

Cat Made Poor Choice

It was a mean thing to do, certainly, but the cat meant no harm. On the contrary, she evidently thought she was doing a very graceful act.

A well-known resident of Baltimore county left home the other day for a trip to the seashore. A short time previous to his departure he bought a silk hat of excellent quality and dazzling finish, but he deemed the weather too hot to use such a head-piece on his trip, and consequently left it at home. He put it carefully away on the second shelf of a wardrobe and did not give a thought to any possible harm befalling it during his absence.

Upon his return from the sandy beach and out of hearing of the "sad sea waves" there arose within a day an occasion demanding his presence, together with the full dress regalia, at a function of large moment in the county. He dressed carefully and when the job was done he smiled with infinite satisfaction as he regarded the impression his mirror gave him of himself.

All that remained was to take his silk hat and cane and go forth. He went to the wardrobe to get the hat which he had never worn, except to test its "becomingness." As he opened the door of the wardrobe he was sur-

prised to see the family cat come bounding into the room, making the most cordial "meows" he had ever heard. She rubbed against his legs and seemed very anxious about something. He was fond of the cat and stooped and stroked her back very gently. But her agitation increased when he raised his hand to the shelf where the hat was. He found the hat unusually heavy. In fact, it was so heavy it seemed that it would be impossible to lift it by the brim. He curiously looked inside and—well, he is a humane man, but he kicked the cat out of the room, called the servant and said things of which he has since repented. The trouble was the cat had taken advantage of his absence and had placed a brand new family of kittens in his hat. At that very moment five of the prettiest little feline infants in the world were sleeping serenely where their fond mother had put them.

The friends of this gentleman have heard the story and he is having a hard time finding an antidote for their "digs." There is no doubt the cat thought she was paying her master a big compliment, and it would be interesting to know what she now thinks of her master's lack of gratitude and his disposition in general.—Baltimore Sun.

Wounded by Own Shell

A story which throws an interesting light on at least one South African war pension comes from a well known British firm of gun makers, says the London Daily Chronicle. The other day an employe, who may be called for the present purpose Sam Jenkins, and who had lost a leg at the battle of Magersfontein, stumped into the manager's office and announced that he wanted to leave. Jenkins was known to the manager, for he had been employed by the firm before the war, and had even, on his re-engagement after the campaign, been supplied by them with a cork leg in place of the limb he had lost under very peculiar circumstances. His account of the injury that cost him his leg is a remarkable one. The wound was sustained after the disastrous charge of the Highland brigade—in which Jenkins served—to rush the Boer trenches at Magersfontein. All the following morning, it will be remembered, the survivors of the unsuccessful night attack lay facing the enemy's position, exposed to a

heavy short-range fire. If they lifted a hand it drew a hail of bullets, while the bare insides of their knees were so flayed by the burning sun that hundreds were completely lamed for a considerable time. "To add to our enjoyment," says Jenkins, "there were our own guns in the rear firing over us—and sometimes firing short. One of their shells burst with a bang near me, and killed the man lying next to me. At the same time I felt what seemed like a sharp twinge on the foot. Very cautiously I slid my hand down, and found my leg had been nearly shot off. No, it was queer, but it didn't hurt much then—not till I moved. A few minutes later I noticed something glittering in front of me. I slowly grooved out a bit of trench in the hot sand and pulled myself to it without knocking against a Boer bullet. The glittering thing was the base of a shell. I turned it over and saw on it a private mark, such as workmen, at our firm, put on the work they do. An' it was my own mark."

Why Literary Men Drink

"Has eyestrain anything to do with the drinking habit?" asked a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Some of the men who claim to know have declared that this increasing habit is due, in a great many instances, to eyestrain, and so they reason the habit into the list of ailments to be treated by oculists. Come to think of it, the theory is a plausible one in many respects, though I doubt whether any considerable percentage of drunkenness is due to eyestrain. But you take men whose callings require them to use their eyes a great deal, men, for instance, who have to read and write nearly all the time, and you will, as a rule, find that a large majority of them naturally take to the habit of drinking.

