Captain," he said, "notify the attorney who defended Mary Easton that if he will draw up an application to the governor for a pardon I will sign it."

The inspector left the judge to muse over the many defects of justice.

"Mary," said her lover the evening after her liberation, "for heaven's sake give up protecting that scapgrace brother of yours. I could never get you off this way again."

MIRIAM BOONE,

Brought to His Senses

[Original.]

Before the window of a railroad ticket office at Chicago stood a young lady very daintily dressed, very feminine and with the manner of one not used to traveling alone. She was fumbling in her hand bag for her pocketbook. Behind her, waiting his turn, was a young man, also of a very genteel appearance. "Isn't it in your pocket?" suggested the young man deferentially.

"Pocket? I haven't a pocket."

"Next!" cried the unfeeling ticket vendor.

"Two to New York," said the young man, producing two twenty dollar bills and securing two tickets.

"Permit me," he said to the girl, "to offer you this ticket. You can send me the amount when you reach New York. Come, we have but two minutes."

Without waiting for a reply he seized her belongings, carried them to a drawing room car and paid for her seat; then gave her a card, "Reginald Grant, M—club." This done, he went to his seat, took up a paper and began to read.

It was not long before the porter handed him a card, "Miss Edna Thorne," and said the young lady desired to speak to him. Grant dropped his paper and hastened to her chair.

"You gave me no opportunity to thank you," she said. "Your offer to pay the fare of a stranger, taking the risk..."

"There is no risk," he interrupted. "I know a lady when I see her. Rather I consider it a compliment that you should accept the favor from one whom you have never met before."

This completed the introduction and the two passed much time in chat during the trip. When they reached the Grand Central station at New York a carriage was waiting for Miss Thorne. Mr. Grant put her in, lifted his hat and went his way.

Jonathan Thorne, the father of the young lady, when informed of the episode was much displeased with his daughter's action.

"You should have returned to your uncle's," he said, "got what money you needed from him and come by another train."

Edna explained that it was all done so quickly that she had no time to consider, but this did not appease her father, whose ideas of the relations of young people of opposite sexes were rather Parisian than American.

The next evening before dinner Mr. Grant was sitting in the coffee room in his club when he received a card, and, proceeding to the reception room, met the father of his traveling companion.

"I have come to pay my daughter's debt," said the gentleman coldly. "I should have preferred that she should have waited and received the funds from a different source."

Grant smothered his indignation and apologized for his action. Mr. Thorne took out his pocketbook and, as it was necessary to send to the office for change, laid it on the table. When the account had been adjusted he left the club and neglected to take up the pocketbook. Grant saw it and took charge of it. Half an hour later Mr. Thorne drove again to the club door. Grant, who was expecting him, was looking out of a window and recognized in the coachman one he often used himself. Instead of responding at once to Mr. Thorne's card the young man went out to the coachman.

"I want you to do me a favor and I'll make it all right with you," he said to the man. "Go into the club, right past the doorkeeper and into the reception room. There you will find the gentleman you drove here. Demand your fare. Accuse him of trying to beat you. Be violent and abusive."

The coachman knew that a rich fee was in store for him and played his part well. When Grant entered the reception room the man was shouting: "I want my fare, and I won't be beaten out of it."

"I left my pocketbook here, I tell you, and as soon as I get it I'll pay you."

"That won't do. Give me my fare, I say."

"What is the trouble, Mr. Thorne?" asked Grant politely.

"When I left here my pocketbook was on that table. This rascal!"

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Thorne," interrupted Grant. "All articles left in the club are deposited at the office, but there's a good deal of red tape about it. Meanwhile I shall be happy to supply the amount."

Mr. Thorne declined the favor with dignity, and at a wink from Grant the coachman recommenced his abuse. Faces of inquisitive clubmen appeared at the door. Mr. Thorne finally surrendered, and Grant paid the indebtedness.

"Be seated, Mr. Thorne," he said after the coachman had left. "I will go to the office and inquire for your pocketbook."

Leaving the room, he soon returned with the missing article.

"I am pleased, Mr. Thorne," he said, "to have had an opportunity to make some reparation for my fault in respect to your daughter. I bid you a very good evening."

He turned on his heel and was leaving the room when the other stopped him.

"Mr. Grant," he said, "I have been very harsh and ungrateful. I thank you for your loan to my daughter as well as to myself, and beg that you will drive home with me and dine with us, that my daughter may also have an opportunity to express her gratitude."

That was the beginning of marked attentions on the part of Mr. Grant to Miss Thorne.

HESTER B. MERIWETHER.

The Octagon House

[Original.]

My nerves having given out, I concluded for a tonic to ride on horseback from Boston to Nova Scotia, keeping the coast all the way. It was in July, and the weather was delightful.

One evening after I had been out a week I was riding on a beach, looking for a house in which to put up for the night. On a point of land standing out into the ocean I saw an octagon shaped building and rode toward it. When I reached the place I was disappointed to find it deserted. I cast my eye northward along the beach for an inhabited dwelling, but could see none. As it was growing dark, I determined to dismount and see if I could effect an entrance and spend the night there. I found the house securely locked. After examining every door and window on the ground floor I went down to the water's edge to look again for another habitation. While there I noticed a stone built opening that had evidently been used for a sewer. Bending, I entered it and walked till I came to a trapdoor, which I removed and came out in what had been the kitchen.