"Literary men drink a great deal. Newspaper men drink. Lawyers drink. Many doctors, particularly those who give more attention to the theoretical side of the science of medicine than to the practical side, are in

the habit of taking a stimulant now and then. Do you suppose in these cases eyestrain has anything to do with the drinking habit? I am inclined to think so. Of course it would not be reasonable to assume that in all cases of drinking among men of this class the habit is due to eyestrain, because in some instances we will find other special causes, maybe an inherited taste, environment and other influences that might be mentioned.

"If we take the most favorable view of the theory, allowing all that is claimed for it by those who advance and advocate it, we will yet find that other causes and excuses must be found for the vast majority of cases of drunkenness. Still these theories are all interesting, and we do not lose anything by considering them. We must not permit them, however, to lead us to wrong conclusions, nor must we accept as altogether true that drinking is a necessary thing when we overstrain our eyes."

Some of Life's Riddles

Why is it that the tenderest feet must tread the roughest road?
Why is it that the weakest back must carry the heaviest load?
While the feet that are surest and firmest have the smoothest path to go,
And the back that is straightest and strongest has never a burden to know.

Why is it that the brightest eyes are the ones that weep with tears?
Why is it that the highest heart must ache and ache for years?
While the eyes that are hardest and coldest shed never a bitter tear,
And the heart that is smallest and meanest has never an ache to fear.

Why is it that those who are saddest have always the gayest hearts?
Why is it that those who need not have always the "biggest hearts"?
While those who have never a sorrow have seldom a smile to give,
And those who want just a little must strive and struggle to live.

Why is it that the noblest thoughts are the ones that are never expressed?
Why is it that the grandest deeds are the ones that are never confessed?

While the thoughts that are like all others are the ones we always tell,
And the deeds that are worth little praise are the ones that are published well.

Why is it that the sweetest smile has for its sister a sigh?
Why is it that the strongest love is the love we always pass by?
While the smile that is cold and indifferent is the smile for which we pray,
And the love we kneel to and worship is only common clay.

Why is it that the friends we trust are the ones that always betray?
Why is it that the lips we wish to kiss are the lips so far away?
While close by our side, if we knew it, is a friend who loyal would be,
And the lips we might have kissed are the lips we never see.

Why is it that things we can have are the things we always refuse?
Why is it that things we need the most are the things we never choose?
The things that we all can have are the things we always hate,
And life seems never complete, no matter how long we wait.

—Australian Journal.

Where She Had Posed

The photographic model is a new type of young woman who has sprung into significance of late. She is the girl whose face you see in the street car and along the board fences smiling at you, above a box of tinned beef or a plate of breakfast food or a new toilet cream. She is seldom a professional model, because her face must be young and fresh, not worn with the cares of wage-earning. Usually she is some girl just out of boarding school or a matinee beauty who just earns a little pin money on the side by posing for the camera. And her ideas are often startling and very funny.

One of her walked into a downtown studio the other morning with an important and self-conscious air and announced herself ready to pose for tea biscuit, tomato catsup, Lowler's bonbons, or any old thing.

"But have you ever posed before?" inquired the artist, taking down her name and address.

"Oh, yes—that is, a little," readily responded the model.

"In the nude?" inquired the photographer, continuing to write in his day book.

"No," replied the sweet young thing, "only in New York."

The photographer looked up, fancying he had been misunderstood. "Yes, but have you ever posed in the nude?" he repeated.

"I said," replied the sweet young thing haughtily, "that I have never posed anywhere but in New York," and she flaunted out of the studio.

"Fancy heads," wrote down the photographer without inquiring further.—New York Press.

GENERAL MENTION

Lincoln Union Laundry Co., 1234 O street.

For Union Made Shoes go to Rogers & Perkins.

Have your work done by the Lincoln Union Laundry company.

Lincoln Typographical Union No. 209 meets Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Street and Pattern Hats, from \$1 up. Sadie Puckett, 124 South 12th.

Ladies' own material made over on new shapes. Reasonable prices. Sadie Puckett, 124 South 12th.

We have a large stock of Union Made Shoes and we want your trade. Rogers & Perkins Co.