To my surprise, I found a house that had evidently been shut up for many years. There were haircloth and mahogany chairs and sofas and four post bedsteads. Pictures, all old fashioned—one was an engraving of General Winfield Scott, labeled "Our Next President"—hung on the walls. Some of them were oil portraits, one of a fine looking old gentleman who might have been the owner of the place.

In the kitchen pantry was food that had crumbled to dust. I found a candle on the shelf which I appropriated and took with me into the principal bedroom. Opening the curtains, I saw that the bed was made up, though the bedding was yellow and had a musty smell. But I was tired and concluded to cover it with a blanket I carried with me and sleep there. Before doing so, I amused myself for a few minutes examining the furniture and the pictures. That of the old gentleman interested me most. It seemed to be in excellent condition except its old fashioned design frame. I noticed the eyes particularly, for they were very expressive.

A deserted house is not a slumber winning place, and after a futile effort to get to sleep I opened my eyes, glancing from one article in the room to another till they fell on the old man's portrait. Great heavens! The right eye was not painted at all! It was real; not only real, but it was looking straight at me. I sat up in bed and stared at it, as it was staring at me. The other eye was still a painted eye, with the same expression I had noticed in both before I went to bed. I glanced from one eye to the other in a vain endeavor to detect the cause of the difference. Then I remembered that I was traveling to benefit overstrained nerves, and covering my face with my blanket I tried to quiet myself.

No effort of self control could keep me from looking again. It seemed to me five or ten minutes at least—it was doubtless the fraction of a minute—when I threw off the blanket. There were the two eyes, the one of paint, the other of reality, forming a grotesque contrast, the right eye looking straight at me. Then suddenly there was a quick side glance and return to the same position as before.

This was too much for my already overstrung nerves. I gave a cry of agony and buried my face again under my blanket.

It occurred to me that there was but one chance of my retaining my reason—that was to occupy my mind till morning. I had often put myself to sleep by repeating the multiplication table, and after many ineffectual efforts to repeat the multiples of 2 I succeeded in fixing my mind on the table and went through with it to the end. As soon as I had finished I went over it again and continued the process till I began to feel drowsy, and at last fell asleep.

The sun rising out of the ocean cast his first beams upon me and awakened me. He was very beautiful to look upon, but I was no sooner awake than I remembered my experience of the night before and turned to the portrait. Both eyes were painted and harmonious as the night before. I got up and stood directly beneath the picture. There was something like a line circling the pupil of the right eye. Drawing the table to a position where I could stand on it and face the picture, I mounted and put my finger against the pupil of the uncertain orb. To my surprise, my finger went through it without resistance. I withdrew the finger, and the pupil was again in place. Then I saw that it had been cut so that it swung from the upper edge by a few threads of the canvas. Some one had used it for a peephole.

There has never been a moment in my life of such exquisite mingled joy and relief as the discovery that I was not on the verge of insanity. So interested was I that I resolved to probe the matter till I had discovered a complete explanation. In the adjoining room I found a hole in the wall covered by a picture and under it a stand on which I mounted and, lifting the pupil of the old man's portrait, looked down upon the bed in which I had slept. Then I explored the house and in the cellar found under a pile of rubbish an entrance to a subcellar in which were stored boxes and bales without number. It was plain that the place was a den of smugglers.

It turned out that the owner was a grandson of the gentleman whose portrait had been pierced, who had gone to the bad and to sea as well before he came into the property. He was the leader of the smugglers and had looked at me through his ancestor's eye.

AUSTIN ALLEN KINGSLEY.

Are You in Debt?

Are creditors pressing you for small bills due? We will loan you money to clear up all your indebtedness; you can repay us in installments. We loan on furniture, horses, pianos. No charge for papers; no interest in advance; money repaid to suit convenience; no removal of goods or publicity. If you are a stranger it makes no difference; very low rates.

DENNIS. Grand Floor 119 No. 12th.

Has Your Time a Money Value?

Every man who works should protect his time. An accident policy is the only means of providing this protection.

The Woodmen Accident Association

Will carry your risk for about 2 cents a day. Over \$12,000 losses paid during the single month of March, 1904. Write or call on

C. E. Spangler, Sec.,
310 Fraternity Bldg.

Tell them you saw their advertisement in The Wagoner.

Farmers' Meat Co.

J. W. WOLF, Prop.

Wholesale and retail dealers in fresh and cured meats, poultry, fish and game in season.

Boiling meats, 4c and up.
Shoulder steak, 7½c.
Sirloin steak, 12½c.
Round steak, 10c.

Headquarters Laboring Men.
Phone 899. 226 No. Tenth St.

Tell them you saw their advertisement in The Wagoner.

SHORT TIME LOANS

Entrance From Hall or Street.

PEOPLE'S LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY.

Ground Floor Fraternity Bldg.

THE WAGWORKER
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THE WAGWORKER

A Union Labor Newspaper published in the interests of Union Labor.

Being published in the interests of Union Labor it is therefore published in the interests of all men who work for wages.

The Wagoner is Independent, Unmuzzled, Non-Partisan, Fearless, Fair, Courageous.

The Wagoner will undertake to do several things—among them:

- Encourage the demand for goods bearing the Union Label.
- To encourage the growth of social intercourse between the families of toilers.
- To give the labor news of Union circles.
- To give the social happenings in Union Labor circles.
- To promote fraternity.
- The Wagoner will avoid a great many things—among them:
- Partisan politics.
- The chronic politician.
- The grafter who grafts on labor.
- The "knocker."
- The "back-capper."
- The fellow who traffics in his "influence" among Union labor men.

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