"Fun and Philosophy" at the C. L. U. entertainment next Thursday evening. Costs only a quarter.

When you have any news that will interest union men and women, call autophone 2277 and tell it.

Remember the Central Labor Union entertainment at A. O. U. W. hall Thursday evening, November 10.

A vote for John E. Miller is a vote for a man who stands for all that union labor is struggling to secure.

Bert Pentzer took a flying visit up into the sandhill country this week to look after his agricultural interests.

Have you noted the Lincoln Star's "Presidential Dot Contest?" If not, get next to it. There's money in it for you.

Hear "Bix" at the C. L. U. entertainment Thursday evening, November 10. Costs a quarter and you can dance till you are tired.

Fresh Eureka (Ark.) Hard Coal for base burners, \$9. Lasts as long as Pennsylvania hard coal and is just as hot. Ed F. Reddish.

For sale—Good residence property in desirable part of the city. Good terms if sold soon. Address T. W. Dunn, 1012 North Twenty-eighth.

You may have your laundry work done by union laundry workers if you leave your bundles with the Lincoln Union Laundry company, No. 1234 O street.

"A Young Girl's Essay on 'Spring.'" Hear it at the C. L. U. entertainment next Thursday evening. For particulars see program elsewhere in this issue.

The Woman's Label League meets Monday evening at C. L. U. hall. A large attendance is requested, as business vital to the success of the League will be transacted.

Lenden's Labor Directory is in the hands of the printers and will be ready for delivery this month. It will contain the names of upwards of 1,200 Lincoln union men.

The pressmen and stereotypers at the Western Newspaper Union are training with the gloves and challenges to the professionals may be expected in a short time.

Indirect word from Sam Hoon conveys the news that he is not as well as he was a short time ago, but believes that he will get along better now, his family being with him.

Mrs. H. W. Smith is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, a malady that has attacked her oftentimes before. Mr. and Mrs. Smith now occupy Flat No. 1 in the Weber block.

H. A. Mickel, who has been engaged in the printing business at El Paso, Texas, for a long time, has returned to Lincoln with his family and is now employed at the Woodruff-Collins shop.

Watch Sands, the cartoonist as he makes tummy pictures. At the C. L. U. entertainment, Thursday evening, November 10. At A. O. U. W. hall. Admission 25 cents, which includes the grand ball.

The Carpenters and Joiners have long held the palm for numerical strength among the labor unions of Lincoln. The Teamsters are running them a close second, and threaten to overtake them.

The Armstrong Clothing company has an interesting advertisement in this issue. It will pay you to read it. Do not overlook the display advertisement of the Fitzgerald Dry Goods company in this issue.

Mrs. Roy W. Rhone's Mandolin club will appear on the C. L. U. entertainment program next Thursday evening. The club consists of Mrs. Roy W. Rhone and Paul Colwell, guitars; Archie Furr, first mandolin; Arthur Furr, second mandolin; Dexter Barr, third mandolin.

The St. Louis exposition closes this month. If you have not been there and can go, do so by all means. Write Harry E. Moores, general agent of the Wabash passenger department, Omaha, for rates. The Wabash lands you at the exposition gates, and the service is unsurpassed.

The Wageworker is in receipt of a beautiful folder containing compliments bestowed upon the Union Pacific

passenger department because of its splendid pictorial folders descriptive of the St. Louis exposition. The folders are the product of the brain of Alfred Barlow, the ingenious and enterprising manager of the Union Pacific's advertising department, than whom there is no better railroad advertising man in the country.

An interesting meeting of the college settlement, Twentieth and N streets, is announced for next Friday evening. The labor problem will be discussed by Professor Parker of the state university, Will M. Maupin, Jesse Mickel, Charles Bowen, T. C. Kelsey and others. Everybody, union and non-union, is invited to attend.

BEING A GOOD FELLOW.

Costs Too Much for the Real Pleasure There is in It.

The reputation of being a "good fellow" in the worldly acceptance of the term is one of the most costly that can be attained, for not only does it require the expenditure of one's money, but the self-sacrifice of one's heart interest as well. When its cost is figured out there are few sensible men who would care to undertake the earning of it. It means:

- The sacrifice of home interests.
- The neglect of wife and children.
- The wrecking of one's health.
- The keeping of late hours.
- The wasting of one's time.
- The loss of the happy home circle.
- The association with those beneath you on the social scale.

The doing of that which you know is not right.

The ultimate abandonment of yourself when the funds have fled.

The loss of those who have claimed to be your friend when you have become a "has been."

The discovery that you are friendless when you need friends most.

The contracting of evil habits.

The loss of your happiness, your money and your soul.

Is it worth the sacrifice? Ask yourself.—Trades and Labor Gazette.

A NOVEL MEETING.

All Parties Invited to Have Champions Present to Take Part.

A novel meeting has been arranged for Central Labor Union hall next Sunday evening, beginning at 7:30. All political parties are invited to send some representative able to give good reasons for the political faith they may have, and also able to give some reason why the laboring men should support their respective parties. The invitation is open to republicans, democrats, populists, prohibitionists and socialists. After the remarks the speakers may be called upon to answer some pertinent questions. Following this part of the exercises will come a general discussion. Everybody is invited to attend and participate in the discussions. The admission is absolutely free.

AN EXPLANATION.

In Which an Apology is Tendered to the Bookbinders of Lincoln.

From time to time The Wageworker has published a list of the unions that have subscribed as bodies to this newspaper. By an annoying oversight the Bookbinders have been omitted. This is an injustice to a body of staunch union men, and The Wageworker hereby tenders its humble apologies. Bookbinders Local No. 120 has subscribed as a body, and the subscription is paid six months in advance. It was one of the first locals to come into the fold, which makes the oversight all the more annoying to the publisher.

IN A NUTSHELL.

The union is the only instrument that the laborer has for enforcing a division of the fund given to the employer in trust and now the employers have organized to destroy the union.—William J. Bryan.

SOCIALISTS MEET.

Discuss Timely Topics at Central Labor Union Hall.

An interesting meeting under the auspices of the local socialist organization was held at C. L. U. hall last Sunday evening. J. C. L. Wisely was the principal speaker of the evening and explained in a clear and concise manner the aims and objects of the party. A. L. A. Sheiermeyer, socialist candidate for congress in the First district, also spoke briefly. J. R. Burley sang a solo and met with hearty applause. There was a goodly audience present and several questions were asked the speakers. They were all answered to the satisfaction of the audience.

Earthquake Shocks at Dodge City.

Specials to the Kansas City Star report that three distinct earthquake shocks were felt at Meade and Dodge City, in southwestern Kansas. Persons were awakened and windows and dishes rattled. No damage was done. The earthquake shocks reported from southwestern Kansas were recorded on the seismograph in the weather bureau exhibit at the world's fair, Philippine reservation. The shocks as recorded there are very slight, but the record is perfectly distinct.



The Little White Hand

(In the solid, grimy hand of the toiler, is the hand of a little child.—John Mitchell.)

His face bears the scars of Life's battle—
They were made by Privation and Care;
Yet shines through his eyes the brave spirit
That fears not to do and to dare.

Would you trace the deep tide of his courage?
I can show you the source undefiled;
In the soiled, grimy hand of the toiler
Is the little white hand of a child!

No rings on the thin little fingers—
On the wrist shines no glittering band;
Yet dearer than diamonds and rubies,
The touch of the little white hand.

He thinks, as more fondly and closely
The delicate fingers are pressed,
Of tiny white hands that lie folded
And still, on a little cold breast.

When he heard the stones fall on her coffin,
He knew—ah, the sting of that thought!—
That his baby had died for the lack of
The wealth that his own hands had wrought.

There are millions of thin little fingers
In this fruitful, this bountiful land,
That are robbed of their plumpness
and dimples,
The birthright of each little hand.

Then Comrades! Be vigilant ever!
With the weapons you have at command,
Stand fast! Never falter nor waver.
For the sake of The Little White Hand!

When the fateful day comes in November,
And alone with your ballot you stand,
Remember the Socialist Ticket
And Vote for the Little White Hand!
—Kittie Spargur Hulse.

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